HOUSEHOLD WORDS

CONDUCTED
BY
CHARLES DICKENS



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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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BIRTH OF PLANTS.

THE Vegetable World bears inscribed upon its glorious front, a threefold purpose. The first, implies that which Emerson would delight to call the culinary use of plants. Under this aspect we regard the plant as ministering to the sustenance of the whole animal world, and above all, of mankind: not alone furnishing the basis of the existence of the human race, but affording the materials for boundless appliances of comfort and convenience. This material relation of the vegetable world, although most important, socially considered, æsthetically must be regarded as the meanest; since it ultimately concerns the animal requirements of each individual, however much these may be glossed over by refinement. Far more lofty is the part which the plant world plays in the regulation of the all-embracing operations of the universe. The scorched and rainless desolation of the Sahara and the overflowing wealth of vitality in the humid forests of the gorgeously clothed tropics, partly owe their characteristic peculiarities to the action of the plant creation. Varying states of climate, dry or humid atmosphere, parched or moist soil, scanty or abundant development of animal, and especially of human, life, in the mass, find their mastering conditions in the nature and extent of local vegetation. Herein the vegetable world is related to the well-being and actual existence of whole races, and the great physical features of entire regions.

But the most sublime and exalted mission of the vegetable creation is as the material interpreter of the spiritual; the veil which conceals but yet declares the mighty Author and Sustainer—the gorgeous tapestry of God's great temple; the emblem of the Eternal, teaching us to look for the permanent through the mutable and fleeting. The spiritual ordinance of eternal being is nobly symbolised to us in the immutable law of vegetable nature, which decrees that death shall proceed out of life, and life out of death; that the living animal shall feed its vitality upon the dead plant; and the living plant upon the dead animal; that decomposition shall be but the commencement of recomposition; and putrefaction but the symbol of renewed production.

"For though to every draught of vital breath,
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
The melancholy gates of death
Respond with sympathetic motion:
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care
Her procreant vigils nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps,
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth."

The inexhaustible fertility of the vegetable world affords matter for profound wonder and admiration to the naturalist. Does a volcanic island rise from the ocean, bare and devoid of aught that can allure man to take up his habitation on its soil, or that can furnish food for his sustenance or implements for his use, yet when years have rolled on, it will be covered by a peculiar form of vegetation, to which will succeed others more perfect; and the sun that glared upon a smoking rocky mass may smile upon an earthly paradise. What have been the weapons which nature has here employed to battle against want and desolation, to cast out death and implant the germs of life? The waves have wafted the seeds of vegetation, and the winds have carried them on their wings. Strangely fashioned insects and brilliantly plumed birds have paused in their flight to wonder or to rest, and, pursuing their careless way, have left precious traces of their visit—the seeds of a teeming host of plants.

"Thus in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold."

To us, then, it is of the deepest interest to investigate the means by which the limits of the vegetable kingdom are extended, and the multiplication of plants is effected. And even if the relation which this all-important process bears to the life of the universe were less lofty than we have seen it to be, the phenomena accompanying it might well arrest our attention. The function of reproduction is performed in all flowering plants, by the aid of the blossom. In nature everything has a meaning and a purpose: nothing which is

superfluous or useless finds a place in its economy; even the flowers—that calm race, all loveliness and tranquillity, without passion or pain, desire or disappointment, whose life is beauty and whose breath is perfume—are destined to play no idle part in the workshop of nature. To them is committed the task of perpetuating vegetable existence: upon their active industry depends the life of every bird that soars in air, of every beast that stalks across the plain, of every insect that crawls over the surface of the earth; the life of man himself; the very existence of the universe as at present constituted. Well may we ask with Tennyson,

> "Who is it that could live an hour
> If nature put not forth her power
> About the opening of a flower?"

Displaying in their form and essence an union of the sweetest utilitarianism with the most ideal beauty, the flowers preside over the birth of the plants under conditions giving rise to fancies that have fed the imagination of generations of poets, and have inspired the gravest botanical philosophers of former ages with pleasant thoughts. Many hundred years have passed since it was first noticed that in several species of plants two differing forms are developed, and that the one plant never perfects its seed, unless an individual of the other kind flowers simultaneously in its vicinity. Thus, Pliny and Theophrastus relate that the country people hung flowering branches of one kind of date on two boughs of the other, in order to secure full crops; and Kœmpfer recounts that an inroad of Turks into Bassora was checked by the felling of all the date trees of one kind; when the others refused to bear fruit. Yet more romantic is the account furnished us by the Italian Micheli, of the Vallisneria spiralis, an inhabitant of the rivers. Here the flowers of the one kind float on the water, those of the other are bound to the bottom of the river, until at the period of flowering they burst from their bondage, float up to the object of their affection, exchange a gentle kiss of love, and are borne away by the rippling wavelet soon to breathe out their life—fit emblems of the ardent lover, consumed by inward flame, and expiring even at the moment when he has attained the consummation of his vows. Alas, that earnest truth-loving Science should step in to crush this graceful fabric of the imagination, to strip this history of all its glowing passion, and all its mystery of almost human love! And yet we have no real cause for lamentation. The highest truth is in itself the highest poetry. The simple but eternal and therefore sublime truths which science substitutes for the visionary beauties of the human imagination, far transcend the inventions of the greatest masters of poetry. In the place of isolated and mysterious facts, without visible connection or harmony, it has given us all-embracing principles, and has furnished us with a mastery which will unlock the secret chambers of Nature, and enable us to behold all her operations, regulated by an universal frame of laws.

The minute vegetable cell, artificer of the world of plants, here again comes before us, as the agent by which the marvels of reproduction are effected. Not only is every increase of mass the result of the development of one cell from another; but, in propagation, as we here understand it, consisting in the separation of new forms of individual life, the cell is equally the efficient instrument. Within those beautiful thread-like structures in the flower which delight us by their endless wealth of form and colour, are developed a definite number of single free and unconnected cells, invested with an almost indestructible yellow substance which assumes the most elegant forms. By the influence of each one of these cells,—hollow cells they are called—a perfect individual is to be produced, a new plant is to arise. In the centre, either of the same flower, or of another flower on the same, or a different plant—and on the variations in this particular the Linnæan system of classification was founded—is seen a little pear-like body, from which a funnel-shaped tube is prolonged upward. In the cavity of this pear—the germen of botanists—are developed little seed-buds, each containing one large cell, the embryo sac which itself produces the germ-cells—the elements of future plants. At the period of flowering, the globular pollen cells fall upon the orifice of the tube, but they cannot pass through, for the tube is wondrous small, and now they may be seen to elongate into a long thread, pierce the seed-bud, arrive at the embryonal sac, and by their magic touch arouse the germ-cell to active life, inducing in it a further cell-formation by which a seed is produced that becomes capable of carrying on a separate existence. Thus the poets may still retain their ideal fictions if they are so minded. They may sing of the triumph of the plant-cell over material nature, a mere contact becoming dynamic and suffering for the production of a new germ of separate being. They may still fable the flower-bearing plant as celebrating by a kiss the most beautiful act of its renewal.

The scientific value of the discovery of vegetable reproduction by a peculiar cell-formation can hardly be estimated by one unacquainted with the previous state of vegetable and animal physiology. The establishment of this great law has explained what was incomprehensible; it has made brilliant with the light of truth, regions of science formerly dark with doubt; it has imposed order upon a shapeless chaos of confusedly observed phenomena. By its aid we are enabled to distinguish between the reproduction of individuals and what may be called their continuation. For the former, is requisite, as we have seen, the dynamizing

influence of a cell of one kind over a cell of another kind—of the sperm-cell over the germ cell; the latter process, consisting in the multiplication of the original cell by division—a realisation of the old paradox—occurs when we break off a slip from a tree, and from this develope a perfect plant. Here, growth takes place solely in virtue of the characteristic power which the individual cell possesses of forming new cells in its interior, which grow and arrange themselves conformably to the vesicle from which they originate. The gardener, in grafting and budding, avails himself practically of this attribute of the cell, otherwise essential as the means of growth in every plant. We especially wish to distinguish this function from the propagation; it is of the highest importance to the student that he should perceive the radical difference between the two processes: and we insist on it the more, here, in the hope that some readers of these pages may be led to pursue the subject, and knowing that some of the greatest physiologists, while acknowledging the vast importance of the distinction, have not so stated it as to arrest the student's attention. Continuation of the individual, can occur by the action of one cell only, which exhausts its vitality in developing other cells, as it were offshoots of itself and supplementary of its vital power. For reproduction the confluence of two cells is essential, the one of which acts upon the other so as to give rise to new and separate individual existence—in itself whole—entire and distinct. It is in the first instance by establishing the universal agency of cells in the performance of these great natural functions, and afterwards by distinguishing between the modes in which they acted, and the differing laws by which they were regulated, that physiologists have succeeded in throwing light upon the sacred mysteries of nature. For, the application of these principles is far from being confined to the vegetable world; the egg of the chick obeys the same laws as the seed of the plant, and thus a sublime harmony is established throughout the organic world, such as was never before dreamed of in our philosophy.

Marvellously beautiful are the provisions by which the seed is fitted to play its part in the history of the world, where it appears as at once the parent and sustainer of life, the author of vegetable, the support of animal life. So perfect, though withal so simple, is this provision, that seeds have been known to retain their vitality upwards of three thousand years, and, when planted in the earth, to germinate and bring forth. The process of germination itself, is attended with special phenomena of the most impressive interest. The cells of the embryo plant require all their energy for the rapid development of its tissues by the formation of new cells; if they were diverted from their active employment in promoting growth in bulk, in order to separate and prepare their own food, it would be at the expense of the rapid development of the plant, which is the great object in view. A most beautiful provision is therefore made for the supply of food to the embryo. The seed is supplied with a coating of albumen and starch; part of this, resolves itself by a process of decomposition into a nutritive fluid which offers to the embryo cells all the materials of growth already elaborated and prepared for use; while a part, absorbing oxygen, which combines with its carbon, creates an artificial atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, the natural food of the plant, thus at once accustoming the embryo to look forward to an independent life, and, as it were, emancipate itself from a future necessity for foreign help. The interest attaching to this peculiar function of the albumen of the seed will hardly be diminished by the reflection that it is this also which gives to the seed its value to man as an article of food, and places all kinds of grain so high in the dietetic scale. Nowhere, perhaps, is the aphorism of Malpighi more applicable: *Tota natura existit in minimis*—nature's highest powers are seen in pigmy forms.

The fertility of resource which these powers can display, appears almost exhaustless; they overcome all material difficulties and are baffled by no physical obstacle. In the process of re-production, not only is it necessary that the pollen-cells and the germ-cells be relieved simultaneously, so that, at the moment of effusion of the one, the other are ready to receive them; but provision must be made for those cases in which the relative position of stamen and germen is such as to apparently preclude the possibility of their being brought into contact. In many flowers, the stamens are placed at a distance around the germen, and here they may be seen to contract their circle of distance, curve over, and shed their golden shower of pollen-cells. In others, the lofty pistil towers above the stamens, and then the flower gracefully droops its head, so that the pollen, in falling, will reach its destination, or the pistil itself gently bends until it touches the stamen, and forthwith returns to its former position, instinct with animal life. But, sometimes, as in the orchids and other families of plants, the complicated structure of the organs and their irregular position seem to defy the efforts of vegetable nature and set her powers at nought. Foreign forces then come to her aid, and, while revolving in undisturbed vicissitude in the performance of their own natural duties, exert so powerful and essential an influence over the development of the plant world, that it is difficult to believe that this is not their peculiar task. For, if it be land-plants that require this foreign aid, the breeze will carry far and wide the showers of pollen-cells, and scatter, at least, a part of them over the productive plant; if it be water-plants that require this foreign aid, then the waves wash

over the germens, and the pollen is conveyed to them. The part which the insect world takes in increasing the fertility of the plant is no less important. The bee that sucks in many a flower, flies off with a mass of pollen-cells glued to its thighs; and, upon its avidity in seeking nectar, depends the propagation of many a tribe of plants. We may be told that a glutinous substance adheres necessarily to the bee, and that this pollen is deposited in its right place accidentally. That the hot winds of the Sahara, loaded with sand, should carry about the pollen of the date-tree, or that the rivulet should play in little ripples, are, according to the same reasoning, but simple and natural events dependent upon fixed laws of nature. What consciousness has the beetle, which in the wilds of Kamschatka, facilitates by its thefts, the increase of the lily, that on its activity depend the life of nearly the whole population of Greenland, and their sustenance through winter? What has the wind in common with the date harvest and the sustenance of millions, or the wave with the diffusion of the human race, for which it paves the way by wafting the cocoa-nut to distant shores? But the greater consideration will arise in most minds, If all this be but the result of natural laws, whence this marvellous combination of unintelligent forces to bring about events which have so deep an influence over the history of mankind?

FOUNDED ON FACT.

This twenty-seventh of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, I am staying on a visit in a small but comfortable French Chateau. It has been snowing fast all night long; and the fall is so heavy, and the drifts are so deep, that all communication by carriage is cut off until the *cantonniers*, or road-makers can dig out a passage. The long-covered arbour in the garden, with its central dome and pavilion at each end, is converted into a white semi-transparent cavern, which an Esquimaux would look upon as a palace. Alphonse, the man of all work, is sweeping a footpath down the avenue which runs straight from my bed-room window to the fish-pond in the newly-purchased park, on whose surface he evidently is projecting a space for us to skate upon. Martha, the maid-servant, spade in hand, is boldly opening a royal road direct from the kitchen door to the woodstack and the coal heap; for we burn a few coals here, which reach us both from Belgium and England. My host is perfectly content; the walking postman has brought him his favorite newspaper, the Journal du Département de l'Est, and he is already deeply absorbed in the continuation of an interesting *feuilleton*. The postman's task was not an easy one; but New Year's Day and its accompanying gifts are near at hand. Madame Fossette, the mistress of the house, is busy expediting household affairs, with an eye to the spinning-wheel by and by. Félicité Fossette, her daughter-in-law, is fully occupied, for the moment, with her two little children. My friend Isidore Fossette, nephew, son, and husband of the aforesaid persons respectively, has been lamenting with me that it is impossible (that is to say, would be extremely foolish) to go out at present after the flocks of wild geese which are hovering about the neighbourhood. They are not likely to shift their quarters far, and we shall be sure to get a better shot at them to-morrow. Moreover, we are to dine, to-day, off a fine young white-fronted gander, and there is a magnificent bean goose in store besides, both which highly-valued head of game are the result of our prowess. Trust a Frenchman not to think of the larder whenever he amuses himself with half-a-day's shooting!

You must know, then, that I am an Englishman residing abroad, through the joint inducements of health, economy, and taste. My income is just sufficient for me to live thus, sparingly and prudently, in idleness; I manage, however, to earn so comfortable an additional revenue with my pen, that you may call me, if you like, a professional rather than an amateur writer. For the successful prosecution of this pursuit, a certain degree of quiet and retirement is necessary. With an innate dislike to a great-town residence, and an instinctive love of out-door amusements, I contrived to secure every requisite advantage by lodging in a roomy farm-house, the land contiguous to which was cultivated by the proprietors, a widow and her married son, all living under the same roof. The Fossettes, therefore, are no new acquaintances of mine. Their farm is a paternal estate which has belonged to the family about seventy years. The house itself, when I first entered it, was an offshoot of the old chateau: all the principal rooms of which had long remained unoccupied until I selected my apartment.

The garden, when I first came, was utterly neglected; a wilderness of weeds, a tangled thicket of unpruned bushes. With the frugality, approaching to miserly habits, which often characterizes the country people of France, the Fossette family regarded this garden as much of an inconsistent piece of luxury in their station of life, and as much of an incumbrance, as the chateau itself. But I soon explained to them that if they would allow me to act as their head-gardener (when writing, and fishing, and excursionising did not call me elsewhere), and if Isidore and Alphonse would work under my directions as often as they could contrive a spare half-day, with Martha now and then to lend a hand to the weeding, they might not only have many extras to set upon their table—only consider how much better the soup would be, with a variety of fresh-cut vege-

tables!—but it would become a sort of savings-bank for labour.

My plan was adopted, and we went to work. It is hard to say who were most delighted, madame and myself, or Isidore, Alphonse, and Martha, as order and productiveness gradually took the place of chaotic rubbish. We found still surviving many valuable fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, with which the place had been planted in the days of its prosperity. Peaches, apricots, vines, figs, and mulberries; roses, althæas, pomegranates, hydrangeas, and many other favourites of the olden time, were a valuable stock to find ready at hand, and only begging for the spade and the pruning-knife to come and help them. All these joint exertions made us very good friends together, and I became the family confidant, to whom family history and family projects might be entrusted, with the certainty of finding a sincere coadjutor. Madame revealed to me the cause of a secret sorrow, and I hit upon a scheme for removing it.

A literary task required me to visit Montoise, the capital town of the Département de l'Est, a short day's railway journey from the department in which Beaupré is situated. I took with me a letter of introduction to Monsieur Regnier, the editor and proprietor of the leading newspaper there. After a few days' intercourse, and a dinner (which I hold to be the very best way of cementing a new connection), M. Regnier had put me in the way of pursuing my researches, and I could talk to him unreservedly about other matters. So, without further preface, I observed, "General Delacroix resides at Montoise, I believe. Do you know him?"

"I know him well; he is an amiable old man, leading a quiet life, with few acquaintances and no relations. As is the case with many elderly people, his principal amusement is fictitious narrative. He studies the feuilleton of my paper most punctually. He must be getting into years."

"He is seventy-one next first of May."

"He has seen a good deal of service, too. Although, I believe, without a broken bone or a ball lodged in any part of his body, his person is said to be covered with scars. He has several remarkable scars on his face."

"The most striking one," I answered, "is not a wound received in battle. I mean that across his left eyebrow. It was caused when a boy, by the kick of a vicious mare, which fractured the bone, and left him for several days in a most precarious state. He must have been inevitably killed, but for the courage of a younger sister, who pulled him back as he lay on the ground insensible, and gave the alarm."

"You seem to be better acquainted with his history than I am," said M. Regnier.

"I only know what has been told me."

"Would you like to be introduced to him? I can easily do it."

"No; not yet at least. But I very much wish to see him. Then, if I like his looks, I have two favours to ask of you;—first to allow me to write a feuilleton in your newspaper, and then to inform me when it is likely to fall into his hands."

"With the greatest pleasure. We will now step to the Café Dagbert, where the General is sure to be at this moment, and then you can take your first survey, and lay the groundwork of whatever scheme you happen to be planning on the present occasion."

We entered. The General was reading the Journal du Département de l'Est attentively. M. Regnier approached and saluted him.

"Good day, good day!" said the General frankly. "You know, M. Regnier, I do not pretend to be a critic, but I hardly think your feuilleton to-day so good as usual."

"Perhaps not, General; that may be remedied another time. I am expecting in an early number to give you a specimen of a new writer, who has lately volunteered his services."

"Ah! I shall be curious to see it. Pray give me a hint when it appears."

I had heard and seen enough; I was satisfied. Not only was the General as like Madame Fossette as it was possible for a brother to be like a sister, but his voice also rung with the clear metallic tenor tone which was familiar to my ears from the lips of her son. The scar, too, on the eyebrow, was exactly as described to me. I kept it in the back-ground. We soon left the Café, and departed our several ways. I sat down to my writing table, and did not rise until the feuilleton was finished. It had been too long meditated, not to run off fluently. I hastened with the manuscript to the office of the Journal. M. Regnier translated it into French with equal rapidity. We corrected it between us, and it was at once put into the printer's hands.

"Now," said he, "all we have to do is to go to the Café Dagbert the day after to-morrow at three in the afternoon. My paper will be delivered there soon after our arrival; and your little intrigue, whose object I think, I now clearly see, and in which I heartily wish you success, will make the first step towards its *dénouement*."

We met punctually at the appointed time. M. Regnier introduced me to the General, as the English author who had written the feuilleton in the forthcoming number; I said it was merely a slight anecdote founded on fact. In the midst of further desultory small-talk, the light-heeled Mercury of the office arrived. The paper was handed to the General at once, who opened it carefully, doubled back the upper portion, carelessly disregarding political news, leaders, and advertisements: adjusted his gold spectacles, and fixed his whole attention on the realms of romance. I watched him narrowly.

At first the only perceptible symptom of

unusual emotion was the agitated and rapid way in which he drew his breath. Then, after the lapse of two or three minutes, he laid the paper down, uttering in an undertone the single monosyllable "Strange!" and looking very hard, first at me and then at M. Regnier. He promptly resumed the paper, but soon stopped, saying, "The heat of the room has dimmed my glasses—I cannot see through them." He removed them, and it was visible that his eyes were suffused with tears. "Will you be kind enough to read it to me?" he asked, "and to begin at the beginning. I wish to hear the whole of the tale."

I took up the journal and said, "If you will excuse my English accent, I shall have great pleasure in reading the feuilleton as distinctly as I can. I repeat, it is nothing but a mere anecdote founded on fact."

The printed narrative ran as follows :

"In place of our usual Feuilleton to-day, we propose to give the simple relation of a happy event which has occurred to a respectable family in a distant department.

"Towards the close of the last century, a farmer and small landed proprietor of the name of Douriez resided at Belleclé. His family consisted of four sons and a daughter ; Penelope, the girl, being three years younger than her elder brother. The eldest, Jerome Douriez, received a better education than the rest, owing to the accidental favour of the Curé, who believed that he had discovered a certain latent talent in his rustic pupil. The pursuits of all the younger brethren were entirely limited to the usual routine of a small French farm. Jerome, however, found time to impart a considerable amount of information to his sister, who, besides himself, was the only member of the family able to read and write. A jealous feeling was the consequence on the part of the juniors, while the elders looked, contemptuously and even disapprovingly, on what they considered as little better than idleness and waste of time. When they saw him drawing circles and triangles on the dusty ground, which he had smoothed with the palm of his hand, they regarded him as an idiot, who amused himself with the chance crossings of sticks and straws. When they found that he devoted whole days to rambling from hill to plain, from forest to stream, mapping out the country on scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose, they not unreasonably complained ; telling him that he would be much better employed in ploughing in the colza or sowing the wheat.

"Jerome was both idle and indolent. By the former epithet, I denote his perpetually playing at soldiers with the village boys, storming imaginary fortifications, and building temporary bridges over dry ditches and fordable brooks ; by the second, his long-continued indulgence in undeveloped schemes and day-dreams, imagining a future career utterly inconsistent with his present position. The estrangement of his family became more and more decided. He was treated as a burden and a good-for-nothing sluggard, of whom it was prophesied no good could come. It is a long lane which has no turning ; and at last this uncomfortable state of things was stopped, in his eighteenth year, by a sudden summons to serve as a soldier. He left home with but one regret, and that was, that he must part from his sister, probably for ever. Early in the year eighteen hundred and one, Jerome bade adieu to his native village."

The General rocked in his chair uneasily, but we took no notice.

"Years passed away, and, as far as his family was concerned, Jerome might have been reckoned with the dead. He never wrote ; why write to people who cannot read, and who parted from you in a way which makes you believe they would not care to read a letter from you if they could ! Now and then, some trifling but significant token did reach Penelope by unexpected hands ; for instance, one day there was delivered to her the half of an old story-book, which she and her absent brother had often conned together in childhood. She kept these friendly intimations to herself, rejoicing in the thought that her favourite brother at least had escaped the dangers of war, was surviving, and had not forgotten her. Years, I say, passed away ; the mother died, and was soon followed by one of the younger sons. Douriez, the father, had grown weak-minded, drivelling and more miserly than ever. The two sons remained unmarried, and still resided under the paternal roof, working hard and faring frugally, to increase their goods more and more abundantly. Their farm was a sort of common storehouse, whose treasures, it was felt and understood, would pass to the lot of the last surviving member. It was a mass of unenjoyed wealth, without the least prospect of being better employed at any future time, except perhaps through Penelope's means, who was now fully recognised as the mistress of the household.

"In the year eighteen hundred and thirteen, a letter addressed to the elder Douriez arrived. Penelope was deputed to open and read it. It came from Jerome. It was short, straightforward, and not without affection. It stated that after so many years of absence and silence, he wished to see his relations again. That he had been harassed in mind and severely wounded in body, and that he would be glad to enjoy a little repose at home ; indeed, both private and public circumstances made a short furlough indispensably necessary. That if they would send word at once to his temporary address that he would be welcome, he would visit them immediately ; but that they must not delay their communication, if they wished it to reach him.

"A family consultation was held as to what course should be pursued. Should they again be burdened with an idle dependant, who would be more useless than ever, incapable of work, with military habits of smoking, drinking, and dissipation, to consume the produce of the farm and the dairy? If Jerome chose to present himself at their door as a broken-down beggar, claiming a crust of bread and a night's lodging, of course they could not drive him away; but, to invite him was quite a different matter. In vain Penelope pleaded her utmost. It was decided that no notice should be taken of Jerome's letter, and that events should be allowed to follow their own course.

"A few weeks afterwards, a disabled veteran returned to Belleclé. His first thought, after seeing his own friends, was to call on the Douriez family, and congratulate them—yes, congratulate them! on the honour which Jerome had shed on their name. What! Did they not know that he had risen to be a general, with fortune, and decorations, and high renown! And, as he was now fast recovering from his late dangerous wound, did they not know that there was no guessing what eminence he might reach. Even Marshal of France, perhaps!

"'Jerome rich! Jerome powerful! Jerome high in favour with the Emperor! Oh! let us send word to him to come without delay! Penelope, you are the only writer amongst us. Write instantly; we will dictate.'

"A letter was dictated, even more mean-spirited and transparently interested than their previous silence. They even had the injustice and the cunning to make poor Penelope take upon herself the blame with which they alone were chargeable for the tardiness of their missive. It was dispatched. At the end of a few anxious days, no answer. Another week; no answer. Another year; no answer. Forty long years; and no answer."

Here I discontinued my reading, and looking at General Delacroix, insidiously said, "I should have done the very same thing myself. I never would have responded to the advances of people who had so heartlessly and cruelly cast me off, even though they were my own brother and sister, and the sole relations I had in the world."

"Would you not?" he thoughtfully returned. "I do not know whether I should, or not. But you are younger than I, and your passions have greater power over you. Men's resolutions change as they advance in years. Life is short, and anger should not be eternal. Please to go on, if you are not tired."

"Forty long years," I continued from my feuilleton, "is a longer space of time than people are in the habit of imagining. Douriez, senior, departed this life. One of his sons caught a fever, while too closely overlooking some labourers in the marshes; and he died too. The other heated himself in thrashing flax-seed; obstructed perspiration, and a whole week passed in an atmosphere loaded with dust, brought on inflammation of the lungs, which terminated in a rapid consumption. Both the young men had continued single; so Penelope remained inheritress of all. After a decent delay of eighteen months, she married a young farmer, between whom and herself there had long existed an intelligence of looks. He was not spared to her many years, and she was left a widow, with an only son.

I paused.

"Well," said the General, impatiently, "Is that all? Or are we to have the continuation in the next number?"

"No. The whole is here. The rest is very soon told."

"The estrangement of the surviving brother and sister still continued. In fact, neither of the two knew whether the other were living or not, though each felt a secret yearning in the recesses of the heart. At length, Jerome happened to read, in one of our most popular novelists, a tale which strongly reminded him of his early youth, but the conclusion of which was more in accordance with the dictates of natural affection, than with the unyielding maintenance of displeasure that refused to be intreated. He remembered that no reconciliation could take place in the grave. He made cautious inquiries. He found that those of whom he had most right to complain, and whom he had now began to pity for their narrowmindedness, were gone; that the sister whom he loved, was left, and had a worthy son, whom she loved too. He formed the bold resolution to swallow his long-cherished pride and anger, and to make the first step. He sought his sister; found her unchanged, except by years and sorrows; and saw at a glance that her child, his nephew, would stand him in the place of a son. The relatives met, to part no more. One roof covers them by night; around one table they daily assemble in cheerful thankfulness; and now, at their last hour they can, without hypocrisy, utter the prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!'"

"And that, General," I said, laying down the paper, and assuming a sort of commercial-traveller's self-complacency, "that's my first attempt at a feuilleton." But my sprightliness met with no response.

"You say, sir, this little story is founded on fact?"

"I am acquainted with all the parties. Of course, the real names are not given."

"And Jerome, the elder brother, who rose in the army—do you know him?"

"Yes!"

He seemed disappointed at this answer.

He then observed, more as if talking to himself than addressing me, "I should much like to see how those people get on together."

"Nothing is easier;" I interposed. "I want to transact business with them to-

morrow" [this was not strictly true though, for I had not yet taken all the notes I wanted at Montoise] "and I shall be very happy to take you with me in the character of a friend who wishes to join me in a short excursion."

"But the General—Jerome, as you call him? I wonder if I know him. Is *he* there too?"

"If he is not now, I have no doubt he will be there, by the time of our arrival."

I cut all further conversation as short as possible It was agreed that General Delacroix should meet me at the railway station the following morning, at seven o'clock. M. Regnier excused himself from joining us, on the ground of the exigencies of his paper, and his publishing business. Strangely enough, the General never inquired whither I was going to take him. He seemed to be indulging in some visionary imaginations, from which he feared to be awakened by the least collision with fact. He kept the appointment with military exactness. I took both our tickets. He made no remark as to the length of our journey. He had never travelled by that line of railway, and it was only towards the close of our trip, that he was startled to observe towns whose public buildings were familiar to him.

We alighted. He took my arm, and I led him through lanes and across meadows, over whose features more than fifty years had thrown their veil. I opened a gate leading into a shrubbery of evergreens. A shady path led us to the garden-door of a mansion. I entered without knocking, and we soon stood in a spacious saloon, wherein were sitting a matron in company with a fine young man, her son, with his neat smiling wife, and two little children. Before they could recover their surprise at our entrance (my presence was too habitual to startle them) the General looked hard at the elder personage. I felt him tremble; he let go my arm, and advancing to my good friend Madame Fossette, embraced her long and lovingly, with no other uttered expressions than, "My sister!"

And this is how I happen to be visiting at the comfortable Château de Beaupré this snowy twenty-seventh of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three.

THE PRISONER.

Row gently this way down the stream,
Where o'er the bank the lilacs bend,
And through the budding hawthorns gleam
Those yellow lights the cowslips lend:
To eyes so long in prison penn'd,
That blue above, this wave below,
Those clouds that past the hills descend,
Are heaven itself; but half their glow
Those spring flower-scented gales bestow.

Fear'st thou that we too far may float?
Thou need'st not dread yon sentinel;
He knows our shallow, shattered boat
Could not endure the middle swell.
And thou art known and trusted well;
They chose thee, for thy woman's arm
Could nought through yonder surge impel;
They knew thee quick to catch alarm—
Ah! knew they woman's heart how warm?

But, in such guise, 'twere vain to flee,
A captive, loosed some half-hour's space,
His limbs to lave, his breath to free;
And thou, young girl, thy fitter place
The village dance, than such a chase.
Well, as thou wilt, the oar resign.
"Now, pinnace, speed another pace!
Was ne'er more need to dash the brine,
If life be precious—hers or mine."

Strong arm, stout heart, thou rower brave!
Though, midway o'er the the Danaw's past:
For comes the challenge cross the wave,
And answering to the bugle's blast,
The steel-clad guard are gathering fast
On yon grey walls. "An arrow." "Strain
One moment yet: not this the last
Will fly as far." They fall like rain,
And falls the fairer of those twain.

It was his native land he reach'd.
And wealth, and power, and friends were near;
But, could he fly and leave her, stretch'd
On that worn plank—her bloody bier?
Forgot were flight, and foes, and fear:
They seized him, as he vainly tried
To stay a life one hour made dear.
He scarcely heard the dull bolts glide,
When closed the dungeon where he died.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Holland House is the only important mansion, venerable for age and appearance, now to be found in the neighbourhood of London. There has been talk more than once of pulling it down; but every feeling of memory seems to start up at the threat, and cry, No, No! The cry is not only one of the utmost parliamentary propriety: the weight of the whole voice of the metropolis may be said to be in it; nay, of the nation itself; and even of the civilised world; for what court or diplomatist that knows of the "Whigs," knows not of Holland House"? It is not handsome; it is not ancient; but it is of an age sufficient to make up for want of beauty; it shows us how our ancestors built before Shakspeare died; a crowd of the reigning wits and beauties of that and every succeeding generation passes through it to the "mind's eye," brilliant with life and colour; and there it stands yet, on its old rising ground, with its proper accompaniment of sward and trees, to gratify everybody who can appreciate it, and shame any one who would do it wrong.

The upper apartments of Holland House are on a level with the stone gallery of the dome of St. Paul's. Their front windows command a fine view of the Surrey hills; as those at the back do of Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate. The aged look of the exterior

is the more precious to the antiquary, inasmuch as with the exception of a a staircase or so, it is the only part of its antiquity remaining. The interior has long been so modernised, that a lover of old times is grieved to find not a single room in it which brings them before him. There is little which is older than the youth of the late lord, and much that has been further modernised by the present. The fact is, that the house had become so neglected during the nonage of the former, in consequence of the reckless expenditures of the first lord and his son Charles (the great Whig leader) that there was talk of converting it into a workhouse. Lord Holland, a respecter of old associations, and of the pleasures of other people, saved it; and this circumstance should be counted among the claims to respect of his own genial memory.

Of the lawn, or rather meadow, which lies in front of Holland House, there is a tradition that Cromwell and Ireton conferred in it, as a place in which they could not be overheard. From circumstances hereafter to be noticed, the tradition is probable. It shows that whatever the subject of the conference may have been, they could not have objected to being seen; for there was no wall, nor were there even trees, we believe, at that time in front of the house, and we may fancy royalists riding by, on their road to Brentford, where the king's forces were defeated, trembling to see the two grim republicans laying their heads together.

The grounds at the back of the house are more extensive than might be supposed, and contain many fine old trees of various kinds, with spots of charming seclusion. The portion nearest the house presents an expanse of turf of the most luxurious description, with a noble elm tree upon it, and an alcove facing the west, in which there is a couplet that was put up by the late lord in honour of Mr. Rogers, and a copy of verses by Mr. Luttrell, expressing his inability to emulate the poet. The couplet is as follows:—

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
To me, those pleasures that he sang so well.
VLL. HD."

Incriptions challenge comments; brief ones, it is thought, ought in particular to be faultless; seats in summer time, and loungings about on luxurious lawns (half an hour before dinner), beget the most exacting criticisms; and thus a nice question has arisen, whether the relative pronoun in this couplet ought to be *that* or *which*. Our first impression was in favour of *that;* but happening to repeat the lines next morning while in the act of waking, we involuntary said *which;* upon which side of the question we are accordingly prepared to fight, with all the inveteracy of deserters from the other.

Lord Holland's couplet is in the simple and tranquil taste which he had so much right to admire; Mr. Luttrell's verses, which are a score longer, would have been improved by compression. But see how pleasant and readable are one or two natural expressions:—

* * * * *

"Well, now I am fairly installed in the bower,
How lovely the scene! how propitious the hour!
The breeze is perfum'd, from the hawthorn it stirs,
All is silent around me—but nothing occurs;
Not a thought I protest, though I'm here and alone,
Not a chance of a couplet that Rogers would own;
Though my senses are raptur'd, my feelings in tune,
And Holland's my host, and the season is June.
* * * * *
So I rise, since the Muses continue to frown,
No more of a poet than when I sat down."

Beyond this mossy lawn is the open undulating ground, terminated by the Uxbridge Road, with which the public have become acquainted by means of the Highland Pastimes; along its eastern side is a rustic lane, furnishing a long, leafy walk; on the western side of the house are small gardens, both in new and old styles, the work of the late Lady Holland, and the latter very proper, both as a variety from the former, and as a fitting accompaniment to the old house. It is also pleasant to fancy in what sort of way our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, the Chloes and Delias of the eighteenth century, enjoyed their flower-beds. In one of these gardens was raised the first specimen of that beautiful flower the dahlia, which the late Lord Holland is understood to have brought from Spain; by another, on a pedestal, is a colossal bust of Napoleon by a pupil of Canova; further west, towards the Addison Road, are the Moats; which (to say nothing of the evidence furnished by an apocryphal bit of brickwork that accompanies them) are looked upon as the site of the older mansion belonging to the De Veres; and further still, a few years ago, was a classical altar, erected by the same lord in memory of the fate of Lord Camelford, a man half out of his wits, who was killed on this spot in a duel which he insisted on provoking. The altar was an ancient Roman one, erected on a modern base, and was inscribed with an expiatory dedication to departed souls, or the gods who preside over places of the dead—a curious instance of classical "making belief"—or playing at Paganism on a serious occasion. Lord Camelford's body, however, was not under the altar. With the passion for going to extremes, which characterised him, he directed that it should be buried under a tree in a solitary spot in Switzerland which had interested him during his travels. He was a Pitt, nephew to the great Earl of Chatham, who wrote him letters when a boy. The poor youth, who came to his end before he was thirty, was wildness itself in many respects, though he was fond of serious studies. His manners were perfect at times, but at others would burst out into arrogance and insolence. He

was a Christian, it is said, upon conviction, and yet could quarrel with a man about a trifle, and insist upon fighting him, notwithstanding all that could be done to adjust the difference. The reason he gave was, that his antagonist was too good a shot to make it up with. This antagonist was a Mr. Best. Lord Camelford went up to him in Stevens's Hotel in Bond-street, and addressed him in the following placid words: "Mr. Best I am glad to see you face to face, and to tell you, you are an infamous scoundrel." He afterwards confessed that he had been the aggressor.

But an old house is not perfect without a ghost; Holland House has two. They do not indeed haunt it, and were very transient in their appearance; but they will serve to give a bit of ghostly interest to the spot, for those whose imaginations like to "catch a fearful joy" on such points. The account is in Aubrey's Miscellanies, which were written in the reign of William the Third.

The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, "as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking glass. About a month after she died of the small-pox. And it is said that her sister, the Lady Isabella Thynne, saw the like of herself, also, before she died. This account I had from a person of honour."

Aubrey, though his gossip is valuable to a lover of books, was credulous to excess. Nicolai, the German bookseller, was in the habit of seeing hosts of spectral men and women pass through his room; and a sick young lady, just dressed for dinner, and full of thoughts of herself, sickly or otherwise, might as well see her own image as that of any one else. The Lady Isabella Thynne, here mentioned, wife of one of the ancestors of the Marquess of Bath, is mentioned in another of Aubrey's books (the Lives and Letters of Eminent Men) as addicted to anything but ghostly communications. She and a friend of hers, he says, while on a visit to Oxford, used to come to morning prayers at Trinity College Chapel, "half-dressed like angels." She would also make her entrance upon the college walks, with a "lute playing before her," and must have been a great puzzle to the college ethics, for she is described as possessing all kinds of virtues but one. She is the "Lady Isabella" whose playing on the lute is recorded in a set of complimentary verses by Waller:

"The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so:
Touched by that hand, who would not tremble too?"

We think we have read somewhere, but cannot call to mind in what book, that she suffered a good deal of affliction before she died.

We just now regretted that the interior of Holland House has been so modernised, as, with little exception, to retain no apppearance of the antiquity to be expected from its appearance outside. We found, nevertheless, so much to interest us in it (the conversation included of the gallant kinsman of the family, who was so kind as to be our cicerone) that, as is too often the case with something one is bent upon recollecting, we forgot to ask for the chamber in which Addison died. We believe, however, it is among the few apartments that are not shown. Among those which are, is Charles Fox's bed-room; that of Mr. Rogers (a frequent visitor), with a poet's view over the country towards Harrow; and that of Sheridan in the next room to which a servant was regularly in attendance all night; partly to furnish, we believe, a bottle of champagne to the thirsty orator in case he should happen to call for one betwixt his slumbers (at least we heard so a long while ago, and it was quite in keeping with his noblo host's hospitality; but we forgot to verify the anecdote on this occasion) and partly (of this there is no doubt) to secure the bed curtains from being set on fire by his candle. A pleasanter apartment to contemplate, was the one in which Lord Holland used to hear his children say their lessons, and induct them into the beauties of Spenser—an unexpected trait in the predilections of a man of letters brought up in the town tastes of the eighteenth century. But his uncle Charles was fond of Spenser; and so was Burke and the great Earl of Chatham. It is difficult to hinder great men from discerning the merits of greatness. The poetry of Spenser was to their other books what their parks and retirements were to the town itself.

The library must originally have been a place for exercise; for, in its first condition, it appears to have been scarcely anything but windows; and it is upwards of ninety feet long, by only seventeen feet four inches wide, and fourteen feet seven inches in height. The moment one enters it, one looks at the two ends, and thinks of the tradition about Addison's pacings in it to and fro. It represents him as meditating his Spectators between two bottles of wine, and comforting his ethics by taking a glass of each, as he arrived at either end of the room. The regularity of this procedure is, of course, a jest; but the main circumstance is not improbable, though Lord Holland seems to have thought otherwise. He says (for the words in Faulkner's Kensington are evidently his): "Fancy may trace the exquisite humour which enlivens his papers to the mirth inspired by wine; but there is too much sober, good sense in all his lucubrations, even when he indulges most in pleasantry, to allow us to give implicit credit

to a tradition invented probably as excuse for intemperance by such as can empty two bottles of wine, but never produce a "Spectator or a Freeholder."

The collection of books is celebrated for its abundance of Italian and Spanish authors, the former in particular. Among the curiosities in other languages are an Editio Princeps of Homer, which belonged to Fox; a copy of the same poet belonging to Sir Isaac Newton, with a distich in his handwriting on the fly-leaf; and a singularly interesting one of Camoens, which it is alleged must have been in the hands of the poet himself. At the bottom of the title-page is a painful corroboration of the statements respecting his end. It is a manuscript note in an old Spanish hand, stating that the writer "saw him die in a hospital, without even a blanket to cover him." "He did this," says he, "after having triumphed in the East (Camoens served in various expeditions), and traversed five thousand five hundred leagues of ocean: and all for what, but to study day and night to no better purpose than spiders to catch flies?"

There are several curious manuscripts in the library, particularly three autograph letters of Petrarch, three autograph plays of Lope de Vega, the original copy of a play of the younger Moratin, and the music of Metastasio's Olimpiade beautifully written out by Jean Jacques Rousseau, at the time when that "shaker of the thrones of Europe" got his livelihood by work of that kind.

The collection of pictures is not remarkable, except as containing a greater number of portraits of men of letters, Italians in particular, than is to be found perhaps in any other private abode. Among them is Addison when he was young (a handsome face); Alfieri (in miniature) the Italian tragic poet, who was sometime in England; his wife (another miniature) the Countess of Albany, widow of the Pretender (a princess of the house of Stolberg); Sir Philip Francis; Robespierre (miniature), with his pert insignificant look, on which nobody would have guessed that so much tragedy was hanging; Jerome Bonaparte (a narrow-minded repulsive countenance); two portraits, large and small, if we mistake not, of the Duchess of Portsmouth (Louise de Querouaille, Charles the Second's mistress), quite making out, in one of them the "baby face" of which Evelyn accuses her (nobody would have taken her for an ancestress of the manly-visaged Foxes); many portraits of the rest of the family; a fine one of Talleyrand, by Schetter, and one, by Gerard, of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. There are also busts of Napoleon, of Machiavel, and of Henry the Fourth, the last "looking like a goat;" a curious painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, consisting of whole length portraits of Charles Fox when a youth, with his fair relatives, Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangeways; and another, by Hogarth, representing Dryden's play of the Indian Emperor, performed by children, one of whom is a grand-niece of Sir Isaac Newton, whose bust is on the chimney-piece. The play was performed for the amusement of the Duke of Cumberland, who is seated accordingly; and the governess playing with one of the children is Lady Deloraine.

We now come, not only to the possessors of the present house, but to those of the one that preceded it; and therefore must go a good way back, before we return to the Foxes.

We have seen, in a former article, that with the exception of an Anglo-Saxon in the time of Edward the Confessor, of whom nothing further is mentioned, and of the Bishop of Coutances, to whom William the Conqueror gave it with power to alienate, the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, were the earliest recorded possessors of the manor of Kensington, and seated probably on the spot in question.

It is not ascertained that such was the case; but as the property was valuable, was convenient for its neighbourhood to London, and seems to be implied as residential in the name of the adjoining locality, Earl's Court, that is to say, the Court for administering the Earl's property or jurisdiction, it is extremely improbable that none of the family ever occupied it. It was associated with their name from the time of William the Conquerer to that of James the First. Aubrey de Vere, its first holder under the Bishop, must needs have visited his property some time or other, or for what did he come with the Conqueror into England? The ancient manor-house that stood not far from the present Holland House, must have been built for somebody; and visions of Aubrey and his successors, however transient, naturally present themselves to the eye of the local antiquary.

This Aubrey de Vere came from Holland with the first William, as countrymen of his did afterwards with William the Third. He died, however, a monk; perhaps out of penitence for the wrongs which he had committed as a soldier. The title of Earl of Oxford came into the family with his grandson. Almost all his successors were stirring soldiers and influential subjects. One of them was a Magna Charter baron; another a commander at the battles of Cressy and Poictiers; another at Agincourt; another was the great lord who received Henry the Seventh at his house with such a magnificent show of retainers, and who, notwithstanding his having been one of the chief instruments in setting that money-scraper on the throne, was fined by his sharp-eyed and shabby visitor, for entertaining him at a cost beyond the law. The family branched out into many worthies, a daughter of one of whom, the "starry Vere" of some noble verses by Marvell, was the Lady Fairfax who gave that brave

contradiction, in Westminster Hall, to the assertion that all the people of England were indicters of Charles the First—"No! not the hundredth part of them." In short, the word Vere was almost synonymous in English history with whatever was noble and dignified, when in its twentieth Earl of Oxford it came to a sorry end in the person of a profligate time-server, who accommodated himself to every event in succession—Tory, Commonwealth, and Whig—and crowned his anti-heroical achievements by cheating an actress with a false marriage. The Kensington property, however, was saved the disgrace of belonging to this scoundrel; for he died long after it had been carried, by a co-heiress, into the families of Argyle and others, who sold it to Sir Walter Cope, the builder of Holland House.

But before we part with the Veres we have a quarrel to pick with the whole of them, or rather with their name, and with the Vere, whoever he was, who first gave them their motto, *Vero nihil verius*—Nothing truer than true; that is to say, *pun-ically* speaking, Nothing more veritable than Vere. For the fact is, saving their lordships' valours (and we think we see their dust redden as we say it—but it is the inventor's fault, not ours) the motto is false. Vere does not mean "true." The family came from Holland; the word in Dutch is written Weer—it is the name of the place in the isle of Walcheren, which the owners quitted for drier quarters; and the word means neither more nor less than the same word in English—weir or wear, that is to say, a dam, fish-trap, or flood-gate. "Aubrey de Vere" is as fine an aristocratical sound as can well be imagined, and it is a pity to spoil it; but truth must be told. Aubrey de Vere means Aubrey of the dam, fish-trap, or flood-gate.

In short, the Veres originated with the coasters, or others, whoever they were—a hardy, painstaking race. It may be added, to complete the notice of the Veres, that the present representative of the race is the Beauclerk family, the daughter of the last lord having married the first Duke of St. Albans, the son of Charles the Second by Nell Gwynn. The two fathers, it is to be feared, helped to spoil, for a time, the blood of the actress; for Sidney Beauclerk, their grandson (father of Johnson's Topham Beauclerk), is said to have been as great a "raf" as either of them, without inheriting any of the royal wit. This could not be said of Topham, however he might have resembled the king in more respects than one; for though Johnson, in one of the most extraordinary compliments on record, told him "his body was all vice," he added that "his mind was all virtue;" a combination of totals which, to the doctor's surprise, Beauclerk did not seem happy to admit.

But we are losing sight of Holland House. Sir Walter Cope, the purchaser of the Vere property in Kensington, seems to have been one of the money-getters, who profited by the endeavours which James the First made to supply his lavish exchequer without the help of a Parliament. He built the house, or rather the main body of the house (the centre and turrets), about the year sixteen hundred and seven, and bequeathed it to Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, as the husband of his daughter and heiress, Isabella. The wings and arcades were added by the earl.

This Earl of Holland was the younger son of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, by Penelope, daughter of Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, the Stella of Sir Philip Sidney. He was a handsome, showy man; was a favourite with James's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham; and had the reputation of being more than in the good graces of Charles the First's queen; probably for no other reason than his having fetched her as a bride from France, and been coxcombical in his attentions on the way. He and his friend, Hay, Earl of Carlisle, were the twin stars of the great world, next after their patron, Buckingham; and Holland House, during the prosperous portion of Rich's career, must have entertained in its saloons all the rank and fashion of the time. Among others came Bassompierre, the French Ambassador, who with the *dandy* indifference of his countrymen respecting the orthographies of other countries, or being too fine a gentleman to hear the word properly from the first, has recorded Kensington under the mincing appellation of *Stintinton*.

"Wednesday 25.—Dined yesterday with the Earl of Holland at Stintinton."*

Unfortunately, Rich's coxcombry made him over-sensitive to what he thought attentions or the reverse from ruling powers, and in the Civil Wars he went to and fro in his partizanship with so provoking a caprice, now playing the part of a knight-errant for king and queen, and now sulking at Holland House, and receiving visits from the disaffected for some imaginary affront, that when the Parliament at last seized him and put him to death for making a stand against the death of the king, his end was a grief to nobody. Foppish to the last, he died in a white satin waistcoat, and a cap ditto with silver lace.

Five months after the earl's execution Holland House was occupied by the Parliamentary General Fairfax, husband of the "starry Vere," who thus found herself, under very extraordinary circumstances, contemplating the property of her ancestors. At this period we are to suppose Cromwell

* So, on a visit to him at Hampton Court, he calls that village *Imtincourt*.

"Went to see the Earl of Holland, who was sick at *Im*tincourt.

"(Le Vendredy 16.—Je fus voir le Compte de Hollande, malade à *Im*tincourt. Le Mercedi 25.—Je fus diner chez le Compte de Hollande à Stintinton."

and Ireton conferring on the lawn. The mansion, however, was soon restored to the earl's widow and her children; and from that time it remained quietly in the possession of the family, almost as long as they lasted. The earl and his wife, like the extinguished court, had been friends of the drama; and for a few days during the first establishment of the republic, and a longer period in the reign of Cromwell, the players, who had been great loyalists, and who contrived to perform secretly now and then at noblemen's houses, where purses were collected for their benefit, found special encouragement in the house before us.

From the Restoration to the time of the Georges, Holland House appears to have been let by the noble owners on short leases, and to a variety of persons; sometimes in apartments to lodgers; or, more probably, a friend was now and then accommodated for nothing. The most interesting of its temporary lodgers was Morice's friend Shippen, the famous Jacobite, immortalised by Pope for his sincerity.

"I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne;
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within."

No wonder that such a man drew houses when he spoke in Parliament, and that none but the stupid kept away.

"More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
To range the fields, than in the House debate;
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,
Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge."—
Bramston's Art of Politics.

Very different persons, however, were honest Will Shippen and unprincipled William Yonge, of whom Sir Robert Walpole said that "nothing but his talents could have supported his character, and nothing but his character have kept down his talents." Shippen had talents and character both—the latter of the highest description. Though not so poor as Andrew Marvell, nor on minor points, perhaps, so uncompromising, he was nevertheless to the Whigs of the reign of George the First what Marvell had been to the Tories of Charles and James—the eloquent, witty, open-hearted, and upon the whole, incorruptible partisan. When asked how he should vote, he would say, "I cannot tell until I hear from Rome." At Rome resided the Pretender. Sir Robert Walpole observed of him, and of Parliament in general, "I will not say who are to be corrupted, but I will say who is incorruptible; and that is Shippen." Shippen, in turn, would say of Sir Robert, "Robin and I are two honest men. He is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with the long cravats (meaning Sandys, Rushout, and others) they only desire places, either under King George or King James." He was sent to the Tower for saying of King George (who could not speak English), that "the only infelicity of His Majesty's reign was, that he was unacquainted with our language and constitution." Both sides of the House wished him to soften the expression, but he declined. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, who was at variance with the king, sent a person to him with the offer of a thousand pounds (as a "convenience," we suppose, during his imprisonment); but it was not to be expected that he who would not subject himself to influence for love, would do it for money. Sir Robert Walpole intercepted a letter written to him by the Pretender, and put it, himself, into his hands. It must have been of a description more than usually perilous, considering how openly Shippen talked of his correspondence with the exile. Sir Robert took the opportunity of saying that he did not expect to alter the other's sentiments, but would hope for his support in case of being personally attacked. To this Shippen agreed, but remained in all other respects the same man. He was son of a country clergyman, and possessed a moderate independence; but married a Northumberland heiress, who turned out unworthy of him.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, King William the Third went to look at Holland House, with the view of taking it; but he preferred the house of the Earl of Nottingham, which thus became the Palace. Probably, however, the rooms were larger in the Nottingham house, and so were better to begin with. Perhaps also William did not find the grounds about Holland House flat enough to suit his Dutch predilections.

Nothing seems known of Robert, second Earl of Holland, who had quietly succeeded his father, except that, in failure of the elder branch of the family, he also succeeded as fifth Earl of Warwick, the title being thenceforth the conjoined one of Warwick and Holland. His son and successor, Edward, married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddleton of Chirk Castle in the County of Flint; a lady, whose name and origin we mention, because after the earl's death she became the wife of Addison. Edward Henry her son, the next earl, is the youth whose statue in Kensington church has been noticed in a former article. He was succeeded by another Edward, his kinsman; and the daughter and only child of this nobleman dying unmarried, the title became extinct. This was in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-nine. The house fell into the possession of his cousin, William Edwardes, a Welsh gentleman, whose father had married the daughter of the first Earl of Warwick and Holland, and who, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, was created Baron Kensington; but fourteen years previous he had sold the family mansion to the first Lord Holland of

the Fox family, by whom the title had been consequently allowed to be taken; and in the possession of this distinguished race it remains.

Addison, notwithstanding the popularity of the Foxes, is still the greatest celebrity of Holland House. His death in it is its greatest event. Places in the vicinity are named after him; and the favourite record of its library is the tradition, before mentioned, of the bottle of wine at each end of it, by which he is said to have refreshed his moralities, while concocting their sentences to and fro.

It is added, unfortunately, that Addison drank the more because he was unhappily married. The question is still discussed, and will probably never be settled. The received opinion is, that Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick originated in his being tutor to her son; that the Countess became ashamed of it, as a descension from her rank; and that their lives were rendered unhappy in consequence. The prevalence of this opinion appears to have been owing to Johnson's Lives of the Poets, in which the case is stated with so evident a willingness to believe it, that people in general, who are ready enough to fall in with such an inclination, have overlooked the manifest assumptions on which it is founded, and the "saids" and "perhapses" with which it is qualified. Setting aside higher points of view on such questions, there is, in fact, no proof that Addison was tutor to the young Earl, or that the Countess felt any regret for the marriage on the score of rank. Tutorship, had he been a tutor, need not have hindered him from making a pleasant husband. Tutors have married highly, before and since, and have become lords and archbishops; and though the lady was a countess by marriage, her birth was but that of a baronet's daughter. The truth of the matter we take to have been, that the match was unsuitable on very ordinary grounds. The lady was well and merry; the gentleman fit only to muse. Addison died at the end of three years. And hence (as Johnson would have been the first to say, had anybody provoked him to differ with the other opinion) hence all this mighty fuss, sir, about a tutor, and a countess, and the punctilios of rank.

Mighty versions are often given to things that have quite another significancy. It has been questioned of late under what real impulse another circumstance occurred, which is connected with Addison and Holland House. We allude to the famous words which he is said to have addressed in his last moments to the young Earl of Warwick: "See in what peace a Christian can die." The story originated with Young, who said he had it from Tickell; adding, that the Earl led an irregular life, and that Addison wished to reclaim him. But according to Malone, who was a scrupulous inquirer, there is no evidence of the Earl's having led any such life; and Walpole, in one of his letters that were published not long ago, startled—we should rather say shocked—the world, by telling them that Addison "died of brandy." It is acknowledged by his best friends, that the gentle moralist, whose bodily temperament was as sorry a one as his mind was otherwise, had gradually been tempted to stimulate it with wine, until he became intemperate in the indulgence. It is impossible to say what other stimulants might not gradually have crept in; nor is it improbable that, during the patient's last hours, the physician himself might have ordered them. Addison, therefore, may have had some stimulus given him, whatever it was, not because he had contracted a habit which he could not leave off, and so "died of it," but because, like many a sober man before him, he had not strength enough to speak without it. Again, he might or might not have known the nature of the draught, yet still have regarded his peace of mind as a thing apart from the composure of his nerves, and justly founded on what had been a conviction of his life. He might have said to himself, "Nothing can compose me longer, but my religious belief. Let me show in this last trial, how tranquillising it can be." It is in vain that we fancy the light spirit of Walpole laughing at us for these considerations—saying to us, "Oh, what need of words? He died drunk and maudlin, and there's an end." We cannot thus consent to think the worst, instead of best, of a man who has given the world so much instruction and entertainment, and whose Christianity, at all events, was of a kind superior to vulgar intolerances, and who was disposed to think the best of most things.

Good words are good things; yet good deeds are better. Addison, we doubt not, had his rights of comfort from both; yet there is one thing which we could have preferred his doing in his last hours, to anything which he may have said. It is the amends which, for some mysterious reason or other, he said he would have made to Gay, "if he lived." The story, as related by Pope, is, that "a fortnight before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner to go and see Mr. Addison, which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. Addison received him in the kindest manner, and told him that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him. Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reasons to hope for some good preferment; but all those views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the former ministry. He did not at all explain himself in what he had injured him: and Gay

could not guess at anything else in which he could have injured him so considerably. Now it surely would have been better, if instead of stopping at Gay's pardon of him, which of course the good-natured poet heartily gave (we fancy we see him coming out of Holland House with the tears in his eyes), Addison had followed it up with making the amends while he could; or, better still, had he secured the amends beforehand, in order to warrant his asking the pardon. It may be said, that he might have been unable. Perhaps so. But still he might have given proofs that he had done his best.

Addison, it must be owned, did not shine during his occupation of Holland House. He married, and was not happy; he was made Secretary of State, and was not a good one; he was in Parliament, and could not speak in it; he quarrelled with, and even treated contemptuously, his old friend and associate, Steele, who declined to return the injury. Yet there, in Holland House, he lived and wrote, nevertheless, with a literary glory about his name which never can desert the place; and to Holland House, while he resided in it, must have come all the distinguished men of the day; for, though a Whig, he was personally "well in," as the phrase is, with the majority of all parties. He was in communication with Swift, who was a Tory, and with Pope, who was neither Tory nor Whig. It was now that the house and its owners began to appear in verse. Rowe addressed stanzas to Addison's bride; and Tickell after his death thus touchingly apostrophises the place.

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?"

It seems to have been in Holland House (for he died shortly afterwards) that Addison was visited by Milton's daughter, when he requested her to bring him some evidences of her birth. The moment he beheld her, he exclaimed, "Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are." It must have been very pleasing to Addison to befriend Milton's daughter; for he had been the first to popularize the great poet by his critiques on Paradise Lost in the Spectator.

Besides Holland House, Addison possessed a mansion of his own at Bilton in Warwickshire, which was afterwards occupied by his daughter, who lived to a great age. He deserved to possess a good house and grounds; for he understood the elegancies of such things, and the tranquil pleasures of the country. The illustrious inhabitant of Kensington watched with interest the improvement of the royal grounds in that quarter; and was the first to propose that "Winter Garden" to horticulturists in general, which we trust to see realized, with a world of other desirables, in the great structure at Sydenham.

CHIPS.

THE ALBATROSS AT HOME.

THERE are perhaps few men who have had an opportunity of visiting among the albatrosses in their private circles.

One day, when I was at the Auckland Islands, a group situated in latitude fifty-one degrees south, and longitude one hundred and sixty-six east (suffer a sailor to talk like his log), I had an unexpected opportunity of securing to myself that great privilege. A large party of us landed at Port Ross, and, starting under the guidance of an aged chief named Matiora, arrived in due time at a secluded and densely-wooded valley; a chine which opened to the sandy shore of a deep bay. We had this to cross. Facing us was a lofty hill, clothed to the top with shrubs and trees of stunted growth. By the aid of roots and branches, we contrived to scramble up. At last, our heads emerged from the abyss of shrubs we had been traversing, we stood, breathless, upon a piece of table-land that jutted into the sea. No tree or shrub was to be seen, the only vegetation was a stunted sort of tussock grass. But we were at the bird village, and to our great delight, found the inhabitants at home.

We excited no very perceptible sensation. At sea, the albatross is ever restless, on the wing for days, and even weeks, attendant with untiring zeal on a ship's course. Could birds so active in their business be so calm and lazy at home?

We had arrived during the season of incubation. Each nest was occupied by the hen bird, and close by stood her mate—a loving guardian. Nothing could induce the housekeeper to leave her nest. She would look at us imploringly if we came near, and express her objection to our visit with a harsh snapping of the beak. But she abided by her egg. The male at the same time made a slight show of resistance, and then, with an uncouth gait and a spasmodic action of the wing, waddled away to the cliff. The nests were quite simple in construction; each of them was made by pressing down a clump of grass into the form of a shallow bowl, in depth and circumference not much larger than a soup plate. I take for granted that the female lays only one egg, because each nest we visited contained but one; indeed the little nest, which the breast of the bird covers and overlaps, could not hold more.

Well-trodden Albatross roads intersected each other in the village, and a bird's high road led from the nests to the edge of the cliff, whence they cast themselves forth on the wing; for, like all very long-winged birds, the albatrosses are unable to rise

properly from level ground. It seemed to us also that there was an attention paid to regularity in placing the nests in a line or street, so that one main path might communicate with all of them.

A DISH OF FISH.

Hidden from our view, and enjoying life in the bosom of the waters, little is known of the habits of fish. Still, however, according to the laws of nature, means are always so admirably adapted to ends, that from the inspection of our finny specimen, we can say—almost with positive certainty—what must have been its food, and its manner of procuring it. As amongst animals that live on the face of the earth, so among fish we find representatives of the carnivorous and of the herbivorous tribes; and, to enable each to live, the body and the teeth are always in conformity with the mode of life the individual is destined to pursue.

Let the observant reader compare—which he may now do with ease at the vivarium of the Zoological Gardens—the form of the pike with that of the sluggish tench, or the rapid-loving barbel. The pike, in shape not unlike the elongated iron steamers which make such short voyages across the Atlantic, is constructed for sudden and rapid motion at a moment's notice. He basks, motionless as a block of wood, watching with greedy eyes a shoal of sportive minnows. Now they are near enough; one wag of the screw-like tail; the fresh water shark is among them; and, seizing his victim, carries him off to devour—in anglers' parlance, to gorge, at his leisure. Many a hot July day have we been out on a jack-wiring expedition: armed with a noose of the finest brass wire fastened to the end of a long willow wand. The avenger of the minnows creeps quietly along the banks of the weedy ditch, or stagnant pond; there, shaded by the leaves of the great water lily—like the Great Mogul under his umbrella—the murderer basks in fancied security. Gradually and quietly the wire cuts the water; a steady hand and delicate touch passes it up to his fins; rather pleased, than otherwise, by the tickling, he will, if well managed, of his own accord place these fins into the fatal noose. A sharp, quick pull upwards, and there he is, dancing a hornpipe on the bank.

The growth of the pike, if well supplied with food, seems almost unlimited. A large pike was caught in a pond in Wiltshire, and the fisherman determined to fatten him up for the market; he therefore bored a hole in one of his pectoral fins, and passing a rope through, tethered him to a post in his native pool. He supplied the captive with plenty of dead fish and garbage of all sorts, all of which he greedily devoured. In the course of a few months, the prisoner attained an enormous weight. He became one of the lions of the place, and was not even deteriorated by being perpetually hauled up to be inspected by visitors.

It is a question whether fish ever die of old age. There is, however, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, an enormous eel, which was found floating dead on the surface of a secluded pond at Shottover Hill near that city. There were no marks of violence upon his body, and from his general personal appearance, the verdict of a jury of naturalists held upon this patriarch was "Death from natural causes."

As an exact opposite in habits and form to the pike, let the visitor to the Gardens examine the tench confined in a tank close by his carnivorous neighbour. This fish is herbivorous, as the contents of his stomach have informed us; but he also is fond of the various soft-bodied animals, such as the spawn of fresh-water shells, which he finds in his weedy home. To secure these, he does not require long sharp teeth like the pike; those that he has, therefore, are very small and placed in his throat; to enable him to tear off his favourite morsels, he has a hard and fleshy palate, admirably adapted to the habits of its owner. That he may push his way through the groves of weeds in which he delights to dwell, the form of his body is fashioned not unlike that of the punt used by the duck-hunter; and that he may not be entangled in his movements, his scales are small and thin, and covered by a sort of slime which renders them exceedingly slippery.

The tench in olden times was supposed to possess medicinal virtues. An old writer informs us that "in the head of the tench there are two small stones that have an absorbent, detergent, and diuretic quality; these when powdered are used to absorb acids in the stomach, and to stop looseness." Ancient doctors were in the habit of applying tenches to the feet in fevers, to cause "a revulsion from the brain." They had a doctrine also, that if a living tench were applied to the region of the liver, and suffered to remain there until it died, the jaundice would speedily be cured, and the skin of the fish become yellow on the side next to the patient. Glorious old times, those, to have been an invalid in!

All the carp tribe, to which the tench and the gold fish belong, are very tenacious of life out of the water. Last summer I was invited to inspect the result of a haul of gold fish from a small garden pond near London. So mighty was the draught, that it three quarters filled a watering-cart, such as is used in London for watering the streets. All colours of the rainbow were reflected from their resplendent bodies. On sorting them, my surprise was great to find that the majority were alive, although at that time they had been out of the water, recumbent in the cart, twelve long hours. By

the kind permission of the owner, I selected half-a-dozen of the finest, intending to have a fry, never having tasted such a regal dish. These victims were placed in a basket, and left all night in a cellar. The next day, their panting gills proclaimed that life was not yet extinct. I placed them in a tub of water; and, in a few minutes, all but one recovered their spirits and swam about, as though nothing had happened: thus escaping the frying-pan to spend the remainder of their days in a glass bowl.

There are some fish who feed upon living prey, and yet have not the power to pursue them. As the spider weaves her web to entrap her winged prey more active than herself, so does the Devil or Angler fish resort to stratagem to satisfy his voracious appetite. The next time the reader sees one exposed at Grove's shop in Bond Street, London, which is not unfrequently the case, we advise him to stop and examine it. Upon the head are two long slender appendages: the first of them—broad and flattened towards the end, and having, at this dilated part, a shining silvery appearance—is articulated to the head by a peculiar joint, resembling that between two links of a chain. There are numerous muscles attached, by which the fish is enabled to move it in all directions. The second fishing-rod—as it may be properly called—can be moved, only in backward and forward direction. Digging a hole in the soft mud, this wary fisherman conceals his body, and then, by moving his baits about, attracts the wandering and unsuspicious small-fry. When they are collected in sufficient numbers, this sea-monster suddenly jumps from his hiding-place, and entraps them in his capacious jaws, which are admirably formed for his purpose.

The Torpedo, the Cramp or Numb fish, as it is justly called, is another instance of a fish procuring his food without pursuit. It has been provided, by kind foresight, with a sort of galvanic battery, by which it is enabled to arrest, and obtain for food, the more active inhabitants of the deep. There have been lately added to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, in London, some splendid wax-models of this wonderful apparatus. If the reader inspect them, he will never become a laughing-stock to the fishermen who catch these fish. They place a living specimen on the sea-shore, and invite the stranger to try the curious experiment of pouring a stream of water upon it. He does so; the fish gives a powerful shock which is received in the arm of the experimenter, who then fully understands, from his sensations, why it is called the "Numb Fish."

Many modes are used by man to capture fish. An old receipt is, to put so much lead into a glass vessel as will make it sink; upon the lead strew some herbs; and on the herbs place some live glow-worms. Draw this vessel from one side of a stream to the other. The fish, attracted by the light, will follow it, and be easily secured by a landing-net. There is a mode of attracting perch, used by anglers in some parts of England, which is but little known. It is, to place into a narrow-necked decanter or water-bottle, some live minnows, and sink it to the proper depth. The minnows cannot get out, and the perch, not understanding the nature of glass, flock around the bottle, endeavouring to get at its contents. The angler then baits his hook with a live minnow, and fishes in the neighbourhood of the decoy. This ingenuity is generally rewarded with good sport.

Another decoy used by fresh water fishermen, when fishing for what are commonly called white fish, is to cut off the crusty bottom of a common loaf, and pass a string through the centre. When sunk in the water, the fish will feed on this in safety, and being thus put off their guard, will readily swallow the pellet of dough enclosing the hook. There is another more curious and more modern way of fishing, at present practised by not a few persons. What does the reader think of an iron hammer as a bait? To lay the foundation of some new works in the Island of Alderney, divers are employed; these men, enclosed in their India-rubber armour, see strange sights at the bottom of the ocean. The fish, and no wonder either, at first are alarmed at the unwonted apparition, with its huge glass goggle eyes; but soon recovering confidence, approach to satisfy themselves of the real nature of the intruder. The monster raises his hammer which he has brought with him to quarry the rocks; the curious fish come up and inspect it; while doing so, they receive a sudden knock on the head which stuns them; and, when they recover their senses, they find a bit of string through their gills, and themselves prisoners tied fast to the India-rubber monster.

On one occasion, a diver had a fight under water with one of the rightful inhabitants of the rocks, which he was so unceremoniously breaking up. A huge Conger eel suddenly started from his favourite hole and furiously attacked the destroyer of his home. A short but severe combat, between the eel and the man, ensued; but a well-directed blow of the hammer soon settled the question against the eel.

HISTORY IN WAX.

"It is natural," says Emerson, "to believe in great men." My own belief is sincere; there have been great men, and, possibly, there are some still. I do not go quite so far as the American philosopher when he observes: "If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition regal, it would not surprise us;" for it certainly would surprise me very much if Snobbins, who was my fag at school, should ever earn a statue by his heroic deeds; or if Grubber, who was always being rapped on

the knuckles for having dirty hands, should wear the imperial purple. Still, I believe in great men, as I believe in good men ; as I also believe in those who are both little and bad.

I was sauntering along a great thoroughfare. A newly-erected portico caught my eye. Glancing at an inscription which was over it, I perceived that I was in the vicinity of a sort of Pantheon for great men, where, not only the dead, but the living, are "honoured by the nations," and very much visited by country cousins. I had passed this building a thousand times, without once being struck by the fact, that the greatness of which I had all my life been dreaming, was there in visible presence : not merely sculptured in marble, or pourtrayed on canvas, but actually wearing the habit in which it lived ; a thing to be walked close up to and examined ; to be looked at behind and before ; to be handled—no, that was a mistake of mine, as I afterwards discovered ; to be face to face with, and yet, not altogether to be borne down. But now, when I saw the matter in this new light, I hesitated no longer to make acquaintance with the "famous in story," at the small cost of one shilling for admission, and sixpence for the catalogue.

The catalogue ! Was it necessary to have a catalogue to enable me to distinguish between Oliver Cromwell and Mr. George Hudson ; between John Knox and the Bishop of Exeter, between Loushkin, the Russian giant, and the American "General" Tom Thumb ; between greatness itself and that which Fielding happily calls "*great* greatness"? No ; it was not for such a purpose that I bought my catalogue. I was desirous of studying History in Wax by the aid of its latest commentator ; and had a more voluminous historian been before me—one, for instance, who can write you a dozen large octavos and put nothing into them but words —I question if I should have been as much entertained or instructed.

"Strip the word 'Majesty' of its externals"—everybody knows the rest. The proprietors of the Unrivalled Exhibition, as our Pantheon is rightly termed, adopt a different method. Not always ; but then the departure from their custom is on principle—to heighten the glory of the rest.

Thus, the first figure that greets you on entering the Great Room, is that of one of the most celebrated of the French African Generals, in plain clothes, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour as his sole decoration. Physiognomy is not always an unerring guide ; though I rely upon it in nine cases out of ten, but I confess, if it had not been for the catalogue, I should have taken Number Seventy-one which represents General Cavaignac, for a waiter at the Muette de Portici, on the Prado at Marseilles ; or, at the best, for a half-caste deputy for Martinique. Had he really been an African general, instead of having gloriously earned the title, his complexion could scarcely have been darker. For his costume, my opinion has already been implied, though the catalogue says it is that which was usually worn by him when President of the French Republic. The truth is, that although "a plain man in black" may pass muster very well in real life, a man of wax is all the better for a little gilding. The rouged cheek, the glittering eye, and the well-arranged hair, which are the universal characteristics of the waxen race, do not harmonise well with simple black and white ; they require to be sustained by rich colours, bright ornaments, and flowing draperies. There must, of course, be exceptions. William Cobbett, now, who sits so naturally gazing on the group where Henry the Eighth stands in armour, surrounded by all his wives (with their heads on) and children, would look strange if he were attired in the warlike habiliments of the "beau Sabreur," Murat ; while Richard Cobden, Lord Brougham, or Daniel O'Connell, would scarcely appear to advantage in suits of knightly armour. To return to General Cavaignac, and my own deficiency in physiognomical acumen. I ought to have discerned republicanism in every one of those well-tanned lineaments, for I find it stated in the catalogue that his father was a deputy of the National Assembly, and considered a stanch republican, while his mother was a woman of considerable talent, and to her is attributed the strong republican bias of the general's mind.

But, if plain republicanism be not easily recognised, the same cannot be said with respect to the royalty that meets one in the Pantheon at every turn. Close to General Cavaignac stands the splendid cot containing the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal —in wax, of course—whose respective births are thus adverted to ; the Princess Royal was born November the twenty-first, eighteen hundred and forty, at Buckingham Palace, to the great gratification of the nation ; and her royal brother was born November the ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-one, to the special joy of their royal parents. They are regarded by all loyal Britains with peculiar satisfaction, as continuing the royal line of Brunswick, which. under Divine Providence, may be their polar star for generations to come.

Queen Victoria is thrice represented in the Pantheon. Number Thirty-seven is a "little go" group of three figures, in which her Majesty and Prince Albert are supposed to be offering to the late illustrious Duke of Wellington, the honours he so well merited. If this supposition have any foundation in fact, then Prince Albert, attired in a field marshal's uniform, with white shorts, silks, and pumps, must have stood in a very unstable attitude when, balancing himself on one toe, he advanced, in the manner of Coulon, to place a wreath of laurel on the brow of the great warrior.

The Duke, however, stands firmly enough, and so does the Queen, and their likenesses are very good, always allowing for the possibility that her Majesty had a severe attack of yellow jaundice when she witnessed the ovation. By no means jealous of the well-merited honours of his brother—the achievement of the aforesaid wreath—the Marquis of Wellesley, in the clothes and orders worn by him at the court of George the Fourth, placidly surveys the illustrious group. It is something to know that the Marquis served the high office of Governor General of India, and by his great mind added millions of subjects to the British empire. James the First of England, as I expected, turns out to be a very pitiful specimen of royalty. The best thing about him is the costume of the period; the worst, his countenance, from an original picture. The historian dismisses him with the remark that he reigned with but little reputation. Another king stands near, whom the chroniclers have mauled a good deal: this is Richard the Third, familiarly called Crookback. He wears what is justly described as a magnificent suit of armour, and wears it well, as one used to knightly harness; so well indeed, that I feel half inclined to question the historian's statement when he says that Richard was killed by Richmond. I know this is always the case at Drury Lane Theatre, where it generally takes a good deal of time to kill him, and where I have particularly observed of late that he died extremely hard, and in a state of perspiration terrible to behold; but I was not aware that the historical Richmond went at his rival with the regular one, two, three, over, under, &c., at Bosworth Field.

It is not alone the private life of Shakspeare of which we are ignorant; there is much uncertainty respecting his true lineaments. The Chandos picture, that painted by Martin Droerhout, the mahogany-and-walnut-juice effigy lately published, the Stratford bust, and fifty other portraits, differ from each other as much as those of Claudius and the elder Hamlet; and there appears to me no reason why the Pantheon likeness should not be as authentic as any other. If it be so, Shakspeare stood at the very head and front of the beard movement, with a garnish round his jaws of well-carded, black wool, which the most hirsute Turk might envy. There is not much speculation in his eyes, but on the other hand, his cheeks are as red as the red red rose, and he looks very like a squire (of the period) of high degree when dressed in his Sunday clothes. There have been many tributes to the poet's genius, but none have been more gracefully turned than the compliment paid by our historian, who remarks that his works will live as long as taste irradiates the country which had the honour of giving him birth.

The high position in which Father Matthew now stands, must not be taken, literally, to signify the pedestal Number Eighty-five, on which he is raised in the Pantheon. To be elevated, is not at all suggestive of the Apostle of Temperance, neither does it seem appropriate to say that he appears in excellent spirits; but elevation and good-humour are both expressed in his effigy. Besides an accurate knowledge of the person of Mr. Pitt, in the costume of a Master of Arts, this *précis* of his political career is recorded in our catalogue: After the usual course of study he embraced the profession of the law, and appeared once or twice on the Western Circuit as junior counsel in some causes. In eighteen hundred and four he *again* emerged from private life, and filled the office of prime minister till his death. What encouragement, here, for Mr. Briefless or Mr Dunup.

A few other celebrated characters are hit off with the same terse felicity of expression. Of Voltaire we learn that he was a voluminous author, and may be considered as one of the chief of those writers whose works prepared the public mind for the Revolution. Pope Pius the Ninth received an education suitable to his high rank, and entered the Garde Nobile, but soon after left it for the Church, of which he became one of its brightest ornaments. He was raised to his present dignity to the great joy of the Romans; but, alas for the instability of even a pope's popularity, the fury of the revolutionary mania compelled him, two years afterwards to quit his capital! We infer from this passage, and one or two others, that our historian is an enemy to revolutions; indeed, it is only natural that wax should avoid collisions.

The Merry Monarch, who figures in a suit of chevalier armour, possessed an agreeable person, an elegant address, engaging manners, and a cheerful disposition; but it was found that his natural advantages had not fitted him for a throne, as his indolence and love of pleasure made him averse to business. His favours were frequently bestowed on the undeserving. Rather frequently, we opine! His brother James is dismissed in briefer fashion: public opinion is divided respecting his character. Our historian is fond of indulging in the comprehensive style. Thus, he says of Mr. Joseph Hume: To great natural ability he unites perseverance in an uncommon degree, which has placed him, for several successive Parliaments, in a distinguished station. And of John Philip Kemble: Whether we view him as an actor or an author, we shall find that he possessed wonderful talent. Of Dr. Wiseman our historian says: He has held the highest honours in the Catholic Church, and has lately had the dignity of Cardinal conferred on him. But then, at an early age he showed those astonishing talents for which he is distinguished.

The reign of Charles the First is very neatly written: Relying on his resources,

he made war against the French, and soon found it necessary to raise money, which he did in so arbitrary a manner, particularly that called ship money, in which the city of London was rated at twenty ships, that he became very unpopular; when a power, in the person of Cromwell and the Puritans, destroyed him, and led him to the scaffold, at Whitehall. The person of Cromwell himself appears in a suit of armour of the period, and he is characterised as having been led on by ambition and rapine, and then eventually rose to the supreme power. What the ex-railway king owed his advance to, we are informed in the following pithy sentence: At an early age he was apprenticed to a draper at York, and soon displayed that vigour of character which . . . placed him in Parliament. That vigour of character! Prince Talleyrand, in a court dress, is the cause of a highly poetical image: On his return (from America) he rose highly in the estimation of Bonaparte, and rose to honours. On the fall of Napoleon, Talleyrand, who had hitherto been his right hand, deserted the fallen fortune, and (in a court dress) bowed to the rising sun.

So much for the greatness of some of the most prominent among the isolated figures in the Pantheon; but, if you want really to know what greatness is, you must turn to the principal groups.

Where can it be more tremendously developed than in the Robe Room, or what can show it off to greater advantage than that "clod and module of confounded royalty," King George the Fourth? He was, in sooth, the very prince of cut velvet and monarch of white satin. Here is the essence of his biography: The robe, complete in every respect, measuring seven yards long, was worn by his Majesty in the procession to Westminster Abbey, and borne by nine eldest sons of peers. The robe on the extreme right of the inspector was used at the opening of Parliament; that on the left, similiarly placed, is the purple or imperial robe, used on his Majesty's return from the Abbey. The three robes contain five hundred and sixty-seven feet of velvet and embroidery, and, with the ermine lining, cost eighteen thousand pounds.

It is in a tone of deep regret that our historian, speaking of these robes, observes: Their like will never be seen again. I, for one, do most fervently hope and believe not.

Synchronism is, I find, not necessary for the ordering of an historical group. There is the coronation of her present Majesty, for example, at which, with the most complacent air in the world, William the Fourth looks on in the magnificent coat worn by him as Lord High Admiral, embroidered by Messrs. Blank; the only one ever made. Queen Victoria's father and all her royal uncles are also present; and even George the Third and Queen Charlotte are resuscitated to grace the ceremony. Our historian takes advantage of the presence of the two latter, to tell us that they had a numerous family of sons and daughters who, for beauty and accomplishments, were never surpassed by any family in Europe, and certainly by none in the position which they held in the hearts of their country. The following tribute to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, also one of the group, struck me as poetical: As the tender rosebud, when about to disclose its rich perfume and loveliness, is sometimes blighted with the fairest blossoms, so fell Britain's hope. This group, which includes, amongst other figures, the Bishop of Exeter and the late Duke of Newcastle, is intended, says our historian, to convey an idea of characters dear to every Englishman and lover of his country; and, at the same time, presents the most complete view of the four national orders, the Garter, Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick—costumes with which every one must desire to be acquainted. The force of this reasoning is not, to me, so very apparent; but, certainly, if one does want to know anything about these emblems of greatness, the materials for doing so are here in abundance.

There is no such functionary as the Prose Laureate; but if there were, I think I know who might put in a claim for the office. Hear him: Her Majesty, to a prepossessing exterior, unites those qualities calculated to endear her to her country, and to place her in that exalted situation, in the hearts of a free people, which must render her the envy as well as the admiration of the world.

In his description of the Golden Chamber, where are to be seen the largest and most interesting collection of relics of the Emperor Napoleon, which has ever been exhibited, our historian strictly confines himself to catalogue details; and in his account of the Shrine or Memorial of the Duke of Wellington, he simply says that it is a sight which cannot be seen without vibrating in every British heart. In the Chamber of Horrors the energy of his diction finds appropriate subjects to dwell upon; but I will merely observe that I did not find in this room the effigy of the late eminent Mr. Tawell, hanged for murder under particularly atrocious circumstances. But I saw a plain lilac bonnet and a collarless coat of a drab complexion, studying history in wax; and it occurred to me that perhaps this special omission was an act of polite deference towards respectability.

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THE LONGEST NIGHT IN A LIFE.

IT was one of those old fashioned winters in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown, and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of London. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter-bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous mailcoachmen and guards. Business was almost at a standstill, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made uneasy by the frequent long silence of their absent members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weatherbound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had, for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a foolhardy attempt, and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay three times, snowed up on their way to town; but their advice and warnings were of no avail; Miss Stirling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties from doing what she thought was right.

So, she kept to her purpose, and early in February took her seat in the mail for London, being the only passenger who was booked for the whole journey.

The thaw had continued for some days; the roads though heavy were open; and with the aid of extra horses here and there the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily though tediously.

The second day was more trying than the first; the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross; thick heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when on reaching a little road-side inn the snow began to fall fast, both the guard and coachman urged their solitary passenger to remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Stirling hesitated for a moment, but the little inn looked by no means a pleasant place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and, gathering her furs more closely round her, she nestled herself into a corner of the coach. Thus, for a time she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon learned that they had stuck fast in a snow-drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses could extricate the coach from its unpleasant predicament. The guard, mounting one of the leaders, set off in search of assistance, while the coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her that as nearly as they could calculate they were only a mile or two from "the squire's," and that if the guard could find his way to the squire's the squire was certain to come to their rescue with his sledge. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mailbags out of a snow-wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and lights were seen gleaming afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a hearty voice was heard hailing them. A party of men with lanterns and shovels came to their assistance; a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy glowing childish faces were gathered round her, numbers of bright eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing

her wraps, and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her on her escape.

"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife. "I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are, uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We all say at Hawtree that Uncle Atherton never can be wrong."

"Atherton! Hawtree!" repeated Mrs. Stirling in some amazement, "and uttered in that familiar voice! Ellen, Ellen Middleton, is it possible that you are here?"

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's ready reply to this question as she cried, "Uncle Atherton, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend Miss Stirling?"

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger, in whom she could at first scarcely recognise the bright-haired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen or twenty years; but by and by she satisfied herself that, though changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in their school days. Heartfelt indeed were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof: more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's exertions in rescuing her.

"It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present," she said; "he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks."

"And others as well," Ellen Middleton added; "but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying longer at Belfield." And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was as full already as it could hold.

"Oh," said her aunt, "we shall manage very well. Belfield is very elastic.

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck Miss Sterling that the question was, nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could proceed.

"We shall be able to do better for you than that, Ellen," Mrs. Atherton answered cheerfully. "I cannot, it is true, promise you a 'state-room,' for every bed in the house is full, and I know you will not allow any one to be moved for your convenience; but I have one chamber still at your service which, except in one respect, is comfortable enough."

"Haunted, of course?" said Miss Stirling gaily.

"Oh, no, no, it is not that! I had it fitted up for my brother William when he used to be here more frequently than of late, and it is often occupied by gentlemen when the house is full; but, as it is detached from the house, I have, of course, never asked any lady to sleep there till now."

"Oh! if that be all, I am quite willing to become its first lady tenant," said Miss Stirling heartily. So the matter was settled, and orders were given to prepare the Pavilion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music, dancing, and ghost stories made the hours fly fast. It was long past ten—the usual hour of retiring at Belfield—when Miss Stirling, under her hostess's guidance, took possession of her out-door chamber. It really was a pleasant cheerful little apartment. The crimson hangings of the bed and window looked warm and comfortable in the flashing fire-light; and when the candles on the mantelpiece were lighted, and the two easy chairs drawn close to the hearth, the long-parted friends found it impossible to resist the temptation of sitting down to have what in old days they used to call a "two-handed chat." There was much to tell of what had befallen both, of chequered scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply interesting to those two whose youth had been passed together; there were mutual recollections of school-days to be talked over; mutual friends and future plans to be discussed; and midnight rung out from the stable-clock before Mrs. Atherton said good-night. She had already crossed the threshhold to go, when she turned back to say "I forgot to tell you, Ellen, that the inside bar of this door is not very secure, and that the key only turns outside. Are you inclined to trust to the bar alone, or will you, as William used to do, have the door locked outside, and let the servant bring the key in the morning? William used to say that he found it rather an advantage to do so, as the unlocking of the door was sure to awake him."

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed, that though, generally, she could not quite think it an advantage to be locked into her room, still she had no objection to it on this particular occasion, as she wished to rise in reasonable time.

"Very well; then, you had better not fasten the bar at all, and I will send my maid with the key, at eight precisely. Good night."

"Good night."

They parted; the door was locked outside; the key taken out; and Miss Stirling, standing by the window, watched her friend cross the narrow black path, which had been swept clear of snow to make a dry passage from the house to the pavilion. A ruddy light streamed from the hall door as it opened to admit its mistress, and gave a cheerful friendly aspect to the scene; but, when the door closed and shut out that warm comfortable light, the darkened porch, the pale

moonlight shimmering on the shrouded trees, and the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to cast over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all, and let herself be locked up in this lonely place.

Yet what had she to fear? No harm could happen to her from within the chamber; the door was safely locked outside, and strong iron stancheons guarded the window; there could be no possible danger. So drawing her chair once more to the fire, and stirring it into a brighter blaze, she took up a little Bible which lay on the dressing table, and read some portions of the New Testament.

When she laid down the book she took out the comb that fastened up her long, dark silken tresses—in which, despite her five-and-thirty-years, not a silver thread was visible—and, as she arranged them for the night, her thoughts strayed back to the old world memories which her meeting with Mary Atherton had revived. The sound of the clock striking two was the first thing that recalled her to her present life. By this time the candles were burned down almost to the socket, and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to fling a fresh log into the grate her eyes fell upon the dressing-glass, and in its reflection she saw, or at least fancied she saw, the bed-curtains move.

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she blamed herself for allowing nervous fears to overcome her. Still, it was an exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bedclothes folded neatly down as if inviting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows that looked most tempting. She could not resist the mute invitation to rest her wearied limbs. Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantel-piece, and stepped into bed.

She was very tired, her eyes ached with weariness, but sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections thronged on her memory; thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through, haunted her; and difficulties that had not occured to her till now arose up before her. She was restless and feverish: and the vexation of feeling so, made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to close the curtains between her and the fire she might be better able to sleep—the flickering light disturbed her, and the moonbeams stealing between the window-curtains cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she carefully shut out the light on that side, and turned again to sleep. Whether she had or had not quite lost consciousness she could not well remember, but she was soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the bed heave under her. She started up, and awaited with a beating heart a repetition of the movement, but it did not come. It must have been a return of the nervous fancies which had twice assailed her already that night. Laying her head once more on the pillow she determined to control her groundless terrors.

Again she started up? This time there could be no doubt; the bed had heaved more than once, accompanied by a strange gurgling sound as if of a creature in pain. Leaning on her elbow, she listened with that intensity of fear which desires almost as much as it dreads a recurrence of the sound that caused it. It came again, followed by a loud rustling noise as if some heavy body were dragged from under the bed in the direction of the fire. What could it be? She longed to call out for help, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and the pulses in her temples throbbed until she felt as if their painful beating sounded in the silence of the night like the loud tick of a clock.

The unseen thing dragged itself along until it reached the hearthrug, where it flung itself down with violence. As it did so she heard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it, for it occurred to her that the creature might be nothing worse than the house dog, who, having broken his chain, had sought shelter beneath the bed in the warm room. Even this notion was disagreeable enough, but it was as nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quite quiet no harm would happen to her, and the night would soon pass over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down again.

By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of the dog. After a little time, she raised herself gently, and with trembling hands drew back an inch or two of the curtain and peered out, thinking that any certainty was better than such terrible suspense. She looked towards the fire-place, and there, sure enough, the huge creature lay: a brown hairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearthrug. By-and-by, it began to stretch itself out, to open its eyes which shone in the flickering ray of the fire, and to raise its paws above its hairy head.

Good God! those are not paws! They are human hands; and dangling from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains!

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins as a flash of the expiring fire showed her this clearly—far too clearly—and the conviction seized upon her mind that she was shut up with an escaped convict. An inward invocation to Heaven for aid, rose from her heart, as with the whole force of her intellect, she

endeavoured to survey the danger of her position, and to think of the most persuasive words she could use to the man into whose power she had so strangely fallen. For the present, however, she must be still, very still; she must make no movement to betray herself; and perhaps he might overlook her presence until daylight came, and with it, possible help. The night must be far spent; she must wait, and hope.

She had not to wait long. The creature moved again—stood upright—staggered towards the bed. For one moment—one dreadful moment—she saw his face, his pale pinched features, his flashing eyes, his black bristling hair; but, thank God! he did not see her. She shrunk behind the curtains; he advanced to the bed, slowly, hesitatingly, and the clanking sound of the broken chains fell menacingly on her ear. He laid his hand upon the curtains, and, for a few moments fumbled to find the opening. These moments were all in all to Ellen Stirling. Despair sharpened her senses: she found that the other side of the bed was not set so close against the wall but that she could pass between. Into the narrow space between, she contrived to slip noiselessly.

She had hardly accomplished the difficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature flung itself on the bed, and drawing the bedclothes around him, uttered a sound more like the whinnying of a horse than the laugh of a human being.

For some little time Miss Stirling stood in her narrow hiding-place, trembling with cold and terror, fearful lest some unguarded movement should betray her, and bring down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for courage; and when her composure had in some degree returned, it occurred to her that if she could but reach the window, she might from that position, possibly attract the attention of some passers-by, and be released from her terrible durance.

Very cautiously she attempted the perilous experiment; her bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a friendly ray of moonlight guided her safely towards the window. As she put out her hand towards the curtains, her heart gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came in contact with something soft and warm. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down her fur cloak in that spot, and it was a mercy to come upon it now, when she was chilled to the bone. She wrapped it round her and reached the window without further adventure, or any alarm from the occupant of the bed: whose heavy regular breathing gave assurance that he was now sound asleep. This was some comfort, and she greatly needed it. The look-out from the window was anything but inspiriting. The stars still shone peacefully on the sleeping earth; the moon still showed her pallid visage; not a sight or sound presaged dawn; and after long listening in vain for any sign of life in the outer world, she heard the stable clock strike four.

Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to survive even another hour of terror such as she had just passed through. Was there no hope? None.

She tried to support herself against the window-frame, but her first touch caused it to shake and creak in a manner that seemed to her startlingly loud; she fancied that the creature moved uneasily on its bed at the sound. Drops of agony fell from her brow; as minute after minute wore heavily on; ever and anon a rustle of the bed-clothes, or a slight clank of the manacled hands, sent a renewed chill to her heart.

The clock struck five.

Still all without was silent. Suddenly, a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail-coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion. Would to God she could call to him, or in any way attract his attention! but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window, against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he held, flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, looked again, and seemed about to speak, when she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence, and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was rising from the bed—he was groping round the room. They would come too late, too late!

But no! steps in the courtyard—the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then with a yell that rung in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding-place, dashed the slight window-frame to pieces, and finding himself baulked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars outside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy; when a blow from behind felled him.

She awoke from a long swoon to find herself safe in Mrs. Atherton's dressing-room, and to hear that no one was hurt but the poor maniac, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers, from whom he had escaped a few hours before.

"A few hours! A lifetime, Mary! But Heaven be thanked, it is past like a wild dream!"

It was not all past. One enduring effect remained, ever after to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her, the event of that long

night. Such had been her suffering, anxiety, and terror, that in those few hours her hair had turned as white as snow.

MODERN GREEK SONGS.

I have lately met with a French book which has interested me much; and as it is now out of print, and was never very extensively known, I imagine some account of it may not be displeasing to the readers of Household Words.

It is called Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne, par C. Fauriel. M. Fauriel is a Greek, in spite of his French name, and the language in which he writes. The plan on which he has collected these Chants Populaires resembles that of Sir Walter Scott, in his Border Minstrelsy. In both cases there is a preliminary discourse explaining the manners and peculiar character of the people among whom these ballads circulate, and the history of whose ancestors and popular heroes they commemorate. This discourse and the explanatory notes give the principal interest to the book, as they tell of the habits and customs and traditions of a people whom we are apt to moan over, as having fallen low from the high estate of the civilisation of their ancestors. But, as there are four millions of men who claim a direct descent from the most polished people the world has ever known, it becomes worth one's while to learn something of their present state.

M. Fauriel divides the poetry of modern Greece into two kinds; works of literature, written down as composed, and corrected and revised in strict accordance with the rules of art; and the real ballads—poems springing out of the heart of the nation whenever it is deeply stirred, and circulating from man to man with the rapidity of flame: never written down, but never forgotten. Some of these songs relate to domestic, but the majority to popular events.

Let us take the household songs. There are two feasts which are celebrated in every house. The first is on New Year's Day, the feast of St. Basil in the Greek Church. The account which M. Fauriel gives reminds me much of a Scottish New Year's Day. The young men pass from one house to another until all their friends have been visited, bringing with them presents, and going, in glad procession, to salute all their acquaintances. But instead of our "I wish you a happy new year and many of them," the young Greeks, on entering each house, sing some verses in honour of the master or head of the family; others in honour of the mistress; the sons of the house have each their song, nor are the daughters forgotten. Those who are absent or dead receive this compliment last of all. The key changes; the remembrance of the lost is sung mournfully and sadly; but none of the family are left out on the feast of St. Basil. As they go along the streets they sing in honour of the saint. I was once, in England, most kindly received by a Greek family, who allowed me to witness their Easter-day ceremonies; which, in the expression of good wishes, and the glad visits of congratulation paid by all the gentlemen to their friends, must have resembled a feast of St. Basil without the songs. The family consisted of a Greek mother, a most lovely daughter, and a son, who left his own home on this day to visit his friends.

In one corner of the small English drawing-room there was spread a table covered with mellow-looking sweetmeats, all as if the glow of sunset rested on their amber and crimson colours; and there were decanters containing mysterious liquids to match. In came one Greek gentleman after another with some short sentence, which burst forth as if it contained the perfection of joy. It was the Greek for "Christ is risen." Then all shook hands; the visitors tasted of the jewel-like sweetmeats, and rushed off to go somewhere else, and to have their places taken by other troops of friends. But we had no songs; nor do I know if, in our cold northern climate, the Greeks keep up the feast of the coming spring. In Greece this is held on the first of March; the first of May would often be early greeting to the spring in England. At this pretty holiday, the children in their spring of human life join the young men, and go singing about the streets, and asking for small presents in honour of the soft and budding time; and every one gives them an egg, or some cheese, or some other simple produce of the country. The song they sing is one which, for its grace and the breath of spring and flowers which perfumes it, is known in many countries, as well as in Greece, under the name of the Song of the Swallow. The children carry about with them the figure of a swallow rudely cut in wood, and fastened to a kind of little windmill, which is turned by a piece of string fastened to a cylinder.

The modern Greeks are an essentially commercial people. I have heard a saying which shows the popular opinion of their bargaining talents: "It takes two Englishmen to cheat a Scotchman; two Scotchmen to cheat a Jew; two Jews to cheat a Greek." This turn for commerce, added to the poverty of their own country, and the uncertain tenure of property there, causes numbers of Greeks to become merchants in other countries; but they suffer acutely on first leaving their homes; the nearer to the mountains the more they mourn; and their sadness as well as their joy is expressed by song.

When any one is leaving his home to go into a strange land, his friends and companions meet together at his house to share with him one final meal; and, after that, they accompany him on a part of his way, as Orpah and Ruth accompanied Naomi; as Raphael's companions, for the great love they bore him, went with him when he left the

studio of Perugino. And as they walk along they sing. There are songs set apart from time immemorial for the sad occasion of a Greek's departure from Greece; and others are made on the spot, out of the excited feelings of the moment. There is a story told of a youth—the youngest of three brothers—but little beloved by his mother: the poor fellow endeavored in vain to win some scanty sprinkling of the affection that was showered on his eldest brothers; and at last he determined to become an exile from that home which was no home to him. So he set forth, accompanied by his young companions, his brothers, his sisters, and as a matter of form, by his mother herself. Four or five miles from his birthplace there was a small gorge through which the narrow road wound. This was the determined point of separation; and here, among the rocky echoes, were sung the most doleful farewell songs. Suddenly the young man mounted upon a rock, and improvised a poem on the sufferings he had experienced from the indifference of his mother. He cried to her to bless him once, before he went away for ever, with something of the wild entreaty of Esau when he adjured Isaac to "Bless me, also, O my father!" Nor was this strange poetic appeal in vain; "the mother, with a sudden Eastern change of feeling, could hardly wait until the improvised song was finished (I have sometimes felt as impatient over an improvised sermon), before she in return sang her repentance; and promised if he would remain at home, that she would be a better mother for the future." M. Fauriel says no more. I should not have been sorry to have had the old fairy-tale ending affixed to this true story, "And they lived together very happily for ever after."

Now let us hear about the marriage-songs. Life seems like an opera amongst the modern Greeks; all emotions, all events, require the relief of singing. But a marriage is a singing time among human beings as well as birds. Among the Greeks the youth of both sexes are kept apart, and do not meet excepting on the occasion of some public feast, when the young Greek makes choice of his bride, and asks her parents for their consent. If they give it, all is arranged for the betrothal; but the young people are not allowed to see each other again until that event. There are parts of Greece where the young man is allowed to declare his passion himself to the object of it. Not in words, however, does he breathe his tender suit. He tries to meet with her in some path, or other place in which he may throw her an apple or a flower. If the former missile be chosen, one can only hope that the young lady is apt at catching, as a blow from a moderately hard apple is rather too violent a token of love. After this apple or flower throwing, his only chance of meeting with his love is at the fountain; to which all Greek maidens go to draw water, as Rebekah went, of old, to the well.

The ceremony of betrothal is very simple. On an appointed evening, the relations of the lovers meet together in the presence of a priest, either at the house of the father of the future husband, or at that of the parents of the bride elect. After the marriage contract is signed, two young girls bring in the affianced maiden—who is covered all over with a veil—and present her to her lover, who takes her by the hand, and leads her up to the priest. They exchange rings before him, and he gives them his blessing. The bride then retires, but all the rest of the company remain, and spend the day in merry-making and drinking the health of the young couple. The interval between the betrothal and the marriage may be but a few hours; it may be months, and it may be years; but, whatever the length of time, the lovers must never meet again until the wedding day comes. Three or four days before that time, the father and mother of the bride send round their notes of invitation; each of which is accompanied by the present of a bottle of wine. The answers come in with even more substantial accompaniments. Those who have great pleasure in accepting, send a present with their reply, the most frequent is a ram or lamb, dressed up with ribands and flowers; but the poorest send their quarter of mutton as their contribution to the wedding-feast.

The eve of the marriage, or rather during the night, the friends on each side go to deck out the bride and groom for the approaching ceremony. The bridegroom is shaved by his paranymph or groom's man, in a very grave and dignified manner, in the presence of all the young ladies invited. Fancy the attitude of the bridegroom, anxious and motionless under the hands of his unpractised barber, his nose held lightly up between a finger and thumb, while a crowd of young girls look gravely on at the graceful operation! The bride is decked, for her part, by her young companions; who dress her in white, and cover her all over with a long veil made of the finest stuff. Early the next morning the young man and all his friends come forth, like a bridegroom out of his chamber, to seek the bride, and carry her off from her father's house. Then she, in songs as ancient as the ruins of the old temples that lie around her, sings her sorrowful farewell to the father who has cared for her and protected her hitherto; to the mother who has borne her, and cherished her; to the companions of her maidenhood; to her early home; to the fountain whence she daily fetched water; to the trees which shaded her childish play; and every now and then she gives way to natural tears; then, according to immemorial usage, the paranymph turns to the glad yet sympathetic procession, and says in a sentence which has become proverbial on such occasions—

"Let her alone! she weeps!" To which she must make answer, "Lead me away, but let me weep!" After the *cortège* has borne the bride to the house of her husband, the whole party adjourn to church, where the religious ceremony is performed. Then they return to the dwelling of the bridegroom, where they all sit down and feast; except the bride, who remains veiled, standing alone, until the middle of the banquet, when the paranymph draws near, unlooses the veil, which falls down, and she stands blushing, exposed to the eyes of all the guests. The next day is given up to the performance of dances peculiar to a wedding. The third day the relations and friends meet all together, and lead the bride to the fountain, from the waters of which she fills a new earthen vessel; and into which she throws various provisions. They afterwards dance in circles round the fountain.

At every one of the ceremonials which I have thus briefly recounted, a song appropriate to the occasion is chanted; they explain the motive of each particular act—of what event in human life it is to be considered the type. Even the shaving has its song, set apart. But many of the forms I have described are very poetical, and full of meaning in themselves. The character of the marriage songs is tender, yet gay and hopeful; but the character of the "myriologia," or funeral songs, is altogether despairing and sad. When any one dies, his wife, his mother, and his sisters, all come up to the poor motionless body, and softly close the eyes and the mouth. Then they leave the house, and go to that of a friend, where they dress in white, as if for some glad nuptial occasion; with this sole difference, that their hair is allowed to flow dishevelled and uncovered. Other women are busy with the corpse while they change their dress in a neighbour's house; the body is dressed in the best clothes the dead possessed; and it is then laid on a low bed with the face uncovered, and turned towards the east; while the arms lie peacefully crossed on the breast. When all these preparations have been made, the relations return to the house of mourning; leaving the door open, so that all who wish once more to gaze on the face of the departed may enter in. All who come, range themselves around the bed, and weep and cry aloud without restraint. As soon as they are a little calmer some one begins to chant the myriologia—a custom common to the ancient Hebrews, as well as to the more modern Irish—with their keenes and their plaintive enumeration of the goods, and blessings, and love which the deceased possessed in this world which he has left. In the mountains of Greece, the nearest and dearest among the female relations first lifts up her voice in the myriologia; she is followed by others, either sisters or friends.

M. Fauriel gives an instance of the style of dramatic personation of events common in the myriologia. A peasant woman, about twenty-five years of age, had lost her husband, who left her with two infant children. She was extremely uneducated, and had lived the silent self-contained life common to the Greek women. But there was something very striking in the manner in which she began her wail over the dead body. Addressing herself to him, she said, "I saw at the door of our dwelling, yea, I saw at the door of our house, a young man of tall stature and threatening aspect, having wings, like the clouds for whiteness. He stood on the threshold of our home, with a naked sword in his hand. 'Woman,' he asked, 'is thy husband within?'—'He is within,' replied I; 'he is there, combing the fair hair of our little Nicholas, and caressing him the while that he may not cry. Do not go in, O bright and terrible youth, thou wilt frighten our little child!' But the man with shining white wings heeded not my words. He went in. I struggled to prevent him, O my husband! I struggled; but he was stronger than I. He passed into our home; he darted on thee, O my beloved! and struck thee with his sword. He struck thee, the father of our little Nicholas. And here, here is our little son, our Nicholas, that he would also have killed." At these words she threw herself sobbing on the corpse of her husband, and it was some time before the women standing by could bring her round. But she had hardly recovered before she began afresh, and addressed her dead husband again. She asked him how she could live without him; how she could protect his children without his strong arm to help; she recalled the first days of their marriage, how dearly they had loved each other; how, together, they had watched over the infancy of their two little children; and she only ceased when her strength utterly failed once more, and she lay by the corpse in a swoon like death itself.

Occasionally there is some one among the assemblage of mourners who has also lately lost a beloved one, and whose full hearts yet yearn for the sympathy in their griefs or joys which the dead were ever ready to give, while they were yet living. They take up the strain; and, in a form of song used from time immemorial, they conjure the dead lying before them to be the messenger of the intelligence they wish to send to him, who is gone away for ever. A similar superstition is prevalent in the Highlands, and every one remembers Mrs. Hemans's pathetic little poem on this subject.

It is rather too abrupt a turn from the deep pathos of the faithful love implied by this superstition, to a story of something of a similar kind, which fell under the observation of a country minister in Lancashire, well known to some friends of mine. A poor man lay a-dying, but still perfectly sensible and acute. A woman of his acquaintance came to see him, who had lately lost her husband;

and who was imbued with the idea mentioned above. "Bill," said she, "where thou art bound to thou'lt maybe see our Tummas; be sure thou tell him we have getted th' wheel o' the shandry mended, and it's mostly as good as new; and mind thou say'st we're getten on vary weel without him; he may as weel think so, poor chap!" To which Bill made answer, "Why woman! dost 'oo think I'se have nought better to do than go clumping up and down the sky a-searching for thy Tummas." To those who have lived in Lancashire the word "clumping" exactly suggests the kind of heavy walk of the country people who wear the thick wooden clogs common in that country.

But let us jump (like Dr. Faustus) out of Lancashire into Greece. In that country some of the people around the corpse are not content with sending messages to their dead friends; they place flowers and other tokens of remembrance upon the body, entreating the last deceased whose remains lie before them to bear their flowers and presents to those who have gone before.

All these messages and these adieus are expressed in song; nor do they cease until the body is laid in the grave. For a year afterwards his relations are only allowed to sing myriologia; any other kind of song, however pious or pathetic, is prohibited by custom. The anniversary of the death is kept by a final gathering together of the friends, who go in procession to the grave, and once more chant their farewells. If a Greek dies far away from Greece, they substitute an effigy for the real corpse, round which they assemble, to which they bid farewell, but with an aggravation of sorrow and despair; inasmuch as he has died far from his own bright land. But perhaps the most touching of the myriologia are those addressed by the mothers to the infants they have lost. When the child dies very young no one but the mother sings the myriologia. It is hers and she belongs to it. The tie between them was too mysteriously close to allow a stranger to intermeddle with her grief. But her lost child takes the form of every pretty thing in nature in her mind. It is a broken flower, a young bird fallen out of the nest and killed, a little yearling lamb lying dead by the side of its mother. It is the exclusive right of women to sing the myriologia. The men bid farewell to their companion and friend in a few simple words of prose, kissing the mouth of the deceased ere they leave the house. But two centuries ago, among the mountains of Greece, the shepherds sang the myriologia over each other.

The original significance of the custom is dying out even now. Women are hired to express an assumed grief in formal verses, where formerly the anguish of the nearest and dearest gave them the gift of improvisation. Before I go on to explain the character and subject of the occasional songs, I had perhaps better mention what class of men are the means of their circulation among the peasantry of Greece, as well as through the islands of the Archipelago. There are no beggars in these countries, excepting the blind; all others would think it shame to live by alms, with their blue and sunny sky above them, and their fertile soil beneath their feet. But the blind are a privileged class; they go from house to house, receiving a ready welcome at each, for they are wandering minstrels. and have been so ever since Homer's time. Some of them have learnt by heart an immense number of songs, and all know a large collection. Their memory is their stock in trade, their means of living; they never stay long in any one place, but traverse Greece from end to end, and have a wonderful knack in adapting their choice of songs to the character of the inhabitants of the place where they chant them. They generally prefer the simple villagers as audience, to the more sophisticated townspeople; and, in the towns, they hang about the suburbs rather than enter into the busy streets in the centre. They know, half by experience half by instinct, that the most ignorant part of a population is always the least questioning, and the most susceptible of impressions. The Turks stalk past these blind minstrels with the most supreme and unmoved indifference; but the Greek welcomes them affectionately, particularly at those village feasts which are called paneghyris, and which would fall as flat as Hamlet without the part of Hamlet, if there were not several blind singers present. They accompany themselves on the lyre, a five-stringed instrument, played with a bow.

These minstrels are divided into two sets; those who merely remember what they have learnt from others, and those who compose ballads of their own, in addition to their stores of memory. These latter, in their long and quiet walks through country which they know to be wild and grand, athough they never more may see it, "turn inward," and recall all that they have heard that has excited their curiosity, or stirred their imagination either in the traditional history of their native land, or in the village accounts of some local hero. Some of the minstrels spread the fame of men whose deeds would have been unknown beyond the immediate mountain neighbourhood of each, from shore to shore. In fact these blind beggars are the novelists and the historians of modern Greece; but if one subject be more clear to them than another, it is always the deeds of arms of the Klephts; the Adam Bells, and Clyne o' the Clough, or perhaps still more the Robin Hoods of Greece. All these songs are chanted to particular airs. The poet must be also his own musician: if he can also improvise he is a fully-accomplished minstrel. There was one who lived at the end of the last century at Auspelatria in Thessaly, under the shadow of Mount Ossa. His name was Gavoyanius, or John the Blind. He was extremely old; and, in

the excercise of his talents, he had amassed considerable wealth ; so at the time when the account was given he lived at home at ease, and received the visits of those who wished to hear and were ready to pay for his songs. The Albanian soldiers of the Pasha—degenerate Greeks who served the Turk, and who could find no one to chaunt their exploits, voluntarily or gratuitiously—used to pay John the Blind to sing their fame : the higher the praise the greater the pay.

I have alluded to the paneghyris. They are feasts in honour of the patron saint of some one hamlet where the meeting is held, all the surrounding villages turning out their inhabitants to come and make merry. In short they must bear a close resemblance of the wakes in England ; for they are always held on the Sunday after the saint's day to whom the parish church is dedicated. But there are some slight differences between a Greek paneghyri and English wakes ; the Eastern festival is gayer and more simple in character. The evening before a paneghyri, each of the neighbouring villages comes trooping in to the place of rendezvous ; the people are dressed in their Sunday's best, and march along to merry music. When they arrive at their destination they make haste to pitch their tents ; and those who are not rich enough to possess the necessary canvas pluck branches of trees, and make themselves a leafy covering to protect themselves from the dew and the moon's beams ; both of which are held in the East to be injurious to health. On the day of the feast every one goes to the service in church in honour of the patron saint. When they come back to their houses or tents there is no general feast for everybody to share. Each family prepares its separate meal ; the greater number in the open air, and nothing is to be seen (or smelt) but roasting mutton and broiling lamb. After dinner the dancing begins ; every village dances by itself, and makes merry by itself until supper time. After that they pay visits to each other, or listen to the blind minstrels who accompany each set of villagers.

The little Homers of the day find an attentive and numerous audience in the groups who sit round them in the cool of the evening ; some on the soft turf, crushing below them the blue hyacinth which makes the ground purple and odorous hereabouts ; some on pieces of rock, all listening with unquestioning eagerness ; all, for the time, forgetting that the Turk is their neighbour. Many ballads are composed expressly for these occasions ; nor can there be a surer mode of securing their popularity. One sung for the first time at a paneghyri is circulated the next day through eight or ten villages. Some of these songs are literally ballads in the old Provençal sense of the words ; they are exclusively sung by the dancers as they dance. Indeed it is a characteristic of the Greek popular poetry, that it is so frequently intended to be sung while the singers are dancing. The dancing is, in fact, with them, a pretty mimicry of the emotions and movements which the song describes. Every province has its own peculiar dance and ballad, appropriate to the district from time immemorial. This custom, of singing and dancing in concert, seems almost to be the origin of the serious part of our modern pantomine. Of course the dance is not a mere mimicry of the ballad sung ; but the character of the dance depends on that of the song. If the latter relates to deeds of arms, or feats of warriors, the movements are abrupt and decided ; if it be a love song (and this description is condemned and despised by the austere mountaineers), the motions of the corresponding dance are soft and graceful.

Of the former species of song (those relating to deeds of arms), the story almost invariably has a Klepht for a hero. (Klepht signifies "freebooter," a more picturesque name than thief, which is, I believe, the literal translation). But we must not judge of everything by its name. To explain something of the true character of the Klephts : When the Turks first conquered the Greek provinces, there were always native mountaineers who refused to acknowledge the Mussulman government, and considered the Turkish possession of the lands of the Greeks, their forefathers, as nothing less than robbery. These mountain peasantry came down in armed bands upon the fertile plains and the luxurious towns, and stripped the Turks and those who had quietly submitted to their sway, whenever they could ; it was from those who were thus robbed, that the mountaineers received the name of Klephts. But our Saxon ancestors did the same to the Normans ; Robin Hood was an English Klepht, taking only what he thought was unjustly acquired, and unfairly held. The Turks found it rather difficult to make war against these guerillas ; they fled to wild and rocky recesses of the mountains when pursued. So the wise and cautious conquerors tried to make friends, and partially succeeded. In return for certain privileges, a portion of the mountaineers organised themselves into a kind of militia, called Armatolians ; but there was always a rough and stern remnant who persevered in their independent and Klephtic habits. And in course of time, many of the Armatolians, oppressed by the Turks, who no longer feared them, returned to their primitive state of hostility against their conquerers, began to pillage afresh, and resumed the name of Klepht. Affront an Armatolian captain of the militia, bound to preserve order, or let him be unjustly treated by a Turk, and he instantly turned Klepht, and robbed with more zest and enjoyment than he had ever experienced in preserving the peace. So, as may easily be imagined, the Klephts who were weak yesterday, may be strong to-day, both in numbers and in intelligence respecting

the movements of the great convoys appointed to guard treasures. They lived in wild places, with their arms in their hands; sometimes on the brink of absolute starvation, but rarely forgetting that they were Greeks, and might only steal from the Turks. The flocks and herds of the Turks were carried off in the night; but seldom those of the Greeks, unless indeed they had made positive friends with those of the oppressors who lived among them. Sometimes an unlucky aga would be taken prisoner by the Klephts, and would have to pay a high ransom for his liberty. Again, they were like Robin Hood and his merry men in the hatred they bore to the caloyers or monks; and these last were not slow in avenging themselves; whenever they could, they gave information to the Turks where they might surprise a half-starved party of Klephts.

Sometimes the Klephts when hard pressed by starvation and an ever-watchful enemy, would send word to a village that unless a certain sum was paid in a place specified by a particular day, all the houses should be burnt. The poor villagers were between two fires. If they gave to the Klephts, the Turks took from them all their possessions; if they did not give to the Klephts after such a notice, the menance was sure to be fulfilled. So, before they gave to the Klephts, the warning had usually to be repeated. If they showed no sign of acquiescence after the second notice, the third and last came on a piece of paper burnt at all the four corners; and then the poor villagers dared no longer refuse. They gave what they were asked for; the Turks took all the rest of their possessions, and they were turned empty and naked upon the world to become Klephts if they liked.

The Klephts kept a constant watch against surprises all day long. At night their mountain paths were all but inaccessible, and they might sleep in the open air wrapped up in goatskins, on beds made of leaves. When they set out on a predatory expedition it was always by night—the darker and the more stormy the better for their purpose. In their mountain hiding-places, they practised shooting, until they acquired what *they* supposed to be extraordinary skill as marksmen. They had rifles of an unusual length, with which some of the most expert could hit an egg hung by a thread to a branch of a tree at a distance of two hundred paces. Others yet more skilful could send a bullet through a ring hardly larger; and this gave rise to a proverbial expression for a good marksman —"he can thread the ring with a bullet." The Klephts by long practice acquired such quickness of sight that many of them could, by watching from whence the flash of an enemy's musket fire proceeded, pick out the man, and lay him low with their rifle. They called this "firing upon fire." Besides all these exercises, the Klephts practised some which came down to them from the ancient Greeks. One of the principal of these was the game of the disc, which was to be thrown: he who hurled it the furthest was the conquerer. The Klephts were famous leapers; and wonderful stories are told of them in this capacity. One Klephtic hero, the Captain Niko Isaras, is said on good authority to have cleared seven houses standing abreast. There is another anecdote on record of a man who leaped over three waggons loaded with stones to the height of seven or eight feet. Their feats in running were equally marvellous; not to say incredible. They tell of one man who literally ran so fast that "his heels touched his ears." Fortunio's servant Lightfoot was a fool to this. But there is no doubt that the Klepht was unrivalled in his power of making long marches. They were also capable of enduring extraordinary hunger. Combats of three days and nights, during which the Klephts neither eat, drank nor slept, were not unusual among them, according to M. Fauriel. The same endurance was known in bearing the torture which surely awaited them if taken alive. Having their limbs crushed by repeated blows from a blacksmith's hammer was a common mode of execution; there were others, more rare, too horrible to be mentioned. No wonder that it became a favourite toast among the Klephts to wish each other "a sure hit from a bullet."

But what was most injurious to their sense of honour was the dread of having their heads, after death, exposed to all the insults which the Turks could devise. The entreaty of the wounded Klepht to his comrades was to cut off his head, and bear it far away to their mountain fastnesses far out of the reach of the Turks. Thus, in one of their songs, the Klepht says, "O my brother, cut off my head; let not the Turkish passers-by see my shame. My enemies will wag their heads and laugh; but my mother—my brother will die of grief." All honour attended the death of him who was slain in battle. He was called a "victim," and the survivors mourned him with pride; whereas he who died of illness on his bed was spoken of as the "*corps crevé*." and he was looked upon with a kind of shame and repugnance. But the Klephts in the midst of their wild and barbarous life preserved many chivalrous and noble feelings. They might be simple—they were not vulgar; they might be fierce—they were never cruel. They were full of delicate honour in their treatment of their female captives; even when these were the wives or daughters of those who had most deeply injured and outraged relations of their own. A captain of the band of Klephts who insulted a Turkish woman taken prisoner, was immediately killed by his own soldiers as unworthy to command brave men. Their songs are full of allusions to the respect with which their female prisoners are treated. Images of the Virgin hung up in some rocky

cleft made their chapel, where they performed their devotions with the utmost piety. Some of the Klephts made pilgrimages to Jerusalem on foot; their rifles on their backs. No Klepht was ever known to be a renegade. Whatever horrors awaited him if he refused to become a Mussulman, he remained true to his faith. But, indeed, he pined away and died if he was forced to leave his wild rocks, and the mountain gorges which were his home. Up in these homes, women cooked the flesh of goats and kids, roasting them whole in the open air; and they had always secret friends in the fertile plains, who furnished them with wine in abundance to wash down their Homeric feasts. Mount Olympus was the especial hold of the Klephts, and although not so high as some of the Alps or the Pyrenees, it is uninhabitable in the winter on account of the snow. The poor Klephts were often obliged to descend. They first hid their arms and ammunition by wrapping them well up in waxen cloths, and covering them over with stones. Then they dispersed and sought some hospitable shelter among the Ionian islanders, under the protection of the Venetian government. But they never mixed themselves up with the Greek population that they had to pass through; they preserved their national dress, their proud and haughty bearing, their brilliant complexion, which made their great beauty yet more distinguished. The Greeks looked on them with admiration; these were the men who dared to defy the Turks; in each Greek cottage there hung a rude portrait of some Klephtic hero, and their fame was the staple subject of all the popular songs. It was the Klephts who contributed mainly to the establishment of the kingdom of Greece.

The Greeks would shudder if they thought that they preserved any of the old Pagan superstitions; nevertheless, without their knowing it, much of the heathen belief is mingled with their traditional observances. They speak of their Hellenic forefathers as giants who once inhabited the country where they now dwell. These giants were as tall as the highest poplar trees; and if they fell down, they died, not having power to get up again. The most terrible oath among these old Pagans, according to the modern Greek tradition was, "May I fall if it was not so." Many of the superstitions derived from their ancestors are common to all nations, such as the necessity for blessing themselves if they sneezed, to prevent the entrance of an evil spirit at such times; the evil eye; the presage of death, by the barking of dogs, &c. Every one knows how famous or infamous Thessaly was in ancient times for its magicians. Thessaly is still the head quarters of witches and wizards, who (so says popular report) can draw the moon out of the heavens to do their bidding (a remnant of the old invocations to Hecate), and to turn the moon into a cow, from which they draw milk that has irresistible power of enchantment. All over Greece they believe firmly in sorcery. The Hamadryads, the Nymphs, the Nereids, &c., under which names the ancient Greeks personified the different objects of nature, are gone—their very names forgotten by their descendants, who, nevertheless, believe that every tree, and rock, and fountain, has its guardian genius, who takes any shape he likes, but most frequently that of a serpent or a dragon, and is always on the watch to defend the object which is put under his care, and with the existence of which his own is bound up.

The plague is personified, as I think I have read is also the case in some of the country towns of Scotland. My idea is that Hugh Miller mentions it somewhere, as a blind woman going from house to house, giving death to all whom she touches; but as she can only grope along by the sides of the walls, those escape harmless who keep in the middle of the streets, or the centre of rooms. This is probably a modern superstition. But again, the plague is personified as the ancient fates, in many places. No longer a blind woman, but as a terrible Three does it come to a doomed town. One awful woman holds a roll of paper, on which she writes the name of those appointed to die; another has the shears with which she snaps the thread of life, and the third carries the besom of destruction, with which to sweep the dead forth from their habitations. The Furies are no longer known; but every one remembers how the attempt was made to propitiate them by calling them the Eumenides; just as in Scotland the fairies, who stole children and performed all manner of small mischief, were called "the good people." There is the same desire now shown to conciliate the small-pox, which is to this day a terrible scourge among Greek families. The small-pox is personified as a woman scowling on children, but who may be mollified by calling her, and invoking her under a Greek name which means "she who mercifully spares;" the small-pox indeed is universally spoken of as Eulogia—the "well-spoken of," she whom all are bound under pain of terrible penalties to name with respect.

Some of their superstitions are a confused blending together of several ancient beliefs. For instance, it is said that round the summit of Mount Scardamyla three beautiful maidens dance perpetually. They appear at first of unearthly beauty, but they have the legs and feet of goats. Whoever draws near to that enchanted spot is first compelled to kiss them, and then is torn to pieces, and thrown down from the rocks. This is evidently a mixture of three old beliefs; the Oreads, the Satyrs, and the Graces.

Death is personified under the form of a stern old man, who comes to summon the living to leave the light of day. He is called Charon, although his office is more properly

that of Mercury. He can transform himself into a bird or an animal; in fact take any shape under which he can best surprise those who do not think enough about him. He has no power over those who are constantly remembering his existence.

Such are some of the national customs and superstitions of which M. Fauriel gives an account before introducing his songs to the reader's notice. The translation of the ballads into French is literal; from it we may judge of the racy and individual flavour of the ballads themselves. Abrupt, wild, and dramatic are they; not unlike, in vividness of painting and quick transition from one part to another, to some of Robert Browning's smaller poems. They are full of colour; there is no description of feeling; the actions of the *dramatis personæ* tell plainly enough how they felt. Reading any good ballad is like eating game; almost every thing else seems poor and tasteless after it.

JACK AND THE UNION JACK.

That most respectable of flags—the Union Jack—is flapping just now in a perfectly fresh gale of public favour. Vessels of war, when they want men, can get them. It is no longer requisite to knock Britons down, in streets and public houses, and to carry them off, fettered, to ship slavery. For slavery there is now substituted honest service; the British Government, obedient to the spirit of the time, has dropped the use of the press-gang, and endeavors to man its navy by the help of a better sort of press.

There lies before us now a little tract, addressed to "Enterprising Youths" and "Mariners of England," which we think we are not far wrong in treating as an official document, a sort of bill offered by the recruiter-general for the acceptance of young seamen or young landsmen with sea-going fancies. If we should happen to be wrong in our assumption, we hurt nobody thereby, for it is really a pleasant fact and a most happy reminder of the improved temper of society, if it be true, as we suppose it is, that certain improvements for the benefit of the seamen having been made in navy regulations, nothing more is desired than to diffuse a correct knowledge of the position taken by those who now enter the navy. That is the purpose of the plain little statement of facts put into a tract twelve pages long, which has of late been distributed about the country. One copy of it has been placed in our hands—with a view we suppose, of inducing us to consider whether it would not be in accordance with the best interests of this Journal for all hands, from its Conductor downwards, to volunteer on board some man-of-war, where they might all start fair as second-class boys, and race up to the post of admiral.

Not being able (by reason of prior engagements) to take the advice offered to us in this tract, we pass it on. Doubtless it will come into the hands of thousands who can make no more use of it than we can; let us regard it, therefore, purely in the light of information. We know it to be true, and hold it to be, so far as it goes, satisfactory.

We have alluded to the press-gangs; they represent not an extinct but a dormant power. We believe that there is no instance on record of the betrayal of fair and honest confidence reposed in the English people. The press-gang implies one of two things; either that we are as a mass not honest men enough to enter the Queen's service willingly, or that there is not honesty enough in the Queen's service to induce men to take part in it without compulsion. We are now told, and truly, that a seaman in the British fleet will be henceforward put in a better worldy position than a seaman in the English merchant service;—of the American we say nothing. The complete removal of injustice suffices to remove the bar that kept out navy volunteers. Let the iniquitous old system of impressment, therefore, be formally declared illegal. If there be any reason for its maintenance, remove at once the ground on which such reason rests. A practice that is absolute and evident iniquity can only be based on evil. Right is no horse to carry Wrong upon its back. The power of impressment is a portion of the filth left behind them by those who lodged in the land before our day; we have spent much time to good purpose in the sweeping of our premises, and there is no reason why we should protect and hoard this little heap of dirtiness. Out with it then!

The naval service has now fair attractions. We have had too many occasions of showing that in a painfully large number of instances the position of a seaman in the English merchant service is very far indeed from what it ought to be. Both our navy and our merchant services have need to take example from America; meanwhile, America wins from us our best seamen by thousands. It was time that Jack should be made more fairly at home on board a British man-of-war. Let us see what offers are now made to him.

In berth and cabin accommodation, and in victualling, and on the whole, in social rank and treatment, the man of war's man has decidedly the advantage. His average day's work is far from heavy; he is not called upon to perform the work of three in an undermanned ship, or a ship manned by lubbers; his berth is dry and comfortable; he is everywhere free from dirt; his clothes are of the best quality, and cost him no more than the Admiralty pays for them; he has never to buy vile slops at something more than retail prices. He is allowed liberal provision, and is paid for what he does not eat. The daily allowance consists of a pound of meat, half a pound of vegetables, a pound of biscuit, or more than a pound of fresh bread, half a

gill of spirits, and a satisfactory supply of sugar, chocolate, and tea. If his pound of meat is salt, Jack has, in addition to it, peas or currant pudding. He has also a weekly supply of oatmeal, and of pepper, vinegar, and mustard. Great pains are now taken to secure the good quality of navy stores.

The man of war's man also receives compensation for any loss or injury sustained in property or person during service, whether by shipwreck or otherwise. If maimed, he receives a pension; if sick, he is not blistered by a skipper, sober or drunk as it may be, but receives the advice of a surgeon, examined and chosen with a direct reference to his competence for duty on board ship. If he should become invalided, he receives such attendance either in his own ship or in a naval hospital, and his pay is not stopped; he is considered to be still engaged in active service.

When his ship is paid off, the man of war's man has a leave of absence, commonly of six weeks, during which his pay continues; and the time is still reckoned as time of service. He can obtain free teaching for his children in the schools of Greenwich Hospital, and for himself hereafter, an asylum at Greenwich, if it become needful, in addition to the pension that he will have earned.

The merchant-seaman claims his wages when the voyage is over. The man of war's man is entitled to a monthly allowance of pocket-money; and if he should wish to allot any portion of his wages to the support of friends at home, he can rely upon the allotment being paid with rigid punctuality.

But what are the wages of the man of war's man out of which he is to allot anything to friends at home? Merchant-seamen are considered to have better pay; and seamen engaged in the coasting trade, which provides constant employment, really do make greater yearly earnings. But it is found that the men who serve in foreign-going ships pass, on an average, three months of the year ashore, spending instead of earning money; and that, though they can now earn three pounds a month, they are employed, taking one man with another, only nine months in the year. Twenty-seven pounds a year, therefore, is the average income of merchant seamen, if no deduction be made from it in fines, or for the cashing of advanced notes. If a man should not prove an able seaman he is liable to a reduction of his rating. Now, the seaman in the navy suffers no deductions, and is troubled with no vacant months. If sick, or if ashore, his pay continues. By entering for ten years certain, he is assured the regular receipt of yearly pay, without any abatement. His yearly wages are two shillings under twenty-nine pounds; after ten years' service, he is qualified to retire upon sixpence a day as a pension: which he may receive while following any other calling that he likes, or, if he will, while sailing under merchant flags. After fifteen years of service, he is qualified to receive eightpence a day; these pensions are granted at the discretion of the Admiralty. After twenty years of service, the navy seaman is qualified to receive a pension of about a shilling a day, which it is in no man's discretion to deny him. Since, therefore, he may enter the service at the age of eighteen, a man who has so entered may, at the age of thirty-eight, while still young, retire, having earned a pension of eighteen or nineteen pounds a year for life, in aid of whatever else he may do for his living, and with his head well stored, not only by experience, but, if it has so pleased him, by book knowledge; for, the man of war's man has always on board the use of a library and a schoolmaster.

In addition to the certain prospect of a pension, the seaman in the navy who distinguishes himself by good conduct earns badges which add from half-a-crown to nearly eight shillings a month to his pay; he has also fair hope of promotion should he deserve it, at least up to the rank of a chief petty officer. In case of war, his share of prize money will be in future larger than it has hitherto been; the claims of the seaman, being now, in that respect, more justly acknowledged. The merchant-seaman enjoys none of these advantages. He has no pension in prospect; by paying a shilling a week to his fund, he has nothing more to hope for, than three pounds eight shillings a year when he is a worn-out man, or when he has passed the age of sixty.

Such being the facts, it is impossible to suppose that any difficulty will be felt in obtaining sailors for the service of the country. Experience has proved the wisdom of these salutary changes. No difficulty *is* felt. There will be no future need for the power of impressment. It is dead; we demand for it—that it be buried—and speedily.

DIED IN INDIA.

WEEP not, O friends, weep not that she has faded;
One tender flower beneath a burning sky;
Weep not that death her loveliness hath shaded;
Perchance she found it easier to die
Than to live on in a strange alien land,
A tender link snapped from her household band.

Perchance her loving heart, in that far dwelling,
Drooped for the gentle sunshine of her home;
And through her breast, with every fevered swelling,
Some sorrowing memory of the past would come:
And when life's shadow deepened o'er her way
She pined in vain for loved ones far away.

Therefore, kind Death, for very love and pity
First chilled her throbbing brow with his cold hand,
Then led her gently through his silent city
On to the portals of a radiant land;
Watched while the angels twined her fadeless wreath,
Then left her.—It was not *thy* shore, O Death!

O weeping sister, in thy lone home dwelling,
When thy fond heart will sink, thy spirits pine,
Look up! and know, where angel hymns are swelling,
There swell the tones that blended oft with thine,
And deem thy soul approaches Heaven in prayer
More nearly, that a kindred voice is there.

Perchance, sad mother, thy fond love is dearer
To thy fair child than when the restless wave
Divided you—her gentle spirit nearer
Than in that distant land. Dream not an exile's grave
Retains her. No! Still present, though so far,
Her eyes may watch thee now, from some calm star.

And thou, poor lonely babe, although no other
May fill for thee her place beneath the sun,
Yet she shall guard thee as no earthly mother,
With all the might of human love, had done;
Still shall watch over thee with love as deep,
With eyes that change not, slumber not, nor weep.

A LIFT IN A CART.

We left Dresden in the middle of July, a motley group of five: a Frenchman, an Austrian, two natives of Lübeck, and myself; silversmiths and jewellers together; all of us duly *visé'd* by our several ambassadors through Saxon Switzerland, by way of Pirna on to Peterswald. The latter is the frontier town of Bohemia, and forms therefore the entrance from Saxony into the Austrian empire.

At dusk we were on the banks of the Elbe, at the ferry station near Pillnitz, the summer dwelling of the King of Saxony. Having crossed the broad stream, we leapt joyously up the steep path that led into a mimic Switzerland; a country of peaks, valleys and pine trees wanting only snow and glaciers. For three days we wandered along those wild regions now scaling the bleak face of a rock; now stretched luxuriously on the purple moss, or gathering wild raspberries by the road side. From the abrupt edge of the overhanging Bastei, we looked down some six hundred feet upon the wandering Elbe, threading its way by broad slopes, rich with the growth of the vine, or by bleached walls of stone, upon which even the lichens seemed to have been unable to make good their footing. From the narrow wooden bridge of Neu Rathen, we looked down upon the waving tops of fir trees, hundreds of feet beneath us. Then down we ourselves went by a wild and jagged path into a luxuriant valley called by no unfit name, Liebethal—the Valley of Love!

Then there was Königstein seen far away, a square-topped mountain, greyish white with time and weather, soaring above the river's level some fourteen hundred feet. And we clambered on, never wearying; by mountain fall and sombre cavern, and round the base of an old rock up to a fortress, till we reached the iron gates; and, amid the echo of repeated passwords, and the clatter of military arms, entered its gloomy portal. We entered only to pass through, and having admired from the summit a glorious summer prospect, we journeyed on again into the plains beyond, and so entered the Austrian territory at Peterswald.

Then there was a great change from fertility to barrenness. From the moment we entered Bohemia we were oppressed by a sense of poverty, of sloth, or some worse curse resulting from Austrian domination, which seemed to have been enough to cripple even nature herself as she stood about us. It was evident that we had got among another race of people, or else into contact with a quite different state of things. At the first inn we found upon the road, although it was a mighty, rambling place, with stone staircases and spacious chambers, there was not bedding enough in the whole establishment for our party of five, and yet we were the only guests. We were reduced to the expedient of spreading the two mattresses at our disposal close together upon the bare boards, and so sleeping five men in one double bed. A miserable night we had of it. We fared better at Prague, which town we entered the next day. That is a fine old city. From the first glimpse we caught of it from an adjoining hill, bathing its feet as it were in the Moldan, we were charmed. There was a wonderful cluster of minarets and conical towers, half eastern, half German, piled up to the summit of the castle hill. There was the beautifully barbarous chapel of Johann von Nepomuk, with its silver tomb. It was all one lump of picturesque details, beautiful in their outline and impressive in their very age, and, I may add, dirt. A rare picture of middle-age romance is Prague—a fragment of the past uninjured and unchanged. The new suspension bridge across the Moldan looks ridiculous; it is incongruous; what has old Prague to do with modern engineering? It is a noble structure to be sure, of which the inhabitants are proud; but it was designed and executed for them by an Englishman.

From Prague we tramped with all the diligence of needy travellers to Brünn, the capital of Moravia. Our march was straggling. Foremost strode Alcibiade Tourniquet, jeweller and native of Argenteuil, the best fellow in the world; but one who would persist in marching in a pair of Parisian boots with high, tapering heels, bearing the pain they gave with little wincing. For him the ground we trod was classical, for we were in the neighbourhood of Austerlitz. Immediately in his rear swaggered the Austrian, with swarty features and black straggling locks, swaddled and dirty; he was called "bandit" by general consent. The other three men of our party tramped abreast under the guidance of a Lübecker, a smart upright fellow, who, on the strength of having served two years in an infantry regiment, naturally took the position of drill-sergeant, and was dignified with the name of Hannibal on that account.

We halted to rest in the village of Bischopiditz where the few straggling houses, and

the dreary almost tenantless hostelry, told their own sorrows. But we got good soup, with an unlimited supply of bread, which formed a dinner of the best description; for besides that the adopted doctrine in Germany is that soup is the best meat for the legs, we found that it also agreed well with our pockets. While in the full enjoyment of our rest, we observed that an earnest conversation had sprung up between the landlord and a ruddy-featured fellow in a green half-livery.

"Whither are you going, friends?" inquired the landlord at length, advancing towards us.

"We were going to Brünn by the high-road," we answered.

"This man will carry you beyond Chradim for a *zwanziger* a head," said the landlord, pointing to the half-liveried fellow, who began gesticulating violently, and marking us off with his fingers as if we were so many sheep. This was a tempting offer for foot travellers, each burthened with a heavy knapsack. Chradim was eleven German miles on our road—a good fifty miles in English measurement—and we were all to be transported this distance for a total of about three shillings and sixpence. We therefore inspected the *furwerk*, which did not promise much; but as it was drawn by a neat, sturdy little horse, who rattled his harness with a sort of brisk independence, that spoke well for a rapid journey, we readily decided upon the acceptance of the offer made by the Bohemian driver. That worthy shook his head when we addressed him, and grunted out "*Kein Deutsch*,"—"No German." Indeed we found that, excepting people in official situations, inkeepers and the like, the German language was either unknown to, or unacknowledged by, the natives. In less than half an hour we had tumbled our knapsacks into the cart—which was a country dray, of course without either springs or seats—and disposing ourselves as conveniently as we could on its rough edges, were rattling and jolting off over the uneven roads towards Collin, our station for the night.

The country through which we passed was uncultivated and uninteresting; but, like the rest that we had seen, it spoke of a poverty rather induced than natural. With the exception of the two villages of Planinam and Böhnishbrod we scarcely saw a house, and human creatures were extremely scarce. As we approached Collin we halted for a moment to look at a column of black marble erected on the road side to commemorate the devotion of a handful of Russian troops who had at this spot checked the progress of the whole French army for many hours. A little later, and we were lodged at our inn in the market town of Collin, where we supped on bread and cheese and good Prague beer. A wild chorus of loud voices, and an overwhelming odour of tobacco and onions, were the accompaniments of our meal. The morrow being market-day in Collin, the whole population of the district had flocked to the town, and the houses of accommodation were all full. Our common room was quite choked up with sturdy forms in white; broad country faces, flushed with good humour, or beer, shone upon us from all sides. Our driver, who had been very sedate and reserved during the whole of the day, soon joined a cluster of congenial spirits in one corner, and was the thirstiest and most uproarious of mortals. As for ourselves, we seemed to be made doubly strangers, for there was not a word of German spoken in our hearing. Hours wore on, and the country folks seemed to enjoy their town excursion so extremely well, that there were no signs of breaking up, till mine host made his appearance and insisted upon the lights being put out, and upon the departure of his guests to bed. But beds—where were they? Our military Lübecker laughed at the idea.

"There are never more than two beds in a Bohemian house of entertainment," said he, "and the landlord by law claims the best of the two for himself. The other is for the first comer who pays for it. Perhaps we shall get some straw, perhaps not. At the worst there are the boards."

But we did get some straw, after considerable trouble, and the whole crowd of boozers (with the exception of our driver, who went to bed with his horse) set about preparing couches for themselves with a tact that plainly showed how well they were accustomed to it. The straw was spread equally over the whole chamber, and each man turned over his heavy oaken chair, so that its back became a pillow. Divested of boots and coats, we were soon stretched upon our litters, thirty in a room.

Our morning duty was to shake the loose straw out of our hair and ears, and then to clear away every vestige of our night accommodation, in order that a delicious breakfast of rich black and thick coffee and plain bread might be spread before us in the same room. The country folks were all at market, and, as far as we could see, so was our driver. He was nowhere to be found. We had vague notions of his having decamped, but considering that we had only paid him two zwanzigers out of the five bargained for, the supposition seemed hardly a reasonable one. After seeking him in vain through every room in the house, in the crowded market-place, and in the neat little town, full of low, square-built houses, and whitened colonnades, we thought of the stable, and there we found our friend, stretched on his back among the hoofs of his horse, who, careful creature, loving him too well to disturb him, never stirred a limb.

We saw our guide in a new light that day. In spite of all our urging, it was nine o'clock before we fairly quitted Collin, and he was then already in an exhilarated state, having taken several strong draughts to cool his

inward fever. We would have given much to have been able to converse with him; for, as we were about to start, he grinned and gesticulated in such a violent way—having, evidently, something to communicate which he was unable to express—that we called the host to our assistance.

"You must not be alarmed," said the landlord in explanation, "if he should swerve from the high-road, for he thinks of taking you cross country, and it may be a little rough."

We started at last, and the brave little horse rattled along at a gallant pace. "Hi, hi, hi!" shouted the Bohemian, and away we went along the well-beaten high-road, jolted unmercifully; our knapsacks dancing about our feet like living creatures. We were too much occupied in the task of keeping our seats, to be able to devote much attention to the country, until, having passed Czaslaw, we turned suddenly out of the high-road, and came upon a scene of cultivation and refinement that was very charming. A rapid cooling down of our driver's extravagance of manner was the immediate result of our entering upon the well-kept paths, and between smooth lawns; we went at a decent trot, following a semicircular road, by which we were brought immediately in front of a noble mansion. At the door of an inn, which pressed upon the pathway, our Bohemian halted and addressed to us a voluble and enthusiastic harangue in his own language (one that has a soft and pleasant sound): evidently he meant to impress us with the beauty of the scene.

We soon learned all about it from the landlord of the inn. Our driver was a liveried servant of the Prince before whose mansion we had stopped, and he was probably running much risk of dismissal in letting his grace's country cart for hire. He was a sad dog, for, in the course of a quarter of an hour, he ran up a score upon the strength of an alleged promise on our parts to pay all expenses, and succeeded in wheedling another zwanziger in advance out of our cashier, the military Lübecker. This piece of money, however, on being proffered in payment of a last half-pint of beer, was instantly confiscated by the landlord for previous arrears.

Amid a hurricane of abuse, exchanged between landlord and driver, we clattered out of private ground to the main road again. Our charioteer had risen into a state of exaltation that defied all curb, and in a short time we were again firmly planted before the sign-post of a public-house. But here there was no credit, and our good-natured Lübecker having doled out a fourth zwanziger on account, was scarcely surprised to see it pounced upon and totally appropriated by the host in liquidation of some ancient score. With a shout of rage, or rather a howl, from our Bohemian Whip, we again set forward. "Hi, hi, hi!" and helter-skelter we went, through bush and bramble, where indeed there was no trace or shadow of a beaten track. The Bohemian was lost to control; he shouted, he sang, he yelled, savagely flogging his willing beast all the while, until we began to have serious fears for the safety of our necks. Presently we were skimming along the edge of the steep bank of a broad and rapid stream, wondering internally what might possibly come next, when to our terror, the Bohemian, pointing with his whip to the opposite bank, suddenly wheeled the horse and rude vehicle round, and before we could expostulate with or arrest him in his course, plunged down a long slope and dashed into the river, with a hissing and splashing that completely blinded us for a few seconds, and drenched us to the skin. We held on with the desperation of fear; but before we could well know whether we swam or rode we had passed the stream, and our unconquered little horse was tugging us might and main up the opposite bank. That once obtained, we saw before us a wide expanse of heath, rugged and broken, and no trace of any road.

But horse and driver seemed to be alike careless about beaten tracks. The Bohemian grew wilder at every step, urging on his horse with mad gestures and unearthly cries. His driving was miraculous; along narrow strips of road scarcely wide enough to contain the wheels, he passed in safety, sometimes skimming the outer ridge of a steep bank, and when, seemingly about to plunge into an abyss, suddenly wheeling both horse and cart round at an acute angle, and darting on with a reckless speed to new dangers and new escapes. We had been told that he was an admirable hand at the rein when sober; but, when drunk, he certainly surpassed himself. As for ourselves, we were in constant fear of our lives; and, being utterly unacquainted with the country and the language, and unable to control the extravagances of our driver, we calmly awaited, and almost invoked, the "spill" that seemed inevitable.

But the paroxysm of the Bohemian had reached its height; from an incarnate devil, in demeanour and language, he rapidly dropped into childish helplessness, and finally into a deep uncontrollable slumber. This was a state of things which, at first, threatened more danger than his open madness; but then it was the horse's turn to show *his* quality. He saw that a responsibility devolved upon him, and he was quite equal to the occasion. He seemed to know his way as well without as with his master. We guessed this; and taking the reins from the hands of the quite helpless Bohemian, we left the gallant animal to take whatever course he thought most prudent. The good beast brought us well out of the tangled heath, and once more to a level open road.

Soon, a neat village was before us, and we came to the resolution that we would dismount there at all hazards. But then our

sleepy driver suddenly started into life, and, with a terrible outburst of wrath, gave us, by motions, to understand that we had gone beyond his destination. We paid very little heed to him; but, leaping from the cart, felt grateful for the blessing of whole bones. There remained still one zwanziger unpaid; but, to our astonishment, the Bohemian relapsed into his old rage when this was tendered to him, and by a complication of finger-reckoning, explained to us that he had never received more than two. In fact, he ignored all that had passed during his drunken fit. Argument being on each side useless, we also betook ourselves to abuse, and a terrible conflict of strong language, in which neither party understood the other, was the result. We entered the chief inn of the village, followed by the implacable Bohemian, who, though ejected several times, never failed to re-appear, repeating his finger calculations every time, and concluding each assault with the mystical words, "*Sacramentum hallaluyah!*" The landlord came at length to our assistance; and, by a few emphatic words in his own language, exorcised this evil spirit.

MOIRÉ ANTIQUE.

The Lady Blanche steps from her carriage, and treads the carpeted floor of Messrs. Barège and Mitt's, silk mercers in Regent Street. She requests to be shown a moiré antique dress; and forthwith there are spread out before her a goodly assemblage of rich silks, not stiffened with gum or adulterated with cotton, but good solid genuine silk, worthy of the best days of Spitalfields or of Lyons. She selects one, and pays for it a certain number of guineas, the exact amount of which we cannot tell the reader, because we do not know.

Does Lady Blanche know what moiré antique really means? She knows what it is: viz., a rich kind of silk which happens to be in fashion just at present. But what is moiré, and why is it antique, and why do the ladies prefer the antique to the modern, supposing these to be both obtainable? Lady Blanche of course speaks French. She knows that *moiré* is a fabric to which a watered or wavy appearance has been imparted; that *moirage* or *moire* is the appearance so given; that *moirer* denotes the act of imparting it; and that *moireur* is the person who performs the work. Still Lady Blanche is at a loss to account for two things—how is it all produced, and why is it called antique? Besides Lady Blanche learns that there is such a thing as moiré metallique.

Any one who is old enough to remember the time when Kaleidoscopes were all the rage, will call to mind that the tubes were frequently covered externally with a crystalline appearance, exhibiting a rich play of reflected light. This enveloping substance was moiré metallique. If we look at the window on the morning of a frosty day, and see the capricious forms which the delicate little filaments of frozen moisture present, and if we imagine an effect far more brilliant and diversified, then shall we be able to form something like an intelligible notion of the appearance of the white varieties; if, further, we suppose this frozen moisture to be delicately tinted with transparent pigments, then will it more nearly resemble the coloured varieties of moiré metallique, which is nothing more than a watered or clouded appearance produced on metals by the action of acids. We owe the coloured foils thus produced to the French.

Thin leaves of coloured metal, receiving their colour after the rolling of the metal into the form of leaves, are used for many ornamental purposes; but these are not moiré metallique. They are employed on metallic foils to some kinds of jewellery, to brighten the richness of tint, especially if the gem be of a factitious or imitative character. The metal for such purposes is hammered and rolled, and rolled and rolled again, until its thickness does not exceed that of very thin paper. It may be copper, or copper with a very delicate clothing of silver, or tin, or a mixed metal; it may be of various colours, provided the sheet or leaf have the requisite degree of tenuity. The colouring substance may be Prussian blue, or sulphate of indigo, or acetate of copper, or cochineal, or sandal wood, or litmus, or carmine; and the resulting tint may be blue, green, yellow, red, violet, ruby, or anything else which the artist may wish to produce. But the metal requires to be coaxed and humoured before it will adapt itself to the wants of its owner—before it will, in fact, become a mere creature of circumstances. It requires a gentle cold bath of the weakest possible solution of aqua-fortis, to bring it to a proper state of purity and cleanliness; and then it requires a comfortable neat garment of isinglass gum, fitted to it by means of a camel-hair pencil. Prepared now for the ordeal of colour, the pigment is applied in a liquid state to the surface of the metal; and when this is dry, the last stage of adornment, the last process of beautification, is arrived at: the metal receives a coating of transparent varnish, which at once secures the pigment and increases its brilliancy of tint.

All this, however, is not moiré metallique; it is simply coloured foil. Nevertheless, it is valuable to us, since the coloured foil really does illustrate in some degree the mode in which the moiré metallique is produced. We owe this singular ornamental material, as we do so many other articles of ornament and graceful beauty, to the French. M. Allard invented it thirty or forty years ago when Sir David Brewster produced the Kaleidoscope; and it thus happened that the one invention became employed as a decorative covering to the other. This moiré metallique

is as remarkable in its production as in its appearance; for no possible guess could be made at the mode of its preparation from the optical effect which it presents—none, at least, except on the part of a small number of experienced handicraftsmen.

This, then, is moiré metallique; and we see no reason whatever why, by a due exercise of ingenuity, a moiré effect might not be produced on other materials. The word moiré evidently sometimes receives the meaning of "clouded" rather than "watered;" but it must, at the same time, be admitted that, both in the metal and in the silk goods, the delicate variegated appearance may be likened either to clouding or to watering, without any very great stretch of application. However, be this as it may, we must now attend to Lady Blanche's dress.

In all ordinary woven goods, as a moment's examination will show us, the threads cross each other at right angles; the long threads forming the warp, and the short threads the weft. According as the fabric is of high quality, so do these threads intersect in a regular and equable quality; but be it as good as it may, there are always some irregularities; they may escape the eye, but they become apparent in a singular way. If good silk be wrapt tightly and carelessly round a roller, it may become moiré much against the inclination of the possessor; it will have acquired an irregular kind of glossing in some parts rather than in others; and this irregular glossing, when viewed from a little distance, presents somewhat of the appearance of moiré, or watering—who knows? Perhaps an accident to a piece of rolled silk suggested the first idea of watering as a distinct mode of adornment to silken goods? Such accidents have very frequently occurred in the history of manufactures. However, accident or no accident, watered silks have long been in use, both in this country and in France. If a pattern be engraved upon one cylinder in relief, and a similar pattern on another cylinder, in sunken devices; and if one of these be heated from within; and if a piece of silk or velvet be drawn between the cylinders—then will the silk or velvet acquire an embossed pattern, because some parts of the surface are more pressed, and are consequently rendered more glossy than the rest. Numerous varieties of this process are employed in the preparation of fancy goods. But this is not exactly watering. For this process two layers of silk are laid face to face, and are pressed tightly between rollers. What follows? However close the threads may be, there are still interstices between them; they follow each other in ridge-and-hollow fashion throughout the length and breadth of the piece. Now, if the slightest irregularity exists in the weaving or in the pressure, some of the threads become pressed in particular parts more than others; and the over-pressed portions present a greater gloss, a greater power of reflecting light, than the rest. The more capriciously these portions distribute themselves, the more undulatory and cloudy will be the result. We do not say that the actual process is nothing more than this, but that this is the basis on which the whole is founded. The goods may be sprinkled with water previously, or not; the rollers may be both heated or both cold, or one heated and one cold; the rollers may be plain or may be variously indented; they may move smoothly over each other or may have a slight lateral movement—how these variations of method would produce variations of effect every one will easily see. The adjective "antique" is most likely given to the silks thus produced from their resemblance to the tabby silk dresses which Lady Blanche's grandmother used to wear when she was lady of the bedchamber to the bride of George the Third. It is chiefly produced in France; but Spitalfields, its weavers and moireurs combined, has lately copied the art so cleverly as actually to excel the French. But Spitalfields guards its secret as sedulously as the Magician in a Fairy Tale always guards the Captive Princess in his castle, and will not let the world have a peep at their doings. Be it so. The world has no right to break in ruthlessly upon them. Let us be satisfied with knowing that Lady Blanche's moiré antique dress is simply a watered silk, only having a very superior kind of watering.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Holland House, after Addison's death, remained in possession of the Warwick family and of their heir, Lord Kensington, who came of the family of Edwardes, till it was purchased of his lordship by Henry Fox, who subsequently became a lord himself, and took his title from the mansion. This was about a hundred years ago, in the beginning of the reign of George the Third.

Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of the new race, was the younger son of that marvellous old gentleman, Sir Stephen Fox, who, after having had a numerous offspring by one wife, at the age of seventy-six married another, and had three more children, two of whom founded the noble families of Holland and Ilchester. It was reported that he had been a singing-boy in a cathedral. Walpole says he was a footman; and the late Lord Holland, who was a man of too noble a nature to affect ignorance of these traditions, candidly owns that he was a man of "very humble origin." Noble families must begin with somebody; and with whom could the new one have better begun than with this stout and large-hearted gentleman, who after doing real service to the courts in which he rose, and founding institutions for the benefit of his native place, closed a life full of health, activity and success, in the eighty-ninth year of his age?

Henry Fox was as full of vitality as his father, and he carried the stock higher; but though very knowing, he was not so wise, and did not end so happily. With him began the first parliamentary emulation between a Fox and a Pitt, which so curiously descended to their sons. Many persons now living remember the second rivalry. The first was so like it, that Walpole, in one of his happy comprehensive flashes, describes the House of Commons, for a certain period, as consisting of "a dialogue between Pitt and Fox." Fox had begun life as a partisan of Sir Robert Walpole; and in the course of his career held lucrative offices under Government—that of Paymaster to the Forces, for one—in which he enriched himself to a degree which incurred a great deal of suspicion. He was latterly denounced in a City address, as the "defaulter of unaccounted millions." Public accounts in those times were strangely neglected; and the family have said, that his were in no worse condition than those of others; but they do not deny that he was a jobber. However, he jobbed and prospered; ran away with a duke's daughter; contrived to reconcile himself with the family (that of Richmond); got his wife made a baroness; was made a lord himself, Baron Holland of Foxley; was a husband, notwithstanding his jobbing, loving and beloved; was an indulgent father; a gay and social friend; in short, had as happy a life of it as health and spirits could make; till, unfortunately, health and spirits failed; and then there seems to have been a remnant of his father's better portion within him, which did not allow him to be so well satisfied with himself in his decline. Out-tricked and got rid of by the flighty Lord Shelburne, and forsaken by the selfish friends with whom he had jobbed, and made merry, and laughed at principle, he tried, in retirement, to divert his melancholy with building a villa at Kingsgate, between Margate and Broadstairs, in a style equally expensive and fantastic, from which he made visits across the channel to France and Italy. He also endeavoured to get some comfort out of a few other worthless persons, such as George Selwyn and Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.,") gentlemen who, not being in want of places, had abided by him. But all would not do. He returned home and died at Holland House, twenty years younger than his father; and he was followed in less than a month by his wife. It is said that a day or two before his death, George Selwyn, who had a passion for seeing dead bodies, sent to ask how he was, and whether a visit would be welcome. "Oh, by all means," said Lord Holland. "If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see George—and I know, that if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me."

A curious story is told of the elopement of the Duke of Richmond's daughter, Lady Caroline Lenox, who thus speedily followed her husband to the grave. The Duke was a grandson of King Charles the Second, and both he and the Duchess had declined to favour the suit of Mr. Fox, the son of the equivocal Sir Stephen. They reckoned on her marrying another man; and an evening was appointed on which the gentleman was to be formally introduced as her suitor. Lady Caroline, whose affections the dashing statesman had secretly engaged, was at her wit's end to know how to baffle this interview. She had evaded the choice of the family as long as possible, but this appointment looked like a crisis. The gentleman is to come in the evening: the lady is to prepare for his reception by a more than ordinary attention to her toilet. This gives her the cue to what is to be done. The more than ordinary attention is paid; but it is in a way that renders the interview impossible. She has cut off her eyebrows. How can she be seen by anybody in such a trim? The indignation of the Duke and Duchess is great; but the thing is manifestly impossible. She is accordingly left to herself for the night; she has perfected her plans in expectation of that result; and the consequence is, that when next her parents inquire for her, she has gone. Nobody can find her. She is off for Mr. Fox.

At the corner of Holland House Lane—the lane that is now shut up—is a public house, the Holland Arms, the sign of which is the family scutcheon. The supportors of the shield are a couple of foxes, and in this emblazonment of it—for the arms in the peerages have no such device—one of the foxes holds a rose in his mouth. The rose is the cognisance of the Richmond family, and is possibly an allusion to the stolen bud.

Lady Caroline appears to have been truly attached to her husband. Her death so soon after his own was not improbably occasioned by it; and when he procured her the title of Baroness, before he was ennobled himself, she put up their joint coat of arms in the house, where it is still to be seen, with the motto *Re e Marito* (king and husband); as much as to say, that she derived her honours equally from both.

But the Fox family, during this lord's prosperity, had been forced to suffer what they considered a degradation, in turn. One of the amusements in Holland House was the performance of plays. It had formerly been a court custom, as it now is again; but Queen Elizabeth, like Queen Victoria, had the plays performed by professional actors. Among those actors, in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, were children; and hence children in private life subsequently figured sometimes as amateurs. We have mentioned a picture in Holland House, by Hogarth, representing the performance of a play of Dryden by children, one of whom was a grand-niece of Sir Isaac Newton. In the January of the year seventeen hundred and

sixty-one, Horace Walpole was present at a performance of this kind in Holland House, which greatly entertained him. But the account of it had better be given in his own words.

"I was excessively amused (says he) on Tuesday night. There was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangeways played the women. It was Jane Shore. Mr. Price, Lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians; Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nicholas, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly, Lord Ashbroke, and other boys, did the rest. But the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, with seeing Mrs. Fox's little boy of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap. They inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly."(This little boy died a general in the year eighteen hundred and eleven).

So far, so good; and Horace Walpole is enchanted with young ladies who act plays. But young ladies who act plays are apt to become enchanted with actors; and three years after this performance of Jane Shore, a catastrophe occurs at Ilchester House, which makes Horace vituperate such enchantments as loudly as if he had never encouraged them. O'Brien, a veritable actor at the public theatres, runs away with the noble friend of Jane Shore, the charming lady Susan; and the Foxes, and the Walpoles, and all other admirers of amateur performances, are in despair; not excepting, of course, the runner away with the Duke's daughter. Horace, forgetting what he said of Sir Stephen, or perhaps calling it desperately to mind, declares that it would have been better had the man been a footman, because an actor is so well known, that there is no smuggling him in among gentlefolk. The worst of it was, that Horace had not only been loud in praise of the young lady's theatricals, but had eulogised this very O'Brien as a better representative of men of fashion than Garrick himself. Perhaps it was his eulogy that made the lady fall in love. And O'Brien was really a distinguished actor, and probably as much of a gentleman off the stage as on it. Nay, to say nothing of the doubt which has been thrown upon the legitimacy of Horace himself (who is suspected to have been the son of Carr, Lord Hervey), the player may even have come of a better house than a Walpole; for the Walpoles, though of an ancient, were but of a country-gentleman stock; whereas, the name of O'Brien is held to be a voucher for a man's coming of race royal. We do not mean by these remarks to advocate intermarriages between different ranks. There is well-founded objection to them in the difference of education and manners, and the discord which is likely to ensue on all sides. But their general unadvisedness must not render us unjust to exceptions. An Earl of Derby some time afterwards was thought to have married good breeding itself in the person of Miss Farren the actress; and though Mr. O'Brien, instead of being smuggled in among the gentlefolk whom he so well represented, was got off with his wife to America, their after-lives are recorded as having been equally happy and respectable. Lady Susan, after all, made a better match of it with her actor than Lady Sarah—who married Sir Charles Bunbury, from whom she was afterwards divorced—with her baronet.

So much for the plays in Holland House, and the vicissitudes in the marriages of the Foxes.

Stephen, second Lord Holland, though by no means destitute of natural abilities or vivacity, appears to have had in his composition too great a predominance of the animal nature over the spiritual. Hence an apopletic tendency, which took him off at the age of nine-and-twenty.

But Stephen had a brother, afterwards the celebrated Charles James Fox, the "man of the people," who, however he may have indulged himself in the same way, had life enough in him to keep him wide awake (and others too) for nearly twice the time. Indeed, he may be said, during his youth, to have had too much life; more animal vitality in him, and robustness of body to bear it out, than he well knew what to do with. And his father is said to have encouraged it by never thwarting his will in anything. Thus the boy expressing a desire one day to "smash a watch," the father, after ascertaining that the little gentleman did positively feel such a desire, and was not disposed to give it up, said, "Well, if you must, I suppose you must;" and the watch was smashed. Another time, having been promised that he should see a portion of a wall pulled down, and the demolition having taken place while he was absent, and a new portion supplied, the latter itself was pulled down, in order that the father's promise might be kept, and the boy not disappointed. The keeping of the promise was excellent, and the wall well sacrificed; but not so the watch; and much less the guineas with which his father is absolutely said to have tempted him to the gaming table, out of a foolish desire to see

the boy employed like himself! Habits ensued which became alarming to the old gamester himself, and which impeded the rise, injured the reputation, and finally nullified that supremacy on the part of the son, which was borne away from him by the inferior but more decorous nature of Pitt.

Fox was a great lesson as to what is good and what is bad in fatherly indulgence. All that was good in him it made better; all that was bad it made worse. And it would have made it worse still, had not the good luckily preponderated, and thus made the best at last even of the bad. Charles was to have his way as a child; so he smashed watches. He was to have his way as a youth; so he gambled and was dissolute. He was to have his way as a man; so he must be in Parliament, and get power, and vote as his father did, on the Tory side, because his father had indulged him, and he must indulge his father. But his father died, and then the love of sincerity which had been taught him as a bravery and a predominance, was encouraged to break forth by the galling of his political trammels; and though he could not refuse his passions their indulgence, till friends rescued him from insolvency, and thus piqued his gratitude into amendment, that very circumstance tended to show that he added strength and largeness of heart to his father's softness; for the spoilt child and reckless gamester, finally settled down as a representative of a nobler age that was coming, and was the charm in private of all who admired simplicity of manners and the perfection of good sense. Apart from this love of truth, we do not take him, in any respect, to have been profound, or to have seen beyond the next generation. What was greatest in Charles Fox was his freedom for nonsense, pettiness, and pretension. He could by no means admit that greater was smaller, or the rights of the American and French nations inferior to those of their princes. He envied no man his good qualities; felt under no necessity of considering his dignity with young or old; thought humanity at large superior to any particular forms of it; and in becoming its representative in circles which would have conceded such a privilege to none but a man of birth, enabled them to feel how charming it was.

The spoilt child prevailed so long in the life of Fox, and to all appearance so irremediably, that accounts of him at different periods seem hardly recording the same man.

To give instances, in as few words as possible. We have seen the smashing of the watch.

When a youth he was a great admirer of peerages and ribbons; and on his return from his first visit to the continent he appeared in red-heeled shoes, and a feather in his hat —the greatest fopperies of the day.

His father paid a hundred and forty thousand pounds for his gaming debts.

He took to the other extreme in dress, and became as slovenly as he had been foppish.

On coming into office he showed that he could be as industrious as he had been idle.

Whenever he was in office he never touched a card; and when his political friends, out of a sense of what was due to his public services, finally paid his debts, and made him easy for life, he left off play entirely.

He dressed decently and simply, and settled down for the remainder of his life into the domestic husband, the reader of books, and the lover of country retirement, from which he could not bear to be absent for a day.

In Holland House Fox passed his boyhood and part of his youth. He is not much associated with it otherwise, except as a name. He and a friend one day, without a penny in their pockets, walked thither from Oxford, a distance of fifty-six miles; for the purpose, we suppose, of getting a supply. They resolved to do it without stopping on the road; but the day was hot; an alehouse became irresistible; and on arriving at their journey's end, Charles thus addressed his father, who was drinking his coffee: "You must send half a guinea or a guinea, without loss of time, to the alehouse keeper at Nettlebed, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, and which I have left in pawn there for a pot of porter."

A little before he died, at fifty-eight years of age, of a dropsy, he drove several times with his wife to Holland House, and looked about the grounds with a melancholy tenderness.

But, notwithstanding the celebrity of Charles Fox, and that of Addison himself, the man who has drawn the greatest attention to Holland House, if not in his own person, yet certainly by the effect of his personal qualities and attainments upon other people, was Fox's nephew, the late Lord Holland, Henry Richard, third of the title. He succeeded to the title before he was a year old; rescued the old mansion from ruin, as before noticed; and with allowance for visits to the continent, and occasional residence in town, may be said to have passed his whole life in it, between enjoyments of his books and hospitalities to wits and worthies of all parties.

Lord Holland was a man of elegant literature, of liberal politics, and great benevolence. Travelling like other young noblemen on the continent, but extending his acquaintance with it beyond most of them, and going into Spain, his inclinations became directed to the writers of that country, and his feelings deeply interested in their political struggles. The consequence was a work in two volumes, containing the lives of Lope de Vega and Guillen de Castro, a translation of three Spanish comedies, and the most hospitable and generous services to the patriots who suffered exile in the cause of their country's freedom. The comedies we have never seen. The lives, though not profound (for he was educated in a school of criticism anterior to that of Coleridge and the Germans), are excellent as far as they go, written with classical

correctness, and full of the most pleasing and judicious remarks. How he formed that unbounded admiration of Bonaparte, which has lately transpired in his posthumous Recollections of Foreign Courts, it is difficult to say. The admiration, we have no doubt, was driven into inconsistency by the hypocrisy and broken promises of Bonaparte's enemies, the kings and ministers, who pretended to oppose him in behalf of freedom. Privately the late Lord Holland will be remembered only for his benevolence, and for the great increase of pleasant associations which he has given to Holland House; publicly, there is one reigning circumstance in his career, which will procure him a niche in the parliamentary history of his times, equally unique and beautiful—and that is, that whenever a measure was carried through the House of Lords which was not of a just or generous nature, Lord Holland's "Protest" against it was sure to be placed upon the records. There is a book of his also, which will live; another posthumous work, entitled Reminiscences of the Whig Party. It is written, not only with correctness and elegance, but with a charming mixture of acuteness and good nature—of the sharp and the sweet—the true "pine-apple flavour;" and contains some masterly portraitures of character.

Lord Holland had a constitutional tendency to gout, which, until he was married, he kept under by hard riding and hunting. During the last twenty years of his life his gout conspired with his love of books to render him less and less active, until at last he became wholly confined to his chair, and the disease killed him at the age of sixty-seven.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COOKS.

Once, at least, in every year, that highly important and well-considered part of the Parisian population habitually confined to Parisian kitchens, enjoys the chief emoluments of a fair. When the fiery fingers of autumn approach the spendid foliage of the forest of St. Germains; when the melon season of Paris is in its full glory; when Tortoni's ice-house is nearly empty; when English barristers are arriving in rapid succession at Meurice's Hotel; when English French may be heard in every walk of Versailles; and when fashionable Parisians are at their country seats—the cooks of the agreeable capital emerge from their fragrant kitchens, put out their charcoal fires, divest themselves of their white livery, and—to show their sense of the important matter impending—wash their faces!

Monsieur Victor, the greasy gentleman who produces the far-famed delicacies of the Bon Voyageur Restaurant—a cheap establishment just on the right side of the Barrière de l'Etoile—is usually a very modest official, dressed in a suit of questionable white; whose officious thumbs are his tasters all day long. Thus, usually, M. Victor is a man of business; but look at him on the first day of the benefit in honour of his class, and you shall perceive a very exquisitely dressed gentleman. A hat that glistens in the autumn sunlight; gloves that fit exquisitely; boots that Hoby might have made! With becoming dignity M. Victor leaves the Bon Voyageur on the first morning of his benefit, and seats himself in the omnibus which will take him, for six sous, to the terminus of the St. Germains railway. But he is affable, even under these splendid circumstances. From opposite quarters of Paris, other gentlemen of M. Victor's honored profession arrive at the St. Germains railway station in omnibuses. Many of them are attended by companions of less pretension—companions who, when their hearts are light, and they are inflamed with wine, hope to reach the dignity of the gentlemen they follow. But this daring ambition which, uncurbed, might o'erleap itself, and end in a spoiled Charlotte, is properly checked, and the bees of the scullery are kept in becoming subjection.

Deferentially attended by their obsequious satellites, the artists of Parisian kitchens take their places on the tops of the "*wagons*" bound for St. Germains. There, the trains have outside places, exactly like these fixed upon the roofs of London omnibuses; these places are popular among the holiday-makers who smoke. Very cautiously the engine-driver conducts the cooks of Paris to St. Germains—past huge square houses devoted to the suburban consumption of brandy, barley-water, and currant-water—past vineyards of luxurious growth—past a forest gay with autumn's lively colours—to the palace of St. Germains. The station is within a hundred yards of the palace gates.

Built upon the highest ground in the neighbourhood, the palace commands a magnificent prospect. An Englishman, walking along the stately terrace in front of the building, must recall vividly the associations which belong to it, and which are bound up with the history of his country. Considered as the house of exiled greatness, it is a most pleasant refuge. It has all the gay appearance of a splendid French hotel: there is nothing of the prison, and very little of the citadel about it. Peppery little French soldiers of the line are grouped about its entrances, and fiercely warn off the intruding visitor; therefore it is not easy—if it were desirable—to describe its interior attractions.

But the scene before the railway station is sufficiently gay to make any visitor arriving on the holiday of the cooks, very unceremoniously turn his back upon the Stuart's home in exile, and avail himself of the omnibus accommodation offered to him by the most loquacious of conductors. And then he is whirled away at a rapid rate through the narrow streets of the town. Flags are displayed everywhere; they hang from hundreds of windows; they are raised upon high poles in

every open space ; they flaunt from every stall. The prolific bird who has of late produced so many golden eaglets in France, has handsomely strewn his burnished young hereabouts, and they glisten from every high place.

Against every wall are huge placards, headed "*Fête des hoges ;*" conspicuously parading the fact that in the depth of the forest, visitors will find innumerable "kitchens in the open air." To the unearthly music of a Parisian driver we rumble heavily through the streets, are duly stared at from every gateway, and find ourselves soon on a broad road cut deep into the noble forest of St. Germains. The road is gay with holiday-makers. Grisettes hooked on the arms of broad-trousered students are walking rapidly to the scene of action ; women laden with gingerbread ; vendors of brandy and liquorice water, wearing cocked hats ; daring fellows in blouses, whom we should not like to meet in this forest, after dark ; shrivelled old ladies, wearing snow-white caps and the bluest of blue stockings ; lovers not intent upon a mere dinner of love ; sturdy porters laden with melons—all are advancing rapidly into the depths of this noble forest. Far away in the shade of the trees, are pairs flirting desperately ; here and there, are pic-nic parties laughing over a banquet laid out at the road-side. It is a long ride to the fair. Presently we hear the braying of the hoarsest conceivable trumpets, and—of course—the most vigorous drumming. A little exercise of patience brings us to a square open place crowded with every description of vehicle, and gay with the tricolour pendant on all sides. The drums are rolling far away in the depths of the forest ; the trumpets are braying close to our ears ; gingerbread merchants are loud in their assertion that their several offers are the cheapest in the fair.

The booths are all pitched upon some open ground, nearly surrounded by the splendid timber of the forest. These booths are built after the fashion of English booths, and are remarkable to a stranger, chiefly for the odd collection of merchandise they contain : a collection usually presided over by a very solemn man wearing a ferocious beard, who generally walks up and down behind his counter, his hands dipped into the capacious pockets of his capacious trousers, calling aloud at intervals to the passers-by to patronise the *boutique* at six sous. The attractions of his booth include soaps of all colours and patterns ; heaps of fragrant pastilles ; pipes of all descriptions, and wooden pipe-boxes ; baby dolls bandaged, alas ! after the fashion of French babies in the flesh, and slung up by a hook to the counter ; drums of all sizes ; gorgeous jewellery made of the very best copper, generally pretty in design ; acres of the darkest gingerbread, for the most tempting lumps of which the visitor is invited to gamble ; chocolate most fantastically shaped ; toy helmets and swords for warriors in the bud. Before this show are grouped fierce military men ; blouses lounging lazily ; smart, shrill-voiced grisettes ; grave old ladies surrounded by clamorous grandchildren and attended by prim nurses. You may see a tall cuirassier seriously try the tone of a six sous trumpet, you may have a turn at the dial for some gingerbread, and walk off, the triumphant purchaser of two chocolate whistles. When out for a day's holiday all French men and French women are children ; and this is a very pleasant and a very good quality that they have. Thus, when we advanced into the heart of the fair, we heard the ringing laughter of the people who were patronizing the round-abouts. On the round-about wooden horses were dangling, three abreast, at regular spaces, and the proprietor was inviting the spectators to occupy the vacant saddles, before he proceeded to turn the machine. Gravely enough an old gentleman advanced, and, politely assisted by the proprietor, took his seat upon a wooden charger ; he was hardly settled in his place before a cavalry corporal, at least six feet high, proceeded to occupy the next saddle. And thus the places were rapidly filled. As the machine went round, it was curious to notice the people who were enjoying the fun of it. Old ladies of sixty, children of various ages, a sombre man in spectacles, laughing students, bearded blouses, were all grouped in the revolving circle, and were all decidedly enjoying the sport. From this curious picture, we turned to the other sights of the *fêtes des hoges.*

We counted, amongst these, five or six distinct giantesses ; one lady with a beard ; two piebald boys (portaits of whom were exhibited, and looked like the paintings half cleaned, displayed by picture-revivers) ; a magician who effected the instant disappearance of a horse and two boys ; skittles to which the visitor was tempted by the prospect of winning fowls or pigeons ! And then, attracted by savoury odours everywhere perceptible, we sought that quarter of the fair devoted exclusively to the benefit of the cooks. Here, were the kitchens in the open air—all pitched under the shade of fine trees.

We recognised M. Victor at once, although he had doffed his suit of black, and was now in the famed livery of Vatel. His fire was of charcoal, and was thrown against a huge, upright, smooth-faced stone. Over this extended two or three horizontal spits, each about two yards in length, loaded with various delicacies. One spit had been run through not less than nine fowls, all broiling in a row ; upon another, about twenty pigeons were impaled ; a third had been driven through a substantial joint of veal. At one side, were copper vessels, all steaming and sending forth most fragrant odours ; at the other a huge cauldron of soap was bubbling. Behind this kitchen (which was further

remarkable for the heaps of melons, the yards of bread, and the colossal lumps of butter lying about it) was a tent, decorated of course with tri-coloured flags, in which were three long tables ready for visitors who might wish to dine. As M. Victor proceeded with his important business—as he cut those potatoes into the thinnest conceivable little strips—or, with a hand at once delicate and decided, larded two or three very remarkable livers, he occasionally conceded a reply to some visitor's question. But, generally, the holiday-makers who crowded about him had a respect too serious and too profound for his art, to disturb him at his labours. We left him trussing a fowl, and pursued our walk among the kitchens. They were all contrived after M. Victor's model, and were all in full work. At one, a sturdy professor was gravely rolling out an immense lump of paste; at another a comic cook presided: this artist was evidently engaged rather for his facetious, than for his culinary power. He had a sharp sally for every visitor who addressed him; and, when we first saw him, was brandishing a fowl in the faces of a laughing multitude. In the long tent behind him, various groups of people were going through the various stages of a French dinner. Some were at the soup-stage, others were consuming huge slices of melon to refresh the palate, for the enjoyments of fricassees. The ground was strewn in every direction with the hard shells of innumerable melons, and at every turn people were incorporating prodigious lumps of this refreshing fruit. The cooks were evidently making money; all other attractions of the fair seemed to be subservient to theirs. Grave old gentlemen whisked about on the roundabouts to get an appetite for M. Victor; grisettes only delayed their dinner to a late hour that they might have a sharp appetite for soup cooked in the open air. He would have incurred any grisette's heaviest displeasure, who had offered her on this gay day the choicest fare cooked in an ordinary kitchen.

And thus, before the balls opened that evening in the forest, the cooks had realized considerable benefits from their annual open-air cookery.

The respect paid to Monsieur the Cook by the holiday makers is very noticeable; his manner of proceeding is watched with intense delight; the gradual transition of very ugly lumps of meat into exquisite fricassees—not one morsel of anything being lost—is an intense study to many elderly gentlemen who spend nearly all the day before the kitchens in the open air. It is in his power of adapting everything to a savoury and nutritious account that the Parisian cook prides himself. You think he is going to throw all that grease which is falling into a huge trencher from his roast, into some wasteful grease-pot; wait awhile, and you shall see it re-appear in the congenial shape of a wholesome and refreshing soup. That heaps of mangled cold fowls yonder are by no means destined to be set aside as waste; they will make their second appearance very shortly under some dexterous disguise. As for that cold beef, its adventures will be of the most complicated nature. It is now simply a very indifferent joint of what the Monsieur Victor and his brethren call ros bif. But, presently, it will be Beef à la mode; then it will be dexterously turned to Beef sauce tomate; part of it will be reserved for the companionship of mushrooms; and, at last, its scattered remnants will turn up in a general fricassee, and its bones will be broiled for the universally popular bouillon. Had that same joint of ros bif fallen into the hands of an English cook, half of it would have been wasted; two-thirds of the fat would have found their way to the grease-pot, and the bones would have been cast into the dusthole.

Give M. Victor a few vegetables, any meat—he is indifferent what it is—a saucepan, and a little charcoal fire, and he will produce for you a most satisfactory and a most wholesome little dinner. The materials which, in England would produce only the most unpalatable food, become, in his dexterous hands, the foundations of little dishes of the most various descriptions. Yet M. Victor is not expensive. He laughs at all he hears of English cookery, and wonders how masters can support its extravagance. And M. Victor is right. Our cooks should take an easy drive hither; and, watching these kitchens in the open air, derive much benefit therefrom. And, especially to the English working man, would this experience be useful. His wife, on a moderate calculation, throws away one-third of her family's food. She has no culinary resources. It never enters her head to turn every scrap of food, every bone that comes within her reach, every scrap of bread, to palatable account. And thus the teaching of common things which has been lately talked of, should include, as a most important branch of popular education, the economy of the kitchen. To teach the young idea how to cook is to do a great social good, undoubtedly. There are more showy accomplishments; fair fingers may be seen to better advantage than when partially buried in a light crust—but the light crust has something to do with the light heart, and the kitchen strongly influences the happiness of the parlour.

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THE SECRETS OF THE GAS.

THE Gas has its secrets, and I happen to know them. The gas has a voice, and I can hear it—a voice beyond the rushing whistle in the pipe, and the dull buzzing flare in the burner. It speaks, actively, to men and women of what is, and of what is done and suffered by night and by day; and though it often crieth like Wisdom in the streets and no man regardeth it, there are, and shall be some to listen to its experiences, hearken to its counsels, and profit by its lessons.

I know the secrets of the gas, but not all of them. Some secrets it has, which are hidden by land, and stream, and sea—by accident, position, and authority—even from my sight, but not from my ken. The gas has its secrets in palaces, on whose trebly piled carpets my plebeian feet can never tread. It may be burning now, to the heavy blow and great discouragement of bearded and sheepskinned purveyers of tallow and lamp oil—burning in a Ural gilt candelabrum, chastely decorated with double eagles, in the den—the private cabinet, I mean—of some grim bear or autocrat, who lies not amidst bones and blood, far away with the weeds and shells at the bottom of the Inner Sea, but lies amidst protocols and diplomatic notes—unlighted fusees to the shells of destruction. That gas may be shining on minims and breves of Te Deums, fresh scored and annotated in appropriate red ink—to be sung by all orthodox believers, when the heretical fleets of the West shall have followed the Moslem three-deckers to their grave in Sinope Bay. That gas may be flickering now—who knows?—in the lambent eyes of some tyrant as he peers greedily over the map of Europe, and settles in his own mind where in England this Off shall eat his first candle, or where in France that Owsky shall apply the knout. Permeating in pipes beneath the well-drilled feet of thousands of orthodox serfs, this same gas may be glimmering in the lamps of the *Nevskoi Prospekt*, and twinkling in the bureau of the Director of Secret Police as he prepares pass-tickets for Siberia, or cancels them for bribes of greasy rouble notes; it may be glowering at the Moscow railway station, as thousands of human hundred-weight of great-coated food for powder, leave by late or early trains for the frontier; it may be illumining the scared and haggard face of the incendiary when, on the map he is scanning, the names of the countries he lusts to seize, turn to letters of blood and dust, and tell him, (as the handwriting told Belshazzar) that the Medes and Persians are at his gate, and that his kingdom is given to another. I say, this gas, with the glowing charcoal in the stove and the ceremonial wax candles on the malachite mantelpiece, may be the only spectator of the rage in his eyes, and the despair in his heart, and the madness in his brain. Though, perhaps, he burns no gas in his private cabinet after all, and adheres to the same orthodox tallow fat and train oil, by the light of which Peter plied his adze, Catharine plundered Poland, Paul was strangled, and Alexander was poisoned.

The gas may have its secrets unknown to me (now that English engineering has been favoured with the high privilege of illumining the Eternal City), in the strong casemates of the Castle of St. Angelo. Yes, may derive deeper shadows from it; and it may light up tawny parchments with heavy seals, which attest that the Holy Office is yet a little more than a name. There is gas in Venice; every tourist has had his passport examined by its light; and who shall say that the gas has not its secrets in the Palace of the Doges; that it burns not in gloomy corridor, and on stone winding staircase, lighting some imperial gaoler in his tour of inspection; or that by its unpitying light some wretched prisoner who has dared to violate the imperio-regal Lombardo-Venetian edicts by thinking, or speaking, or writing, in the manner of one who walks on two legs instead of four, is not brought forth to have some state secret (which he knows nothing of) extorted from him by the imperial and royal stick. Royal Neapolitan generosity may yet permit some streaks of prison gas to penetrate into the Sicilian dens where gentlemen are chained to felons, to show them the brightness of their fetters, and the filthiness of the floor, and the shadow of the sentry's bayonet through the heavy bars outside. Mighty secrets, dread secrets, dead secrets, may the gas have, abroad and at home.

Strange stories could the dark-lantern of old have told—the lantern by the light of which Fawkes laid his train, and D'Enghien was led into the ditch of Vincennes to be shot, and Pichegru was murdered, and Fletcher Christian whispered with John Adams; but the light of the lantern pales before the mystery of the gas. The gas saw the blood that was brought from the shambles and smeared over the pavement of the Paris Boulevards—the blood on which, next day, the dynasty of Orleans stumbled and came headlong down to ruin and death. The gas shone broadly, brightly, in hall and corridor and antechamber of the Elysée on the eve of the second of December. It penetrated into an inner chamber where one silent man sat, his feet on the fender, smoking a cigar, who to fears and questions, and remonstrances, and doubts, and counsels, had but this one answer, "*Qu'on exécute mes ordres!*" The same gas saw those orders obeyed as the stealthy hackney coaches went about with the stealthier Commissaries of Police, to kidnap the representatives and generals. I remember passing the palace of the Elysées on the night of the third of December, and seeing the courtyard and windows of this palace of successful power one blaze of gas—blazing on the green liveries of the lacqueys, and the uniforms of the aides-de-camp, and the hands and faces of the soldiers hardly yet cleansed from blood and gunpowder. What secrets that gas of the Rue St. Honoré—the same starting from the pert little cupids quivering in the bonnet-shop opposite—must have been a trusty listener to, within those three December nights!

If any man doubt the secrets of the gas, not only abroad but at home: not only suppositious and probable, but actual: let him remember that recent miserable inquiry into the cruelties and tyrannies of some of our vaunted, philanthropy-purified, English gaols. Let him remember among the list of wretches tied to walls, and strapped to railings, and whipped, and half throttled with collars, let him remember those who—as the official memorandum ran—were to be "deprived of their bed and gas." Bless you, the gas heard all these things while the good Birmingham people (may there never be worse people in England!) slept soundly. The gas knew how many turns of the crank prisoner No. fifty was short; of how many meals fifty-one had been mulcted; how many lashes epileptic fifty-two was to receive; how often fifty-four was to be deprived of his bed and gas.

As I walk about the streets by night, endless and always suggestive intercommunings take place between me and the trusty, silent, ever watchful gas whose secrets I know. In broad long streets where the vista of lamps stretches far far away into almost endless perspective; in courts and alleys, dark by day but lighted up at night by this incorruptible tell-tale; on the bridges; in the deserted parks; on wharfs and quays; in dreary suburban roads; in the halls of public buildings; in the windows of late-hour-keeping houses and offices, there is my gas—bright, silent, and secret. Gas to teach me; gas to counsel me; gas to guide my footsteps, not over London flags, but through the crooked ways of unseen life and death, of the doings of the great Unknown, of the cries of the great Unheard. He who will bend himself to listen to, and avail himself of, the secrets of the gas, may walk through London streets proud in the consciousness of being an Inspector—in the great police force of philosophy—and of carrying a perpetual bull's-eye in his belt. Like his municipal brother he may perambulate the one-half world, while

> "Nature seems dark, and wicked dreams abuse
> The curtain'd sleep."

Not a bolt or bar, not a lock or fastening, not a houseless night-wanderer, not a homeless dog, shall escape that searching ray of light which the gas shall lend him, to see and to know.

The gas on the river. Has it no secrets to tell there? On bridge after bridge, the long rows of lamps mirror themselves in the dark, still pool of the silent highway. and penetrate like arrows into the bosom secrets of the Thames. The gas knows of the ancient logs of timber. It—and Wisdom—only know how many centuries old, strong and seasoned in their grey rottenness, the logs which the bargemen and lightermen of Erith and Greenhithe bring home for fuel, or for garden fences, and which, for ought we know, may have been in dead ages remnants of Danish ships, of Roman galleys, of the primitive skiffs of the old Britons, may be. Down beneath, where the glittering arrow of the gas points, there may be shields, and arrows, and collars of barbaric gold. There, may be the drinking-cup of Vortigern, the crown of Canute, the golden bracelets that Alfred hung up on the highways, the rings of Roman knights, and the swords of the Consuls, the amulets of the Druids, and the jewels of the Saxon kings. The gas knows of shoals which the cunningest harbour-masters, the best conservators of the river, and the mightiest hydrographers, cannot point out. The gas knows the weak points of the tunnel; and where the waters broke in years ago, and where they may break in again. Down where the gas points, may be the bones of men and women drowned before our great grandsires were born. There, may be Henry the Fourth, flung coffin and all from the boat in which his remains were being conveyed for sepulture. There, may be sailors slain in sudden broils on board ship, and flung into the river. There, may be bodies of men murdered by river pirates, plundered by longshore-men and light-

house-men, and thrown from boats with heavy weights tied to them, into the pit where the water and the gas tell no tales. There, may be mangled corpses brought by assassins on horseback, as Cæsar Borgia brought his brother, the Duke of Gandia, to the Tiber, and thrown into the dull plashing stream, with stones in their cloaks to make them sink. There, may be dead men, drowned in stepping from one ship to another, or who have slipped off planks, drunk, or fallen from mast-heads, or who have leaped into the river to escape pressgangs or robbers, or river policemen. There, may be "run" cargoes of contraband goods, tobacco, fiery spirits, rich silk or delicate lace ; there, may be bales of goods plundered by fresh-water thieves from foreign ships, and sunk by bullets and iron weights until the time shall serve for fishing them up again. There, may be the suicide of yesterday ; the wayward boy, once the pride and hope of the family ; the girl once loved and prized ; the ruined spendthrift ; the hopeless bankrupt ; the desperate man, driven by an intolerable misery and utter hunger and nakedness, to cast himself into these jaws of death as into a bed of slumber and soft repose. O you gas upon the bridges! how many times have the garments of forlorn women gleamed in your unpitying light, as they flung themselves from the high parapet into the abyss beneath. Oh you gas! how many sighs and prayers and words of despairing farewell! There was a shriek, a plunge, a plash, the vertical reflection of the gas was for a moment broken into zigzag sparkles by a body combating with the remorseless river. Then, the waters of death went over the head of mortality, and all was still and all was over. Oh gas! Where are they now ? The hope of the family, the focus of tender love, and anxious care, and fond aspirations. The advertisements which entreat them to return are yet in the Times ; the bills which describe their appearance are yet on the walls ; the watchers at home are waiting ; the river men are out with drags ; but the water holds them fast, and the gas shines secretly above them, and they shall no more appear in the comeliness of life and love. If we ever hear of these, oh gas, it will be, at best, at the grim dead house by the waterside, and their only epitaph will be the awful placard on the wall of the Police Station, "Dead body found."

Fast does the gas keep the secrets of the river. They cannot escape. The janitor gas-lamps guard either side. They watch over long lines of docks, and see that no light, save their own, appear about gaunt-masted ships, and strong bricken warehouses where the old wines ooze into toping casks, and muddle them with vinous fumes ; where the sawdust is purpled with emptied glasses ; where the spiral threads which the coopers' gimlet has made, dance ; where the great wreaths of cobwebs, hang lazily from the roof as if quite gone in liquor and overcome with the tasting orders of years ; where floors A and B, and cellarages C and D, are pungent with pepper and tobacco and guano, and fragrant with coffee and spices, and sickly with oranges and grapes, and sticky with figs and muscovado and molasses, and herboraceous with crisp teas and chicory and pemmican, and ammoniacally nauseous with horns and hoofs and untanned skins, and oleaginous with tallow and palm oil, and hive-smelling with bees'-wax, and drowsy and vapid with huge chests of opium, packed by Turkish rayahs or Hindoo ryots, and in its black flabby cakes concentrating Heaven knows how much madness, and misery, and death, strangely mingled with soothing relief from pain and with sparkling gaiety. The gas hems in the stealthy dockyard watchmen going his rounds, the beetle-browed convict in the dismantled grated-ported hulks, the swift galleys of the Thames Police, the moaning sufferers in the Dreadnought hospital-ship ; the gas throws into skeleton relief the ribs and timbers of half-ribbed ships, the stripped and spectral hulks of condemned and broken-up vessels rotting in the mud. The gas twinkles on the trellised panes of the Gothic windows of the great Parliament Houses, and listens slily to the late debates. The gas feebly illumines the blackened coal barges and lighters, full of bricks and huge paving-stones. It shines at the end of the landing stages, and at the feet of the slimy river stairs, upon moored wherries and river steamboats so bustling and busy by day, so hushed and quiet by night. The gas shines on the time-worn bastions of the Tower ; the gas knows the secrets of the honeycomed old cannon better than their tompions ; the gas knows the password and the countersign ; the gas is aware of the slow-pacing sentinel ; the gas mirrors itself in the darkling stream which gurgles about the heavy timber barricades, with which the better feeling of the age has blocked up the Traitor's gate. The gas is too young to relate to you the secrets of the Tower in days gone by. It lighted not Elizabeth climing the slimy stairs, and sitting down, defiant of her gaolers, at the top ; it has no knowledge of Jane Grey creeping to her doom ; it has not seen the furtive wherries with the warders and halberdiers in the stern, and the prisoners in the midst, rowing towards the gate of death. It has not seen the courtly mien of Surrey ; the gallant grey hairs, the toil and travel and trouble furrowed, but yet handsome face of Raleigh ; the fierce white locks of the Countess of Pembroke ; the sneers and sarcasms and wicked wrinkles of Simon Lord Lovat ; the blue eyes and gentle smile of Derwentwater ; the stern heroism of Charles Radcliffe ; the crazy fanaticism of George Gordon ; the Spa-fields and Cato Street enthusiasm of the poor feeble traitor

Thistlewood. The Tower gas knows not where the posts of the scaffold stood, or how many stones have been bedewed with blood. It cannot point out the spot where the ghost of Ann Bullen was said to walk. It lighted not to their work, Dighton and Forrest creeping to murder the princes. It shone not on the brazen countenance of the King-honored Blood, as, arrayed in sham canonicals, he compassed the plunder of the crown. The gas knows not where Jane saw the headless body of her husband, or how much good and gentle, and pious, as well as guilty and ambitious, dust, moulders beneath the chancel flags of the little church of Saint Peter ad Vincula. Yet has the Tower gas seen the hideous range of brick armouries built by the third William, with their tens of thousands of swords and bayonets and muniments of war, blazing up into one grand conflagration, and driving it, potent gas as it is, into obscurity for a time. It has seen the slow but absorbing footstep of the blessed by-gone years of peace dismantle ramparts and brick up portcullises, and rust the mouths of the howling dogs of war and fill up the mouth. Its mission is more peaceful now. It glistens on the gold and crimson of the warders as the ceremony of delivering the Queen's keys is nightly performed. It winks at the spruce young Guardsmen officers as they dash up to the gates in Hansom cabs just before shutting-up time, or saunter jauntily to mess. It lights up the clean pots and glasses in the stone kitchen, and glows upon the rubicund countenances of thirsty grenadiers. It has an eye—a silent, watchful eye—upon a certain strong room where there is a great cage, and in that cage scintillating the precious stones of the Imperial Crown of England, the gold and silver and jewels of the sceptre, the orb, the ampulla, the great salt-cellar and all the stately regalia. The gas is a guardian of all these, and defies the Colonel Bloods of 'fifty-four. (Oh degenerate 'fifty-four, where are the good old Bloods, and where the good old monarchs who were so fond of them!) An impartial gas, it shines as brightly on the grenadier's quart pot as on the queenly crown. A convivial gas, it blazes cheerfully in the mess room of the Beauchamp Tower. A secretive gas, it knows that beneath the curtains and flags of that same mess room there are dark words and inscriptions cut into the aged wall—the records of agony and hopeless captivity, anagrams of pain, emblems of sorrow and hopes fled and youth and joy departed.

So, from where the town begins to where it ends; from the twinkling lights of Putney and Kew, to the marshy flats below Deptford; the gas shines through the still night, and is the repository of secrets known to few, but which all who choose to make the gas their friend, may read to the softening of their hearts, perhaps, even as they run.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

We were going ten and a half, the lee topsail braces and top-gallant bowlines checked, three reefs out; the ship lying down to the land-breeze, but the water smooth as a mill-pond. It was a fine-weather evening; the sun gone to bed, the moon rising. We were not far from Cape St. Nicholas Mole, and standing northward along the west shore of St. Domingo. Navassa lay far to leeward, and Cape Tiburon —which is Cape Shark—was long out of sight astern.

Ahead sailed the Sybille frigate, flag-ship of Sir Home Popham, commander-in-chief on the West India Station, and our design was to pay a visit of ceremony to his sable majesty King Christophe, whose dominion constituted the northern portion of the island.

By carrying much sail, our little sloop-of-war kept up with the frigate, and we entered the roastead of Cape Henry at the time predicted. Those of us who desired it, were allowed next day to join the officers of the Sybille, and at seven a.m. we were all present at a grand parade of the garrison, which numbered three or four thousand men.

But who was Christophe? One of the most extraordinary people of his time. He had a black court, and maintained an orthodox Red Book, with a "peerage," and a ministry of able men with French titles, such as the Duc de Marmalade, and the Comte de Limonade. But these ministers were saved much trouble in administration of affairs by his Majesty's own wonderful capacity for business. Politic, astute, he was governing Haïti with more wit than was displayed by many an European monarch. He drew the string rather too tightly, as after events showed. But his reign followed that of the bloody Dessalines, one of whose generals he had been.

I found all the world speaking French in his dominions; for as all the world that has heard of Toussaint l'Overture knows, the negro kingdom has been based on a French colony. Buildings, fountains, fish-ponds, parks, bridges, all were French. The royal palace was the Tuilleries in miniature. It had its *gardes de corps*, its sentries *en grand tenue*, its parade ground, levelled and in the trimmest order. The town, however, seemed to be made up of the remains of former grandeur—a place of melancholy squares and grass-grown streets, now half in ruin. In the old times St. Domingo was tropical France, and Cape Henry—then Cape François—little Paris, having for rival only Fort Royal of Martinique. I speak here of the northern portion of the island; for the south-eastern is Spanish—that is to say, Spanish-negro.

The southern parts of the island, broken into rocks of fantastic shape, covered with foliage and luxuriant verdure, and gladed down to the bright sea in park-like beauty, present a matchless picture to the eye. Were it not for the heat of climate, fatal often to the new-comer from Europe, and the living things of tropical danger that haunt its waters and its earth, St. Domingo would be an Eden. I have still remembrance of Aux Cayes and Isle de Vache on the south-western shore, and a day's ramble there. The weather was not oppressively hot, for it was early March; but as I walked along the shore—sprinkled, as it was with "sunbeam shells"—the water looked so clear and inviting, that I determined on a plunge. I got into one of the deserted boats, and pushed off into the calm and tideless sea. There could be no danger in bathing so close in, and I was getting ready for a spring overboard in five feet of water, when a shark swam, fin up, between the boat's nose and the beach, close under me. "Thank you," thought I, "for showing yourself. I think I will not bathe to-day, my friend."

I landed again, and rejoined our party just in time to witness a strange hubbub. They were hauling in the seine, a great commotion was inside—fish jumping in every direction, and the water was lashed into foam by some great fellow. An alligator was entanged in the net. We happened to be near the mouth of a small stream which these creatures frequented. The net was landed, and the beast dispatched by the third lieutenant, who struck it on the head with the back of a hatchet, fracturing its skull. It proved to be a young one, of about nine feet long, and was afterwards taken on board as a curiosity. We were then new to the West Indies, or we certainly should not have taken it on board. The smell of musk emitted by the carcase was so strong,that the abomination soon was slipped into the water. After such experiences, we learned to think of English parks and hills, and little English trout-streams with respect; they no longer seemed tame to us in contrast with the richer beauties of the tropics.

I shall be spinning my yarn into a tangle if I do not mind. With leave I will go back to seven a.m., and be witnessing a grand parade of the garrison of Cape Henry. The Prince Royal commanded. He was a stout young negro in general's uniform, a crimson coat with gold embroidery, white leathers, and military boots; all from top to toe—boots, face and lace—shining in the bright morning sun. It was a dismounted parade; for there were three regiments of cavalry on the ground (the Life Guards, probably) and half-a-dozen of infantry of the line, besides part of the foot household brigade. There was scarcely so much glitter as there might have been. The arms, not browned, were yet rusty—perhaps from the night dew—and the cavalry appointments were somewhat dim; in fact, there was suggested to our minds a great scarcity in the island of Bath-brick, rotten-stone and heel-ball. The dragoons were most ferocious-looking fellows. "Dismal the rattle of their harness grew," as they marched past at quick time. They wore the brass helmet of the French heavy horse, with its red hair hanging down behind, and finished with a tuft in front; high boots, green coats, and crimson breeches, with black belts. They had muskets instead of carbines, huge spurs, and the long straight cavalry sword hooked up for marching. Altogether they looked very unclean and rusty; but fierce, dangerous, and service-like, every man black as a cloud full of thunder. An English officer of Highlanders near me, whom we had brought up from Port-au-Prince, affirmed that the wheelings were precise and well executed, the trumpet-calls exact, each point of war beaten on the drums, and the whole thing admirably done.

The troops seemed indeed to live under strict martial law, and went through a parade in mortal terror. Their adjutant and instructor was a Prussian disciplinarian of unbending severity.

The parade over, and still before breakfast, we were summoned to be presented to their Majesties. The transition from the noise of war without, to the repose of grandeur within, was very noticeable. No man could have gone better through the whole ceremony of the presence chamber than Sir Home. He was a dignified as well as intelligent officer; who, while he sacrificed nothing of position or rank, yet conducted every circumstance of his visit in such a manner as could not fail to gratify the king, whose guest he was. He may have had some little difficulty in keeping so many sailors, most of them very young men, in hand; but altogether, he had no great reason to complain of us—and he did not complain.

The Queen and the Princesses Améthyste and Athénaïde stood in rank as at a St. James's drawing-room, having *damesd'atours* and maids of honor in attendance, pages, and lords in waiting. For the satisfaction of my fair readers, I have great pleasure in stating that clear muslin over purple silk or satin was the general wear. All were in grand costume, and the men covered with embroidery. The marvellous things that had been done by the Court friseur that morning with the negro hair made it impossible for us to confine ourselves to silent wonder at the wigs we saw. Christophe alone was plainly dressed—that is, by comparison. There was a quiet display of regal circumstance about his Majesty that was a little striking. He seemed to have taken Napeoleon for his model in attire, as in many other things; wearing the dark green chasseur coat, white kerseymere knee-breeches, and purple morocco boots to meet them. He had the silver cross of St. Henry, his own order, on his breast; no other ornament; and he was carrying a three-cornered hat under his arm.

Thus, then, the royal family of Haïti, held a reception; officiating at it with a French grace, surrounded by a court brilliant in costume, and equal in dignity and resplendency of paraphernalia to the whitest of imperial circles. Having backed myself out, and again edged myself in amongst those who had the *entrée*, I became the observed of a maid of honor. But I had eyes only for Christophe, and at him I was gazing with a stare more sailor-like than courtly. Mademoiselle de Limonade, the brown and lovely maid of honor, took upon herself to school me.

"*Eh bien, monsieur, comment le trouvez vous?*" which would say—"I hope you will know him again!"

"How do I find him?" I replied, talking my English idioms into French words, "For all the world like Napoleon."

"For all the world!" said Mademoiselle, with some dignity. "But, Sir, the King is for himself, and for no one else."

"Pardon," I replied; "is he not for his people?"

"Oh yes, certainly yes," exclaimed my fair friend, much delighted, and smiling as she made a graceful half-curtsey, which has never been made better in England.

"And I had seen the great Napoleon, then! How? when? where?" she wished to know.

"It was on board the Bellerophon, at Plymouth."

"And what was he like?—how was he dressed?"

"For all the world," I replied, "like his Majesty—except the boots; because, when I saw him, it was after dinner."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Lady Katharine, laughing—but that surely was not a courtly word—"But you have no mosquitoes then at Plymouth!"

The lady left me to tell the Queen, as I supposed, that I was the man there present who had seen Napoleon. From her Majesty, she passed to Christophe, and interrupting a conversation with Sir Home, made to him some laughing communication—*àpropos* to his boots, no doubt—and told her story perhaps with embellishments, as a glance at myself and a smile from the King implied.

Breakfast was prepared for us in a spacious room, and eaten from the most superb English china. There were two tables, a separate one—round which was the royal family assembled—being placed apart from the long set-out, where the black peers mingled with their white acquaintances. At the first table sat the admiral at the king's right hand, with one or two highly-favored lords, and as many ladies in waiting; amongst whom figured the damsel who had favored me with her attention. The entertainment was—except the Coalbrook Dale breakfast service—in all respects French. Light wines were there in profusion, claret of the best, preserved fruits, and more substantial though at the same time more mysterious products of Parisian cookery. Of course, too, there was delicious coffee.

I sat down between two dukes, whose titles I failed to catch; though one sounded like De Bossu, and over him I upset a bowl of brandy-fruit, in turning quickly to the elbow-touch of a servant. Great was the discomfiture of my noble friend, who struggled in vain to remove the syrup with his doyley, from velvet cuff and gold embroidery, and continually muttered, in terms fortunately unintelligible to me, what I have no doubt were maledictions on the awkwardness of all seafaring people. The King soon after this rose from the table, and all followed his example, when my thickset neighbor De Bossu had to sustain the stifled laughter and condolence of his peers—and a great deal more pity from the peeresses who gathered around. I was quietly informed that my friend was a very peppery man; and, finding all my own endeavors after peace to be quite vain, I departed, leaving him among the ladies.

We are apt to laugh at some of the St. Domingo titles. Let me observe that the Comte de Limonade was minister for Foreign Affairs, and wrote state papers that would have done credit to a Metternich. These dukedoms and countships were derived from extensive districts, containing fine estates of the same name, and as large as some German principalities. We did not laugh at Prince Puckler Muskau when he stepped from his carriage at Mivart's, covered with orders, rings, and gold chains. Why laugh at Limonade, who is not more given to such puerilities?

Dessalines—prince of cut-throats—having swept the country of every French soul; Haïti lay then at the disposal of Christophe. He did what white men, in like circumstances have done; gave to his nobles, lands—and let the commonalty occupy where they might. He did also what white people have not always done, instituted colleges, and established Lancasterian schools over his kingdom.

It was arranged that we were to go to Sans Souci the next morning—there were several royal chateaus, and one called "*Délices de la Reine*"—but the *Sans Souci* was the gem, and at Sans Souci it was proposed that we should spend a day. Nine or ten carriages accordingly waited for us at the appointed hour, each with its noble owner in attendance; and, into a handsome chariot drawn by six horses, I stepped with a brother officer.

The vehicle was the production of Long Acre, and the silver-mounted harness seemed of modern date. In other respects the set-out was old French;—the postillions wore long coats of pink and green, with cocked hats and tails, and jack boots. They carried enormous whips; which, however, the brisk looking bays were not likely to need. The men bowed to each other, smiled, spoke Jasmin and La Fleur, caressed their horses, and mounted

with a "*ça, ça!* and a *holà!*" So away we went.

I need not describe our visit to Sans Souci, the Haïtian Balmoral. We were told of a strong fortress among the mountains filling the horizon in which the courtiers fabled that there was a royal treasure to the amount of sixty millions of pounds value, no more and no less. We wandered with black maids of honor over lawns smiling with the richest and softest beauty. We dined luxuriously from tables covered with the finest damask, and set out with a profusion of rich plate. We were served by footmen in the royal livery of blue and black, with thin shoes and silk stockings. When the cloth had been removed, though thirty years had passed since then, I still remember the grizzled head of Christophe as he rose to speak; and, being overcome with some thought, passed his hand before his forehead, and sat down while the breeze was sighing audibly in the thick foliage outside an adjoining open window.

We left Haïti after the stay of a day or two, and were, I believe, at Jamaica, when a vessel from Monte Christi, a port on the northern shore of St. Domingo, brought important news. This was two months after our visit to the Black Prince. My captain, crossing over to the side of the deck where I was, and holding a letter in his hand, told me of Haïti being in revolt, the government upset, the King dethroned. Christophe had been seized with illness;—poison was hinted at. His English doctor prescribed for him in vain; and, while he lay thus prostrate, a revolution broke out. It begun with the mutiny of one regiment, the ringleaders of which were immediately shot. The flame, however, spread. The Englishman was offered untold riches, could he but enable the King to sit his horse for one hour, half an hour, ten minutes:—in vain. Christophe was able only to think, to plan, and to give orders from his couch, that never were obeyed. Partial risings took place amongst those who had considered themselves hardly dealt with. Pillage began; massacre followed. The royal guards poured out of their barracks into the great square before the palace—Christophe's proposed ten minutes might have bound them to him; but they joined the movement. Obnoxious officers were sacrificed upon the spot, the Prussian adjutant being the first to die. The Prince Royal was forced into the ranks; his uniform having been first torn from his back, but he himself was only maltreated; for being popular, they did not kill him. Christophe, lifted into his carriage from a back door, fled at a gallop for his mountain fastness. The garrison of that still remained faithful.

The Queen and the Princesses escaped on board a merchantman which carried them to England. Amongst the domestics of the palace, there were, as ever, some devoted people who perilled gladly their own lives to save their master and his family. The mountain hold proved to be no shelter for the king against a host. The country rose, the troops followed the flying monarch, and he was soon surrounded in the den to which he had escaped, by a mixed multitude. Christophe saw then that his hour was come; mercy was not to be expected from a rugged populace and a revolted Prætorian band. He was summoned to surrender, and replied by discharging a pistol into his own heart. So he died. The mob sacked his treasure tower, and if they carried away property worth sixty millions of pounds somebody's nest must have been very warmly feathered.

As a man and a king Christophe may have deserved his fate; but as a giver of good dinners, whose politeness and whose champagne I had appreciated, he is remembered by me to this day, as a man whom it was surely barbarous to crush.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!"

This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensive eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiting his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and also whenever his education did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the sea-coast, in one of the prettiest parts of England.

Independently of the natural kindness which very rarely fails to be shown towards any person who is blind, there was that

about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources, and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly shadowed by, the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever.

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidingly, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save her foreboding heart and the anxious son who incessantly hung over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh surely a little better than when they had last beheld her?

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up there was no change in the frank and confiding nature of their intercourse. Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or stationed herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporised at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid: her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her in all her spring-time of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I!—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defence; whose helplessness alone, in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pitied—our bright Mary pitied—as a Blind Man's Wife, mother!"

"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered Yes,—would I accept her on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, I have not studied you in vain, your life has been one long self sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust Him for the future!"

Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's failing spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expressions of ineffable love, and faith and consolation, which her son

found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yea, in that hour her recompense had begun; in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience and endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amid the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

Hush!" said Edward, recognising the step, "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!'

The colour and the smile alike passed from Mary's face when she glided into the room, "Oh Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill.

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream: but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful laboured respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For *her* sake be calm—for my sake, too!" Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my consoler! Edward, nearer, nearer! Child of so many hopes and prayers—all answered now!" And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles' distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and render it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, appealed to his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, fearing she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gaily:

"Let me alone, Edward! It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen readings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this cannot always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have trespassed on your father's hospitality, indulgence, and forbearance too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manful thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged everything: Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together.

You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully, "near you, I am no longer blind!"

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"

"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title —say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be for ever lost to me!"

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the Duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But *I*, at least know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for—for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, *must* be beautiful, as the index of your soul; I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am. You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much!"

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer;—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughingly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like her flowers?" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go."

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing room at Woodlands was deserted;

the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart,—how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footstep! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplate this for your miserable son!—How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while, before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward who lent his help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with himself: when gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you."—

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not throw yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.

"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated picture; some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which acccompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then: rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those Angels among whom, in Heaven, he shall see her—SEE her, at last, no longer blind!

PROSERPINA IN THE SHADES.

THROUGH the dull hours (that see not any change
Of light and dark, of sun and moon and stars),
I dwell in this wide land of woeful shapes,
Thinking of Enna and the distant day.
My heart is ever homelessly wandering
In the upper fields. My eyes are blind with tears.
The endless twilight, and perpetual growth
Of leaves in this hot subterranean world,
Confuse my sense of time; so that, alas!
I know not how the years increase and wane,
I know not when the Spring's invisible kiss
Fills dusky nooks with flaming crocus-buds,
And startles the brown woodlands into green:
I know not when the Summer covers up
With crowding leaves and flowers of coloured light
Young Flora, and, as from a censer, flings
Large incense to the odour-loving Gods:
I know not when the Autumn walks abroad,
Golden beneath the blue and breathless sky,
And to my mother Ceres brings sleek fruits,
Honey, and wine, and wealth of bearded corn:
Nor know I when the Winter, noiselessly,
Comes down like sleep on the exhausted earth.
Ever, for ever, stares my life at me,
Like a stone face upon a monument,
Looking with passionless eyes into the air
Age after age.—O, young and delicate blooms
Quickening within the vital ground o'erhead!
The glad light calls from far, and you ascend
Out of your dark pre-natal prison-house.
O buds, and leaves, and flowers! you pass bright lives
Beneath the round and sun-eyed firmament;
And when death comes, your tender breaths exhale
Calmly as sleep from off an infant's brow
In the clear morning. But, for Me, no sun
Will ever rise—no death will ever fall.

Instead of you, O plains of Sicily,
And dark green valley-depths, and mountains zoned
With pine woods, singing in the musical wind!
Instead of you, I must for aye reside
In this sad garden, under shades of death
Half-kindled by those far Etnean fires
Where singéd Vulcan and his fellows beat
The sullen iron into shape, and dash
All round a wrathful and tumultuous dawn.
Silence and dreamy rest are on this place;
The black trees gloom; the clotted foliage creeps
From trunk to trunk across the moveless air;
The slumber-bearing weeds, large-leaved and lax,
Drag with the fulness of their unctuous juice,
Unpluck'd; and flowers of poisonous sweetness drowse,
Heavy and golden-ripe, on branch and spray.
But what avails it unto me?—Vain! vain!
Hemlock, and hellebore, and poppy—all
You syrup-balms of mortal woe; and you,
Swart-berries, in whose purple pulp is found
The sleep that has no waking; you are void
Of power to lull My watchful grief, for I
Am all undying as a naked soul.

I am a Queen, and yet I cannot die.
I languish on a fierce and golden seat,
And waste towards the stars, and yet remain.

My spirit is an upward-straining fire,
Divorced for ever from its home, the sun:
For ever idly striving to climb back.

I am a wife, yet wherefore am I so?
My eyes are widow'd of the lightsome sky,
My ears are orphan'd of familiar sounds.

O mother Ceres! Like a desert sea,
Whose dull grey lips upon the skyey wall
Are press'd continually, my life rolls out
Towards the aye-receding shore. But see,
I will hope on. Patience is strong as Fate,
And weighs with rich and equal scale against
The heaviest destiny. It is a moon
That wanes not, neither sets, but keeps full orb'd;
An earnest of all immaturéd good;
A white Aurora to the coming day,
Smoothing dark clouds with brightness, the heart's rest;
A central peace in tempest and loud war;
A soul of sweetness in a mass of gall.
All things have need of patience. The dull earth,
Made rough and ragged by the wintry cold,
Is patient, and looks forward to the time
When Spring's hot blood shall beat within her veins,
And flush her cheek with beauty. Higher still,
The Ages are most patient, and hold firm
Through the long mystery of pain and sin,
With faces ever looking tow'rds the end,
And voices that inweave a low, sweet song,
Typing the hidden consummation cored
Within the great To-come. What else, sad heart,
Has the the expecting mother whose dear lord
Is dead and earth'd—what else but patient hope
To see the dawning of that glad new life
Which shall re-link her to the lost beloved?
Therefore will I be patient, and will hope
Even though the centuries should mock my hope;
For Jove is strong, and circles round the world.

Behold! even now more happy thoughts have come!
I see a land of loveliness and joy
Lying beyond the stream of present time;
And, though I lack a bridge to pass thereto,
I will sit humbly on the bank, and wait,
Till Heaven shall send some radiant messenger
To lead me forth, over the perilous bourne.
—But what if he should never come? Oh, then
Patience will make its own delightful realm,
Wherefrom the gloom and sadness of this place
Will lighten, like old Chaos in the beams
Of newly-risen Jove. Thus, at the last,
All darkness, and all mortal clouds of pain,
Shall burn into a bright ethereal gold;
For the World's Soul is working secretly,
And will not cease until, within the abyss,
The crystal orb of being, sphere in sphere,
Hangs round and smooth, and perfect, and all-sunn'd
In the universal morning. I repose
My head upon the pillow of that thought.
So will I comfort me, and stand erect
Under my grief; since in the harshest sounds
I hear the music of the faultless Law!

THE TURK AT HOME.

THE Turk, as he is presented to the popular mind, is a gentleman with a ferocious beard; wearing a curved sword: having more wives than he can count: smoking all day long; and disdaining the convenience of a chair. Blue Beard is supposed to have been a Turk; and, in fact, all the horrrible monsters of our children's story-books are represented to be

Turks. To call a man "a pretty Turk" in England, is not to pay him a compliment. Even in Turkey no man likes to be called a Turk; he is an Ottoman; a Turk in his eyes is a barbarian.

The Turk or Ottoman of the present day, is a being who differs very widely from the savage gentleman of popular fiction. He is brought up to respect the laws as he respects his religion, and to consider them a part of it; he usually confines himself to one wife; and, when he returns home in an angry mood he does not tie his lady up in a sack and throw her into the Bosphorus. He is not often in the habit of stabbing people in the dark; he is not always hard-hearted and cruel; he can be honest in his dealings, and is far from being outrageously impure in his morals—that is, in the morals which are held up to him as proper. The law protects his wife against cruelty or neglect; and his chance of rising in the world depends very much upon his own exertions. He is not elbowed off the public scene by hereditary legislators; he may be born of a slave mother, and yet live to be the great chamberlain of the palace. Every office is open, in Turkey, to every man.

Montesquieu's description of Turkey and its inhabitants is no longer applicable. When he wrote, it was true that property was not respected; that civil law was not known; that slavery had degraded the people; and polygamy had destroyed the purity of social life. But things have changed within the last fifty years, under the rule of the present Sultan and his predecessor. The Koran has been interpreted anew, to serve the great cause of human advancement. Its direction to believers to bring light even from China, has been used to sanctify the introduction of the arts of Western Europe; and, to make the introduction of modern military science popular, Mahommedans were reminded that the arms even of the enemy might be used to crush him. Provinces that were ravished by incessant civil wars; that were by turns a prey to the rapacity of the predominant pacha within, or to the lust and brutality of armed bandits from without, have been brought within the influence of Constantinople. Officials, who exacted presents and sold justice, have been subjected to the utmost rigour of the law. The slave market has been suppressed, and slaves have been surrounded with the protecting spirit of the government, so that, at the present moment, no master may ill-use them. A new and merciful code of laws has been drawn up, and commerce has been re-arranged on the French model. Thus it will be seen that the Turk (for we must still call him so) born in the present time, does not enter upon a scene quite so barbarous as that upon which his grandfather played a part. No mountain of light may be descried about him, but we may see a glimmer of promise.

The care with which the Osmanlis have always kept their wives and daughters apart, still prevails in Constantinople. To ask a Turkish gentleman after his wife or his daughter, is to give him mortal offence. If he alludes to them he calls them "the home," or "the house." He will tell you that the house is well. Also when he announces to his friends the birth of a daughter, he says, "a veiled one," or "a stranger has been given to me." He is taught by the Koran to honour his wife, and to believe that she will be, equally with himself, a participator in Heavenly felicity. This teaching effectually displaces the vulgar error that declares the Mahommedans to believe women have no souls. Polygamy is allowed to this day in Turkey, but it is so surrounded with social and religious difficulties that it is rarely practised. The Koran allows a Mussulman to marry four legitimate wives, but tells him expressly that it is meritorious to marry only one. In Constantinople the ulemas, the great bodies of government officials, the naval and military officers, the tradesmen and the workmen, have generally only one wife. In the provinces one wife is even more universally the rule. And now all the great officers of state make a merit of wedding one wife only, to show a good example to their countrymen. Nor is the wife a slave entirely. In her own apartments she is supreme mistress. She may receive her female friends, and her male relations; she may go out in the day-time (veiled and attended); and her husband consults her on all his affairs. She is not the painted doll we have read of. She is thoroughly domestic, and is effectually protected by the state from cruel treatment. The Mussulman is bound by law to maintain her according to his rank; if he fail in this she may claim a divorce. When he marries her he gives a present to her relatives, instead of expecting a dower, as with us. She has the care of his household, and if he be poor, she employs her leisure in spinning. She has the exclusive right, by law, to bring up her children—the girls until they are married, the boys until they enter one of the public schools. If the Ottomans have one tender chord in their breasts, it is that which is always awakened within them at the sound of the maternal name. Woman may even perform the functions of the Imam, recite prayers, and under extraordinary circumstances they may be invested with political powers. Yet, undoubtedly, the Turkish woman is not yet free. The law allows her to see her distant relatives only once in each year, if her husband objects to more frequent visiting; her near relatives are also subject to legal interference.

The Ottoman at home, therefore, is not a Bluebeard—his wife is not a slave. Yet in his house he has slaves, whom he buys as sheep are bought. These slaves are said to be well used, and can, with reasonable exer-

tion earn their liberty. Thus the son of a slave mother is incontestably free. In fact these slaves represent very closely the condition of the Russian serfs, but appear to be better treated. In Turkey a master is compelled by law to feed and clothe his slaves; he may not ill-treat them; he cannot prevent or force their marriages. They are simply servants without wages, and are in most cases personally and of choice attached to their masters; yet the condition of the female slaves is barbarous enough, and very shocking to any civilised man who may have had an opportunity of watching their condition, and the terrible traffic of which they are the object. Then, the son of a slave, being free, has an equal chance in the world with the boy of the most favoured parentage; for in Turkey there is no aristocracy.

The story runs that one day the Khalif Omer having recieved some fine linen from Yemen, distributed it amongst the Mussulmans. Every man had an equal piece, Omer reserving no more for himself than he had given to the rest. Arrayed in the garment his share had been made into, he entered a pulpit and exhorted the Mussulmans to wage war with the infidels. But a man present rose, and interrupting the Khalif said, "We will not obey you."

"Why not?" Omar asked.

"Because you have distinguished yourself from us all by a particular partiality."

"In what way?" said the Khalif.

"Listen, When you pretended to divide the linen equally you deceived us, for our pieces do not suffice to make a garment like yours. You are a man of great height, and have retained enough to clothe yourself from head to foot."

Omer, turning to his son, said, "Abd-Allah, answer this man."

Whereupon Abd-Allah rose and explained, "When the prince of believers, Omar, wished to make a garment of his portion of linen, he found it insufficient. I found my portion too much; so I gave him my surplus."

"Very good," the questioner then answered; "in that case we will obey you."

This spirit predominates to this hour. All men are equal, by birth, in Turkey; and if a man becomes a minister for foreign affairs, be sure that he has good right to the post. Only the sovereign's position is hereditary, and only the royal family bears a recognised family name, and traces exactly its descent. Thus we find such designations as "Ibrahim the son of the slipper-maker," common throughout the country. The only recognised rank is that of the government officials, who, as in Russia, have all a military grade. The rest of the nation is divided into two distinct classes:—employers and artisans. The artisans are banded as in other continental states, into distinct corporations or Esnafs, and are governed by an inspector or Kiaya. These bodies are very numerous, and include corporations of bonnet-makers, pipe-tube manufacturers, water carriers, boatmen, and others; the corporation of boatmen being one of the largest. These men are the cabmen of Constantinople, and ply upon the waters of the Bosphorus, in their little varnished kaïks. They are nearly all bekiars, or bachelor adventurers, who leave their homes on the borders of Asia, for two or three years, to earn enough money at Constantinople to return in comfort to their distant villages. Their object being to economise as far as possible, they generally club together in bands of five or six, to hire one large room (which they get for about twenty piastres, equal to three shillings and fourpence per month) and therein each member has his carpet and his bedclothes. They also give a sum about equal to the rent, to some old man, who is charged with the arrangement of the room, and with the preparation of the boatmen's supper. This old man is well cared for by his employers, and is their umpire in disputes. Thus these prudent fellows gather their modest harvest quickly, and return to their homes, unless in the meantime, by the exhibition of some rare talent, they have been made capitan-pacha.

The capitalists and landowners are reputed to be a grave, dignified, intensely prejudiced class of men. They preside over their farms or business; take great care of their homes; extend to their neighbours a bountiful hospitality; pray; give away abundantly in charity; educate their children; and, with the well-loved tchibouk or pipe, enjoy the *kef*, that irresistible, idle dreaminess, which the Ottoman loves to nurse, sitting cross-legged upon his splendid carpet. He sees the progress going forward in his country with the look of a hopeless man. He says, "When the medicinal properties of the plants revealed themselves to Hokman, not one of them said to him, 'I can restore life to a corpse.' Sultan Abdul-Medjid is another Hokman, but the empire is a corpse. All true Mussulmans are under ground." If he be a rich man he will order his relatives to convey his body to the great cemetery of Scutari in Asia, that the infidels may not disturb his bones when they shall have taken possession of Stamboul. He represents a large class of men in the Turkish empire. These men look upon all the reforms which have been going on during the last fifty years as so many hopeless attempts to restore animation to a dead body. They are the Turkish Tories, longing for the good old times when the pachas were unquestioned tyrants; when the slave-market was brisk in the open squares of Constantinople; and when the Koran was interpreted in defence of oppression and of wrong. They are, in short, the faint type of the Turk vulgarly known throughout Europe. They are represented as exhibiting those virtues which characterise the Arab;—hospitality, religious zeal, and a scrupulously

moral life; but they are known to be crafty, and, when roused, cruel. They are declared fatalists, and any Turk will see his property fall from him without a murmur. The doctrine of predestination has fastened itself upon his soul; he expresses it in many common proverbs: "The blood destined to be shed cannot be retained in the artery;" "When Destiny arrives the eye of Wisdom becomes blind;" "When the darts of divine will have been sped from the bow of Destiny, they cannot be warded off by the shield of Precaution." These are among the old Turk's popular proverbs; and, although the enlightened Ottomans of the present day have ceased to preach the errors of fatalism, the belief in it continues to operate throughout the dominions of the Sultan, and to paralyse the national energies. But while this fatalism retards the progress of the Ottomans, it imparts a singular dignity to them. The old-fashioned Mussulman is never astonished, never delighted, never stricken down with grief. If his house is consumed by fire he says calmly, "It was written." When he is upon his death-bed, he quietly performs his ablutions, repeats his *namar:* trusting to his prophet and his God, he directs that his head shall be turned towards Mecca, and expires.

There are, however, other Ottomans who vehemently espouse the reforms of the Sultan, and wish to place the Turkish empire in its proper relation with the civilised states of Europe. The difficulties they encounter from the bigotry of the old school may be aptly illustrated by reference to the difficulty of introducing vaccination into the country. For a long time the Mussulmans piously suffered the ravages of the small-pox, and devoutly believed that the remedy sought to be introduced by the progressive party was opposed to the Koran. At length Ahmed Fethi Pacha luckily discovered that, in the time of the prophet, a certain town being smitten with the plague, Mohammed absolutely introduced a precaution: he ordered that no person should enter within the walls, nor pass out from within them. This order being recalled to the minds of the people, they allowed the establishment of quarantine laws, and the introduction of vaccination. Yet, through difficulties of this kind, the more enlightened men of Turkey have fought from a state of absolute barbarism to one of comparative civilisation. Thirty years ago there were relentless confiscations, tyrannical imprisonments, arbitrary judgments, an organised system of general robbery, corruption in every department of the administration, and irresponsible pachas quietly pillaging at their own private will. Against all this disorder and wrong Turkish reformers have struggled manfully; and if at the present moment, the Ottoman empire presents a spectacle of comparative barbarism in close contrast to advanced civilisation, the advance it has made during the last thirty years from anarchy to some kind of order and law, may tempt us to hope that the "infidels" who have led the Mussulmans even thus far, may yet let in more daylight upon them. The Sultan's people venerate the law when it is made. This is part of their religion, and every individual not only strives to obey it, but also watches his neighbour. Thus, strange as it may appear, smuggling is a crime unknown in Turkey.

The Constitution of the Turkish empire is contained in two vast folio volumes, and is known as the Multèqua. It was written originally in the Arab language by the larned Cheikh Ibrahim Halèbi who died at Constantinople in 1549. The work included all the Mohammedan laws from the time of the prophet. It treats of religious worship, of morals, and of civil and political rights. It is written simply, so that the laws do not admit of twenty discordant interpretations. It has been translated into the Turkish language, and in 1824 was remodelled by order of the Porte. The Multèqua is divided into eight distinct codes. These are the religious code, the political code, the military code, the civil code, the code of civil and criminal process, the penal code, the commercial code, and the code which regulates hunting and shooting.

The religious code prescribes the exact prayers and observances for believers in the prophet, and describes the moral conduct of Ottoman subjects, regulating their charity, their dress, their diet, and their games. Thus every Mohammedan is forbidden to eat the flesh of the pig, of any animal that has not been killed, of the ass or mule, or of any amphibious creature. Tobacco, opium, and coffee are allowed; although some rigid Mohammedans class these luxuries with wine, and call them the four columns which support the tent of the voluptuary.

The civil code regulates the treatment of slaves, the claims between husband and wife, and the succession of property. Slaves are daily decreasing in number throughout Turkey. War no longer furnishes a supply, and open slave-traffic is, as already stated, prohibited throughout the Ottoman empire. The reformed Multèqua allows the slave to be a witness in a law court, and gives him equal rights before the law with his master. He often rises to an eminent position in the state, and is not, as in America, a creature to be universally shunned.

A Turkish subject cannot, by will, give more than one-third of his property to any person not related to him. The rest belongs by right to his nearest relatives. If he leave two or three relations of equal consanguinity with him, his property is divided amongst them; the male relatives taking always double the portions assigned to the females. The Multèqua is very strict in enforcing the inviolability of a believer's house; which is nowhere else so strictly his castle. No domiciliary

visit can be effected in Constantinople under any circumstances without a written order from the grand vizier. This order must be carried by a legal functionary, accompanied, in the case of a Turk, by the Imam of the neighbourhood; in the case of a Greek or Armenian by the superior of his church; and in that of a Jew by the rabbi; but, whether in a Mussulman's house or in that of an infidel, the officers may not enter the women's apartments until the women have left them.

The penal code, now in force throughout the Ottoman empire, is that promulgated in the year 1840. It is a great improvement on the old penal laws, by which the punishment of death was in the hands of petty provincial tyrants. The first article of this recent code declares that the Sultan promises not to inflict death upon any subject who has not been tried by competent judges and condemned according to established law, and threatens with capital punishment any vizier who shall henceforth take the life of a subject on his own responsibility, "even that of a shepherd." Capital punishment, by this code is inflicted, for exciting Ottoman subjects to revolt, for assassination, and for resistance to the police (when this resistance inflicts a mortal wound) in the execution of their duty. By this code robbery is punished by seven years' imprisonment; various periods of confinement or banishment are awarded to public officers, who fail to discharge their functions honestly, and all subjects of the Sultan are enjoined to deliver up to justice any delinquent who may come under their observation. Every subject of the Sultan is by this law equal in the eyes of the judge, without regard to race or religion.

In eighteen hundred and forty-six the famous talimâti o'moumieh were published. These decrees regulated the powers of all the government officers, the administration of the national treasury, and the organisation of the police. In eighteen hundred and fifty, the Turkish government, pursuing its measures of reform, issued a new commercial code of laws of three hundred and fifteen articles, regulating the internal and external trade of the empire.

But all these decrees put together, although important, are not likely to effect that revolution which may be expected from the great reform made in the educational machinery of the Ottoman empire. The first of September, eighteen hundred and forty-five, when the first stone of a great Turkish University was laid on the site of the old janissaries' barracks, is a memorable day in Ottoman history. Education was taken from the hands of the Mahommedan priesthood, and the children of the empire taught the great truths of the world. Henceforth every Turk must send his child to school, and the State charged itself with his instruction. Thus, at the present time, when the child of a Turk has reached the age of six years, the father is compelled to present himself before the monkhtar or municipal chief of his locality, and to inscribe the child's name on the register of the mekteb or primary school, unless he can satisfactorily prove that he has the intention and means of giving his progeny instruction proper to his age at home. To enforce this law amongst the labouring population, no employer is allowed to take a boy as apprentice who is not furnished with a certificate from his mekteb declaring that he has gone through the prescribed studies. These studies consist of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the principles of religion and morals. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one there were no fewer than three hundred and ninety-six mektebs in Constantinople alone, mustering twenty-two thousand seven hundred scholars. These mektebs are divided into fourteen groups, with a committee to each group, charged with the duty of inspecting each mekteb, and regulating and recording its progress.

A Turkish child generally passes four or five years in the mekteb; after which he goes to the schools known as the mektebi rudidiè, or schools for youths, if his father wishes to give him more than an elementary education. These secondary schools are of recent creation only; yet in eighteen hundred and fifty-one the six then established included eight hundred and seventy scholars. In these schools the Turkish boy obtains a liberal education. He is taught the Arab grammar and syntax, orthography, composition, sacred history, Ottoman history, universal history, geography, arithmetic, and the elements of geometry. Even this instruction is provided gratuitously by the State. The learning which flourishes in the Turkish university of course includes all those studies in vogue throughout the universities of Europe. But in this part of the government reform, the Sultan finds he has a strong party to fight and overthrow. The old Mussulman spirit, the stronghold of which is in the hands of the ulemas, has to be rooted out, and this is to be done only by separating learning in Turkey, as elsewhere, from bigotry. To the schools the government have recently added separate academies for the study of agriculture and veterinary science.

In the face of all this energy on the part of the Ottoman government, the individual laziness of the people is remarkable. The industry of Turkey has fallen into absolute insignificance. At one time Turkish manufactures fed the great markets of the east, and found their way to some of the countries of Europe: now these industries do not suffice for internal wants. In eighteen hundred and twelve no fewer than two thousand muslin looms were at work at Scutari and Turnova; in eighteen hundred and forty-one hardly two hundred of them could be counted. Anatolia, Diarbekir, and Broussa, once so famous for their exquisite velvets and satins,

now produce about one-tenth of the manufactures they gave forth thirty or forty years ago. In European Turkey there are about three important manufacturing establishments: the forges of Samagor and Fognitza in Bulgaria and Bosnia respectively, and the manufactories of arms at Mostar and Traonik. The stories of the commercial coma of Bagdad and Aleppo are equally striking; yet this general decay is easily accounted for, in the dogged determination of the Turkish manufacturers to cling to old and dear processes, and thus they have found themselves ousted from their old markets by the competition from the manufacturers of western Europe. To escape these terrible results there was yet one resource for Turkey. Her inexhaustible wealth of soil pointed her out as a great agricultural country that might make her perhaps the most important granary of the world. This resource has only lately occupied the attention of the government: the establishment of an agricultural academy being the first hopeful result.

Thus in estimating the Turk as an individual, and Turkey as a nation, we are led to curious contradictions. The old-school Turk is still the devout believer in the prophet, the slave-owner, the man who denies to woman all the great blessings of her social life. In all these points he is a barbarian; yet trace his youth, follow him through his course of studies at the mekteb, and in the higher schools, with every office in the State fairly open to him; with a rich country, and markets eager for anything he may choose to produce, and you see that he has the opportunities for energy and greatness. He is lord over immense tracts of the richest land, that would yield him golden harvests in return for the lightest labor, yet he allows them to grow rank with weeds: he has the germs of splendid manufactures, that, developed on the systems of western Europe, would yield him enormous revenues; yet they are dying out: he has institutions of a liberal kind, a wide system of gratuitous education, and humane laws; yet he cannot be measured for intelligence or perseverance with the poorest continental peasant. Daily his government endeavors to rouse him from his lethargy; but the Sultan is a second Hokman, and is only tying his political medicines upon a dead or, at best, a half-animated body. He cannot take the amber mouth-piece of his tchibouk from between his lips; he cannot rouse himself from his luxurious carpet. The sea before him is splendidly blue; the warmth of the sun is exceedingly grateful; the fumes of the aromatic coffee are delicious, and he is content. In short, he is enjoying the *kef*, and may not be disturbed. The spiders may be the only busy spinners amid the looms of Scutari: he cannot help it, the matter is in other and higher hands than his. It was written. His house is tumbling about his ears; well, it is useless to send for the masons. It is ordained to tumble. He is as a clock; he has been wound up for a certain number of years; and, when he has run down, he will stop and have his head turned towards Mecca. He deplores the madness of those of his countrymen who pretend to direct events, to plan great projects for the prevention of all kinds of accidents, to use all kinds of infidel contrivances; these are not good Mussulmans. He, good easy man, waits patiently, prays devoutly, opens his doors with a benevolent heart to all comers, is beloved by his servants and slaves, and waits events. Everything is written: of what avail then any exertion on his part? And so his life is one long kef; the amber mouth-piece remains for ever in his mouth; his legs remain crossed; and, with a dignified reserve, and some philosophy, he looks out upon the bright waters of the Bosphorus, and turns his back upon Europe.

But behind him he has strong men in his country. He is at war with his government —for this government has determined to make Turkey of some account in Europe; to interpret their religion as men, and not as blind and slavish bigots; to seize with a strong hand upon all improvements from the west that promise comfort and prosperity. And the contest between the old Turk and his new governors is one that, at this moment, happens to interest us all very decidedly. If the old gentleman be determined doggedly to keep that amber in his mouth for ever, to look to no quarter except that in which Mecca lies, and to loll always upon his handsome carpet; then we fear there is indeed little hope for Turkey; and he does well, for the repose of his bones, to have them carried to the great cemetery of Scutari. But if his sons, now imbibing new truths in the little reformed mektebs of Constantinople, learn to think otherwise, and to hail and help on all human improvements, golden harvests will wave over the great plains of the Ottoman empire, artisans will be once more busy in Anatolia and Broussa, and spiders will be routed from the looms of Scutari.

SEVERAL HEADS OF HAIR.

Not only has every woman a right to her own hair, but she claims a right to every or any other woman's hair also, which she wears under various pretences. By a cunning contrivance to cheat nature, she pretends that her hair is not acquiring a pearly or a pepper and salt tint; she presents to public gaze a front of glossy black or brown hair, which, in all probability, once belonged to a peasant girl in Brittany. By a natural affection she wishes to preserve, in the form of a locket or brooch, a little of the hair which once decked the brow of a departed sister or mother; and she has a trusting faith that the jeweller has really applied that very identical hair in that identical locket. By a desire to be in-

dustrious, according to the measure of ladies' ornamental knick-knackery industry, she learns the art of hair-working, and produces a bracelet made from a portion of her own hair.

An act of justice, however, must be done here. Ladies, in recent years, when time begins to do its work upon their hair, have the good sense to let nature alone; they more frequently than formerly abjure false ringlets, as well as the Inestimable Restorative Specifics which every perfumer sells for dyeing the hair a resplendent black or brown. We must whisper that in all coloring agents the chief ingredient is nitrate of silver; which, combining with certain chemicals already in the hair, becomes sulphuret of silver. The result, therefore, is not always certain. Black is generally produced; but instances have been known of the affrighted dyer finding her hair vying in tint with the violet or the cabbage. It may or may not be that ladies recognise the physiological fact, that "the gray hair of age and debility in the human subject results from a withdrawal of the pigment cells;" or that the non-appearance of baldness in women is mainly due to "the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin;" or that "the blood is the only Macassar of the hair—the only oil which can, in truth, be said to insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head." It may, or may not, be that they know these things; but they act upon a very simple and intelligible maxim, that as gray hair generally comes when it is right and proper that it should come, there is no reason to be ashamed of it. Nor need fading beauty be wholly dependent upon artifice. Nature will aid her. She makes severed fingers grow again, if joined in time, and why not new hair whence old hair has departed? "Hairs may be transplanted, and, it is said, will grow after such transplantation, in consequence of the adhesions and organic connection established between them and the adjacent tissues; a fact of which practical advantage might be taken," adds cautious Mr. Hassel,* "if correct."

Nevertheless, so long as men will wear wigs and pernkes, and so long as ladies will indulge in false ringlets and in hair jewellery, there must of necessity arise a market for the sale and purchase of hair, a commercial system, a price varying with all the relations in supply and demand; and it may possibly be that only a small number of persons are really aware of the extent and the curious nature of this traffic. A writer on the hair, in the Quarterly Review, a few months ago, appears to have ascertained that there is no less a quantity than five tons of human hair imported from foreign countries into England in a year; applicable, as we must suppose, mainly to the perruquier's art, though there may be modes of employment which we wot not of. This hair is dependent on its color for its marketable value: and the color depends in some degree on geographical position. The light-haired races of mankind are mostly found north of the parallel of forty-eight degrees; comprising, so far as Europe is concerned, England, Belgium, North Germany, a large portion of Russia, and the Scandinavian countries. The black-haired races of the sunny south cease about forty-five degrees; while between forty-five and forty-eight degrees there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair. There are many exceptions to these limits, it is true; for the Celtic race in Ireland, and the Norman race in France have black hair in spite of their Northern position; while the golden beauty of Venetian hair is strikingly in contrast with the raven blackness of the hair in most of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, the general rule is sufficiently near correctness to have significance in the eye of a hair-dealer. The brown hair of middle Europe seems to be a kind of neutral tint; naturally resulting from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the black-haired population of the south. As to the substance, and structure, and chemical nature of the hair, there appears to be very little difference between it and the skin, or between the skin and horn, or between horn and scales, or between scales and feathers; indeed, all the five are mere modifications of the same thing. A lady would hear with astonishment that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument, upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle acts when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly-flowing tresses. Few things in nature are less perishable than hair after removal from the body. Hair shut up for thousands of years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs in perfect preservation both of strength and color. It is not so durable, however during life. "It is generally stated as an undoubted fact," Mr. Hassell remarks, "that the hair may become white, or turn colorless, under the influence of strong depressing mental emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to, can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind."

The market of human hair would be very insufficiently supplied if it depended solely on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time. And as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for black pepper and white pepper, for brown brandy and pale brandy,—so is there a light-hair market distinct from the dark-hair

* "Microscopic Anatomy of the Human body."

market. The black hair imported into England comes mostly from Brittany and the south of France; it is generally of a very fine and silken black. The light hair comes from Germany, where it is collected by the agents of a Dutch Company, who make yearly visits to various parts of the Germanic States. Forty years ago the fashion was very different from that now prevailing; the light German hair was more prized than any other; and there was a peculiar golden tint held in such estimation that the dealers could obtain eight shillings an ounce for small quantities of it—nearly double the price of silver; but the black hair of France now rules the market. There is an opinion among those who have the best right to opine on such a subject, that the average hair of average English persons has deepened in tint within the last half century: if this be so, it is attributed to the more frequent intermarriages with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair which the dealer buys as a marketable commodity becomes to him an article of wonderfully close scrutiny; he can tell by the smell alone the difference between German and French hair; he claims the power to distinguish English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh hair, one from another. The French dealers can detect the difference between the hair from two districts of central France, not many miles asunder, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned among our physiologists or naturalists.

This French hair-market is very remarkable. Its dealings extend to two hundred thousand pounds' weight of hair annually. There are wholesale firms in Paris, which send round agents in the spring to various Breton and other villages. These agents are provided with ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewellery of various kinds. They attend fairs and merry-makings, and they buy glossy tresses, for which they pay either with these goods or in money. Mr. Trollope, while travelling in Brittany, stopped awhile at the fair in Collené, and was more struck by the operations of the hair-dealers than by anything else which met his notice. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four of these dealers, bargaining with the girls for their flowing tresses, which were very luxuriant and beautiful. Several girls were standing together ready to be sheared. They held their caps in their hands; and their long hair hung down to the waist. Some of the operators were men and some women; but in either case the dealer had a large basket near at hand, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. So far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in that part of France to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and, of course, as totally conceals the want of it. The luxuriant crop of hair, which the dealer has obtained for a franc or two, is sorted, and arranged, and passes from hand to hand until it makes its final appearance as a peruke, or some other delicate delusion. The price paid to these girls seems to vary from about a franc to five francs per head (each weighing from three quarters of a pound to a pound), according to the quantity and beauty of the hair. So much does it rise in value by the collecting, the sorting, the cleaning, and other preparatory processes, that its wholesale market price is generally from thirty to sixty shillings per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have no limit to the price which they may occasionaly command.

But it appears that ladies, without sending to France for a Breton girl's locks, are encouraged to make trinkets for themselves, with the stray filaments which result from each day's toilet proceedings. We should not have thought this; but there are many things which man is not supposed to think until he is told thereof. We have lately seen a treasure—a beautiful crimson-bound book, with golden embossments and golden edged leaves. It is written by a Professor and Artiste—an *Artiste en cheveux*—and we see in that a full account of the mode in which bracelets, and lockets, and brooches, and earrings, and feathers, and flowers, and rings, may be made in hair. The Professor takes a stanza by Emerson as his motto:—

> "When soul from body takes its flight,
> What gives surviving friends delight,
> When view'd by day, express'd by night?
> Their locks of hair."

The Address to the Ladies, which follows the title-page, gives a startling intimation; it is nothing less than an announcement that the first idea of writing the book "originated in the suggestions of some of the author's patronesses; who having entrusted to the hands of artistes their symbols of affection, had, on their pretended return, detected the substitution of shades of other hue. This work, then, is published mainly with a view of enabling those ladies who desire to preserve some memento of a departed friend in an agreeable form, to work the designs themselves, instead of allowing the cherished relic, from a fear of having such impositions practised, to remain for years in the cabinet." Oh *Artistes en cheveux!* Here is a heavy blow and sore discouragement from your brother!

A lady, with the Professor's book before her, commences the enterprise of making a bracelet with her own hair; and she is told at the outset, without any circumlocution, to collect the hair "from the comb and brush" every morning. She is to tie up the small assemblage with a bit of thread or tape near one end, until, from various mornings' accumulation, she has enough for the designed

purpose. She is especially cautioned to prevent the hair from becoming entangled. She is taught how to clean it; by tying it tightly at one end, placing it in a basin containing soda and warm water, allowing it to steep until the water is cold, taking it out, rubbing it gently with a soft towel, and drying it slowly. She learns that, after drying, it is to be combed out, beginning at the ends which are not tied; that, after combing, it is to be drawn gently between two brushes; that, after brushing, it is to be arranged according to the fineness of the hair, or according to the kind of bracelet to be made. She is strictly cautioned to have all the hairs for one strand of equal length, and all the strands of similar size and appearance. The lady artiste has then to attend to a little mechanical philosophy. She is told to take a certain number of leaden plummets or balls, each about an ounce or an ounce and a quarter in weight: and to affix half a yard of strong thread to each plummet. She is told to lay the plummets down side by side on a table, and to tie the strands of hair to the loose ends of the strings with a common single knot, one strand to each string. She is told to collect the other ends of the strands into a bunch, to fasten them together with strong thread, and to cement this fastening with a gum of shellac; and she is entreated with great earnestness not to allow the hairs or the strands to become disarranged during these proceedings.

The work-table the lady cannot make for herself: other hands must precede hers in its adjustment. The table has a circular top, with certain cabalistic numbers and marks upon it; and it is supported from beneath in a way which affords easy access for the fingers of the worker. Then comes minute and careful instructions how to fix a loop of strong thread to the cemented end of the cluster of strands; how to attach this loop to a small hook beneath the top of the table; how to lift the strands singly and carefully, and to range them all smoothly and regularly round the table, on the surface of the diagram of the proposed pattern; how to make this diagram of cardboard, with figures plainly marked in ink; how to place the strands in the exact order specified in the directions for working each separate pattern. And then the lady is told the use and purport of an oval balance-weight of about four ounces; how that it is made to hang through a hole in the top of the table, so as to support a piece of small cane or wire; and how that this cane serves as a core around which the work is executed.

Then does the Professor display the beauties of the patterns which he has devised for the lady's guidance. Here is a cable-bracelet, and here a snake-bracelet; anon comes an elastic bracelet, and after this, bracelets with bead-like, and link-like, and feather-like, and plait-like, and wave-like, and curl-like, and damask-like convolutions of hair. That they are easy to make, we should not be justified in doubting; for, although there may perchance be some doubt whether we fully understand the directions, that is no reason why the description should be otherwise than clear to the lady pupil, who may be supposed to know more about these things. For instance, the formula for a cable-bracelet is thus given, in language which will doubtless tell its own tale to those most nearly interested: "For this pattern about eighty hairs in each strand are requisite. Place the strands upon the numbers marked on the diagram. Take figure one from the lower part, and move it round in the direction shown by the arrows, into the place of figure one at the top, and bring that round and down at the bottom; and so on with the twos, threes, fours, fives, sixes, and sevens; continuing the work in the directions so given, viz.: lifting the right-hand strand into the left-hand place, and that round to the right; observing that the strands are to be lifted round—not crossed over—a wire (about the dimensions of number sixteen knitting needle will do best to work this on), and that they are to be moved according as they are numbered." The lady is told, in respect to another pattern, that it requires fourteen strands with thirty hairs in each, and that the hairs must be sixteen inches long. She is instructed in the mystery of another bracelet, which requires twenty-four strands of twenty-four hairs each; and which requires, after all the twisting has been performed, a long process of boiling in water, and baking in an oven, and transferring to a piece of silk. She is shown another, for which are needed no fewer than forty-four strands of about twenty hairs each; and another with twenty-two strands of thirty-five hairs; and she becomes imbued with the necessary knowledge, not only for working a score or so of bracelets, but for removing them from the table when made.

But the skill of the *artiste en cheveux* is not brought to an end. He teaches how to make lockets, and brooches, and flat bracelets. He tells his lady pupil that she will require, as aids in this dainty work, a pair of small curling irons, square lead weights of about two ounces each, a marble slab about six inches long by four wide, a penknife, a pair of small scissors, a small camel-hair pencil, a tracing-point, small gold vice, gold-beaters' skin, and miniature-painters' ivory. She learns how to collect and brush the hair, and to dip it in water, and to spread it on the marble slab, to apply the curling irons to it, and to stretch it by means of the leaden weights. Hair is so strong, that the single hair from a healthy head will bear the weight of eleven hundred and fifty grains. It is so elastic that, when forcibly extended, it will, on the force being withdrawn, return nearly to its original size and form—not quite. A hair may be stretched a third of its length without breaking; and after being

so attenuated, it will permanently remain about a ninth longer than it was at first. The application of the curling-irons shows how tractable hair may become. The natural curling of hair depends upon its flatness. Thus the hairs of a negro are much flatter than those of damsels who oblige themselves to retire to rest *en papillote*. These peculiarities enable the amateur to fashion it by degrees that it may be fitted to take part in the construction of a locket or brooch. The jeweller must do his part, after the professor and the lady have done theirs; for the artistically-twisted hair must be mounted and adorned and fashioned into a bracelet, a locket, a brooch, or any such trinket.

We have said that the peasant girls of Brittany receive a few francs for their tresses: probably five francs per pound for a good specimen. The agents who collect it send the hair to their employers, by whom it is dressed and sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns at about ten francs per pound. That portion of the hair which is to be made into perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the peruke maker at a greatly advanced price; it may be twenty or it may be eighty francs per pound. The peruke maker gives to the hair that form of combination which constitutes it a peruke, and which, in its best form, from the best "artistes," readily commands twice its weight in silver. Here is one artiste who has produced "an original design in hair-work, after the Tuscan order of architecture, surmounted by a bronze figure of Britannia holding a medallion likeness of Her Majesty; also, ornamented with wreaths, a medallion of His Royal Highness Prince Albert." Here is an artiste who fascinates us with "bracelets of new design and construction, composed of human hair and gold, mixed throughout; the hair plaited by hand." Here is a master genius, who has produced "a vase, twenty-four inches in height and eighteen inches in circumference, composed entirely of human hair, with the mountings and ornamental parts in metal gilt." Another has presented us with "a bouquet of variously-coloured hair." In short, there is a pretty extensive range of application, useful and ornamental, of the cropped crops of human beings.

MY DREAM.

I HAVE a story to tell which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they like. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested.

I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in one of the midland counties of England, miles away from the sea, in a large old-fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak, and all the tables, benches, presses—indeed all the furniture—was of oak: some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of Bible history were taken from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house was still called the Old Hall, although it had become little better than a farm-house. It stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the road-side led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, ploughs, and farming implements, on one hand, and a large cattle pond on the other, into a spacious farm-yard built round with stables, barns and outbuildings, all wearing an old Saxon stamp that I have never seen elsewhere. A wicket gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two alleys covered with turf, and hedged with yew trees cut into all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing, amongst other trees, some old mulberry trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard, lay ploughed fields and meadows all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and both were descended from the same old Saxon family, who had possessed their land long before the Conquest. In the course of years the property had dwindled down to the farm on which I was born. We had no relations. There certainly was an uncle, a merchant in Liverpool, of whom I sometimes heard; but he was an offshoot of a distant branch, and, being in trade, was considered to have forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family.

I was the only son. I had one sister two years younger than myself—a gentle, pretty child, with long golden locks. She was called Edith. All the education I received, was two years at the grammar school—a curious old endowment, held by a "clerk in orders," to teach Latin and scholarship to all the boys in the parish of Ledgeley Laver. There were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the common sense to teach us writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had more learning than Tom Thumb carried in money from King Arthur's treasury: which, as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were the sons of small farmers, and came at intervals when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother, and was taught to be notable. As we continually heard that we were all that remained of the oldest family in the country, we learned to attach a mysterious importance to ourselves.

So we grew up, and did not find our lives dull, although my sister never left the house, except sometimes to go to church. When I myself was sixteen, I had never been as far as Drayton Ledgeley, though it was only twelve miles from Ledgeley Laver, which was our market town. In those days people did not go travelling and rambling about, as they do now.

I might be about fifteen, when one day my father brought home from market a book of voyages and travels, as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book out of a shop I had ever possessed; and I read it aloud at night, whilst my father smoked in the chimney corner and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have something to do with what I am about to relate; mind, I do not assert that it had! I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know for a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book, was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night, I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long consecutive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle at Liverpool sent for me to go a long voyage, on some business of his; and then I found myself standing on a quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin upright masts standing like a forest of poplar trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say "this is Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, nor the business I was going about. I had to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phœbe Sutliffe" was written under it; I thought it was the likeness of Phœbe Sutliffe, I had never seen the sea nor a ship before, but I did not feel at all surprised at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and a young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man with a moustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly a great storm arose, and everything was dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl fearfully; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last, there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne down under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close beside me; he pushed a hen-coop to me; and we floated, quite pleasantly and easily, towards some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the Rocks of Scarlet in the Isle of Man," said my companion; "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house, with green outside shutters and surrounded by a low wall, stood close at hand; but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted, and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute, I saw a beautiful young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man.

"How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore; but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon, began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in bed, without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I had heard in my dream, still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether it was a continuation of my dream; but my father dragged me out of bed, and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrific crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, while my father and myself strove to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length, towards morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out, to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had *I* not been to sea?

And had *I* not been wrecked? And was it not all as real as the scene now before me? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which in that part of the country we all believed in. However I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the roof had been blown from the barn; the ground was covered with bricks, and tiles, and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; tiles and stones, and branches of trees, were still, from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the county for many years afterwards.

For weeks we were all too busy repairing the effects of the storm for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were dazed. My mother agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. I was separated from that lovely young lady and her mother, who were more real to me than the people I saw and spoke to every day, and I felt lonely and miserable. The White House on the cliff, and the Scarlet Rocks, what had become of them? Had the house really been swallowed in the sea? I was consumed by a constant sense of disgust and misery. The only hope I had, was, that some night I might dream again and hear what had become of them all. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to lose my rest.

Every day the dream haunted me more vividly, and when I thought I should never see those two beings more, I felt mad and suffocated with baffled desire.

At length the change in me grew so alarming, that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

Whilst my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the town of Ledgely Drayton, would not be the sort of thing he had recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house; I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if one of the farm servants had not been sent to the town for some horse medicine, and the post-office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note for a hundred pounds was enclosed, to pay the expenses of my journey and to buy some presents for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage of my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and passionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before.

My uncle was a little, dry, spare old man, dressed in a snuff-colored suit, with grey silk stockings and silver buckles. He received me very kindly, and took me about to see the lions as he called them. But the Docks were the only sight I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed, and this is why he informed me, one day, that he intended to send me on the voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to look after our men at home, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come very strange to me.

One morning at breakfast my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said,

"Well lad, after breakfast we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending you in the Lively Anne, but it seems the Phœbe Sutliffe will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream or which was the reality.

That day week saw me on board the Phœbe Sutliffe, and clearing out of the harbour. On just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But one thing befel me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully sea-sick; a startling novelty which for the time effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck. My attention was, at that instant, drawn to a portmanteau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a foraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of sea-gulls; I knew him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me, as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what we had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation; we began with shooting sea-gulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was now on his way to join his regiment in Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Towards afternoon, a thick fog came on; increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forget how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come, said I, but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low sharp-pointed ledge of rocks; beyond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even to open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting at my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet, in the Isle of Man. That I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage, and that the doctor had said I was not to be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonsful of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship. Beside him stood the beautiful lady of my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again, as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live I hope for a long time; you are not dreaming; this is my sister, Agatha, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove you to my father's house, but in the meanwhile you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you! Was not the white house where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and now not another word."

I was shortly afterwards removed to my friend's house, which was on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Colonel Panton; he was on half pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the Phœbe Sutliffe.

I, of course, lost no time communicating with my friends; but I remained at the White House until my health was established.

I confided my dream to Agatha, with whom it is needless to say I had fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love. She loved me in return, and her father gave his consent that we should be married "when we came to years of discretion."

When I went home, her brother accompanied me, and he fell in love with my little sister Edith: to which, neither she nor any one else made the slightest objection. Frederic and Edith have been long married, and are very happy. I went to Antigua at last, and was detained there much longer than I liked; but on my return at the end of two years I was married to Agatha, who has been the best wife to me man ever had.

My uncle died last year, and left me the bulk of his property; I only hope I may be enabled to use it well and wisely.

Although my life has been of such unlooked-for prosperity, I would counsel no one to desire to have their future shadowed to them in a dream. Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet, still, this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

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THE BOTTLE OF HAY.

I AM a retired publican, and date from the days when publicans *were* publicans. I kept the Bottle of Hay, in Leather Lane, when public-houses were worth keeping. I have a tidy penny in the funds now, a neat little box at Hoxton, am an elder of my chapel, one of the committee of my Literary and Scientific Institution, and a governor of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. If I had kept my house as houses are kept now I might have a villa at Ealing, and be a Middlesex magistrate, perhaps; or, just as probably, I should be occupying apartments in the Licensed Victuallers' Almshouses. I prefer my tidy funded penny and my box to both. Altogether I may claim to be a respectable man; for I have a very snug little trap (under tax) and my pony, Barrett, (he was a butcher's before he was mine, and a swell's before he was a butcher's) can do something considerable in the trotting line.

My trap and I and my friend Spyle, who has a neat superannuation on the Customs, go about a goodish deal among public-houses now. You see I have a kind of liking for the old trade; and there is no amusement I like so much as tasting the beer at a new house, or dropping in at stated times, and in rotation on an old one, or looking about as to the next probable owner of a shut-up house, or attending public-house auctions and the like. Something might turn up some day, you know, where a party could invest his little savings profitably; and that is why I like to keep in with my distillers Porcus and Grains, and with my old brewers Spiggot, Buffle and Bung, for business reasons, over and above the drop of something comfortable that they are sure to ask me if I will take this morning. In fact, if you could put me up to any snug concern drawing a reasonable number of butts a month, that a party could drop in to reasonable, I think I might hear of a bidder.

This doesn't interfere a tittle, however, with my firm and settled opinion that the public line is going to ruin. To rack and ruin. The teetotallers, of course, have done a deal of harm; but still they take a decent quantity medicinally, and the very fierce ones they generally break out very fierce about once a month and make up for lost time. It's the publicans themselves that do the injury by introducing all sorts of innovations and new-fangled enticements to drink to their customers. As if a man wanted leading on to drink! He never did in my time. The landlords themselves are their own enemies, and with their plate glass and gilding and rosewood fittings and the rest of it, they are making the line disrespectable. At least, I think so. A public-house isn't a public-house, now, but something quite different.

Now there's my old house in Leather Lane: the Bottle of Hay. I sold the lease, stock, goodwill and fixtures to old Berrystack. He was one of the old school, as I am, and if he hadn't taken it into his senses to go out of them, and to be now in a lunatic asylum and a padded room, he would have carried the house on in the old, and my manner, to this day, I have no doubt. Before he went mad, however, he had sense enough to sell the house to young Bowley, whose father was a gauger in the docks. The license and Berrystack's pretty daughter Louisa were transferred to Bowley at the same time; and as man and wife (Louisa was the prettiest hand at mixing a twopenn'orth, hot, and saying a civil word to the old gentleman that used the house, that ever you saw) they went on for a year or two as comfortable as may be. But what did young Bowley but go to cards, and then to horse-racing and betting, and to wearing a horseshoe pin in his neckerchief, and trowsers much too tight for him about the legs? And where did he go afterwards but into Whitecross Street, and afterwards to the Insolvent Court; and where did Mrs. Bowley go but off to Boulogne with the cash-box and the military chap (I never could abide him with his moustaches and his airs) that was always hanging about the bar parlor. A pretty piece of business this, for a respectable house! But, bad as Bowley was, the next tenant was worse. He had plenty of money and all that; but I have no hesitation in saying that he was a fellow. A fellow. He was ashamed of his apron. Nothing but a full suit of black would suit my gentleman; and he would stand behind the bar twiddling his Albert guard-chain, and, if he were asked for change, pull it out of a thing like a lady's reticule, which

he called his "port-money." He'd better have looked to his port wine. He shut his house up all day Sunday, and actually tried to put his pot-boy into a white neckcloth; but he being a pot-boy that knew his business, and wasn't above it, told him plainly that he wasn't used to it, and that he had better look out for another young man.

His bar, instead of being covered with the decent piles of halfpence and trays full of silver, that a right-minded publican loves to accumulate towards Saturday, was tricked out with all sorts of bulbs and roots, and trumpery — nasturtiums, heliotropes, ranunculuses, and the like; and there wasn't an Italian image-man out of Leather Lane that came in to take a drop but he'd buy a Venus, or a Jenny Lind, or a Holy Family of; and these he'd stick up on gim-crack brackets under his tubs, and ask me with a simpering grin if I didn't think it classical? Classical! What business has a licensed victualler with the classics? I could not stand this: I turned to Pruffwell (this was the classical gentleman's name), and said I to him—"Mr. Pruffwell, it's my belief that you're not acting becoming. If you're a landlord, say so; if you're not, the sooner you say so, or go out of the business, the better;" and thereupon I paid for what I had had and walked out. He said I was an old fool; but Mr. Batts, of Liquorpond Street, and Mr. Crapper, of Gray's Inn Lane, and little Shoulderblade, the sheriff's officer—all respectable warm men, who used the house—went out with me, and all said I had done the thing that was right. I never set my foot in Pruffwell's house again till he left it; but I heard that he went on from bad to worse afterwards: that he took a wife who was all curls and conceit, and was nervous and musical, bless us; and that the choruses at the Wednesday Evening Free and Easy in the tap-room used to be drowned by Madam's piano-forte up-stairs jangling such variations upon Auld Robin Gray that his mother wouldn't have known him. At last he got a fellow with long hair and spectacles, and a turn-down collar, and a tuft, to lecture upon the "Od force," and "Things not Seen," or things never heard of in his coffee-room, and another (in a cloak and more spectacles, green this time) to demonstrate the "theory of the earth's movement," with a piece of string, a copper disc, like the bottom of a stew-pan knocked out, and an old clock dial-plate. He couldn't demonstrate it, it seemed, without a great deal of gin and water first, and turning off the gas afterwards; and there were two great coats and seven spoons missing the next morning. When I heard Pruffwell was countenancing such proceedings as these, I thought he was coming to a bad end; and, sure enough, to a very bad one he came shortly afterwards. He got into some scrape about defrauding the gas company out of their dues, falsifying the meter and tapping the main himself; but somehow he was too clever, and the gas got into the gin, and the water into that, and the sewer into that; and the gas company came in and tore up the flooring, and spoilt the beer-engines, and sued him dreadfully. He ran away very quickly did Mr. Pruffwell after this, Albert chain, port-money, and all. I did hear that he went to America, where he turned schoolmaster, lecturer, and got into some trouble about the notes of a bank that had stopped payment; and, besides that, Mrs. Pruffwell was not Mrs. Pruffwell after all, and after P.'s disappearance had taken to drinking shockingly.

All this while the Bottle of Hay was becoming dingier and dingier, and more dilapidated in appearance every day. The pots had lost their brightness, and the pewter-covered bar counter, which should have been clean and glistening, became stained and discoloured with sticky rings of treacly porter. When the handles of the taps got loose and unscrewed they were never replaced; the glasses lost half their feet, and the pewter measures half their capacity of containing by dinting and battering. The letters and numbers wore off the gin tubs; the till contained nothing but broken tobacco pipes, and pock-marked, defaced, advertisement-brauded and perforated halfpence, which even the neediest of the customers had indignantly refused; and little Ruggs, the tipstaff of the Sheriff's Court, now pretty nearly the only regular customer that remained, declared that really he must use some other house, for that on three separate days the Bottle of Hay had been out of gin and bitters. The harp, piano, and violin that used to come regularly every Saturday night and give a musical performance in front of the door, removed to the Coach and Horses up the lane; and really if it had not been for the sign, and the old portrait of myself in the coffee-room (kitcat, half length, three-quarter face, representing me with my hand in my waistcoat, backed by a crimson velvet curtain and a Grecian column, and flanked by an inkstand, a hat and gloves, four books and an orange cut in halves) I really should not have recognised my old house, where I had worked hard for so many years, and realized such a neat little bit of property. Then the sheriff came in with his levy and his men in possession; and for a week or so what little beer was required was drawn by hooked-nosed men of the Israelitish persuasion. Then they hung the carpets out of the window, and had a sale; and three weeks afterwards I recognised my old arm-chair, bar-flap and beer-engine at a second-hand shop in Brokers' Row, Long Acre, higgledy-piggledy, with tin tea canisters, sham bookshelves, dummy chemists' drawers, bandy-legged counting-house desks and empty jars, labelled "tamarinds" and "leeches."

I wish they had pulled down my old house after this. I wish they had built a Methodist Chapel, or Baths and Washhouses, or a

Temperance Hall upon its site. Anything rather than it should have become what it is now. It was shut up a long time; and I certainly had a slight twinge of melancholy when, passing it occasionally, I saw its doors fast closed and bolted and barred with the doors that had been for so many years on the swing, and of which the paint about the handles had been worn off by the hands of so many good fellows who had got "comfortable" in my house so many Monday mornings and so many Saturday nights. At last the Bottle of Hay was let.

The new landlord was a young beardless man, in a colored shirt, and a wide-awake hat. He was one of three brothers, and they had public-houses all over London: one at Bermondsey, one large gin-palace somewhere over the water at a corner where six crowded thoroughfares met; one in a suburban neighbourhood, very new and very improving, which was an omnibus house; and an establishment in the City in a dark alley down Dockway, where prime ports and sherries were drawn from the wood, and sold at an extraordinarily low price per imperial quart, and white-headed old gentlemen whose only occupation it seemed to be to drink (I do a good deal in that way), went to taste the prime wines, and eat nuts and cheese-crumbs. Fishtail was this new young landlord's name, and his wide-awake hat was a green one. No other symptom of that color was there in him, however, for he was as wide-awake as his hat or a detective policeman, as cunning as a fox, as pert as a magpie, and as avaricious as a Jew. He wasn't above his business. He and the wide-awake were scudding, poking, peeping, scampering morning noon and night about the house, during its renovation (doing up I should call it.) He began by pulling the house half down. Then he threw the ground and first floor into one, and filled the window with plate glass and tremendous gilt gas burners. Then he raised an ornamental balustrade above the coping of the roof, and a vase above that, and a statue of Hercules or somebody defying something above that, and a huge flag above all—to say nothing of a big gilt clock surrounded with stucco cornucopias and emblems, and which had an illuminated dial, the letters of "B.O.T.T.L.E. O.F. H.A.Y. O." instead of numerals, and hands like ornamental fire shovels. Not content with this, the second floor front middle window was blocked up with a large gas star with V.R. and the crown, and the rose, shamrock and thistle, and Heaven knows what besides, all in gas. The house was painted from top to bottom, in as gaudy colors as could be procured, and wherever it was feasible plastered over with compo mouldings and flourishing ornaments. His name, Fishtail, was painted upon almost every imaginable part of the building, in all sorts of colors, and in letters so big that it was almost impossible to read them. The inside of the house was as much transmogrified as the outside.

It was all mahogany—at least, what wasn't mahogany, was gilt carving and ground glass, with flourishing patterns on it. The bar was cut up into little compartments, like pawnbroker's boxes; and there was the wholesale entrance, and the jug and bottle department, the retail bar, the snuggery, the private bar, the ladies' bar, the wine and liqueur entrance, and the lunch bar. The handles of the taps were painted porcelain, and green and yellow glass. There were mysterious glass columns, in which the bitter ale, instead of being drawn up comfortably from the cask in the cellar below, remained always on view above ground, to show its clearness, and was drawn out into glasses by a mysterious engine like an air-pump with something wrong in its inside. There were carved benches in the private bar, with crimson plush cushions aerated and elastic. There were spring duffers, working in a tunnel in the wall, which you were to strike with your fist to try your muscular strength. There were machines to test your lifting power, and a weighing machine, and a lung-testing machine, or "vital power determinator." There were plates full of nasty compounds of chips, sawdust, and grits, called Scotch bannocks, which were to be eaten with butter, and washed down by the Gregarach Staggering old Claymore or Doch an' Dorroch ale; but which never should have shown its face in my old house, I warrant you. There were sausages, fried in a peculiar manner, with barbecued parsley, and a huge, brazen sausage chest, supported on two elephants, with a furnace beneath, from which sausages and potatoes were served out hot and hot all day long. There were sandwiches cut into strange devices; and cakes and tarts that nobody ever heard of before; and drinks and mixtures concocted that, in my day, would have brought the exciseman about a landlord pretty soon, I can assure you. The soda-water bottles had spiral necks like glass corkscrews, and zig-zag labels. The ginger-beer was all colors—blue, green, and violet. Every inch of the walls that was not be-plastered with ornaments and gilding, or bedizened with gilt announcements of splendid ales and unrivalled quadruple stouts I never heard of, was covered with ridiculously gaudy-colored prints, puffing the Cead Mille Failthe Whiskey," the "Phthsis Curing Bottled Beer," recommended by the entire faculty; the Imperial Kartoffelnsfell-hopf brunnen Waters bottled at the celebrated mineral springs of Kartoffelnsfell, under the immediate superintendence of the Kartoffelnsfell government, all of which were to be had in splendid condition, and for which J. Fishtail was the sole agent. This was a nice beginning. But the worst was to come. The house was opened, and J. Fishtail was as busy as a bee with an

opening dinner, which he bragged and boasted a great deal of having reported in the press. He did, to be sure, get a seedy chap with an umbrella and a hat full of old newspapers and red comforters, who did fires and murders, and the Lord Mayor's state footmen's liveries at three-halfpence a line; and he certainly came to the dinner, and when the toast of "the press" was given, prefaced by the appropriate glee of When winds breathe soft, made a neat speech, rendered rather indistinct by hot liquids, in acknowledgment; but, though he borrowed half a pound and stuck up an unlimited score, and though Fishtail became a quarterly subscriber to the Weekly Murder Sheet, price threepence, stamped, I never heard of any account of his grand initiatory banquet being published therein, or in any other newspaper. Meanwhile, his business went on apace. The harp, flute, and violin would have been glad to have come back and played outside; but they were far too low for the Bottle of Hay, now. Nothing would suit Fishtail but a real German green baize band, composed of six dumpy, tawney-haired musicians from Frankfort, all with cloth caps, like shovels of mud, thrown on their heads, and falling over on the other side; all with rings in their ears and on their thumbs; and all born barons, at least, in their own country. These gentry put their fists into their horns, and drew out their trombones to amazing lengths, playing such wonderfully complicated tunes, and singing, meanwhile, such long-winded choruses, all ending with "tra la la, tra la la, tra la-a-a-a!" that a dense crowd would gather round them during their performances, and the very policemen would refrain from ordering them to move on, to the great disgust of the Alabama Ethiopian Serenaders (from Cork Buildings, Gray's Inn Lane) who were, in truth, only the harp, flute, and violin fallen into evil days, and disguised in lamp-black, pomatum, Welsh wigs dyed black, paper shirt-collars, white calico neckcloths, banjoes, tambourines, and bones. The gas star, too, and the illuminated clock, brought a great many customers—but what sort of customers were they? Italian image-men and organ-grinders, and Irish hodmen, and basket-women. The Irish and the Italians fell to fighting immediately (of course about the Pope), which was bad for themselves; and then they complained that the bar had been so altered, that they hadn't room to fight, which was worse for the house; for the Italians, you see, when fighting, were accustomed to tramp in a circle, their knives pointing towards the centre, ready for a lunge, whereas the Irish always wanted a clear stage and no favour—at least plenty of space convenient for a spring, and ample room to jump upon a man, or beat his head in with a quart pot, or bite his nose off. Now the nooks and corners into which the bar had been cut up, rendered this very difficult of accomplishment; and the consequence was, that the fine ground glass panels and lustres, the porcelain tap-handles, the crystal ale columns, the gold fish fountain (I don't think I mentioned that), the fine gilt and rosewood mouldings, soon came to be knocked off, smashed, and spoilt past mending. J. Fishtail was very savage at this, you may be sure, and, striving to turn the noisy customers out, the wide-awake hat was perpetually being flattened on his head with pewter measures, and his cut-away coat ripped up with clasp-knives—for he was full of pluck, and did his best to keep order. The police naturally appeared on the scene in these disturbances, and a great deal of expense was entailed upon him in "squaring" these functionaries, particularly when the Italians, being prevented from fighting, took to gambling on the tubs, at dominoes, moro, or "buck-buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" and stabbing each other quietly when they lost. The police had to be "squared" so often under these circumstances, that the little court by the side-door was half-lined with pots of half-and-half, which the municipals slipped off their beat to drink on the sly; and as it was, Fishtail—albeit, as harmlessly inclined as any landlord—was always in trouble with the magistrates, and having his license endorsed, and being fined. He grew into awful disfavour with the licensing authorities at Clerkenwell Green, where Major Blueblasis, of Tottenham, once stated his conviction that the Bottle of Hay was an "infamous den;" and if Inspector Buffles had not stood Fishtail's friend he would have lost his license, and the spite of his enemy Ditcher, who keeps the Italian Stores beershop in the lane, and has been trying after a spirit license these five years, would have been gratified.

Then he got into trouble about his dry skittle-ground. When my old house was near, I had as neat, and as good, and as dry a skittle-alley as any in Clerkenwell parish. Many and many have been the respectable tradesmen that have played there—good warm men—moral men, and ex-churchwardens. The "setter-up" made fifteen shillings a-week clear, all the year round. Many, too, have been the rumps and dozen ordered in my house after matches, aye, and paid for. J. Fishtail of course was too go-a-head a young gentleman to be contented with a dry skittle-ground with plenty of sawdust and one gas jet, and the pins and balls (like wooden Dutch cheeses) painted on the door-jambs. Oh no! he must have an American Bowling Alley, with more mahogany, more gilding, more ground glass shades to the gas-burners, more crimson-covered benches, a scorer or marker, who played tricks with a grand mahogany board like a railway time-table, instead of using the old legitimate chalk, and a flaring transparency outside, representing General Washington playing skittles with Doctor Franklin. Of course there was an additional bar for the use of the skittle-players, where

the scorer, who wore a very large shirt collar and a straw hat, and was at least a General in America—mixed and sold "American Drinks:" brandy cock-tails, gin slings, egg-noggs, timber doodles, and mint juleps, which last tasted very like bad gin-and-water, with green stuff in it, which you were obliged to suck through a straw instead of swigging in the legitimate manner. A fine end for my dry skittle-ground to come to!

It hadn't been open a month before Dick the Brewer, Curley Jem Simmons and Jew Josephs, all notorious skittle sharps, found it out and made it a regular rendezvous for picking up flats. They soon picked up young Mr. Poppinson, the rich pawnbroker's son, who had twenty thousand pounds and water on the brain, and has since gone through the court. They picked him up to some tune. It was'nt the games he lost on the square (which were few) or the games he lost on the cross (which were many) or the sums he was cheated of at the fine slate billiard table upstairs, or the bottles of champagne he stood (champagne at my old house in Leather Lane!); it was the dreadful deal of money he lost at betting:—fifties that Dick the Brewer couldn't cross the ally in three jumps, ponies that Curly Jem couldn't name the winners of the Derby and Oaks for ten years running—even fives that Jew Josephs couldn't turn up a Jack four times out of four. Poor young Mr. Poppinson! He ruined himself and his poor child of a wife (a little delicate thing you might blow away with a puff at most) and his poor old widowed mother who sold herself up, and pawned her comfortable little annuity for her wayward son. I met him the other day—he is but a boy still—flying in rags; and said I to myself there are not many people who pass this scarecrow who would believe were they told it, that in two or three years he managed to squander away twenty thousand golden pounds, not in horse racing, not at Crockford's, not on actresses and dancing girls, not even in foreign travel, but between the skittle alleys and billiard tables and tap rooms of three or four low public houses. I have seen life and many phases of it, and know how common these cases are. It is astonishing how often those who spend the most enjoy and see the least for their money. I met a man the other day ragged, forlorn, with no more fat upon him than would grease a cobbler's bradawl. Now I had known this man when he was worth ten thousand pounds. He had spent every penny of it. "How on earth did you manage it?" I asked him, for I knew that he never drank or had any ambition to be what you call a swell. "Ah," said he with a sigh, "I playe." "What at?" I asked again, thinking of rouge-et-noir, roulette or chicken hazard. "Bagatelle," says he. Ten thousand pounds at bagatelle—at a twopenny-halfpenny game of knocking a ball about with a walking stick, and that a child could play at! Yet I daresay he told the truth. Just similarly young Mr. Poppinson went to ruin in J. Fishtail's American Bowling Alley; and when in desperation he gave Curly Jem Simmons and Jew Josephs in charge for swindling him (and they were discharged, of course) people did say that J. Fishtail was in league with Jew Josephs; stood in with the whole gang, and had as much to do with cheating Mr. Poppinson as anybody. At all events he got a very bad name by the transaction.

Just at this time, I think, I was taken very bad with the rheumatism, and, lying up at Hoxton, lost sight of J. Fishtail. I expected to find him in the Gazette by the time I was able to be on my feet and about again; but the next time I looked in at my old house I found him still in Leather Lane, and heard that he was carrying on worse than ever. He had been satisfied with barmaids for some time, and saucy minxes they were too, all ribbons and airs, together with a very fast young barman who was always making up his betting-book when he should have been attending to the customers; and had ran matches, so I heard—the wretch—upon a turnpike road in pink drawers, with a ribbon tied round his head. But what do you think J. Fishtail's next move was? To have a Giant as a barman! As I live, a Giant.

He was a great, shambling, awkward, bow-legged, splay-footed brute, considerably more than seven feet high, and as great a fool as he was a creature. He had a head like an ill-made slack-baked half quartern loaf, inclining to the sugar-loaf form at the top; or perhaps a bladder of lard would be a better comparison. His little lack-lustre eyes were like two of No. six shot poked into the dough anyhow. His mouth was a mere gash, and he slobbered. His voice was a shrill squeak, with one gruff bass note that always turned up when it wasn't wanted, and oughtn't to have been heard. He had at least four left hands, and spilt half the liquids that he drew, and was always breaking his long shins over stools or anything that came handy—as almost everything seemed to do, in that sense. To see him in his huge shirt sleeves, with his awkward beefy hands hanging inanely by his side, and his great foolish mouth open, was disgusting: he was a pillar of stupidity, a huge animated pump with two handles, and not worth pumping. He took to wearing a little boy's cloth cap at the back of his monstrous ill-shaped head, which made him look supremely ridiculous. What his name was I never knew or cared to inquire; but he was generally known as "Big Bill," or the "Giant Barman." Of course he had been exhibited before the Queen and the principal Courts of Europe, and was patronised by all the royal families extant; and a gigantic lithographic representation of him in a full suit of black with a white neckcloth, exhibiting his bigness in the private parlour of Windsor Castle, before her Majesty and a select assembly, all

the ladies of which wore feathers and all the gentlemen stars and garters, was framed and glazed in J. Fishtail's bar; while a copy of it in coarse wood engraving was placarded half over London. He had been Professor Somebody once on a time I believe; and had squeezed up quart pots, lifted hundred weights of iron with his little finger, and held bars of lead in his teeth; but where Fishtail picked him up was not known: some said in a caravan at a fair, some sweeping a crossing, some in a ferry steamboat at Liverpool, where he amused the company who crossed from the landing stage to Birkenhead. He "drew"—as the play-acting people say—rather satisfactorily, at first, and was goaded on by J. Fishtail to ask everybody to treat him to six-penn'orth of brandy and water for the good of the house—the consumption of which six-pennorths made him maudlin drunk; staggering on his long legs, crying to go home to Worcestershire (where he came from originally I suppose), and at last falling all of a huge heap in a corner. His admirers, however, were soon confined to people who had half a pint of beer and stared stupidly at him for half an hour together; and as he was totally useless as a barman, and broke more glasses than he was worth, J. Fishtail soon gave him his travelling ticket and started him.

J. Fishtail had not done enough to degrade my old house yet. Not a bit of it. "You'd better have a dwarf, Fishtail," I said to him in my quiet chaffing way (I always had a turn for satire). "P'raps a Miss Biffin would suit you, or a pig-faced lady for a barmaid. What do you think of a 'What is it?' or a spotted girl. You'd better have a Rumtifoozle, and put my old house on wheels, and hang my old portrait outside for a placard, and stand at the door yourself and cry, 'Walk in, walk in and see the Rumtifoozle, two thousand spots on his body, no two alike; two thousand spots on his tail, no two alike; grows a hinch and a half every hanimal year, and has never yet come to his full growth; the Rumtifoozle which the proprietor wouldn't sell to George the Fourth: saying, 'No, George the Fourth, you shall not have our Rumtifoozle; for the Rumtifoozle has a foot like a warming-pan, and a body like the keel of a vessel, and a tail that would astonish a donkey.' Try that Fishtail." "Wait a bit," says he. Three days afterwards he came out with the fat barmaid.

Ugh! the monster. She was a lump of suet. She was a dollop of dripping, a splodge of grease. The poor thing was so helplessly fat that she could neither stand nor walk without difficulty; and all she could do was to crouch languidly in a wide chair, baring her horribly fat arms to the curious customers. She drew at first a little, and was profitable, and people turned faint directly they saw her layers and creases of fat and her quintuple chin, and were obliged to have three penn'orths of brandy; but they never came again, oh, no! and the fat barmaid soon followed the giant.

After this there came a bit of a lull in the way of monsters; but J. Fishtail was not tired. The cholera was very bad, and Leather Lane being a nice, teeming, no-washing neighbourhood, they just died off in it and about it like sheep. Out comes J. Fishtail with an infallible specific for the cholera—brandy, and something, which, took wonderfully and paid, for it made people very ill immediately, and compelled them to have more brandy without anything, to set them all right again. The cholera died away, and Fishtail was hesitating between another giant who could sing beautifully, and a bearded lady, and an innocent-looking young lady, with pink eyes and long flaxen hair like floss silk, and was reported to have killed a man with a chopper, and would have been a great catch, if she would have come down to his terms, when the bloomer costume came out. Straightway, Fishtail put his two barmaids into variegated satin trowsers and broad-brimmed hats. I rejoice to say that this move turned out an egregious failure. The increase of frequenters to the Bottle of Hay was confined to blackguard boys, who blocked up the doorways, whooping, and performing on the bones or pieces of slate; but as they could see no more of the costume than the broad-brimmed hats, they grew disgusted, and made irreverent remarks, till the poor girls did nothing but take refuge in the bar-parlour and cry, and Fishtail was compelled, sorely against his will, to allow them to assume their proper attire.

More monsters; and such a monster this time. James Fishtail had the audacity, the impiety, the indecency, to engage and set up in a Christian bar a painted savage. Whether the wretch was a Caffre, or a Zooloo something, or a Hottentot, or a Krooman, or an Ashantee, it matters not; but there he was, all dirt, and cock's feathers, and paint and leopard skin. He was a miserable deformed creature, with bones through his nose, and ears, and chin, of course, and eyes which he was instructed to roll, and teeth to chatter continually. At first he was allowed to go through his national performances of the chace, war, &c., before the bar, with a hatchet, and a bow and arows, and a string of beads; but he lost his temper so frequently, and tried to bite Fishtail, and to make ferocious love to the barmaids, that his sphere of action was limited. So J. Fishtail had him penned up in a corner of the bar with stools and pots, where he subsided into a state of helpless stupidity; but he was wont, at times, to howl so piteously, and to make such frantic efforts to escape, that people cried shame, and Fishtail sent him back to the showman who called himself his guardian, and had bought him for two cows and a yard of red cloth somewhere out at the Cape of Good Hope.

I was so out of patience with this last want

of common propriety on the part of Fishtail, that I solemnly discarded him, and have never entered his house since.

AN OLD BOOK OF GEOGRAPHY.

HERE we have lying before us an old geography book, printed early in the reign of Charles the First. It is what Mr. Carlyle happily designates "a dumpy quarto;" is plainly bound in unsophisticated calf, guiltless of gold lettering or devices, and presenting somewhat the appearance of a modern school-book; and is entitled "Mikrokosmos: A little Description of the Great World. The Fourth Edition, Revised. By Peter Heylyn. Oxford, Printed by W. T. for William Turner and Thomas Huggins. 1629." The first edition appeared in sixteen hundred and twenty-one; so that we see the work was held in no inconsiderable estimation at the time. Indeed Peter, though now known only to a few inquirers, was a man of some importance during his life; and, for several years after his death, was quoted as an authority. The substance of the quarto now before us was originally delivered in the form of lectures at Magdalen College, Oxford, when the writer was only seventeen years of age; and being afterwards enlarged, was published as a book. Subsequently, Heylyn entered the Church; became one of the chaplains of Charles I., a great favorite of Laud, and a doughty champion of kingly and priestly domination; suffered for his opinions under the Commonwealth; and finally died in prosperity after the restoration of the Stuarts. He was a ready and voluminous author; and will be regarded with interest as one of our earliest newspaper-press men, having published at Oxford a weekly paper called the Mercurius Aulicus.

High Churchman and scholar though he was, our friend Heylyn puts on no saturnine or crabbed visage. His manner, on the contrary is gay, lively, unctuous, flavorous, good-humoured, and full of character. His style has a chuckle in it whenever he can tell you a quaint story or an odd bit of national manners. Great relish for a joke has Peter; and you may now and then catch him telling a naughty tale with a twinkle in the eye. With no solemn pretence of abstruse wisdom does our geographical mentor conduct us on the long pilgrimage through a world; but rather with the air of a genial and well-informed companion, familiar with history, antiquity, and tradition; full of anecdote and illustration; observant of new forms and modes of life; not deficient in the broad daylight of statistics (such as were then known), yet having a strong love for glimmering fables and twilight myths; no indiscriminate swallower of lies, though willing to believe any moderately strange tale; and, poet-like, increasing in riches as he passes onward into regions more and more remote. Sometimes we laugh with Peter, sometimes at him; yet there is no denying that his book is the result of great industry, great learning, much careful research in many volumes, and considerable literary tact in selection and condensation. Let us dip a little into the old quarto, and see how the world has altered in many things—how remained stationary in some—since the year sixteen hundred and twenty-nine.

To the end that his readers may be thoroughly grounded in their geographical and historical studies, and that nothing may be done incompletely or slightingly, Heylyn commences his volume with twenty-six pages of "Præcognita," in which he discourses of history and geography in the abstract, and of the best writers of the latter. Speaking of commercial intercourse between different nations, he makes a remark which curiously anticipates our modern free-trade doctrines. He writes: "Our most provident and glorious Creator so furnished countries with severall commodities that amongst all there might be sociable conversation; and, one standing in need of the other, all might be combined in a common league, and exhibite mutuall succours. This abundance of all countries in everything, and defect of every country in most things, maintaineth in all regions and every province a most strict combination. So that, as in the body of the little world, the head cannot say to the foot, nor the foot to the head, 'I stand in no need of thee,' so in the body of the great world, Europe cannot say to Asia, nor Asia to Africke, 'I want not your commodities, nor am defective in that of which thou boastest of abundance.'" Sensible enough this, and worthy to be spoken by Manchester in the nineteenth century;* but an opinion which our geographer adopts from a previous writer, about the prosperity of great cities being in part derivable from "immunities from taxes and the like oppressions," we of the present day can in nowise father. London is certainly a great city: and as certainly it is not exempt from taxes. Concerning rivers, we find a scientific opinion which we fear will not pass muster with the learned of our own times. It appears that rivers are "engendered in the hollow concavities of the earth," and are derived from congealed air: to give us a lively idea of which engendering, Peter informs us that it is in the same manner "as we see the aire in winter nights to be melted into a pearlie dew, sticking on our glasse windowes." Here also is a dictum in respect to the political position and power of islands which, could the author be suddenly reanimated, he would find had been startlingly disproved in the course of a few generations. "As concerning the situation of ilands," says Peter, "whether commo-

* Under the head of Florence, Heylyn mentions an instance of "Protection" which may be commended to all advocates of monopoly. "The Duke," he states, "useth here to buy up almost all the corne in the country at his owne price, and sel it againe as deere as he list: forbidding any corne to be sold till his be all vented." A more villainous use of power can scarcely be conceived.

dious or not, this is my judgment. If a Prince desire rather to keep than augment his dominions, no place fitter for his abode than an iland, as being by itself and nature sufficiently defensible. But if a king be minded to adde continually unto his empire, an iland is no fit seat for him; because. partly by the uncertainty of winds and seas, partly by the longsomenesse of the wayes, he is not so well able to supply and keep such forces as he hath on the continent. An example hereof is England, which hath even to admiration repelled the most puissant monarch of Europe [Philip II. of Spain]; but for the causes above-named cannot show any of her winnings on the firme land: though shee hath attempted and atchieved as many glorious exploits as any country in the world." See what genius and energy can effect, even in spite of what seems a very plausible theory. Our insular position remains unchanged; yet we have acquired and maintained a foreign empire greater than Alexander's. On the other hand, Spain, then "the most puissant" of monarchies, has been stripped of nearly all its foreign possessions.

Coming at length to speak of Europe, we find Peter very contemptuous of those over-ingenious people who "have taken delight in resembling every particular country to things more obvious to the sight and understanding;" as "Europe to a dragon, the head thereof (forsooth) being Spaine; the wings, Italy and Denmarke: France to a losenge, or rhomboides: Belgia to a lyon: Britaine to an axe: Ireland to an egge: Peloponnesus to a plantane-leaf: Spaine to an ox-hide spred on the ground: Italy (which indeed holdeth best proportion) to a man's legge: with divers the like phantasmes of a capricious braine; these countries no more resembling them than pictures made when painting was in her infancie, under which they were faine to write, *This is a lyon*, and *This is a whale*, for feare the spectators might have taken one for a cockle, and the other for a cat." From the conclusion of this sentence, we judge Peter to have been no pre-Raphaelite. Our friend, indeed, seems to have got into rather an ironical mood. Behold how he sneers at the etymology of the word "Europe," according to Becanus, "Who, thinking it unmeet that Europe, being first inhabited by the Gomerites or Cymbrians, should have a Greeke name, maketh it Europe *quasi Verhopp*, by the transposition of the two first letters; *Ver*, forsooth, signifying (though I know not in what language) excellent, and *Hopp*, a multitude of people, because Europe containeth (oh, the wit of man!) a multitude of excellent people."

We now enter Spain; and here, among many other things, Peter tells us of the extreme pride of the people, and quotes an anecdote to the effect that an old cobbler, addressing from his death-bed his eldest son, exhorted him "to endeavour to retain the majesty worthy so great a family." He also repeats two other stories of the same nature, one of a beggar-woman, who, receiving an offer from some French merchants to take the eldest of her boys into service, and being offended at the notion "that any of her lineage should endure a prenticeship," replied that, "for aught she or they knew, her son might live to be King of Spain." The other story has reference to a Spanish cavalier, who was flogged through the principal streets of Paris for some offence, and who, in answer to the advice of a friend, that he should make greater haste, in order that he might the sooner conclude his painful perambulations, exclaimed, half angrily, "that he would not lose the least step of his gait for all the whipping in Paris." Heylyn, however, with commendable honesty, will not make himself and his readers merry with the follies of the Spanish character, without also enumerating its virtues; one of which he asserts to be "an unmoved patience in suffering adversities, accompanied with a settled resolution to overcome them: a noble virtue of which, in their [West] Indian discoveries they showed excellent proofes, and received for it a glorious and a golden reward." It is to be feared that the Spaniards have degenerated since those days. Adversities enough, Heaven knows, they have had to encounter; but as yet they have not overcome them.

Of the Inquisition—that dreadful police of Roman Catholicism, first established in Spain, as an instrument against the Moors, but which even orthodox and despotic Naples refused to accept—Peter relates an anecdote in connection with it that is worth transcribing, as a sign of the horror with which it was regarded even in its native land. One of the Inquisitors "desiring to eate of the peares which grew in a poore man's orchard not far off, sent for him to come unto him, which put the poore swaine into such a fright, that he fell sick, and kept his bed. Being afterwards informed that his peares were the cause of his lordship's message, he plucked up the tree by the roots, carrying it with all the fruite on it unto him; and when he was demanded the reason of that unhusbandly action, he protested that he would never keep that thing in his house which should give any of their lordships a further occasion to send for him." We could almost fancy the peasant in question to be poor Sancho Panza; the fright, the action, and the reason given, are all in the manner of that first of squires.

Every Englishman has heard of the Bay of Biscay oh; but we believe few have travelled in the country itself, either personally or by means of books. Yet it is a land of much interest. Preserving its independence for an unusual length of time, both against the Romans and the Goths, and never receiving any large influx of foreigners, it presents to this day a fragment of early

Europe. That the language of the people differs entirely from that of the rest of Spain, is certain; that it is not identical with any other European dialect, is asserted by modern scholars, though it is said to have some similarity to the Welsh; yet that it has "continued without great alteration since the confusion at Babel," will probably meet with few believers. Heylyn himself says that he "will not stand to prove" such an opinion; but he thinks it is the original language of Spain. He says that many of the customs of the people are very peculiar. "They account themselves free from taxes and contributions to the Kings of Spaine, yeelding them obedience with their bodies, but not with their purses. [Very peculiar indeed to an Englishman!] And when any of the Spanish Kings in their progresses come to the frontiers of this countrey, hee bareth one of his legs, and in that manner entereth into it. There he is met by the lords and gentlemen there dwelling, who proffer him some few small brasse pieces (maravidis they call them, whereof six hundred goe to a crown) in a leatherne bag, hanged at the end of a lance; but withall they tell him that hee must not take them. This ceremony performed, they all attend the King in his journey; and this I learned from a gentleman who had spent some time in this country." Even now, the people of Biscay have the privilege of managing their own taxation, and are exempt from many fiscal impositions borne by the rest of Spain, while they enjoy a degree of liberty unknown in other parts of the peninsula. Heylyn tells another story of these people, still more strange than the former. We have all read of the unaccountable objection entertained by several men to the sight of very innocent things—cats, dogs, cocks, apples, a new moon, &c.; some even being ungallant enough to feel horror-struck at the presence of ladies. But here is a whole people of orthodox Europe, in whose eyes the sight of a Bishop is an abomination. So, at least, says our High Church Peter: "They admit no Bishops to come amongst them; and when Fernand the Catholique came in progresse hither, accompanied, amongst others, by the Bishop of Pampelune, the people arose in armes, drave back the Bishop, and, gathering all the dust on which they thought he had trodden, flung it into the sea." The same state of feeling still exists in Biscay; Bishops are illegal, and the Pope is not regarded.

Let us now turn our attention towards Russia. In the days of Peter Heylyn, Russia was not the giant power it now is, or at any rate was only an infant Hercules, scarcely recognised by the more mature states of Europe. The country was then commonly called Muscovy; and the monarch, the Great Duke, *or* Emperor,—the latter title being first confirmed by Peter the Great. Of the people, Heylyn says that "they are exceedingly given to drinke, insomuch that all heady and intoxicating drinkes are by statute prohibited, and two or three dayes only in a yeare *allowed them to be drunke in.*" The English public has lately been told that the national love of spirits is now encouraged for the sake of the revenue derived from its indulgence; so that the morality of Russian paternal government has gained nothing from the progress of time. Here, however, is a characteristic which still exists in its full force, as European nations, at this very moment, have but too much reason to know: "In matters of warre, the people are indifferently able, *as being almost in continuall broyles with their neighbours.*" An anecdote touching a very peculiar taste on the part of the Russian women, makes us think that they would form good wives for certain members of our own lower orders, with whom they would have no cause to complain of neglect, or indifference to their happiness. "It is the fashion of these women," says Peter, "to love that husband best which beateth them most, and to thinke themselves neither loved nor regarded, unlesse they be two or three times a day well-favoredly swadled. The author of the Treasury of Times telleth a story of a German shoemaker, who, travelling into this country, and here marrying a widdow, used her with all the kindnesse that a woman could (as he thought) desire: yet did not shee seeme contented. At last, learning where *the fault* was, and that his not beating her was the cause of her pensiveness, he tooke such a vaine [*i.e.* humour] in cudgelling her sides, that in the ende the hangman was faine to break his necke for his labour. . . . It is the custome over all Muscovie, that a maid in time of wooing sends to that suiter whom she chooseth for her husband such a whip, curiously by herself wrought, in token of her subjection unto him." Speaking of the Great Duke, our geographer mentions a circumstance which shows the semi-religious, or Papal, character assumed by the monarchs of Russia. "Hee is apparelled," says Heylyn, "like a King and a Bishop: wearing with his royall vestment a miter and a crosier's staffe." His power in those days was no less despotic than now; for a certain Turkish bashaw used to say "that his master and the Muscovite were the most absolute princes in the world." His revenues, however, have doubtless increased: in Heylyn's time they amounted, after defraying his household charges, to three millions of rubles. But the empire even then was "vast," as Heylyn himself says; and a great European power was gradually developing itself, despite of snow and northern cold. Touching this last matter, by the way, we must not forget a joke which will remind the reader of one of the most surprising incidents in that book of marvellous adven-

tures chronicling the achievements and experiences of the Baron Munchausen; and also of a story in No. 254 of The Tatler. "This excesse of cold in the ayre," writes Peter, "gave occasion to Castilian, in his Aulicus, wittily and not incongruously to faine, that if two men, being somewhat distant, talke together in the winter, their words will be so frozen that they cannot bee heard; but if the parties in the spring return to the same place, their words will melt in the same order that they were frozen and spoken, and be plainly understood." As a tragedy by the side of this burlesque, we may repeat Heylyn's assertion that "in the yeare 1598, of 70,000 Turkes which made an inrode into Muscovie, 40,000 were frozen to death:" which looks like an anticipation of the terrible French retreat. The Russians and the Turks, we see, are old enemies.

Quitting Russia, and flying across sea and land straightway to England, we drop down on London in 1629, and find ourselves in a strange spot, although at home again. It seems to our modern eyes a singularly little place for a capital; though Peter informs us that it "*may* containe eight miles" in circuit. But our friend's astonishment seems greatly moved by the vastness of the population, which he regards as absolutely "wondrous," and which proves to be "well nigh four hundred thousand people, *which number is much augmented in the Tearme time.*" This he considers greater than the population of Paris; but he thinks that the size of the latter is superior to that of our metropolis. Next to London, York seems to have been the chief city of England: Liverpool and Manchester being then as naught. Here are some statistics concerning the amount of "butcher's meat" eaten in London in those days: "In London only there are no fewer that 67,500 beefes and 675,000 sheepe slain and uttered in a yeare, besides calves, lambes, hog's-flesh, and poulterers' ware. The Earle of Gondamor, late the Spanish leiger here, having in some severall market days seen the several shambles of this great city, said to them who made the discovery with him, that there was more flesh eaten in a month in that towne, than in all Spaine in a yeare." This was probably an exaggerated estimate; yet it is evident that a high amount of national prosperity must have existed at the time.

Heylyn says of the commonalty that "they live, together with gentlemen, in villages and townes, which maketh them savour of civility and good manners; and live in farre greater reputation than the yeomen in Italy, Spaine, France, or Germany, being able to entertaine a stranger honestly, diet him plentifully, and lodge him neatly." He also says that they "enjoy a multitude of prerogatives above all other nations, being most free from taxes and burdenous impositions." How much the people valued these immunities, was shown by the civil war then fast approaching, and provoked in the first instance by the levying of ship-money and other oppressive taxes. There is some justice in the complaints of those who, while seeing the immense subsequent increase of riches to the rich, fail to observe a corresponding amount of prosperity among the masses at the bottom of the scale.

In his account of Scotland, Heylyn gives an odd relation of the feuds which were once common among the clans. "The people," says he, "had not long since one barbarous custome: which was, if any two were displeased, they expected no law, but *banged it out bravely*, one and his kindred against the other and his: and thought the King much in their common [qy. debt?], if they granted him at a certaine day to keepe the peace." Rapidly glancing over the chief events of Scottish history, Peter considers it necessary to relate at length the story of Macbeth (or "Machbed," as he calls him), as though it had not been popularised by Shakspeare; of whom indeed he makes no mention. He says that it is "a history than which, for variety of action, or strangenesse of event, I never met with any more pleasing." It is remarkable that the Scotch historian, Buchanan, who published his great work while Shakspeare was a youth, recommended the story of Macbeth as a fit subject for the stage. It is still more remarkable than in Jeremy Collier's "Dictionary," printed as late as seventeen hundred and one, Macbeth is said, in a half contemptuous manner, to have been made the subject of stage plays to this day.

Passing over into Ireland, we can only afford space to quote a singular description of the existing state of that country: singular, because it indicates a subsequent retrogression, and because it is in some measure paralleled by what is now passing under our own eyes. Alluding to the reforms which had lately been carried out by Queen Elizabeth and her successor, Heylyn says; "Whereas there was before but one freeholder in a whole county, which was the lord himself, the rest holding in villenage and beeing subject to the lord's immeasurable taxations, whereby they had no incouragement to build or plant; now the lord's estate was divided into two parts; that which he held in demeane to himselfe, which was still left unto him, and that which was in the hands of his tenants, who had estates made in their possessions according to the common law of England, paying instead of uncertain Irish taxations, certain English rents: whereby *the people have since set their minds upon repairing their houses and manuring their lands*, to the great increase of the private and publique revenue." How like this is, to the good effects which have accrued from the Encumbered Estates Act! But Ireland has not yet again reached the point of orderliness and prosperity from which it appears to have fallen since the early part of the seventeenth century, if we may credit

what Heylyn goes on to state. "Thus have you seene Ireland, which before served onely as a grave to bury our best men, and a gulfe to swallow our greatest treasures, being governed neither as a countrey free, nor conquered, brought in some hope, by the prudence and policy of her present King and late deputies, to prove an orderly commonwealth, civil in itselfe, profitable to the prince, and a good strength to the British Empire. For now the way-fareing men travell without danger, the ploughman walketh without feare, the laws are administered in every place alike, the men are drawn unto villages, the woods and fastnesses left to beasts, and all reduced to that civility as our fathers never saw, nor can wee sample out of ancient histories." The pen-men are the greatest civilisers of the world, and poets sometimes not among the least practical. How much of the above Irish reformation may have been attributable to Spenser's searching expositions of grievances in his "View of the State of Ireland," published in fifteen hundred and ninety-six!

A few words about the North Sea and the islands it contains, and we have done. Greenland is described as nourishing "a people dwelling in caves, and delighting in necromancie." Iceland is quaintly and happily called "a damnable cold country, whence it seems to take its name;" and Nova Zembla we learn "is famous for nothing but the pigmies which are here supposed to inhabite." Concerning the North Sea itself, Heylyn relates a fiction out of Tacitus, which appears to us to be one of the grandest ever conceived, and which, as it may not be known to all readers, we will here transcribe: "Beyond the Swethlanders there is another sea, so slow and almost immovable that many thinke it to be the bounds which compasse in the whole world. Some are persuaded *that the sound of the Sun is heard as he riseth out of this sea;* and that many shapes of God are seene, and the beames of His head. At this sea (the report is credible) is the end of Nature and the world."

In the full surge of this stupendous and celestial harmony, we shake hands with Peter, and part company.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

The Greek Commercial School at Halki is the most important educational establishment in Turkey. It is situated on the brow of a lofty hill, and forms the chief point of view in one of the little group of islands not far from Constantinople. It is now a building of some pretensions and extent, but it has undergone many changes. It occupies the spot where formerly stood an institution founded by John Paleologus, one of the Greek emperors, so early as fourteen hundred and twenty-five. On the destruction of this building, another rose upon its ruins, of which the famous Ipsilanti was the founder; but this was, in its turn, also destroyed. Education is not a subject which has excited much attention in Turkey, and therefore, although the ground belonged to the Greek Patriarchate it was suffered for many years to lie waste. In later years, a small and ill-conducted school was once more established there, but it died a natural death in eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

The modern school sprung into life in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and has been rapidly increasing ever since, in importance and reputation, until it now numbers one hundred and eighty scholars. Fifteen fresh applications have been just refused for want of room to lodge the candidates. When the population of the Turkish Empire is considered, and the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Greeks, this will not appear a very large number of students; but when we think of the general state of civilisation in Turkey, and remember that the present establishment is only four years old, perhaps the progress it has made in that time will seem more satisfactory.

The students are nearly all of the higher class; that is to say, the better sort of merchants' sons, and they pay about thirty pounds a year, including every extra. The utmost attention is paid to their instruction and comfort. I have seldom visited a school in which the general order and arrangements are better. The dormitories are light and well ventilated, though perhaps rather crowded; each has an usher's room at the end, from which a glass door enables him to see all that is going on. The diet of the boys is liberal—a cup of coffee and a slice of dry bread after morning prayers, a breakfast of meat and fruit at twelve o'clock, and a plain dinner at six. Their drink at dinner is water. During that meal, one of the ushers reads history.

Their recreation is only an hour's play after every meal, which is hardly enough. There is no corporal punishment. It is superseded by set tasks to be learned out of school hours. The most severe punishment for incorrigible sinners is to be seated on a stool apart during dinner. A glass of water and a slice of dry bread are then placed before them, and a picture which is terrible to look upon—a picture which must neither be spoken nor dreamed of. It represents a donkey with remarkably long ears, a pig grovelling in the mire, and a dog conducting himself in a highly improper manner. The young offender may contemplate these things at leisure, and they are said to have a most salutary influence. I asked if it were well to keep a boy without his accustomed food; and was glad when the teacher smiled pleasantly, and said that his dinner was always given to him when the punishment was over.

I was assured by one of the eleven masters, who was so obliging as to be my guide, that the ardour of the boys, in endeavoring

to instruct themselves, is notable. There are separate masters for English and French, but no boy is allowed to learn those languages until he has completed his preparatory studies. Admission into the English and French classes is held out as a reward to the more advanced boys, and considered so. French is more learned than English; the boys like it better, though recently the study of English has gained ground; of the hundred and eighty scholars there are now thirty who are learning it. One of the *attachés* of the English Embassy has recently founded a half-yearly prize for the best English scholar.

On the return of the boys after the vacations, which are a little longer than they should be (as vacations generally are, indeed, at all schools), a solemn ceremony takes place. The bishop of the diocese (Halki) and the chief Greek clergy in the neighbourhood assemble in full canonicals, and high mass is chaunted with great parade and splendour. The head master, a very amiable and intelligent man, delivers a long speech, and the festival of the re-opening closes with a knife and fork breakfast, to which the friends and relations of the pupils who happen to be present are invited. It is pleasant to see the perfect harmony that exists between the pupils and the masters, and the warm and cordial greeting between them after their long separation.

The benefits which such an establishment as this, properly conducted and sufficiently endowed, might bestow upon Turkey, are incalculable. But the funds at command of the directors are wholly inadequate, and there is, among rich men in Turkey, none of that warm and enlightened patriotism which is likely to supply them. Voluntary subscriptions are, however, thankfully received, and those persons (they are happily many) who are looking about for worthy objects upon which to bestow benefits, would do well to aid so excellent a foundation by gifts of money, books, maps, or any of those things which are likely to be useful in a school of a superior kind. Money, of all things, they most need, for building purposes; the house being at present far too small for the demands constantly made for admission. Even the chance traveller, who may happen to be wandering among the beautiful Princes' Islands (and our fleet is now anchored off them) may spend a few hours, not unprofitably, in visiting the School of Halki. He will be sure, at least, of a courteous reception, and may, perhaps, find there better means of judging of the future prospects of the vast empire of Turkey, than in the cabinets of princes, or at the dinner tables of ambassadors. He will see a fine handsome race of lads growing up; some of whom are certainly destined to make a figure in the world one day; all of whom are receiving the advantages of education which were completely denied to their oppressed forefathers. He will see among them a quickness of intelligence and docility of manners which will suprise him, and a thirst for learning of all kinds which instruction cannot quench. I venture to predict, that (when Turkey shall have at length granted equal rights to her Christian subjects), this school will produce some of her best and wisest citizens.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Throw more logs upon the fire!
We have need of a cheerful light,
And close round the hearth to gather,
For the wind has risen to-night.
With the mournful sound of its wailing
It has checked the children's glee,
And it calls with a louder clamour
Than the clamour of the sea.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Let us listen to what it is saying,
Let us hearken to where it has been;
For it tells in its terrible crying,
The fearful sights it has seen.
It clatters loud at the casements,
Round the house it hurries on,
And shrieks with redoubled fury,
When we say "The blast is gone!"
Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the field of battle,
Where the dying and wounded lie;
And it brings the last groan they uttered,
And the ravenous vulture's cry.
It has been where the icebergs were meeting,
And closed with a fearful crash;
On the shore where no footstep has wandered,
It has heard the waters dash.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been in the desolate ocean,
When the lightning struck the mast;
It has heard the cry of the drowning,
Who sank as it hurried past;
The words of despair and anguish,
That were heard by no living ear,
The gun that no signal answered;
It brings them all to us here.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the lonely moorland,
Where the treacherous snow-drift lies,
Where the traveller, spent and weary,
Gasped fainter, and fainter cries;
It has heard the bay of the bloodhounds,
On the track of the hunted slave,
The lash and the curse of the master,
And the groan that the captive gave.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has swept through the gloomy forest,
Where the sledge was urged to its speed,
Where the howling wolves were rushing
On the track of the panting steed.
Where the pool was black and lonely,
It caught up a splash and a cry—
Only the bleak sky heard it,
And the wind as it hurried by.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Then throw more logs on the fire.
Since the air is bleak and cold,
And the children are drawing nigher,
For the tales that the wind has told.
So closer and closer gather,
Round the red and crackling light;
And rejoice (while the wind is blowing)
We are safe and warm to-night!
Hark to the voice of the wind!

MIRIAM THE SHADOW.

THERE existed formerly, according to tradition, confirmed by some European travellers, near the city of Damietta, in Egypt, a church of the Copts, in which on St. George's day a very remarkable event used to take place every year. Precisely at noon, along the white wall above the altar, there began a procession of dim phantoms; some mounted on horseback, others on foot, some male and some female. The priests attached to the church maintained that these apparitions were Saints who chose to present themselves at this period in order to revive the faith of the Christian people who were in servitude to unbelieving masters. As the fact was undoubted, and admitted even by Jews and Franks, who came to wonder and try to explain, the Coptic congregation in those times, when such a circumstance was not considered at all repugnant to the laws of nature, of course accepted the miracle and derived benefit from the belief. In our days they would probably have been derided by public opinion, at least in these western countries; but in the East, ghosts and genii and spirits of all ranks and classes—good and evil—were then, as now, considered to be as necessary to carry on the business of this world as breezes and showers. Even the most useless and idle apparitions are looked upon as mere matters of course. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath; and these are of them," would have exactly expressed their notion. But most spiritual agencies, according to them, are appointed by Providence to perform certain fixed duties. There are beings to watch over lovers, and others to torment the wicked. We are accustomed to suppress a yawn, because of the laws of etiquette; but an Egyptian Fellah profoundly believes he must do so because there exists a particular kind of demon, specially appointed to leap down the throats of gaping mortals.

As long as the church stood there was an annual pilgrimage, from all the surrounding districts, of pious people who wished to have ocular evidence of the fact that saints did revisit the earth in order to cheer and console them. On St. George's day, the neighbourhood of the church was converted into a camp. The strangers began to arrive on the previous evening, on asses, on mules, on camels, in boats down the river. Some set up good tents as a protection against the dew-fall; others made little sheds of palm branches and blankets; and many bivouacked in the open air round great fires lighted at various intervals upon the plain. Few, however, slept, religious excitement having wrought up most minds to a pitch of fervour that rendered rest impossible. Some prayed, others sang, others talked, many walked apart in meditation. A continual hum rose from the camp, and was carried by the sea breeze far away over the country, to greet the little caravans that were converging towards the same point along every path.

On one occasion—tradition is not very precise as to the date—a large boat manned by a dozen rowers, on coming round a sharp promontory into a broad reach that sparkled in the moon like a lake of silver, was greeted by the distant murmur of the camp of pilgrims. An old man with a white beard, who sat in the portico of the cabin, instantly gave orders to moor under the bank. The rowers, with a quick dropping chant, brought the head of the galley round to the stream and found a convenient landing-place near a group of sycamores. The old man remained meditating for a short time in his place; and then, unhooking a little lamp that swung from a chain, went into the cabin, shading the light with his hand and walking cautiously as if into a sick chamber. On one of the couches, under curtains of gauze, there was a person sleeping, who at first sight might have been mistaken for a maiden. A slight down, however, on the upper lip, and some sternness about the eyebrows indicated that the sleeper was a youth. He was very pale, and looked sickly. The old man gazed at him for a little time, and then made the light play upon his eyelids, and said gently, "My son, my son, we have arrived at the destination of fate, and it is meet that we should say the prayers which are necessary to bring a blessing upon us." The young man, after murmuring a little time some words in which the name of Miriam recurred two or three times, awoke with a cheerful smile and said, "I thank thee, father." Then the old man stooped down and kissed him on the forehead, and took out a large book from beneath the cushion, and began to read, pausing now and then for his son to say "Ameen," which he did very devoutly. The sailors meanwhile had lighted a fire on the bank, and were saying their prayers around it. There was no sound but the gurgling of the water along the sides of the boat, except that now and then with the rising and the falling of the gentle wind the murmur of the camp came sweeping by.

Han Hamma was the principal accountant of the treasury of the Sultan of Egypt. Though he had amassed a large fortune in the exercise of his functions, he was reputed for probity, and had earned the respect both of prince and people. This is saying much in the East, where it is supposed that a good financier must be a dishonest man. Han

Hamma had but one child, the son for whose sake he had undertaken this pilgrimage. The mother had been long since taken away, and there remained to him no other object of love. He had encountered many misfortunes, many disappointments, many losses; but he used to say that no man can be unhappy to whom there remains anything to love. He was right. The greatest blessing that Providence has given us is the power of affection; and, as long as we have still in this world any being with whom we can laugh or weep, whose delights are our delights, and whose sorrows are our sorrows; with whom we can share our hopes, and fight against despair, we have no right to call ourselves miserable. Where, then, is the man to whom a child is given that dares to take this title? Han Hamma had gold and silver, and precious stones, and silks, and embroidered clothes, and servants, and houses, and lands; and he had the young Yusof, for whom, with all these things, he could purchase enjoyments. Why should he be blamed for allowing his friends to call him The Most Happy, although they may have mistaken the source of his happiness, supposing it to be wealth?

When Yusof attained the age of seventeen years, his father, who had noticed in himself certain symptoms of decay, and who knew that he had already reached the average age which is allotted to man, called him to his side, and said, "My son, it is now good for thee to take a wife, in order that I may be assured that our race shall not perish. Perchance it may be given to me once more to nurse a child upon my lap, to teach it its first words, and to feel its little fingers clasp my thumb as I walk it across the room. These are delights which are fitting for an old man, and I pray thee therefore to look around and choose among the maidens of thy people one who shall please thee." Yusof kissed his father's hand, and said, "Thy wishes are commands. But give me yet a little time for reflection. This is a thing of which I have not yet thought."

Then he went away, resolving in his mind to be swift in choice, so that he might gladden the heart of his father. But, instead of going to the house of his uncle where many maidens, his cousins and their friends—beautiful girls, with almond-shaped eyes and slender forms—were to be seen, he shut himself up in his room, or wandered alone into the country, sitting by the banks of rivulets, under the shadow of trees, and began to imagine in his heart an object of love. He placed himself at once under the fatality of poets; for who is there in this world who, not satisfied with the creatures whom God hath given, does not endeavor to frame a heart-companion for himself; who endows her with all the beauties and the graces which his fancy can create; who separates from her all the faults and all the failings which are incident to humanity; who makes of her a spiritual being more fit for devotion than for companionship; who does not share, to a certain extent, the fruitful misfortune of the sons of song? Nearly all the unhappiness and disappointment which we meet with in this life may be traced to the extravagant aspirations in which we indulge in hours of idleness and hope; when we frame the future according to our desires, and disdain to accommodate ourselves to possibility. Somebody has said, or rather, everybody says, that no one loves, who loves not at first sight. The meaning of this is deeper than we commonly believe. He who loves at first sight has, until then, been occupied with other thoughts, has not framed to himself an ideal mistress, and has not, by anticipation, exhausted all the emotions of his heart in a fictitious life in some fanciful castle or cottage, which he has built for the dwelling of some fanciful creature. Those who, like Yusof, by accident or temperament, are led to fix their affections on a being of their own creation—a being which, if they could call into existence, would not satisfy them long—prepare for themselves great unhappiness.

In his solitary hours, Yusof had ever present to his mind the injunction of his father; but, instead of looking abroad among the maidens of his people as he had been told, he thought it necessary in the first place to make up his mind as to what qualities and what beauties his wife should possess. By degrees, without his knowledge, he created for himself an object of love such as it was not probable he would find among the daughters of the Copts, nor among the daughters of any other nation of the earth. When, therefore, after a month had passed Han Hamma again called him to his side, and said: "My son, hast thou made a choice?" the young man could only reply that he had meditated and had framed for himself an ideal of loveliness. "Well," said Han Hamma, folding him in his arms, "this is something. No transaction can be brought to a good end without serious deliberation. Now look around thee, and choose a maiden that is in accordance with the idea thou has framed; and fear not but that I will obtain her for thee."

Yusof did as he was bid, and looked at his cousin Lisbet. She was fair to see, and many were the youths who aspired to her. Her eyes were piercing, her lips like the bow of Cupid, her skin like the inner petal of a new-blown rose; but her stature was greater than Yusof had dreamed of, and he was obliged to raise his modest eyes disagreeably to admire her. All the faults she had, therefore—and who of us is there without fault?—were at once apparent, and Yusof turned away to look upon the little Hennena. But she was much too stout; and though cheerful and pretty, with a voice as sweet as a singing bird's, she found no mercy with the young critic, who said to himself, "It would be better

to live on without a companion than to take this stumpy thing." Many other girls were judged of by the same standard and condemned, so that Yusof began to imagine that there was no one good enough in this world for him. This was a very painful reflection; not that he was himself impatient to choose a wife, but he desired to comply with his father's injunctions. One day, therefore, being much perplexed in mind, he went to an old dame who was supposed to know things, to look into the future, and to explain hidden events. She received him in a dark room, and took him by the hand, and said, "I know thee; thou art the son of Han Hamma, and thou art in search of Miriam the Shadow. Seek and thou wilt find." Then she suddenly dismissed him.

For several days Yusof wandered from morning until evening in the fields, wondering to himself where this Miriam the Shadow might be found. He seemed to remember that the being whom he had created in his mind was called Miriam, and he began to think of her as one whom he had possessed, and whom he had lost. Sometimes when lying in a shady nook, where there was no sound but the hum of insects, far away from the paths of men, he used to cry out "Miriam! Miriam!" and wet the grass with his tears, as if he were really entitled to enroll himself amongst the sons of sorrow. Once there seemed to hover over him, amongst the branches of the trees, a form of beauty shedding smiles of kindness upon him, and looking down with compassion. He rose wildly and threw up his arms into the air; but the form had faded, and yet a voice that mixed with the rustling of the leaves pronounced his name, but in tones rather of pity than affection. He went home and threw himself in his father's arms, and told him that either he must die or must wed with Miriam the Shadow. The good old man could not at first understand; but when he saw the piercing eyes and haggard looks of his son, he became convinced that madness had been the result of much thought, and blamed himself as the cause. Yusof took to his bed, and remained incapable of motion for many days. The wisest physicians were called in, and one prescribed one thing and another another. Some said that the heat of the sun had been too great, and others the damp of the earth had been disastrous. All agreed that the young man had lost his senses and his health together. But in spite of their sayings and their medicines no good result was obtained.

At length there arrived in the city of Cairo a Persian doctor, who sent his servant about the streets proclaiming that if there were any one affected with an extraordinary disease he, and he alone, could give relief. When Han Hamma heard the crier, he said, "Those who praise themselves are wise because they beget confidence; and I have heard that it is the doctor and not the doctor's drugs that gives health to most people." So he called for the Persian and stated his son's case.

The Persian hummed and rolled his eyes, and displayed certain instruments, and made use of words longer than his face, upon which Han Hamma said to him, "These things are unnecessary; we believe in thy power, and are in want of thy advice." The doctor laughed and said, "What is the story of this young man?" When he had heard that he was in love with Miriam the Shadow he pondered a little, and gave his opinion in these words, "Let Miriam the Shadow be found." "Unhappy doctor!" exclaimed Han Hamma, in a passion, "is this thy wisdom? What is the difference between thy advice and my thoughts?" "My father," replied the Persian, "wisdom is always nearer at hand than folly; and, if men would receive it as it comes, they would not waste the greater part of their lives in search after vain things. My experience has told me that the office of a good counsellor is to remind those who are wandering in search of a rule of action of their first impression, which is often disdained because of its simplicity. Thou hast thyself thought of seeking for this Miriam; but, instead of doing so, thou hast called in the sons of science, who have made experiments on thy son, and have increased their own knowledge at the expense of his health. Go forth my father and travel and see new countries, and show the wonders thereof to Yusof, and perchance he will find that which he seeketh; if not, he will find something else, for the searcher is always rewarded. He who went into the desert to seek for a mine of gold found a well in a valley, and settled himself there, and became the founder of a mighty people." Han Hamma saw the wisdom of these words, and embraced the Persian doctor, and gave him a robe of honour, and proclaimed him in the city as the wisest of the disciples of Hippocrat. But when the people asked what wonderful medicines and powerful amulets had been made use of to bring back Yusof to courage and strength, he did not tell them, for there is no value except in what is unknown. Yusof being told by his father that they must depart, and search through the world for this Miriam the Shadow at once, found strength to leave his bed, and no longer considered himself a neighbour of death. The necessary preparations were made, and father and son soon set out upon their travels. They went to the Laïæ, and visited the Coptic cities thereof, and sojourned in the desert. Then returning, they voyaged by way of Alexandria to Syria, and stationed in all the cities from Damascus to Aleppo. Still, however, Miriam was not found, and Yusof, though there was no longer any fear for his life, remained sad and melancholy. They returned, after a year's absence, to Cairo, where they found the Persian physician again there on his way back from India. He had cured, he said, the sovereign of the Muguls of a fever by means of a pocket hand-

kerchief, bought for two piastres in the bazaar; and had, in consequence, become possessed of so much wealth that he was about to return to his country, in hopes of marrying the youngest daughter of the Shah. "And this Miriam!" said he, pinching Yusof's pale cheek. The young man sighed and blushed, for he was now ashamed of his weakness before strangers. "It will be good," said the physician—who, now that he was about to abandon the practice of medicine, began to recommend his patients to Providence, of which he had not thought before, possibly deeming it unnecessary—"it will be good," he said, "to make a pious pilgrimage. Go to the Church of the Apparitions on St. George's day. Who knows but that the saints may be able to do that which the art of man cannot accomplish?" Han Hamma smiled, and the Persian, who understood his thoughts, said, "Even in this case I advise what should have been thy first care. Perhaps, if we remember well, we have all forgotten to ask a blessing from above at the commencement of our most eager pursuits. We pray for rain and sunshine, which is distributed for others as well as ourselves; but we do not pray to be wise, because we think we are so already." He determined to follow the Persian's advice, and this is how it happened that, on the eve of St. George's day, his boat arrived, within hearing of the great camp of pilgrims assembled to see the Apparition of the Saints.

Although the Persian's words had been merely words of vague advice, both father and son were persuaded that they were approaching the solemn moment when their fate was to be decided for good or for evil. They passed the greater part of the night in prayer; and Yusof, every now and then, raised his voice and wept aloud over his youth that had withered and faded in pursuit of a shadow. "I feel very old," he said, "older than thou, father; for thou hast still hope and I have none. This is an evil thing which I have done. God placed me in thy care, that I might serve him and be useful to my fellow men: yet I have devoted all the strength of my heart and mind to the pursuit of a vain illusion—an imagination that is not a creature of God, but a part of myself. This is great impiety." But the hour of desponding passed; and when the sun started up behind a far off grove of palm trees, and the blue heavens trembled with the light, and the storks began to come down to the margin of the stream, and the doves fluttered in crowds from field to field, and ground larks brushed along the dewy grass; when the fish began to leap at the flies that buzzed over the water, as it glided and shone and eddied, and murmured; when the roar of the camp died away, stifled by the sounds of reviving life all around; when the boat again put out into the stream, and the rowers, rising as they pulled, shouted the morning song, and were answered by the crews of the other boats that quitted the banks where they too had passed the night, and crowded into a fleet of pilgrims;—when all the realities of nature were thus astir, Yusof felt more happy and more hopeful, and said to his father, "This is the day we have waited for." Han Hamma kissed him on the temples; and both, standing on the roof of the cabin, now beheld the Church of the Apparitions rising in the midst of the plain, and white tents sparkling around, and crowds of people running to and fro, and camels and horses standing here and there. They remained in their boat, moored with a hundred others against the bank, until the appointed hour.

A crier, standing on one of the pinnacles of the church, at length announced that it was noon, and that the people might begin to enter. There was at first a rush—but presently order returned, and the crowd began to pour in at one door and out at the other, gazing intently on the white wall above the altar; and truly an uninterrupted succession of phantom forms moved in stately march from right to left. Now and then a figure on horseback seemed to pass rapidly in front of the others, and was saluted by enthusiastic shouts as St. George. Sometimes the apparitions were dim, at others they became as bright and clear as fresco painting. Yusof and his father advanced slowly through the crowd. Just as they reached the great door a tremendous devotional cry was raised, and the name of Miriam flew to every lip. The people imagined they saw the saint of that name, sometimes confounded with the Virgin Mary. The form of a beautiful girl, with her head bent modestly down, slowly advanced, and stood for a moment as if in a glow of light, in the centre of the white wall—alone. She raised her eyes slowly, and seemed to look with affection and pity on a pale face that was coming on in the crowd. Yusof has left his father, and, forgetting everything but what he saw, struggled forward, shouting "Miriam! Miriam!" not in the accents of devotion but in those of love. The people understood not this scandal, and when the Shadow passed on, and Yusof was carried by the stream of pilgrims, panting and wild-looking, out into the fields beyond the church, he was regarded with respect, as one who had been visited by an especial access of fervour.

Han Hamma, who did not know that Miriam the Shadow had appeared, hastened after his son, and found him on the extreme limits of the crowd, lying upon his face. He raised him up and pressed him to his breast, and asked him what was the cause of his disturbance. Then Yusof said: "It is not that I beheld her gazing at me from amidst the saints, for I might have died to join her. But she appeared to me again here upon this spot and smiled at me. I fell down to worship and ask pardon for having profaned her by my love; but on raising my eyes she was gone." Then Han Hamma tried to comfort him, and pretended to be sceptical of apparitions—

though his conscience smote him for this sin—and said with a smile that had something of impiety in it, "If thou hast seen thy Miriam on this spot be sure she is a creature of flesh and blood; and we will find her abode. Did she make no sign, and greet thee by no gesture?" "She pointed to the river—the place where shadows are—meaning that I must join her in her kingdom." "Not so," said the old man, determining—to raise his son from despair—to be wicked, "believe not these vain things. Thou hast been punished for pursuing a shadow; but remember, there is no shadow without a substance. This is a case for the wise. The Persian physician will explain all."

So they returned to Cairo, where the Persian, who seemed to think that the Shah's daughter could afford to wait for him, still remained curing extraordinary diseases simply to pass his time. When he heard the result of the journey he smiled strangely and said: "All goes well! Miriam will be found. She is a living thing." Yusof embraced the Persian in a transport of gratitude; but Han Hamma looked at him attentively and surprised a twinkle of merriment in his eye. "What are this villian's intentions?" thought he. A little while after, while Yusof slept, the father and the physician were closeted together, and the servants said they heard peals of supernatural laughter bursting from their mouths. It is quite certain, that some unholy incantations took place; for, when Yusof awoke, he beheld Han Hamma and the Persian physician standing before him, each holding the tips of the rosy fingers of a young maiden the exact counterpart of the apparition seen in the church. He jumped at her as a cat would upon a linnet, and insisted upon ascertaining her reality by kissing her. All this was very wonderful, and the scandalous, when they heard parts of the story, insisted that Han Hamma, being a very old man, having little further to do with his soul, had sold it to an individual who goes about making bargains of that kind, for all the world like an old clothesman. The Moslems, however, being as most of us are, very keen in seeing through the superstitions of other people, declared that all this was a piece of manœuvering; that the Persian doctor was a poor Coptic apothecary of Damietta, who had been going about the world to earn a dowry for his daughter; that he had taken advantage of Yusof's madness to make a good match; that Miriam had gone by his orders and passed behind the church, so that her shadow might be reflected on the wall; and that Han Hamma was an old fool, who, instead of beating his son with a good stick, had yielded to all his whims, and had given him a wife who would have been very glad to marry Cardomo the Deacon. It is evident, however, that these rumours arose from mere malice; for although the Shah's daughter is still waiting for her husband, yet the Persian physician made such a fine speech at the wedding, that it is quite impossible for him to have been a hypocrite. He spoke with tears in his eyes of the sin of pursuing the fancies of our own hearts, instead of the cheerful realities of life; and, as he placed Miriam's hand in Yusof's, said to her: "Take care, my child, not to allow this young man ever to look upon you again as a vision." There was an odd merry menace in the bride's eyes when she heard these words; and, if tradition may be trusted, she took many ways of showing that she was no shadow. However, they lived happily together for a long time, and their posterity is now in Cairo.

SPLITTING STRAWS.

Straws—no relation to our bottle of hay—are things to show which way the wind blows—things to which a drowning man clings when he has no better support. Contentious men are said to split straws when they dispute about trifles. But straws are not always trifling things; they sometimes play a busy part. Let us split a few straws of this latter sort.

There is some little magic imputed to straws. Thus, there is a Devonshire cure for thrush, in which the child is taken to a running stream, a straw is drawn through its mouth, and its mother repeats the verse, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," &c. What is the connection between the straw and the verse, and between either of them and the cure, we must leave a Devonshire mother to describe. There used formerly to be a hidden virtue in a straw-necklace as worn by a pilgrim. Erasmus mentions such necklaces; and a modern attempt has been made to explain this on the ground that wheat straw has been regarded as an emblem of peace, and that the necklace may have been worn to shield the pilgrim from harm during his wayfarings. Whether the witches cared a straw for any one, we are not told; but they cared for straw, insomuch that straw was strewed on the floors of houses, five or six centuries ago, to keep away the witches.

There are men of straw in various countries and counties. In and near Carlisle, there is (or was) a custom prevalent among servants waiting to be hired; they go into the market-place with a straw in their mouths, as a mark whereby their wants may be made known. A broom at the mast-head indicates that a ship is for sale, so does a straw in the mouth announce that a servant is waiting to be hired. The custom has become modernized to this extent, that the candidate holds the straw in his hand until he observes a probable employer looking at him, when he suddenly whips it into his mouth. Anderson mentions this mouth-straw custom in one of his Cumberland Ballads:—

"At carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth,
The weyves com roun me in clusters:
'What weage dus te ax, canny lad?' says yeu."

This carel is, we believe, the market-place. But the straw in the shoe, in past years, had a much more crafty signification than the straw in the mouth. Fielding, in his Life of Jonathan Wild, relates that Jonathan's aunt Charity "took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn, but who was famous for so friendly a disposition, that he was bail for about a hundred gentlemen in one year. He had likewise the remarkable honour of walking in Westminster Hall with a straw in his shoe." Our age has almost forgotten the nature of this straw-bail to which Fielding so sarcastically alludes; but the subject has lately been gossipped into notoriety in Notes and Queries. Straw bail means simply, insufficient or fraudulent bail; but Westminster Hall has long ceased to witness the straw which was its symbol. In an article in the Quarterly Review it is said, "We have all heard of a race of men who used, in former days, to ply about our own courts of law, and who, from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognised by the name of straw-shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a 'convenient' witness, knew by these signs where to find one; and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate, (the party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the power of memory increased with it); 'To be sure I do.' 'Then come into Court and swear it;' and straw-shoes went into the Court and swore it." There is an old picture of Westminster Hall still extant, in which, among the figures crowding the Hall, is a man with a straw in his shoe.

There are other men of straw besides these. In the docks, a "straw-yarder" is a name contemptuously given to a would-be sailor who has never been out to sea. But there are real men of straw carried about at some of the Italian carnivals; and we have men of straw enough on Guy Fawkes day and other popular festivals. Certainly the smartest men of straw which have ever come under our own personal observation, were a regiment of fellows employed by a London straw-bonnet maker; they perambulated the streets dressed in straw plait garments from top to toe—hats, coats, trousers, boots, and all.

The agricultural, stable and decorative uses of straw are so apparent and so simple, as to speak for themselves; but there is just now a project on which we may gossip a little—viz., the manufacture of writing and printing paper from straw. The trials in this respect have been made in a brave spirit; if the straw paper be not a first-rate favourite, it is not from any deficiency in the attempts to make it so. It has been long known that a good packing and wrapping paper can be made from straw; but something finer than this has occasionally been produced. Very good tracing and copying paper has been made from it. In eighteen hundred and fourteen, an Austrian paper maker produced paper from straw, useful for many purposes. At a somewhat earlier date, the Marquis of Salisbury, at one of George the Third's levees, presented to the King a small book printed on straw-paper as a specimen of the art. Seguin produced at Paris, in eighteen hundred and one, some specimens of straw-paper, which were not only suitable for writing and printing, but even for copper-plate engravings. Estler, of Vienna, who had a secret mode of making straw-paper, is said to have sold his secret to the King of Denmark in eighteen hundred and fifteen; but whether his Scandinavian Majesty made anything out of his bargain, we do not know.

In the last century, a curious work was produced at Ratisbon. It was an account, by Jacob Christian Schäffer, of certain experiments which had been made to produce paper from various vegetable substances; and with it were interleaved several specimens of the paper so made; together with lace and woven cloth made from such of them as are fibrous. The whole collection is not a little remarkable. Greyish, brownish, greenish, blueish; dull, shining, granular, fibrous—they present extraordinary diversities. The straw specimens are among those which present a certain glossiness of surface, due probably to the large amount of silex which straw contains. Schäffer's first volume contains fifteen of these specimens with notices of the substances whence they are made, and a brief account of the mode of manufacture; the second volume contains fourteen specimens; the third, seventeen; the fourth, ten; the fifth, nine; and the sixth, nine; making the whole number upwards of seventy. Some are made of inner bark, some of leaves, some of rind, some of moss, some of stalky fibres, some of reeds, and some of straw. Another of these desperate attempts after novelties in paper-making is a small edition of a part of the works of the Marquis de Villette, published in London in seventeen hundred and eighty-six. A copy of this work is in the British Museum; and the paper, made from the inner part of the linden or lime-tree, is certainly among the oldest productions which we have met with. The book is a duodecimo, of about one hundred and fifty pages; and we suspect it was rather intended to show off the paper than the Marquis. The paper is coarser than the coarsest ever now used for printing English books; and its colour more nearly resembles that of a London November fog than anything else. It is, in fact, a paper maker's edition; for the paper maker in his dedication of the volume to the Marquis Ducrest, speaks of the experiments which he (Delille) has made in the manufacture of paper from various kinds of bark, leaves, and other vegetable productions, and seems to imply that he had had the volume printed as an exemplar of one variety

of his paper. At the end he has stitched in a few supplementary leaves, of an equal number of different kinds of paper, made from nettle fibre, hop fibre, moss, reeds, weeds of three different species, couch-grass, hazel-wood, prick-wood, marsh-mallow, inner bark of oak, inner bark of poplar, and osier. We have tried very hard to like some of these, as examples of ingenuity applied to a useful purpose; but all in vain: a ragged regiment they certainly are—reed-paper and marsh-mallow paper being the best, nettle-paper and moss-paper the worst.

It is, however, only the straw-paper which immediately concerns us here: and we notice it chiefly because another attempt is now being made to bring this commodity into the market. It is gradually finding its way into the shops of some of the London stationers. Whether good or bad, cheap or dear, each user must decide for himself; but as this paper is not yet popularly known, we must say a little concerning its personal appearance—not that external beauty is always a test of internal merit, but that writing paper certainly is expected to present a tolerably comely face. We are now writing on a sheet of straw-paper. Its size is larger than that of letter-paper, being equal to that which is satirically called foolscap. The surface is slightly rough, yet rendered glossy by the silicified straw which constitutes the chief material of its substance. One good character we must not hesitate to give it: it receives the ink very readily, and is pleasant to write upon. The paper in question has cost fourpence per quire, retail. A fine, or elegant, or delicate paper it certainly is not; yet it would be pleasant to hear that the paper could be usefully applied; that it can be sold at a cheap rate—cheap, and yet leave an adequate profit—pleasant for this, if for no other reason, that it is an Irish manufacture, one in which Ireland is trying to do a little for herself. There was at the Dublin Exhibition a roll of this paper long enough (more or less) to wrap round the world. We pass on to straws of another kind.

Straws being tubular and cylindrical do not seem to be very well adapted for purposes of fine art or artistic design; yet ingenuity has contrived a mode of applying them to some such a purpose—not high art, certainly, but decorative and ornate. The French monks in the last century were wont to employ portions of their time in making pictures and ornamental designs of straw; perhaps our ladies (we are not particularly interested in the works of monks in these days) might occasionally vary their crotchet and Berlin work by some such ornamental labours in straw. The straws were selected large, long, thin, and white: they were deprived of all knots, solid stem, and enveloping membrane: they were bleached by sulphuring; they were dyed or stained in various colours, a few only being kept white; they were split open, by one rent from end to end; they were spread out into flat ribbons, half an inch or so in width; they were pasted side by side on sheets of paper, with edges nicely joining; and thus were at length produced sheets of straw, beautifully smooth, equable, hard, and glossy. Scrupulous care was taken that all the straws in any one sheet should be exactly alike in tint. The monk, having thus provided himself with sheets of white, blue, red, green, and other coloured straw, proceeded with his labours. The sheets having been well pressed after the pasting, he was enabled to work upon them without disturbing their bond of union. Some of the pictures were a kind of mosaic. The straw sheets were cut up into narrow strips; and these, varying in width and in colour, were pasted on paper; this paper, when dry, was again cut up into strips, which were again united in some new order of juxtaposition. Another variety more nearly resembled inlaying, or marquetry, or buhl-work. Several sheets of straw, of various colours, were laid one upon another; a paper pattern was laid on them, and sharp cutting tools severed all the sheets along the lines of the design. The little fragments thus produced were picked up one by one, and formed into devices by being pasted on paper; the blue, the green, the red, the white, and so forth, being dispersed and mingled, according to the taste of the artist. A higher class of the art was that in which embossment was introduced.

Before the days of British Havannahs and ten-a-shilling Cubas, the rising generation in the streets were accustomed to smoke cheap cigars with straws inserted at one end; this compromise between the pipe and the cigar had its little day of prosperity, but it has now died out. The fairer portion of creation can point to a use of straws which transcends all others. The straw bonnet is a notable product; notable for its ingenuity, its durability, its cheapness, and the infinite variety of which it is susceptible. There are certain of our midland counties which would look gloomy enough but for the trade which their straw work brings to them; and those (and they are many) who still wish that cottage industry may not be wholly swamped by large manufactories, look with a kindly eye on our straw-plaiters and their labours.

The real genuine Dunstable bonnet or hat is very old. Gay does not tell us whether his Peggy, who was to wear a

> "Neat straw hat, so trimly lined with green,"

knew or cared about the district which was to produce it; but we would wager that Peggy's straw hat came from Dunstable; and that it was a "whole straw."

This question of whole straw and split straw is one of no small importance among straw-workers. The real Dunstable bonnet is (or was) made of whole wheat straws, plaited in long narrow strips; these strips being sewn together. Unless the straws be very small

such bonnets are heavy and clumsy ; hence the makers sought the means of splitting the straws into three, four, or more narrow strips each. Knives were employed to do this ; but it was sorry work : the strips were uneven, and the progress was slow. About half a century ago, an ingenious man invented a simple but efficient tool to aid in this operation ; and his return was such as ingenious inventors do not always realise—a handsome fortune. Besides wheat, rye, and other straws are also used. Italian grasses and corn-straws have likewise been made available.

A lady need hardly be told how elaborate the patterns of fancy straws now are ; nor need any one accustomed to manufactures and manufacturing operations be informed that these fancy productions require machinery to bring the slender straws into such elegant convolutions. But the plain old-fashioned mode of proceeding is somewhat as follows, as many a village in Beds, Berks, and Herts, would show : The straws are drawn out and the heads of corn cut off. They are shorn of the leaves which sheathe the stalk ; and they are cut off. They are whitened, or bleached, or steamed, or sulphured, by exposure to the fumes of sulphur in a box. Then the plaiter comes in, and examines whether the material be worthy of the labour about to be bestowed upon it. If it be spotted, or reddened, or jointed, or bruised, or crooked, it is either rejected altogether, or is appropriated to inferior uses ; but if it be straight, and light, and clean, and whole, it is ranked as first class, and is divided into different thicknesses or finenesses. Then comes the splitting. A little instrument made of iron, or brass, or wood, or a combination of metal and wood, is thrust into each straw ; there are cutters varying from four to a dozen in number, which sever the straw into an equal number of parallel strips. As the little bits have a natural tendency to convexity on one side and concavity on the other, they are passed between two wooden rollers, which flatten and straighten them. Then the plaiting begins—a process which we have not the temerity to attempt to describe. How, by employing different numbers, and different kinds, and different sizes of straws, and entwining them in different ways, the plaiters produce the varieties of rustic, and pearl, and backbone, and lustre and wave, and diamond, and double seven, and double eleven, and other denominations of plate—let the inquirer learn by looking on, and not by mere reading. Strips are thus made up and sold in scores, or pieces twenty yards long. A straw bonnet of sober and moderate pretensions consumes, we believe, from three to four scores of plait. The plaits are bleached by the larger manufacturers, who purchase them; and are then sewn, and blocked, and pressed, and wired by women, until they assume the form of a smart bonnet or hat. When Sally Tibbs purchases a straw bonnet for a shilling (which she can do in any town in England), she has the product of an amount of finger-work such as may well astonish those who can trace the manufacture through its successive stages.

Of the "fancy straws" (as ladies and manufacturers designate them) the Great Exhibition showed to what exquisite perfection they have arrived. England did its work bravely, to compete so well with Italy and Switzerland ; but it is to those countries, doubtless, that we are indebted for the spread of the fancy work. Ladies make a little puzzlement in the geography of their Italian bonnets ; for geographically, a Leghorn bonnet must be a Tuscan bonnet, and a Tuscan bonnet may be a Leghorn bonnet : whereas in a millinery sense, a Tuscan bonnet may not, must not, and cannot be a Leghorn bonnet. Waiving these differences, however, the straw work of the Grand Duke's dominions is an important branch of industry for the peasants. In the country districts around Florence, Pisa, Sienna, and other towns, young girls may be seen sitting at the cottage doors braiding the plait which is afterwards to be formed into hats ; some travellers are quite enthusiastic in admiration of the Arcadian simplicity of these damsels, and the neatness of their white dresses and silken bodices. The girls buy the straw (which has been carefully cultivated and prepared for that purpose) and ultimately sell the plait or the hat, which is the result of their labour. They are sedulously careful to avoid hard or tough work as much as possible, that they may retain the requisite softness and flexibility of finger. But, the females are said to be given to expensive dress, which deprives them of the means of supplying themselves with more necessary articles. During the prosperity of the straw-trade, which lasted from eighteen hundred and eighteen to eighteen hundred and twenty-five, they are said to have been ordinarily seen in embroidered stockings and pumps, with large velvet bonnets trimmed with feathers and lace ; while their houses were miserable.

These velvet and lace days are doubtless gone ; for the Leghorn hats and the Tuscan plait are much less in fashion than they were some years ago. With regard to our own home products, the Exhibition jury say that though the manufacture of straw-plait and bonnets may be considered as of recent date, its origin being about one hundred years ago, it has now arrived to a state of great perfection in all its branches. This may in a measure be accounted for by the circumstance of the whole female population wearing bonnets, which, with the exception of North America, are but partially used in other countries. At the present moment, it is calculated that from sixty thousand to seventy thousand persons are engaged in the production of this article ; and it is considered that the yearly return cannot be less than from eight

hundred thousand pounds to nine hundred thousand pounds.

Who would not care a straw for straws after this?

MR. SPEAKER IN THE CHAIR.

"Bless me! What *is* Flounder about? Come back, my dear fellow, come back!"

It is of no use. On he goes to that door on the left hand of the Hall; far too short-sighted to see, or too self-occupied to attend to that warning board, "Entrance only for Members." On he goes; walks boldly up the space left vacant between this door and the long line of spectators who are assembled to see the members go in, some of whom are already disputing whether Flounder is Mr. Disraeli or the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I suspect, however, that his tether is nearly out; I thought as much; he approaches the door: a policeman steps forward with outstretched hand, "Member of the House, Sir?" knowing full well that he is not. Spectators begin to laugh; well-informed spectator, who had just confidently pointed out Flounder as Lord Palmerston, says that he is an impudent blockhead. Flounder explains that he is not a Member—but adds (partially recovering himself), that his name is on the Speaker's list; whereupon the policeman with civil contempt tells him to pass on up the Hall, ascend the steps, and turn to the left. I expostulate mildly with him for his conduct, and we proceed into St. Stephen's Chapel, occupied by a long row of expectant strangers, provided with Member's orders, waiting to be admitted to the Strangers' Gallery. This gallery only holds some sixty persons; on a great night, therefore, if all the six hundred and fifty members have given their respective orders, it is evident that nearly six hundred of them will be dishonoured, and those only admitted who come first.

There they sit therefore—sometimes for two hours, looking like school-boys in disgrace, with no other occupation than to gaze till they are tired—which I should think was soon—at the statues of Hampden, Falkland, and Clarendon, or count the squares in the tesselated pavement till four o'clock, when the gallery is opened, and the sixty first comers fill up, and are succeeded by others on the waiting bench.

Our names being on the Speaker's list we push on for the lobby. It is crowded with Members, Member's friends, Member's constituents, idlers without orders hoping to be admitted into the gallery by some unforeseen contingency—I need hardly say a vain hope—attorneys, parliamentary agents, railway secretaries, discussing every kind of parliamentary business, public or private. The lobby is the Change of political life—and four o'clock is the hour of high Change.

But again Flounder is missing; and after much search I find him at the door of the House of Lords, trying to impress the courteous official there stationed, with the fact that his name *is* down on the Speaker's list, and quite impervious to the repeated mild explanation that he has come to the wrong door. However, it is quite a pleasure after being in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons officials, to receive a snub from those of the House of Lords. Taking Flounder back to the lobby, I find the door of the Speaker's gallery open—a sign that the "list is out." We present ourselves, and give our names; the great man who keeps the door scrutinises first our faces and then the list, and finding our names undeniably written down, and unable to suggest any flaw in our claim to admission, lets us up with obvious reluctance. He is much relieved by poor Green suffering a fraction of his shadow to darken the entrance of the gallery before he removes his hat, as this enables him to call out in a very peremptory tone, "Take your hat off, sir!"

Another official receives us at the door of the gallery, and desires us to move on. We do move on accordingly, he watching us with a jealous eye, as though we had come for the express purpose of setting fire to the House, or destroying the Constitution. Our silence being perfect and our demeanour unimpeachable, his only resource is to desire us in a severe voice to make haste—which, as anybody who has tried to make haste in climbing over the outstretched legs and feet of his fellow-creatures is aware—involves much personal discomfort, and which in the present instance causes an occasional stagger on the part of Green, followed by looks of thunder from the awful official, indignant that anybody should presume to stumble in the presence of the Speaker, and the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

At last we reach vacant places, and sit down. It is the time of private business: Flounder, after a few minutes' observation, expresses a profane opinion that it is the time of no business at all, and is proceeding to add his conviction that the House of Commons altogether is an imposition, when he is interrupted by a ferocious cry of "Silence, sir!" from the messenger. It must be owned that there is much in the appearance of things to justify Flounder's impression. The House of Commons at the time of private business—that is, from about four till five every evening—presents the following scene. A good many Members are collected, talking and laughing in unreproved disorder: no attention whatever is paid to what is going on; not a syllable can be, or is meant to be, heard, except the following formula repeated over and over again. The Speaker standing up, calls "Mr. Brotherton!" Mr. Brotherton answers, "Bill, sir." The Speaker: "Please to bring it up." Whereupon Mr. Brotherton trots up to the table and hands a paper to the clerk, who

reads the title of the bill, "Universal Locomotion Company." The Speaker then takes the paper and says, "Universal Locomotion Company: that this bill be now read a first time; as many as are of this opinion say aye, as many as are of the contrary opinion say no; the ayes have it." Whereupon the bill is handed back to the Clerk, who reads again "Universal Locomotion Company," which is supposed to be the reading of the bill. The Speaker again calls upon "Mr. Brotherton!" and the whole process is repeated. All this goes on in the most rapid monotonous singsong, varied only by the loud key in which upon each occasion the title of the bill and the name of the mover are pronounced; rendered tolerable by the musical tones of the Speaker's voice. Mr. Brotherton, known to the world as the early-go-to-bed agitator, is known in the House as the useful conductor of all private bills through their formal stages. Many strangers are scandalised, as our friend Flounder was, at seeing some hundred bills knocked off in half an hour, in a running dialogue between Mr. Brotherton, the Clerk, and the Speaker; the fact being, however, that the real business of private bills is transacted elsewhere, and that this process is merely one of form, by which these private bills are made to accommodate themselves to the usage of the Constitution, which, in passing an act of parliament, recognises no distinction of private or public.

At last Mr. Brotherton intimates that he has exhausted his stock for the occasion, and the Speaker calls out "Notices of Motion," which produces a general stir of attention. Now is the time when questions are asked of the Government. The Speaker calls upon each Member in turn as his name presents itself on the notice paper. This is a capital time for strangers, as most of the ministers are likely to be called up; and the gallery is all on the *qui vive*. Some obscure individual asks an obscure question about some obscure place in a remote part of the Swan River settlement, and receives from Mr. Frederick Peel an obscure answer, for which I fear the inhabitants of Swan River, when they read it some five months hence, will not feel much the wiser. Some gallant sea-captain asks a question about ship's biscuit, and is answered by Sir James Graham with such business-like precision and knowledge of detail, that you would swear Sir James Graham had been all his life a biscuit baker. Mr. Duncombe asks a question about certain mal-practices said to prevail in metropolitan graveyards, which brings up Lord Palmerston brushing his hat, and bowing to Mr. Duncombe, and announcing in his sharp, decisive, unmistakeable way, that the practices alluded to must certainly be put down; that he has made inquiry as to the present state of the law; that if it is insufficient to enable him to deal with the evil, he shall immediately ask parliament to pass a law to meet the case. Then Sir Fitzroy Kelly asks some question (quite *caviare* to the general) about Exchequer bills, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply, pours forth a volume of eloquence; finally, Mr. Disraeli gets up, and leaning over the table, with a humming and hawing manner, very unlike the same Mr. Disraeli with his steam up, throwing his crackers about, asks whether the autograph letter sent by Louis Napoleon to the Emperor Nicholas was a genuine letter, and whether it was approved by the British government? Which draws forth a reply, scarcely audible but eagerly listened to, from Lord John Russell. The questioning being done, and notices all given, the Clerk proceeds to read the orders of the day." Honourable Members are apparently not very anxious to hear the orders of the day, for they immediately rush out of the house.

The Speaker's gallery is as good a place for studying human nature as an omnibus. You have all nations represented there. French and Germans eagerly looking out for Lord Palmerston, comparatively indifferent about everybody else; Americans trying to affect contempt of the whole affair, but failing; two or three Scotchmen sitting in a row with their eyes fixed upon the Lord Advocate; Irish constituents visited occasionally by their Irish friends and representatives from below; East Indians with their dark skins and oriental dresses wondering at the spectacle, and doubting whether in the confused mass of business floating before their eyes, their peculiar grievance in the Nizam's territory which they have come to England to lay before Parliament is likely to attract any very great attention. There is your habitué of the gallery sitting quietly in his place, resigned to hear the bores and rousing himself to hear the great guns, knowing when to listen and when to sleep, asking no impertinent questions and volunteering no impertinent information; there is your political bore, who will parade his knowledge, nudging you to tell you that the Speaker is Mr. Shaw Lefevre, or that those are the ministers sitting on the right hand of the chair; giving you in a loud whisper his unasked opinion of men and measures, inflicting his stupid remarks upon you just as you are trying to catch some important whisper of Lord John Russell's; then your inquisitive bore is always asking who is so and so, or what was just said that made the people laugh, or which of the reporters in the gallery opposite belongs to the *Times*, and which to the *Herald;* who, having had Lord John pointed out to him a dozen times, presently turns round to his neighbour and imparts the information that the man with the white hat and eyeglass is Lord John, and the other man sitting in the middle of the same bench leaning back, with his hat over his eyes and his arms crossed, is Sir William Molesworth; a statement which pre-

sently involves you in fresh explanations and corrections. Then there is the victim of the messengers, the part played on the occasion of our present visit by my friend Green—the man who is always doing what he shouldn't do, coughing at the wrong time, and driven to the verge of suffocation by his efforts to keep it in under the impatient look of his companions, and the wrathful scowl of the officials; standing up to see who is speaking just beneath the gallery, and being told in an angry tone to "sit down immediately;" and, perhaps, as a crowning enormity, being so carried away by his feelings in the middle of a great speech, as to give utterance to some demonstration of applause, on which he is only saved from ignominious expulsion by the happy fact that the doorkeepers' indignation is paralysed by sheer astonishment at such unparalleled audacity.

Meanwhile, the first order of the day is in a fair way to get disposed of. The House having listened to several dull speakers with exemplary patience for nearly two hours, now begin to call for a division. If the Government are concerned in the mattter some minister gets up and says a few sentences by way of general reply, and then comes the division. The Speaker reads as follows:—"The motion is that this Bill be now read a second time; to which an amendment has been moved to leave out the word now, in order to substitute the words this day six months. The question is that the word proposed to be left out stand part of the Question. As many as are of this opinion say, Ay."—A shout of Ay follows.—"As many as are of the contrary opinion say, No." A similar shout of No follows. "I think the Ays have it." A voice;—"The Noes have it." Speaker.—"Strangers must withdraw!"

As this injunction is given in a very loud voice, with a look at the gallery, it is not unnatural that my friend Green, feeling himself to be undoubtedly a stranger, and being politely anxious to obey the Speaker's instructions, should rise to leave the House. No sooner has he risen, however, than an official shouts at him, "Sit down, sir!" then in a tone of indignant expostulation, "*Will* you keep your seat, sir?"

"But," whispers poor Green, "the Speaker ——" "Sit down, sir!" Whereupon Green sits down, fully expecting to be presently pointed out as a recusant by the Speaker, seized by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and carried off to Smith O'Brien's cellar for his unwilling act of gross disobedience. He is comforted, however, by whispered information that under the new regulations of last session, strangers are not allowed to sit out a division; that parliamentary form still compels the Speaker to order them to withdraw, and that the latest theory on the subject is, that as it is supposed to be impossible for any sane person to disobey the Speaker, so it is concluded that his order is immediately obeyed from the mere fact of its having been given; in short, that to parliamentary eyes, strangers having been told to withdraw, have withdrawn, and are absolutely not present.

Green, under this blessed arrangement, is able to attend to the important parliamentary process now about to take place—a division. As soon as the Speaker has ordered strangers to withdraw, a sand-glass is turned, a bell is rung by electric agency in the dining and reading-rooms, and Members may hurry in till the last sand is run. Then the doors are shut with a loud crash, and any lagger who has stayed a second too long, for a last word of his book or a last spoonful of soup, will have to account to his constituents for missing the division. The Speaker again repeats the question, and adds, "The Ays to the right and the Noes to the left: Tellers to the right Mr. Ailey and Mr. Bailey,"—naming two ministerial underlings, if it be a question in which the Government is interested. "Tellers to the left Mr. Cadger and Mr. Dadger,"—naming the mover and seconder of the hostile amendment. In a few moments the House is emptied; two Tellers go to each door; and presently the Members commence coming in again, their names being taken down according to their vote by the Tellers. In about a quarter of an hour all are in again.

The Tellers having compared notes, march up four abreast bowing to the table, where one of them announces the numbers. "The Ays to the right were three hundred, the Noes to the left were one hundred and fifty." The Speaker repeats the words, once more puts the question, and declares "the Ays have it."

It is now nearly seven o'clock, and the real business of the night is about to commence. Sir James Graham having the Naval Estimates in his hand, moves that the Speaker do leave the chair in order that the House may go into Committee of Supply. The Speaker accordingly announces, "The question is that I do now leave the chair." Poor Speaker! To the uninitiated this seems to be the signal of his release: he himself knows that although apparently so near the promised land, one or two long nights' debate must take place before he will be allowed to enter it. Mr. Layard, the celebrated traveller, and a most satisfactory personage to look at, as looking exactly what he ought to be.—a handsome, unassuming, thoroughly straightforward, ardent man—will take this opportunity of drawing the attention of the House to the Eastern Question. This is a common parliamentary practice, when it is wanted to raise a discussion, yet not to arrive at any definite result. It is out of order to talk about nothing, with no motion before the House; so advantage is taken of some formal proposition—as, for instance, that the House should adjourn—to bring on an irrelevant, though frequently very important discussion.

Thus in the present instance two nights' animated conversation upon Turkey and Russia, the Delays of Government, the French Alliance, the Sinope Massacre, the Preparations for War, was all supposed to be bearing upon the question that "the Speaker do now leave the chair."

By this ingenious device the House of Commons contrives to ventilate a subject by discussion, and yet not to compromise itself by any overt resolution.

And so with regard to the Speaker's leaving the chair. Mr. Layard is of opinion that Government should have made the Russian occupation of the Principalities a *casus belli*. Sir James Graham looks at the question of the right honourable gentleman's being allowed to go to dinner in quite a different light; he maintains that Government put themselves in the best possible position by strengthening their continental alliances, and at last preparing to strike a blow all the more terrible for the long forbearance which preceded it.

About half-past ten, however, matters begin to mend. It is known that Lord Dudley Stuart must be nearly "down." Members who have been dining come flocking back; it is evident that no small man will obtain a hearing to-night.

At last Lord Dudley Stuart is "down." Several members rise, but there is a general call for one of them—Roebuck! In a few sensible manly words he calls upon Government for information—upon the House and the country to act with united vigour, and sits down amidst that repeated "Hear, hear, hear, hear!" which, uttered in a rapidly increasing key, constitutes the "Loud cheers" which relieve our eye in the long debate-columns of the *Times*. Then the Speaker, catching the eye of the Leader of the House, calls upon "Lord John Russell!" and Lord John, being thus in undisputed possession of his audience, the Speaker himself takes a short practical cut to the solution of the question which has been so long occupying the legislators, and leaves the House—which, *ipso facto*, ceases to be a House. Great joy to the strangers! They and the Speaker alone have been obliged to sit without moving since four o'clock, and it is now eleven. They rise, stretch themselves, yawn, talk, and put themselves into all those contraband but comfortable attitudes, which, upon the Speaker's return, will instantly become high treason, and excite the ready ire of the messengers, who are now looking on with a grim permission.

In about ten minutes the Speaker returns, and taking the chair, exclaims "Order, order!" Everybody forthwith becomes orderly; dead silence prevails, and all eyes are turned towards the Treasury bench, where Lord John Russell is *not* to be seen. In a minute, however, he comes hastily in from behind the chair, with an orange in his hand; it is clear that he has been to the refreshment rooms to arm himself for the coming effort: he sits down for a moment, takes a suck at his orange, deposites it upon the table before him, and then rises amidst intense silence to express his opinion upon the Speaker's leaving the chair. And really his sentiments upon this question are very remarkable indeed. With his arms folded, with a stern countenance, with an air of real dignity which makes him (as it made another great little man, though no senator) "six feet high," the most important Minister of the Crown, in a clear manly tone, repeatedly cheered on by the hearty, and, for the time, unanimous concurrence of the House of Commons, in language of no unbecoming exultation, but of regretful serious uncompromising firmness, declares the rupture of the great European peace; with just severity denounces the Emperor of Russia as the wanton disturber of that peace; with wisdom well worthy of a statesman, exhorts the country to count well the cost of the coming struggle; and with an animating patriotism, the sincerity of which no honest man can for a moment doubt, professes his readiness to bear his own share of the common burden. In short, he makes a fine speech in the best sense of the word, and I love and honor him!

It was now past midnight: the House could not yet make up its mind to let the Speaker go, so the debate was adjourned. I went down stairs and found my poor friend Green bewailing his destiny in the Lobby. After sitting out Lord Dudley Stuart, he had suddenly recollected that he had not dined. What could be easier than to step down into the refreshment room—recruit nature—and then come up again? What slow fellows we must have been not to think of it. Poor Green! No opposition was made to his departure: the occupants of the gallery squared their elbows with great ease; the janitor let him down as readily as a spider admits a fly into its web; but when Green tried to go up again into the gallery, he discovered too late the regulation adhered to with rigid strictness by the delighted doorkeeper, that a stranger who vacates his seat forfeits it. So he had heard Lord Dudley Stuart and missed Lord John Russell.

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SHADOWS OF DARK DAYS.

THE fairy stories which are the most delightful, and which the world can least afford to lose, are those, one need hardly say, which never were believed. Our pleasantest have sprung, like Cinderella, from a playful fancy, and have quickened and enlivened the minds of thousands without being in any single instance foes to anything but to stupidity and ignorance. But the ancestors of these were tales which, in their day, were firmly believed by the people, not excepting the most learned, and which were discussed with much solidity and gravity. When men went into the woods they journeyed, not only in bodily but also in spiritual fear; they expected to meet robbers, they dreaded to meet wood-spirits and other ghosts. These were the shadows of the dark days, not the lights.

All that is most graceful in our fairy lore was brought to us from the east by the crusaders. From the south of Europe, too, we may have learnt some lesson of good humour, for the kindness of the fairies cited in the old Provençal lays is quite remarkable. They might be vexed for a season, but they always relented and made up their quarrels. Take for example the tale of Lanval, that belonged to South France in the twelfth or thirteenth century. An amiable fairy loved the Count Lanval, but commanded him to be entirely silent on the subject of her favours. At any hour of the day, he had only to wish for her and she was there to make him happy. But it so happened the king Aotus and his wife Genevra came to Carduel, where the king at a tournament caused his wife to be proclaimed as the most beautiful of women. Lanval whispered to himself a different opinion, and was overheard; his contumacy was reported to the queen, and when he saw that he had no other hope of saving himself, he confessed freely what he knew. The jealous queen caused him to be condemned to death, and he in vain, while in his prison, called for aid on the good fairy whose secret he had traitorously told. His last day came, therefore, and he was led out to the place of execution, where he found the queen and the whole court assembled to behold vengeance done on the maligner of her majesty's good-looks. When all was nearly ready a strange lady sent her dwarf to the king with a request that, as she desired to be present, he would be kind enough to postpone the celebration until her arrival. Soon afterwards she came in upon her palfrey and all eyes were blinded by her beauty. She told the king that it was she of whom Lanval had spoken; and, to her majesty's extreme disgust, the king himself, as well as the whole court, declared, that Lanval had been altogether in the right. That knight had been leaning against a pillar near the foot of the throne, touched to the heart by his fairy's tenderness. She had forgiven him. When she retired from the throne, he leaped beside her on the palfrey and rode with her into fairy-land.

We of the north and west have been more cloudy in our superstition. We have had no lack of supernatural acquaintances, in which our belief was more or less firm and general until the end of the sixteenth century. There were spirits of earth, spirits of air, spirits of fire, and spirits of water. Treatises without number were written upon them, and they were described and compared as philosophically, as we now describe and compare the races and the languages of Malayan, Papuan, and other tribes. In addition to men, Paracelsus taught, four races of beings were created who have not Adam for their father. They have all flesh and bone, and reason, and there is one race for each element. Those living in the middle of the earth he called Pigmies and Gnomes; those dwelling in water, Nymphs and Undines; those in the air, Sylphs and Melusinas,—they alone are capable of actually marrying the sons of Adam—and those living in fire he called Volcanoes. This was a putting of old-fashioned fact, or belief that went for fact, into a new fashioned dress of theory.

Every element certainly was peopled by the superstition of our forefathers, and very miserably degraded man's life must have been when people went about with their souls clad in such stuffs as those of which I here beg leave to exhibit a few patterns.

First let me unroll a pattern-book of earth spirits. Gervasius Tilberiensis, who is writing in the thirteenth century, tells this story in these words; "There happened in Great Britain a wonderful event that is sufficiently notorious. There was in the county of

Gloucester a hunting forest very well stocked with wild boar, stags, and all manner of game, according to the custom of England. In this woodland there was a little hill rising to about a man's height, which knights and other huntsmen were accustomed to ascend when, fatigued with heat and thirst, they desired rest from their exertions. This hill a man ascended one day with that motive when he was left far behind by his companions, and being there alone, he said as if to a companion: I am very thirsty. Suddenly there stood by his side a cup-filler handsomely dressed, with joyous face, lifting up in one hand a great drinking horn, adorned with gold and jewels, as was the custom with the most ancient English. But in the cup there was a nectar offered to him of unknown but of the sweetest savour, the drinking of which put to flight all the heat and weariness of his glowing body, so that one would think he had not been working, but was a person setting out to work. And when the nectar had been taken, the servant produced a cloth for the wiping of the mouth; then having performed his office he disappeared and awaited neither any reward nor any questioning. This service had, in the course of ancient times, been much praised, and daily use was made of it, until, one day, a hunting knight who belonged to the town of Gloucester, having asked for the draught and received the drinking horn, did not, as custom and courtesy required, give it back when empty, but took it away for his own use. But the lord and illustrious Count of Gloucester when he had discovered the truth of the affair, condemned the robber to death, and gave that horn to your most excellent great grandfather, King Henry the First, in order that he might not be regarded as the favourer of so great a crime, as he would be if he added stolen goods to his own private treasure."

I have begun with the most jovial spirit I could find. Let me stop at the word jovial, to remind the reader that we owe even that word, and the good word jolly, to the days of superstition. It is astrological. Jovial, mercurial, martial, saturnine people are men influenced respectfully by the planets Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn, just as a lunatic is a man influenced by the moon. Disasters are ill-starred events, and the statesman who tells us that he introduces some measure at a favourable juncture, says, though he does not mean, that he has got a horoscope which justifies his rising to address the house. Those days of superstition cut their mark into our language pretty deeply. But since Astrology is not our business just now I return to the earth spirits, and pair the courteous Ganymede of Gloucester with a Hebe from the Osenberg. At the end of the sixteenth century Superintendent Hamelmann published in folio the Chronicles of Oldenburg. Among other things he tells the tale that follows:—

"In the year nine hundred and ninety Count Otto was lord of Oldenburg. And as he being a good huntsman took much pleasure in the chase, he went hunting on the twentieth of July in the said year, with many of his nobles and servants, meaning to look for his game first in the forest called the Bernefeuer wood as far as the Osenberg, leaving his whole suit out of sight and out of hearing. Then he stood still on his white horse half-way up the hill, and looked about him for his company, but could not so much as hear one of his dogs bark. Upon that he said to himself, for he was very hot: 'By the lord, if I only had now a cool drink of water!' As soon as he had spoken the word the Osenberg opened and a beautiful girl came out of the cleft, handsomely attired in fine clothes, with beautiful hair parted over her shoulders and a little coronet upon it, and she had a costly silver goblet that was gilded, shaped like a hunter's horn, well and cunningly made, worked over with figures of many weapons now little known, and with strange unknown inscriptions and admirable pictures; this she had in her hand filled, and she gave it to the count, begging that he would drink from it to refresh himself. Then when the count took the silver-gilt horn, and lifted the lid, he looked at the liquor within and shook it, and it did not give him satisfaction. He therefore begged of the maiden that he might be excused, upon which the maiden said, 'My dear lord, drink and trust me, it will do no harm to you, but only good.' She further explained to him that if he drank, it should go well always with the house of Oldenburg, but that if he would not trust her and drink from her cup, there would be no mutual trust, but always contention among his descendants. The count was, however, so much dissatisfied at the appearance of the liquor that he took the silver-gilt-horn, and, seeming to drink from it, threw the contents behind him. Some of it fell upon his horse and wetted him, and wherever it fell the horse's hair dropped off. When the damsel saw what had been done, she asked for her horn again, but the count hurried down hill, taking it with him, and when he looked round he saw that the damsel had gone back into the mountain. With all his speed he spurred back to his servants, and telling them what had happened, showed them the drinking horn, which became a costly treasure in his family, and is to this day preserved at Oldenburg, where," says Hamelmann, "I have myself often seen it, and it is admired by many for its workmanship and its antiquity."

What a grand set of stories might in this way be told and believed if one were attached to every specimen of art in Marlborough House, or to every bone, mummy, or old vessel in the British Museum. A handbook to the antiquities of the Museum, written by Superintendent Hamelmann, in the manner

of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, how different it would be from the same book as it is furnished to us in the nineteenth century by Mr. Vaux.

The two preceding tales are both superstitions fastened upon ancient objects by the men who wondered at them. We will take next a story of a cavern, and of a discovery which the people of Basle believed to have been made in their neighbourhood, in the year fifteen hundred and twenty. An old heathen goddess, under the name of Lady Venus, survived as an earth spirit in the middle ages; she was supposed to live under the earth, and to entertain knights now and then. It does not seem, however, to have been Lady Venus herself of whom this story is told in Stumpi's Swiss Chronicle:—

"In the year of our Lord fifteen hundred and twenty, there was a man at Basle in Switzerland, Leonard by name, commonly called Lienimannus, the son of a tailor, a crazy, simple mortal, who could speak but ill, because he stammered. This man, since he had, by I know not what means, made his way into an underground passage or cavern that there is at Augst, near Basle, and gone into it farther than any man had gone before him, was able to tell a very strange tale." One sees so far the credibility of this. Few mountain regions are without stories of the wonderful ramblings and explorations of the idiots who go where others fear to tread, and there is no reason to doubt that the tailor's son told a strange tale—a compound of old legends—about the cavern; the remarkable and instructive part of the case is, that his story was at once believed. He said that "he went down, taking a consecrated waxlight, and came first to an iron gate, afterwards from one cavern to another, until at last he passed through some beautiful green gardens, in the middle of which there was a fine palace. In the palace was a lovely lady, woman to her middle, but below that a dreadful snake. The lady led him by the hand to two chests, upon which two black dogs were baying. The lady, however, having silenced them, took a bunch of keys which she had hanging round her neck, opened the chest and took out of it all kinds of gold, silver, and other coins. With great kindness the lady gave him not a few of these, which he took away with him, and displayed, so that any one might see them. He testified also that the lady used to say, she was born of royal race, but so cursed and enchanted that she had been changed into such a monster, and had no hope of restoration until some youth, pure as a boy, and with as whole a heart, should kiss her three times. Then she would recover her true shape, and give to her deliverer the whole of the treasure that was kept hidden in that place. He said also that he had kissed the lady twice, and each time she had made such terrible gestures expressive of her joy, that he had thought she would devour him, and had fled. He would have gone the third time, but before he went he had been made acquainted with a young maiden of Basle, and his heart ceased to be whole. After that, he could never again find the entrance to the cave." "Who will not believe," says the chronicler, "that all this is the pure cheating of a demon. There exist the old Roman coins which the young man fetched out, and which he has shown to many of our citizens, and he has given such accounts as make it certain that in the said cavern under the ground there is a famous treasure, which an earth-spirit (such spirits are often called Telchinnes) possesses and guards. That nobody may take this for an invention or fable, there are still living witnesses who have received the whole from the lips of the said Lienimannus." A citizen of Basle, after this, went into the cave for hope of getting treasure, but when he had gone a little way and found upon the floor some human bones, he was seized with so great a fear that he turned round at once and rushed out again as fast as he was able.

Capital food for superstition was found by our fathers in the bone caves, but I turn aside from them, and go into the mines, caves worked by the industry of men themselves, places of daily business. They too, as all the world knows, were supposed to be inhabited by earth-spirits, whose business it also was to work wherever there was metal. Some of these spirits were invented by designing traders, that, for example, was the origin of Rübezahl, famous to English readers by the name of Number Nip. Emperor Rudolph the Second caused precious stones to be sought for throughout Bohemia, and gave special powers to a priest of Rowensko, a little town not many miles from Turnau, to look for jewels in Riesengebirge. The stone-cutters who then chiefly belonged to Italy meant to secure to themselves that region famous for its possibilities of wealth, and sent thither one of their factors, who, by trickery and goblin-making, frightened away all the good Silesians, and he it was who probably gave rise to the comparatively modern legends about Rübezahl or Number Nip.

Paracelsus, in his book upon occult philosophy, says that the earth-spirits, watching over treasures and rich veins of metal, have flesh and blood like men, with a peculiar kind of reason, but no soul. Another learned expounder of the subject, Peter Thyræus, in a work on the Apparitions of Spirits, says that the creatures are as Paracelsus describes them, and that they are not to be regarded quite as spirits, but as forming a middle substance between men and brutes. Lavater, writing upon apparitions in the year fifteen hundred and eighty, spoke in detail of the ghosts and spirits that are to be seen in mines, dressed like the miners, and apparently at work like them, yet producing nothing out of all their show of digging, loading, dragging. They do no harm to the workmen if they are not

angered by them, and they especially are found in rich iron and silver mines, which are indeed swarming with them. A pious and learned man, Lavater says, once wrote to him that there was a silver mine at Oavus, upon which the lord of the place, Peter Buol, a valiant man, had spent much, not without handsome return. In it there was a spirit, or mountain devil who was particularly active on a Friday, when the men loaded their ore into the trucks; he would move ore at his pleasure from one truck into another, in which practice the master saw no harm,—but crossing himself whenever he went in and out of the mine, he prospered well in spite of the demon. One day, however, when this creature had been more than usually wild and troublesome, one of the miners became angered and abused him heartily, and cursed him, and told him to go back home. Upon that, the demon took the miner by the head and twisted it round, so that his face looked over his back, yet he was not altogether killed, but lived for many years with his twisted neck, and became known to many who are now alive, but some years afterwards he died.

The mines were supposed also to contain ghostly animals, "some of which," wrote Georgius Agricola, "are very terrible to behold, and they are all mostly hostile to the workmen. There was such an animal," he adds, "at Annenberg, in the pits called Rosenkrantz, that destroyed twelve men with the breath out of its mouth. He emitted the blast by opening his mouth, and was seen commonly in the shape of a horse. There was one too wearing a black coat in the St. George's pit of the Schneberg, that blew a man into the air, not without great danger to his body." Were we as ignorant now as our forefathers, what awful stories might be made to thicken horrors that are already more than thick enough. The cruel under-ground dragon that with the blast of his nostrils lately burnt and destroyed more than a hundred men at Wigan, the same that within the year before had smitten sixty, we know not how to call by its name, Firedamp, and we know its dam, Neglect.

They were surely not days for us to wish back with "the song of Gamelyn," when almost anything—an old cup, a handful of old coins, a wry neck, or a mine explosion—could be looked at in this manner from a superstitious point of view.

I have not called the earth spirits of the mines kobolds, because kobold is simply a German form of our word goblin, and a goblin is essentially a spirit that inhabits houses. Such spirits are of many kinds; some are gadabouts, some are domestic, and establish themselves with a single family. These last generally enter into a sort of contract before taking possession of a dwelling. During the night they drag chips of fagot into the middle of the kitchen floor, and put dung into the milk-pans. If the chips be left undisturbed next day, and the dung be not thrown out of the milk,—the milk being used in spite of it,—the bargain is complete, and these creatures, for the hire of a daily plate of victuals set in a clean corner for their use, become very faithful servants.

Some of these goblins, indeed a large class of them, on account of the hats that they wore, used to be called Hattikins in Germany. In the year eleven hundred and thirty-two there was a hattikin at Hildesheim, which has been mentioned in several chronicles. In Abbot Trithim's chronicle of the Monastery of Hirschau, the story of him is told in this manner:—"In the year one thousand one hundred and thirty-two an evil spirit appeared during a long time to many men at Hildesheim, in the shape of a peasant with a hat upon his head, for which reason he was called by the country people Hattikin. This spirit took pleasure in going about with men, sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, questioning and answering them. He hurt nobody without a cause, but if he was laughed at or abused he avenged the injury with a strong hand. When the Count Burcard de Luca was killed by the Count Hermann of Wiesenburg, and the land of the last named came in danger of being made the booty of the avenger, the Hattikin roused Bishop Bernhard of Hildesheim out of sleep, and said these words to him: 'Up with you, baldhead! the county Wiesenberg is made vacant by murder, and may be added easily to your possessions.' The bishop collected hurriedly his fighting men, fell upon the estates of the guilty count, and united it, with the permission of the emperor, to his domains. The spirit often gave to the said bishop unasked warning of dangers, and was a particularly frequent visitor to the court kitchen, where he gossiped with the cooks, and performed for them many little services. Thus they became gradually very intimate with Hattikin; and at last one of the kitchen boys ventured, whenever he came in, to mock at him, and even to throw dirty water over him. The spirit begged the chief cook, or the kitchen master, that he would check the rude boy for his impudence, or otherwise he might be taking for himself too severe revenge. The master cook replied: 'You are a ghost, and afraid of the young rascal!' Upon which Hattikin answered with a menace: 'Since you will not punish the boy, I will let you see in a few days how much he frightens me.' Soon afterwards the young fellow was asleep by himself in the kitchen when the Hattikin entered. The spirit seized him then, strangled him, tore him to pieces, and set the pieces in a number of different pots upon the fire. When the cook saw what had been done he swore at the Hattikin, who therefore on the next day spoiled all the meat that was on the spits with the poison and blood of toads that he poured over it. The cook was moved to fresh wrath, and again angered the Hattikin,

who at last caused him to fall down a deep abyss by attempting to cross it on a phantom bridge that Hattikin erected."

A story of another kind of house-spirit, may serve as our last reminder of the way in which the earth was peopled by the superstitions of our forefathers. The narrator is Martin Luther; it is from his "Table-talk:"—"A maid had always a devil sitting by her on the hearth; it had a little place of its own, that it kept very clean, as the devil is always very fond of cleanliness wherever he may be, in the same way as flies always select the cleanest things to settle upon, as white paper for instance. Now the maid one day begged the Heinzelein, for so she called the devil, that he would let her see what he was like, but the Heinzelein would never do so, until one day the maid went into the cellar, and she then saw a dead child swimming in a barrel. Then it was evident what the devil was, namely Autor cædis, for the maid had had a child which she had smothered and hidden in a barrel."

From superstitions of this grosser kind we turn to the spirits of air, but we shall scarcely find in the lighter element more graceful company, if we except the sylphs. The creatures of air, Paracelsus taught, have blood and flesh and bone; they speak and eat and move about; they pass through doors and walls, but the poor beings have no souls, and die as worthless as the cattle. The sylphs of French romance, which appear as guardian spirits, are descended from the sylphs of later Roman times, the Suleviæ or Deæ Suleves, from whom our word sylph is derived. Thus a Roman stone was dug up near Lausanne, with this inscription: "Banira and Doninda, Dædalus and Tato erected to their Sylphs, who care for them, this monument." On a similar stone dug up between Bonn and Andernach, the inscription was, "To the Sylphs, Caius Paccius, veteran herdsman of the twenty-second legion, in fulfilment of his vow." But Europe in the middle ages thought itself rather warred against than loved by the air-spirits; they were seldom seen; transparent as the medium in which they floated, they were proud and malicious, wakeners of storms, destroyers of crops. Sometimes they represented fighting armies in the sky; sometimes they were lost spirits of men, as was the case with the nightingale in a wood near Basle, that in its own neighbourhood attracted so much attention in the sixteenth century. It was at the time when the Basle Council was sitting, and many learned men happening to come to and fro, were astonished at the melting beauty of its tones. A party of scholars having for some time halted to listen, one of the company asked the bird, in the name of the cross, who he was. Then the bird said that he was the soul of a wicked man condemned to wait there till the day of judgment. After that terrible answer he flew away, but those who had listened to his song fell sick and died soon afterwards. The story is told in Kornmann's "Temple of Nature."

We pass from air to fire, and find spirits of fire familiar enough in corpse lights, and Jack-o'lanterns. Here is an idea of the sort of spirit of fire that can be conjured by superstition out of a meteor or flash of electric light. It is a story told of a friend by Jerome Cardan, the most famous physician of his day, and a devout believer in all things supernatural. "One of my friends," he says, "a trustworthy man, returned from Milan into Gallarete. It was night, but black clouds made the night darker, and it was raining gently. When my friend had just passed by the churchyard of the next town, and was about four miles from Gallarete, he perceived a gradually increasing light, and heard more and more loudly voices of cowherds from the left side of him. Soon afterwards he saw close by him a chariot completely enveloped in flame; the voices of the cowherds cried 'Beware! beware!' Alarmed by that apparition, he put spurs to his horse, but however much he hurried, he saw always the chariot by his side. He himself in the meantime prayed, and at the end of an hour reached the church of St. Laurence, outside the town gate. There all seemed to sink into the earth, chariot, herds, herdsmen, and the flames."

I may allude here, too, to an English superstition of the thirteenth century, relating to an animal called the Grant, a mysterious colt with sparkling eyes, that jumps about the streets and sets the dogs barking generally towards sunset, in any town or village which is about to be afflicted by a fire.

There were spirits of all waters—fountains, rivulets, lakes, rivers, and the sea. Once upon a time, in classic ages, they were graceful beings, and there is some grace about the Melusinas and the other ladies of the sea in whom our forefathers believed. Such damsels were noted for prophetic power. They uttered verbal prophecies. They danced upon the water in which any one was about shortly to be drowned. Water-spirits were for a long time retained in worship by the Germans after they had ceased to be heathens. A manual for the confessional compiled by Rhegino in the tenth century, instructs all priests to inquire "whether any one offers sacrifice before trees, fountains or stones, as before altars, or brings to them a light or any other gift, as if a godhead dwelt there, able to do to them good or harm."

From the north, terrible shapes were poured over the waters. There was the ship Naglfar which was built wholly of dead men's nails; and there were such water beings as the enchanter Oller of Sweden, who sailed about upon a bone; and the pirate Oddo the Dane, who went about to perform ocean robbery without any ship at all, invoking storms which overwhelmed all vessels

that pursued him, and who so lived until he was met by an enchanter who could tread the water like himself, and who engaged in combat with him far away upon the waves. Then Oddo's power was snatched from him, and he went down at last to feed the fishes.

Stories like these are well enough to us who while away our time over them as over other sports of fancy. But who would wish to have them back again in sober earnestness, together with the fairies, of whom we regret sometimes that they are not so real to us as they were to our forefathers. The fancy of man is not dead or dwarfed, but it is occupied now surely on better work than this of peopling a dark day with terrors. I have said nothing here of the faith in Satan's direct agencies, of demons, monsters and magicians, of wax images, the evil eye, witches, dragons, basilisks, warnings of death; for the whole body of the superstition of our ancestors is much too large to be summed up in half a dozen pages, and the darkest shades of it are those which have not here been represented.

OIL UPON THE WAVES.

Benjamin Franklin—printer, ambassador, electrician, kite-flyer, republican, and philosopher in general—made some curious experiments on this subject; but it will be easy to collect numerous observations bearing on the matter in other quarters, before noticing Franklin's researches.

Pliny, in his Natural History, propounded a bit of wisdom, which was a standing joke for many centuries. As given in Philemon Holland's translation, it runs thus:—"All seas are made calme and still with oyle; and therefore the dyvers under the water doe spurt and sprinkle it abroad with their mouths, because it dulceth and allayeth the unpleasant nature thereof, and carryeth a light with it." But, by the eighteenth century, men had begun to believe much of this statement, if not the whole. It became known that the fishermen of Bermuda were wont to pour a little oil on the water of the sea, to facilitate that striking of a fish which is rendered difficult when ripples disturb the clearness of view. It became known, or at least reported, that the fishermen of Lisbon, when about to return into the Tagus, and when the surf on the bar was more than usually rough, occasionally adopted the plan of emptying a bottle or two of oil into the sea; thereby suppressing the breakers sufficiently, to allow a boat to pass in safety. It became known that in certain parts of the Mediterranean, divers (probably sponge, or coral, or pearl fishers), did the very thing which Pliny had described, not for the sake of a stillness of the waves, but for the clearness of light beneath the surface of the water which results from that stillness. It became known that in the harbour of Newport in Rhode Island, the sea was always smooth while any whaling vessels were in it; whence the inference, that the leakage from the barrels had mixed with the water which was from time to time pumped up from the holds of the ships; and that this modicum of oil, spreading over the surface of the harbour, stilled the waves.

Besides these general reports—rumours, which were more trustworthy than it is always the good fortune of rumours to be—there were many facts mentioned more precisely by travellers, and naturalists, and others. Pennant said, that "seals eat their prey beneath the water; and, in case they are devouring any very oily fish, the place is known by a certain smoothness of the waters immediately above; a fact which the seal-fishers are very glad to store up among their items of knowledge." Sir Gilford Lawson, who served long in the army at Gibraltar, ascertained that the fishermen in that place were accustomed to pour a little oil on the sea, in order to still its motion, that they might be enabled to see the oysters lying beneath; which were large and valuable, and were fished up with more facility by this aid. Sir John Pringle—one of the lights of the Royal Society in the last century—found that the herring-fishers on the coast of Scotland, could, at a distance, see where the shoals of herrings were, by the smoothness of the water over them; attributable, as he believed, to the oiliness of the fish. Count Bentinck, the Dutch Envoy at St. James's, we believe, showed Dr. Franklin a letter curiously illustrative of this subject; it was from M. Teuguagel, narrating the events of a voyage in a Dutch ship in seventeen hundred and seventy, in the eastern seas. Near the islands Paul and Amsterdam, the ship encountered a storm; whereupon, the captain, for greater safety in wearing the ship, poured some oil into the sea. M. Teuguagel was upon deck at the time, and he states that the plan succeeded in preventing the waves from breaking over the vessel. He adds, "As the captain overturned no more than a small quantity at a time, the salvation of their ship was due perhaps, to four quarts of olive oil;" and he very naturally thought it worthy of inquiry whether other vessels might not be aided in a similar way by a similarly small quantity of olive oil.

Dr. Franklin took up this subject as he did many others of a useful character, and in the best of all ways;—by actual experiments. In the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, being at sea in a large fleet bound for Louisburg, he observed the wakes of two of the ships to be remarkably smooth, while all the others were ruffled by a fresh-blowing wind. The captain on being appealed to for an assignable cause, expressed a supposition that "the cooks had been just emptying their greasy water through the scuppers, which had greased the sides of those two ships a

little." Franklin at first thought that this must be a mystification—a tale for the marines; but recollecting Pliny's statement, he resolved, if an opportunity should offer, to try the experiment for himself in ever so small a way. Some years afterwards, being at Clapham, he determined to make an oleaginous experiment upon a large pond. On a windy day, when the surface of the pond was rough, he brought a cruet of oil, and poured a little into the pond; his first experiment was not very successful, for he stood on the leeward side of the pond, and the wind blew the oil back again upon the shore; but, upon going to the windward side, he found that even a single tea-spoonful of oil produced an instant calm over a space several yards square, and that, spreading and spreading by degrees, it reached the leeward side, covering, perhaps, half an acre with a film of oil of exquisite tenuity. Franklin bore the character of a truthful man; and when he describes this experiment with unmistakeable clearness in the Philosophical Transactions, we must not reject it merely because it is marvellous. He declares that this spoonful of oil made half an acre of water "as smooth as a looking-glass." Ponds are not yet banished from England, nor oil, nor cruets, nor tea-spoons; and it would not be a very difficult matter for a curiously-disposed person to imitate this experiment for himself.

Franklin repeated the experiment soon after at Ormathwaite, near Leeds, in the presence of Smeaton and Jessop, the celebrated engineers; and on another occasion he determined to try, somewhere near Portsmouth, whether he could lessen the surf on a lee shore, by means of oil. He selected a windy day, which gave the character of a lee-shore to the point between Haslar Hospital and Gillkicker point. A long boat was anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore. A barge plied to windward of the long boat, as far from her as she was from the shore, making trips of about half a mile each; oil being continually poured from her, out of a large stone bottle, through a hole in the cork about as large as a goose-quill. A party of observers placed themselves on the shore, in a position to note if any change were produced in the surf by the action of the oil. Franklin did not find the effect upon the surf to be so great as he expected; but the persons in the long-boat could observe a tract of smooth water the whole length of the distance on which the oil was poured, gradually spreading in breadth towards the long-boat. This water was smooth, but not actually level. The swell continued; but the surface was not ruffled by wrinkles or smaller waves; and there were none of the waves called by sailors "white caps" (waves whose tops turn over in foam), although there was abundance of this kind of wave both to windward and leeward of the oily space. A wherry, that came round the point under sail, in her way to Portsmouth, seemed to turn into that oily track by choice, and to use it from end to end as a piece of turnpike road.

It was not likely that a man such as Franklin would abstain from speculating on the cause of such curious results. There are two inquiries involved—Why does oil spread on water? and why, when so spread, does it still the wavy surface? If a drop of oil be put upon a polished marble table, or on a looking-glass placed horizontally, it remains in its place, spreading very little; but when put on water, it spreads instantly all round, becoming so thin as to produce the prismatic colours for a considerable space; and, beyond the region of these colours, to present that peculiar blackness which optical philosophers know to be attributable to a film whose thickness is to be estimated by millionths rather than by thousandths of an inch. It would appear as if a mutual repulsion took place between the particles of oil as soon as it touches water: a repulsion so strong as to act on other bodies swimming on the surface, as straws, leaves, chips, &c., forcing them to recede every way from the drop as from a centre, leaving a large clear space.

But then, even if we can explain all this by means of repulsion, how happens it that so thin a film of oil can still the waves? When air is in motion over water, with any of the degrees of velocity between a gentle breeze and a perfect hurricane, the air encounters a sort of friction in passing over the surface of the water, and it rubs up the water into wrinkles; these wrinkles grow and grow and grow, until they become big waves. Now Franklin supposed that, when a film of oil is on the surface of water, the air has nothing to catch hold of; it slips over the oil, as a greasy pig's tail would slip out of the hands of Hodge at a fair: it cannot wrinkle the oil, and it cannot wrinkle the water beneath the oil. True, there are slower and larger heavings, especially in deep water; but there are not the little crumplings and ripplings which surface of water usually exhibits. There are two phases or stages in this process. If oil be poured upon water already in a state of wavy undulation, it will not stop the deep, full wave: it will only kill the little undulations with which these greater waves are embroidered. If the oil be poured upon the weather-side of water only just beginning to be affected by wind, it may, says Franklin, stifle the waves at their birth: by preventing them from being even little, it may effectually prevent them from ever being large. Whether this theory be true or not, it is clear and intelligible, and deserves attention. In the Great Pacific of Clapham Common, when Franklin poured the oil near the lee-side of the pond, he failed to obtain a mastery over the waves; but when he operated on the weather-side (the side whence the wind blows,) he nipped them in

the bud, and thereby prevented them from blossoming into waves.

This curious subject, so far as evidence is afforded, has been but little attended to since Franklin's time. And yet it is a good subject for water-girt people like ourselves to know something more about. We feel much inclined to propound a few questions, to induce a little thinking on the part of those whose thoughts are worth knowing. Do our captains and sailors at the present day know much about this oil-wave theory? Have their observations tended to confirm or to invalidate the reasonings of the older observers? Would ten pounds' worth of oil save a thousand pounds' worth of damage to shipping in a harbour during a particular state of the wind? would some of our surf-lined coasts become more easily accessible to ships' boats by oiling them occasionally—as we would oil one piece of mechanism, to enable another to slip over it smoothly? Would the efforts of our life-boats to reach a stranded ship be facilitated by a keg of oil, taken out as part of the boat's stores, and used where the surf is heaviest? Do our fishermen ever now throw oil upon the waves, to aid them in determining where and how to make their onslaught on the fish? If we dip anything into a pond or stream from a fourpenny piece up to anything you please, could we render it visible, and facilitate our search by the use of a little oil? When masons descend by a diving-bell to engage on hydraulic engineering work, could they—like the Mediterranean fishers—get a little additional light into their workshops, by oiling the water's surface? Might not a hapless wrecked ship, sunk in water, not too deep, be attentively and usefully espied from above, if the water's surface were rendered smooth by oil? When telegraph-people are laying down submarine wires, would their labours be facilitated by a little oil, either to render the voyage smoother, or to render the sunken wire more visible? All which questions we submit, without presuming to anticipate the answer.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

It is a wise dispensation of Providence (and which, among its dispensations, lacks wisdom?) that a man is ordinarily so occupied with his own immediate affairs, that he has no leisure to consider those of his neighbours; to bring the application closer still, that he is generally so engrossed with the thought, or pastime, or avocation, of the moment, that the other transactions in which he may be implicated, though perhaps greater and graver, and portending sorrow and tribulation rather than joy and content, are mercifully permitted to be for a season out of his mind; and, though they cannot be wholly forgotten, are unconsidered for the time. Thus I have heard of a merchant knowing well of the dread fiat in bankruptcy at that very moment being sued out against him, yet who could dance at a children's party, and play at games and forfeits, and be the gayest and the loudest laugher there: all the while his goods absuming away from him like grease in fire. Thus, too, he against whose name in the calendar Justice Hempridge has written the lamentable words, "sus. per coll." will sleep soundly on the very morning of his execution; though his lullaby be the breathing of the turnkeys watching him lest he should do himself a mischief. It was the merchant's business just then to dance, and it is that of poor Jack o' Newgate to sleep; and Mercy allows the present necessity to overshadow and pre-occupatively overcome the contingent emergency. Lord Clive mending the pen a minute before he destroyed himself with the penknife, may very probably for the time have been absorbed in the nice task of splitting the quill into a hair or broad nib. It may be instanced, as proof how common things and thoughts oft neutralize the horror of a supreme event, that the author of this piece, being once within the minutest hairsbreadth of a sudden and cruel death,—lost for a moment the prescience of destruction in the common-place thought that the over-coat he had on, which was not his own, but had been borrowed from a friend, would be torn to ribbons. The beginning of fear and wisdom has fitted us with just that measure of capacity to render its entire concentration on the matter in hand, not only necessary, but imperative. The burden is so equally fitted to our backs, that we feel not the equipoising panniers at our sides. Not only for the day, but for the moment is the evil thereof sufficient; the focus of this our telescope of life requires such accuracy of fixature that the present unity is the limit of our vision; he that shifts it hath a squinting soul.

Yonder white-headed, blue-ribboned old Statesman; will he not stand on his poor old gouty legs for hours in the weary night, when he should be comfortably abed, stand in the unwholesome atmosphere of a scientifically ventilated hall, the butt of coughs and "oh! ohs!" and jeers, and oft-times groans and hootings, the mouth-piece of a faction, the target of the rhetorical shafts of orators, raw from the Union Debating Society, or livid from the perusal of blue-books? Will he not remain, anxiously debating how he shall exculpate himself from the fierce accusations of his honourable friend (whom he hates as his enemy) on the opposite bench, triumphantly chuckling when he has posed an antagonist, and sitting down with the cheers of a crowded house resounding in his gladdened ears; and will not the deliberation and the defence, the refutation and the triumph, cause that old nobleman momentarily to forget his gout and his post obits; the lawyers in Lincoln's-inn; his son in the guards, who must

sell out if his debts are not paid next month; his daughter, who would persist in marrying that chaplain, who has treated her so indifferently since; his wife, whom he detests, and who has been suing him ferociously lately about her marital "paraphernalia," chiefly consisting in a gold snuff-box, presented to her grandfather by George the Second, for sitting at Admiral Byng's court-martial? Yes. The bailiffs may be in possession of Castle Lackrent; the family diamonds may be in the custody of Mr. Triball; the ten tribes of Israel may be keeping up a ceaseless clamor about interests unpaid, and mortgages to be foreclosed; but the noble lord is engrossed pro tem., in the vital question as to whether the barrack-master at Ballygarret was illegally dismissed or not. The opposition maintains that he was; Lord Viscount Lackrent maintains that he was not—and victoriously maintaining it, forgets disease, debt, and difficulty, and is for the time, triumphant over all.

Again: here in the Court of Quiddities you shall see a grave old judge, majestic in his wig and his fur. The sands of life have filtered sagely and decorously and profitably through the glass; but he is seventy years old now; and there are few, very few grains left to run. He is rich and honoured, and wise and famous; but his hand shakes, and his eyes are dim, and his voice is feeble; and his memory begins to play him strange tricks. He can remember, to a dactyl, the Latin verses he made at school; but he cannot exactly call to mind who was plaintiff, and who defendant, and what the action was all about that he tried yesterday. Yet you shall see him in the Court of Quiddities, patiently listening to the hair-splitting arguments of counsel; you shall hear him copiously pouring forth stores of erudition upon the right of patent in the ribs of an umbrella; accurately weighing and commenting upon every tittle of evidence for and against the vexed question of a bad sixpence; nicely balancing the pro and con as to whether Mossop kicked Barry, or Barry kicked Mossop; concentrating all the wisdom and learning, the experience and observation of seventy years into a bad joke to make the jury titter, or a clap-trap sentiment to elicit a peal of applause (immediately afterwards, and severely, repressed by the officers of the court, of course) from the gallery. Who should not be jubilant at the existence of that mercy of limitation which places the horizon at the end of the Statesman's nose, and an adamantean wall round the retina of the judge's eye; which can make them both forget in the absorption of the Irish barrack-master's dismissal, the patent umbrella, the bad sixpence, Barry's kick, the bad joke, and the clap-trap sentiment, how old and feeble they both are; how swiftly and steadily the sands are running through the glass; in how short a space of time they must be brought to death, "and to the house appointed to all living."

In Hoc Momento pulsat Æternitas—(In this moment throbs Eternity.) But what a world of unceasing misery and lamentation, of impenetrable gloom and hopeless despair, this world would be if the business, the happiness, the hope or fear of the Moment were not permitted to avert our eyes from the momentarily progressing dial and its mortuary inscription. If all our yesterdays were but to be considered as candles that have

> "lighted fools
> The way to dusty death,"

Each blessed morrow would be but as one guiding us still further graveward; the years would be but as milestones on the high road to the House of Death. Such milestones we know them to be; but thank God there are pleasant prospects on the way, and green glades and sunny spots. We may stop and rest—we may beguile the journey with innocent mirth; there are way-side inns for refreshment, and pleasant cuts and bridle-paths; we *must* make the journey, and come to our bourne at last; but which is better? —To march along cheerfully, with a brave heart, and a stout walking-stick, singing a merry song at times; going a little out of our way down a green lane to visit a mossy ruin or a snug cottage; tarrying if needs be, to help the ox out of the pit, and the lame dog over the stile; to carry the milkmaid's pails, yea, and to keep company with her through the journey, for better for worse, if she be as good as comely; to pull the wounded man out of the ditch, and bind up his wounds and carry him to the next inn and leave two pence for him there; to sit, now and again on a green knoll to take a sketch of the glorious landscape; to halt, when hungry and weary by a bubbling brook, to bathe the swollen feet, and kindle the crackling branches beneath the iron pot; yea, and to see that the stew be well concocted, and that there be good fellows to eat it, and that our brother in rags be not forgotten in respect of the bones and fragments, —I say, which is better,—*this* manner of journeying, or that adopted by brother Dolorosus, the brother with the sour face, and the hair shirt, and the girdle with spikes in it, who toils along barefoot, looking neither to the right nor to the left, choosing the hardest part of the road where the shards and shingles are, and seeing nothing but misery and grief in every possible and impossible direction? Brother Dolorosus, you may brag lugubriously that you read "*In hoc momento*" on the dial oftener than we do, and have the inscription in your eye and mind unceasingly; but in your constant remembrance is there not some leaven of the vanity of the Pharisee of old; and have not you, and have not I, and has not every one, business to do here, here, *here*—the business

for which we all came into the world,—the business of transmitting it to the unborn, better, happier and wiser than it was?

If we were to pull down every booth in Vanity Fair; if we were to shut up all the theatres, and hoist a black flag on the Crystal Palace; if we were to dress the Life Guards out with crape-scarfs and staves like mutes; if we were to set the editors of Punch in the stocks, and make laughter felony without benefit of clergy; if we were to erect Mr. Shillibeer into prime minister, abolish all music save that of the clanking of chains, the shrieking of owls, and the tolling of bells; if there were a skeleton at every banquet, and an earth-worm in every bouquet; if the ladies patronesses of Almack's wore shrouds over their muslins, as the Jews do over their garments on the White Fast; if the Lord Mayor mingled myrrh and vinegar in the loving cup at every Guildhall banquet, and an undertaker's man sat in his gold coach beside him, instead of the man (who *is* that man?) in the fur cap, like the slave in the chariot of the Roman conqueror; if Mr. Harker the toast-master, instead of entreating us to charge our glasses, were to confine himself to repeating the formula of the Eastern Herald: "Saladin the magnificent, Saladin the invincible must DIE!" if we fed like Apollodorus on poisons, and drank only out of skulls, and delighted, like Lord Portsmouth, in "black jobs;" if we all turned Trappists, and went about digging our own graves, and gravely whispering to each other, "Brother, we must die;" if the sentry at the palace-gates were instructed to call out, "*Memento mori!*" every quarter of an hour; if the infant's cradle were made coffin-shape; if the only study of our lives were to be that of the inscription on the dial-plate; we might indeed be giving but a due consideration to the transitory nature of existence. But we come into existence for other ends, and our minds are therefore not formed, being healthy to do these dismal things. It is in their nature, within due bounds, to take their colour from the present moment, as the chameleon takes his from the nearest object.

The matter of the moment will preoccupy the sick man, groaning in the pangs of an incurable disease. Though he knows his malady to be far beyond the reach of human skill; yet an hour's cessation from pain, a bright day, a new doctor, the visit of a friend, will light up his face, and ring joy-bells in his heart. Have you never known him talk gaily of all the means to do when he gets well: of the friends he will visit, the schemes he will mature, the half-finished tasks he will complete? Have you never heard the paralytic octogenarian feebly cackle of the new wing he means to build to his country house next year, when he has the use of his lungs again. He knows, they know, we all know, we must die.

The lad of fifteen knows it as well, sometimes, as the patriarch of ninety. We all know that there must come a time when the movements of armies and the fall of kingdoms, the marriages of princes and the wars of giants, will be of no account; when it shall be all one who reigns, who governs; when those who love us, and tend us, and minister to us, will with difficulty be brought to abide with us alone ten minutes. But as soon as reason comes, comes also the consciousness of the imminence of death, and comes, thank God! that glorious privilege of preoccupation. We are dust and ashes, we know; the flowers must fade, the plants and insects expire, the sun himself must die, before we can put on immortality; but it is no epicurean philosophy, no callous indifference, that teaches us, in reason and kindness, to enjoy life. It is a better teacher far, than these. An infinitely higher wisdom than the wisdom of the Pharisee and Brother Dolorosus.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

CAPTAIN JORGEY.

HONOR to worth! There is one Greek, at least, whom I have known and whom I would rescue from the contempt which too often attaches to his countrymen. He is a sea-captain, a rough, weather-beaten man, with the heart of a child. Oh, so valiant and gentle! So true and staunch, that the grasp of his honest hard-working hand does a man good. It makes one better to see him among weaklings and little children: he seems so conscious of his uncouth strength, and appears afraid of breaking them. His healthy, merciful heart would not let him harm a worm.

Captain Jorgey was once rich; but he had no thought for himself, and was so good and so simple that bad men took advantage of him, and now he is only wealthy in the love and esteem of all who knew him, in the affection of boys and girls, who greet him with a shriek of joy, and turn aside from their path coming home from school when they see him; in the gratitude of the widow and orphan, who thank him with moistened eyes for many benefits, and put him to the blush with their praises—and in the kind thoughts of everybody. Captain Jorgey was ruined long ago, by a hard, vile man, who now (lest all should cry shame upon him) gives his victim an asylum in his house and protects, insults and makes him useful. But Captain Jorgey does not seem conscious of this, and it is very touching to see his loyal gratitude and affection for one who has wrought him many cruel injuries. He thinks he can never do enough to show his thankfulness for the rude bed and scanty board which is doled out to him. He has become as a bondsman to his task master. I wish I had such a servant as Captain Jorgey: I would try and treat him better. Upon the whole, I think I would rather have him for a brother or a very near friend. He is never

absent from the house except when sent upon some errand. He does all sorts of odd jobs. He minds the children and makes them toys. He stables the horse, drives bargains, and is sent to wrangle about tradesmen's bills. He must overlook the servants—a hard task this—and tell of their short-comings; he must give the benefit of zeal, experience, and honesty, all for mere bread and board. Yet I am afraid I could never gain the friendship of Captain Jorgey; for he cannot conceive it possible that any one should think ill of his spoiler, or suppose himself to be unfairly used.

The man to whom Captain Jorgey owes his ruin is no ogre for all that; he is merely a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek. Still young, he has acquired a very considerable fortune. In reality superficial, empty and ignorant; acquainted with no one art or science, and hardly able to read and write correctly, he has yet a natural acuteness that would puzzle the wisest. He is indeed one of the most successful sharpers of the corn market; and that is saying a great deal. He has the most pleasant, frank, plausible manner possible; yet he only speaks truth by accident. He seems to divine other men's thoughts and intentions by a sort of instinct; and no one ever comes in contact with him without somehow or other getting the wrong end of an argument or a bargain. He will commit the most impudent robberies with a cool air of assurance that is positively astounding. He is hard, unjust, oppressive, cunning, false, tricky, selfish; all with the air of an injured man. He has his temper under the most extraordinary command, and would never by any chance let slip an expression of a disagreeable nature towards anybody, from whom he might ever by any possibility have the chance of gaining sixpence. To dependents he is of course as heartless a tyrant as ever insulted worth or embittered misfortune. No man has ever shown him to appear in the wrong. His labours are only known by their fruits. Somehow or other everybody who makes his acquaintance and gets mixed up with him in business, grows poorer, and yet you cannot convict him of dishonesty. The fact is there; the reason is a mystery. His very victims are constrained to speak well of him, for they can prove no evil. His acquaintances seem all under obligations to him. Persons formerly thriving and well to do in the world, pass beneath his yoke into difficulties in a manner that is almost magical. When they fail and sink into utter ruin, *he* has always contrived to get paid. He has foreseen what was going to happen, and has disposed of their acceptances—sold them perhaps to some friend who desired a safe investment, and who had asked his advice. In short, he is out of the scrape, let who will be in it. To be sure there are one or two people who look shyly at him. It is possible to be sharper than some men, but not to be sharper than every man. Strange whispers go about respecting him; his mother is said to have died in extreme poverty, and one of his brothers to have got into trouble and to have never got out of it. But he does not mind such reports as these, for he has one of his poor relations living with him and can point triumphantly to her. To be sure she cooks and superintends the washing, but he cannot be expected to entertain her for nothing; although she is said to be a perfect wonder of economy, and to live altogether on boiled salads. There is a grand gold chain which her important relative wears rather ostentatiously, and which is said to have belonged to her deceased husband, as well as the watch which is attached to it; but that's nobody's business. It is natural that dependents should show some substantial marks of gratitude to their protectors, if they have any.

It does not seem on the whole astonishing that the friendship of such a genius as this should have been disastrous to Captain Jorgey. Shortly after its commencement, the Sea Captain's affairs got into a maze, and they never got out of it. He had then an olive garden, and a little vessel of his own, with which he went about to the ports in the neighbourhood, and sometimes got as far as Malta, driving a thriving trade. But as soon as he began to carry cargoes for Kyrios Ozlan and to leave the management of his affairs at home in the hands of his employer, everything went wrong. His olive trees produced no fruit, his house was burnt down; and though everything was destroyed in the fire, he has since seen some things about the premises of his patron so like his own as to be quite surprising. But this does not shake his simple good faith, and he seems to me so respectable and happy in it that I sometimes wonder if after all he is not really the wiser man of the two. My opinion is not at all disturbed by the fixed smile which is always on the lips of Kyrios Ozlan; for I cannot help fancying that he must sometimes feel uncomfortable, especially in the long windy winter's nights.

Captain Jorgey's olive garden and his pleasant house by the sea-side have passed into the hands of his patron. It makes one quite uncomfortable to hear him talk about them with such complacency, and brag of their produce. It is painful to see Captain Jorgey on the summer afternoons toiling home with a large basket of fruit, proud that the land which once was his at least produces something. Kyrios Ozlan however only receives them with a grunt of disapprobation (it is not worth his while to flatter Captain Jorgey now), and an ungraceful observation about the expense of gardening; so that the modest sailor really feels quite puzzled that the property which was once a little fortune to him, should be such a burthen to his patron. He feels quite disgraced by it, and is ashamed that he should have

allowed his generous friend to accept it for such a large debt as that which was due to him; at the date of the transaction Captain Jorgey knew it was a large debt, though he did not quite know how much, for there had never been an account between them, and he was not a good hand at figures if there had been one.

The fact is, that when Captain Jorgey's olive trees would obstinately persist in bearing no fruit in the most favourable seasons; when his grapes seemed all gathered before they had grown; and when his figs did not appear to grow at all; when he returned home and found his house burnt down, and ruin staring him in the face; Kyrios Ozlan proposed to him a very notable scheme for redeeming his fortunes. This was to lend money at a high rate of interest, to a trader in the town, who had not hitherto borne a very good reputation for strict exactness in his accounts. Captain Jorgey, indeed, ventured to make an observation to this effect at the time; but his kind friend only smiled in a peculiar way he had, and told Captain Jorgey that he did not understand those kind of affairs—which, indeed, was true. So the honest sailor left everything to his friend, and commenced another voyage. Not, however, till he had given a mortgage on his property for a considerable sum of money, which had been placed out at such famous interest in his name, and which had been lent by Kyrios Ozlan with the most disinterested generosity. But fresh troubles awaited him. He seemed born to ill-luck. When he returned, the trader had left the country, and had taken Captain Jorgey's money with him. The stout seaman, however, was not half so much distressed at this, as at the loss sustained by his kind friend, after all his efforts on his behalf which were detailed to him with such scrupulous minuteness. There was of course but one thing to do—to give up the olive garden; and, although it had, by that time, begun to bear all sorts of produce, in a very remarkable manner considering its former sterility, yet the Captain was quite surprised that his patron should accept it for such a considerable debt. To be sure he held Captain Jorgey's bond for the balance, but what was the use of that? he could put him in prison at any time; but he was far too good to do it, which was another reason for gratitude, and another reason—so thought the honest sailor—why he should try, by every means in his power, to repay the immense debt of generosity and forbearance which he owed his benefactor. I am almost sure that Captain Jorgey would have thought it nothing but his duty to die, or go into slavery uncomplaining, for that most cold and heartless scoundrel.

It is a touching and cruel thing to see them together, and to see the humble respect and gratitude of the brave sailor, in his worn clothes so carefully brushed; the perspiration pouring down his furrowed cheeks from unremunerated toil: his anxious glance to catch the eye of his patron, as that estimable creature sits in state, in his gold chain, upon an easy chair in his country house. It moves one's very heart to see the sailor, so willing and earnest, so untiring and contented, under a rod of iron.

O Captain Jorgey, good, honest, noble-hearted sailor! Little dost thou dream how infinitely better and greater thou art, in the eyes of Him who sees all things, than the bedizened rogue who has robbed thee. Little dost thou think how the hands of many honest men would be stretched out to grasp those shy, awkward fists of yours, who would not deign to touch the white and jewelled fingers of that amazing scamp for an earldom. Little does thy modest fancy picture what bright kind eyes of noble women would smile on you, which would turn with infinite disgust from him.

Thine is a true story, Captain Jorgey. Let it engraft in our hearts, a deeper contempt for ill-gotten riches, and a profounder respect for faith and honesty. I do not envy the man who, if he had to choose, would not immeasurably rather be the dupe than the duper. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way by which thou travellest, gentle Captain; but it will conduct thee to thy high reward!

HOME-SICKNESS.

Where I am, the halls are gilded,
Stored with pictures bright and rare;
Strains of deep melodious music
Float upon the perfumed air:—
Nothing stirs the dreary silence
Save the melancholy sea,
Near the poor and humble cottage,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the sun is shining,
And the purple windows glow,
Till their rich armorial shadows
Stain the marble floor below:—
Faded Autumn leaves are trembling,
On the withered jasmine tree,
Creeping round the little casement,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the days are passing
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
Song and joy and starry pleasures
Crown the happy smiling hours:—
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,
Time with weary wings must flee,
Marked by pain, and toil, and sorrow,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the great and noble,
Tell me of renown and fame,
And the red wine sparkles highest,
To do honour to my name:—
Far away a place is vacant,
By an humble hearth for me,
Dying embers dimly show it
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, are glorious dreamings,
Science, genius, art divine,
And the great minds whom all honour,
Interchange their thoughts with mine.—
A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, wearying, for me,
Far away where tears are falling,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, all think me happy,
For so well I play my part,
None can guess, who smile around me,
How far distant is my heart:—
Far away, in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
Where the treasures of my life are,
Where I fain would be!

PREVENTIBLE ACCIDENTS.

I AM, if you please, a bricklayer, and was at work the other day on the foundations of a house lately pulled down. Next door tumbled over me, and I was drawn half-dead out of the ruins.

I am, if you please, a little boy, and was at play the other day among the bricks of a house that had been sold as it stood, for building materials, in lots. Lots at the top and lots at the bottom were being pulled out, and carted away indiscriminately. The whole building, therefore, in one lot, to save trouble, came down at once over me, and I am maimed for life, before I have grown old enough to do a stroke of business.

I am, if you please, a miner, and was at work the other day in a colliery-shaft famous for a great explosion, which had destroyed fifty or sixty men, not many months before. There was a fresh explosion, and a hundred-and-twenty more were killed. I only had my skin burnt off, and my leg broken.

I am, if you please, an able-bodied sailor, and added my name to the ship's articles on board an emigrant vessel. We were broken up in a gale of wind, driven along by it, and my mates were drowned by the hundred or more. I escaped, for the fifth time in my life, from shipwreck.

I am, if you please, a soldier, just returned invalided from East Indian barracks, in which I lay mortally sick, and in which many hundreds have died. Mine is said to have been a sickly station; but there are one or two barracks in sicklier places that have almost no mortality in them at all. Those barracks have spacious and lofty sleeping-rooms, and other things, that we had not at Killampore.

I am, if you please, a railway traveller, who was shot into a tardy goods train near the Shatteringham station, and have had my legs made into jelly.

I am, if you please, a dweller in a rotten court, dying of typhus fever.

I am any of these you please, or all of these and a great many things more. I am the victim of accident; and what accident may be, is what I wish to know,—if I may wish so much without being considered fussy.

I know very well that a district surveyor whose duty it shall be to overlook the operations of the builders, and check such as are illegal or likely to endanger life, is one who ought, as a gentleman, to be most courteous and accommodating to all those with whom he has to deal. He is bound in common and professional politeness to suppose that Mr. Brown the builder, who is pulling down or running up a house, and Mr. Green the well-known surveyor who is engaged to watch Brown in a quiet, friendly way—he is bound, I say, to suppose that these gentlemen know their business, have a right to their own usages; he ought to feel that he himself would be but a Jack-in-office if he undertook to meddle and obstruct. If a house should tumble down for want of properly-applied support, or because supporting parts had been improperly removed, I see clearly that no gentleman, who had been living among his brethren as a Christian official, and overlooking all their little trespasses, could be politely made responsible for the calamity. I see what a sad accident it is, and know that it is nothing else. I am a surveyor myself, and I think I may say that I understand these matters.

I am a surgeon in a mining district, and take leave to testify that mining accidents are accidents, and that there is the end of the whole matter. There is no more to be said. I attend several "fields,"—that is to say, I contract to attend on men hurt in the pits,—and I am never without "field patients" on my books. There always must be such—they are a natural and an essential portion of my practice. I have a man or two killed, I suppose, once a fortnight. That is nothing. Sometimes, instead of one or two, there are killed half-a-dozen at a time, and there is a slight—a very slight—sensation in the parish. Such accidents rarely appear even in the country papers; and of course they are not worth sending up to London. They belong to mining life; and I don't believe that you could ever get exact returns of the number of lives lost annually in our mines and coal-pits. You might as well have thought, in the old coach days, of getting returns of the number of coach-spills annually taking place over the country. What country paper would be so harsh as to hurt the character of the Tumbledon Dart, and alarm the public by reporting all its little stumbles on the road? I should like to see the London papers getting from all parts of the country special reports of mining accidents, and dishing them up every morning for the world to con over. The world would be surprised if mines were watched as carefully as railways. So would the masters be surprised. When I first had a field, coming young into the district, I was such a fool of a new broom as to suggest to the great man of the place how one might make impos-

sible the breaking of cables or chains, or the tumbling of stones from the pit mouth upon men as they went up or down, such incidents causing habitually the loss of a good many lives and limbs. What did I know as a stranger in the place? Did not they who had been bred to the work know how to work mines better than a meddlesome Londoner? Did the men ever complain? Far from it. They took the usages they found and would have resented innovation quite as stoutly as their masters. I tried at an inquest or two to point out that the cause of death had been preventible. The coroner seemed to be pitying me for my rawness. Of course I could not afford to offend the great man of the place, and gentlemen of the jury would as soon have thought of committing high treason as of concocting a special verdict, that would be offensive to him. Of course they had nothing to say but Accidental Death, and as I cannot afford to scrape the butter off my bread (for truly it is not laid on very thick), I take good care now that my new-broom days are over to let things take their course. If our great local king builds cottages for his men with a canal under the back windows, and some thousand tons of coal burning to coke and pouring products of combustion into the air before the front windows, with pig-sties between every pair of cottages, and stables and dungheaps in the middle of the row, what have I to do as a surgeon but go and attend the sick people I find there? The whole row is illuminated of a night with the lights in the sick-rooms. Well, that is no business of mine: our little king of these times, like the giant kings of old times, can do no wrong.

I am a captain. When I got my first command, I told the owners that I had not the right complement of men, that I wanted the ship better armed, that the stores sent on board for the crew were not at all to my satisfaction, and that I should like to carry out some ideas of a reform in the construction of the forecastle, because I thought that good sailors well cared for, and not overtasked, were the true strength of a ship, the brain and bone and muscle that would carry it safely through any amount of peril. I was asked whether I had not as many men as the law demanded that I should carry, was told that my ship was like other ships, and that if I wanted to make way in the world I had better not be fussy.

As a soldier poisoned in an Indian barrack I reverence the memory of Sir Charles Napier; who struggled hard to procure for us accommodation equal to the exigencies of the climate. But what a troublesome man Sir Charles is known to have been. He was incessantly crying out at errors and abuses in the faultless system of our Indian Government;—and how unpopular he was in India through being a meddler with what could not possibly concern him!

I am going to close this article in a whisper. It seems to me that nine accidental deaths out of a dozen arise from culpable carelessness and negligence. It seems to me that the regard for human life ought to become more tender with the growth of civilisation, and that we are now sufficiently civilised to deal with the huge mass of Accidental Deaths which occur every year as serious cases, instead of massing them together as so many ugly incidents of course, which it is of no use in the world trying to provide against. There was a time when nobody thought of doing anything for the suppression of preventible diseases, and it then scarcely occurred to anybody to reflect that a very large proportion of those ills of the flesh really were preventible. It is just so with these other ills of the flesh, accidents. Those whose reckless conduct, or whose wicked economy, occasions preventible accidents, must be punished for the wrong they do, and the suffering they cause. In a word, the law must, sooner or later, in all such instances,

"make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

MY FOLLY.

I was an only child, and lost my parents in early youth. My principal guardian was a neighbouring squire—a friend of the family—a "good sort of man," who never did any harm, and who was much too indolent to do any good. He thought that he would be perfectly fulfilling his duty if he turned me off his hands when I arrived at the age of twenty-one, sound in wind and limb, and with the same amount of rental to receive as I had on the day when my father died. During my pupilage, I shaped my own course pretty nearly as I liked. From the public school I went to Cambridge, and was entered as a fellow commoner; but having no need of a profession to support me, I only remained there two or three terms, and did not wait long enough to take any degree. It struck me that the modern languages and modern politics would be more serviceable in after life than a superabundant knowledge of Latin, Greek, and the differential calculus. The conversations which I often had in our Combination-rooms with those fellows of our college who had travelled on the continent, confirmed me in the idea. I threw aside my tasseled cap, and my gold-laced gown, communicated the project to my guardian, who consented to it because it gave him no trouble, arranged the mode of receiving my allowance, and soon was steaming across the Channel to France.

After an excursive trip of discovery, I determined to settle for a year or two in one of the northern departments, in a town which possessed a good public library, and the means of easy communication with England.

The neighbourhood also furnishes capital fishing and shooting, besides other out-door pleasures to which I had been accustomed at home. I engaged a French master, studied with respectable assiduity, and had the satisfaction of discovering, at the end of a month or two, that I was leading a rational, independent, and economical life.

From the very first week of my residing abroad, I always retained one Cambridge habit; which was, to make long walks succeed the morning's book-work; nor were they always companionless. Amongst other French acquaintances, I had contracted an intimacy with a Dr. Lemaire, a young medical man, who had lately established himself in the town, and who was fast rising into good practice. He spoke no English, and could only comprehend a few words of that language; which was all the more fortunate for my improvement. He was well read, full of unhackneyed information; several years' service in Algeria had rendered him singularly free from prejudice. We got on exceedingly well together without exactly knowing why or wherefore.

One bright Monday afternoon at the end of June, he called to say that he was going to visit a patient in the marshes close by; would I like to accompany him? I gladly consented. We were soon outside the walls of the town. A discussion respecting the merits of Richard's Mœurs Arabes beguiled our way along the footpath through the rising corn-fields and the blossoming beans; a debate on the beauties of Nodier's novels led us down from the arable upland, by a grass-grown road, flanked on each side by broad ditches, wherein floated snowy lillies and shining patches of dark green foliage. For indescribable beauty, the multitude both of animal, vegetable, and insect life, you must betake yourself in early summer to the wide-spread marsh. There bloom the loveliest and the most fragile flowers—there glance the most brightly-gilded flies—there dart the resplendent reptile and the silvery fish. The song of birds amongst the reeds soon interrupted our literary gossip. Butterflies diverted our thoughts, and made us feel like a couple of children. The air was perfumed by the scent of mint crushed beneath our tread. We crossed two or three wooden bridges; then a single rough-hewn beam; were obliged to walk carefully, in Indian file, over black boggy ground, which trembled beneath us, and only made passable by a slight stratum of sticks and straw thrown over its surface.

"We are going," said my companion. "to a place which is called the English Folly. It once belonged to a compatriot of yours, who seems to have made use of it as a country box for fishing and wild-duck shooting. My patient, old Father Boisson, whom I guess to be past hope, somehow obtained possession of it, and it now will fall to the inheritance of his only child André, the son. Here we are. We have only to cross this narrow plank, which serves as a drawbridge entrance. You will come too? The people will like to see you."

"No," I replied; "I will amuse myself till you have finished your visit, with watching the proceedings of those workmen yonder."

He disappeared behind the corner of the cottage, which was larger and more substantially built than any of those near to it, though erected on exactly the same plan, namely, a wooden framework filled up with clay, standing on a low basement of bricks, the whole habitable portion being on the ground-floor, with a granary or miscellaneous store-house, in the tile-covered roof. It stood on an isolated square patch of ground, at least an acre in extent, on the side nearest to the ditch which my friend had crossed by the plank. The other sides of the Island Folly were washed by a deep lake, or hole, of several acres, which had been entirely excavated in the process of raising turf. The surface, at its further corner, was studded with some half-dozen wooden ducks, fixed on stakes that were driven into the bottom of the pond. Amongst these, at certain seasons, living call-ducks are fastened by the leg. Thus tethered, they quack so loud to their freer comrades, that on calm evenings the sound is audible a long way off. The wild-fowl, alighting on the lake to ascertain the cause of the hubbub, are then shot at with a mighty gun by the sportsman, who is concealed in a rude hut on the shore, partly excavated in the earth, and partly covered with branches and reeds, to represent, in the eyes of the birds, an accidental heap of drift-wood and rubbish. For many winters past, the Boissons, father and son, had derived a good little income from their hut and their call-ducks, besides the weekly produce in spring, of eel-traps, pike-lines, tench-baskets, and perch-nets.

The workmen, whose task I went to inspect, had seen me arrive with Dr. Lemaire; they therefore received me with civility; otherwise my presence, in all probability, would have been repulsed with bluntness. A man—it was Boisson, the son, himself—and, apparently, two stout lads and a younger boy were busily employed in making or moulding turf for fuel. Most turf is simply cut from its natural bed, and left to dry, no other preparation being neccessary; but here, a large quantity is fished up in iron scoops, in a semi-liquid and puddley state, from the bottom of the holes, and thrown like a heap of mud on the opposite bank. André Boisson stood spade in hand by the side of the mud-heap at the water's edge, while his young assistants in turn held out to him, with both hands, a flat iron tray, or mould, into which he put a shovel-full of the black paste; the foremost lad, on receiving the precious gift, ran quickly towards the spot where I was

standing; and, turning the mould upside down, deposited its contents on a patch of short grass, in the shape of a jet-coloured cake. The next did the same; and so on, one after the other, till the plot of grass was covered with well-shaped bricks of turf to dry. They wore but slight clothing, and were all dressed alike in a shirt, and a coarse cloth coat and breeches, with their legs and arms naked from the knees and elbows. The youngest boy came last, with his tray of dark custard, and I was vexed to see so delicate and prepossessing a youth employed in such grimy and unsightly labour. I spoke to him. He answered with propriety, and with a less broad *patois* than is prevalent in the district. Amongst other questions, I asked him which were the best holes for pike and eels, and in what bed of reeds I should be most likely to shoot a bittern or two. He readily answered that if I would come on Monday afternoon, or fête day, he would not be so busy as at present, and he would ask his uncle to let him show me the favourite haunt of the birds, and would also take me to the pond where still remained uncaught the monster eel which had towed a boat after it the last time it was hooked, till it broke away and dived into the depths of unfathomable mud. I was soon taken with the grace and spirit of my informant. Both Boisson himself and the two elder lads, as they trotted backwards and forwards with their moulds of turf, grinned in such a strange and meaning way whilst I was chatting with their junior companion, that I looked hard to discover the reason, and was surprised and displeased at being obliged to conclude beyond doubt that the couple of turf-making lads, by their shape and movements, were neither more nor less than women, specially dressed for this kind of work. The labourers, in fact, were André Boisson's daughters. The boy seemed to read my thoughts in my countenance, for he blushed deeply, cast his eyes on the ground, and was silent.

All further awkwardness on my part was suddenly cut short by the voices of Lemaire and Son Boisson's wife, shouting to me from the Folly to enter the house. My friend's tone and gestures told me plainly that it would be considered as an affront if I refused to do so. Boisson junior (who could not be less than fifty years of age, with a care-worn, under-fed, aguish countenance) suspended his turf-shovelling, and said that he would go with me too, and hear what the doctor thought of his father. We crossed the trembling plank, and entered the house.

A large square day-room received us. It had a substantial pavement of solid stone, instead of the usual floor of beaten clay. A fire, composed of flax-rubbish and turf, was burning brightly on the hearth, to boil the supper soup in its iron pot. From the upper part of the broad mantelpiece hung a curtain of gay chintz; and beyond the inner boundary of this a straw-bottomed arm-chair was placed for me as the seat of honour. The greater part of one side of the room was filled with shelves, on which were ranged for show, never for use, from generation to generation, except on some most extraordinary fête, a number of coarse, gaudy-patterned plates and dishes, with salad-bowls and coffee-basins intermixed. Besides these, ornament there was none; for the cooking utensils were neither sufficiently numerous nor brightly kept to answer their frequent purpose of decoration, nor were the dairy vessels, a tub of drinkable water, a ducking gun, and three or four nets. The prevailing character of the place was studied meanness and artificial poverty. They had money, no doubt, somewhere in the house; but every pains was taken to remove all suspicion of its existence. I sat a few moments, and said a few words for form's sake, when Lemaire proposed that we should visit the sick man.

His room, also on the ground floor, contained three beds, all naked and curtainless. One of these three assembled beds belonged to André and his wife; another to their two daughters; on the third, the furthest from the door, the dying old man was stretched on his back, with flushed face, glassy eyes, and other symptoms of approaching dissolution. His mind and speech remained still unaffected. He seemed pleased at my visit, until he was told that I was an Englishman, when he turned his face to the wall and muttered to himself. Soon he abruptly addressed Dr. Lemaire, and said—

"I do not feel so ill as I did; I am a little better; but I suppose it will do no harm if I send for the curé, I think I should like to speak to the curé."

"Oh yes; let the curé come as soon as you like. We shall see how you are going on to-morrow."

"Shall I call at your house for a prescription, this evening," asked André.

"Come to-morrow morning," answered Lemaire in an undertone, "and let me know how matters proceed. But—" and a significant shrug of the shoulders was the only phrase which finished the sentence. The doctor felt his patient's pulse, bade him good bye, and promised to see him soon.

"I really think," said Lemaire to André, as we left the house, "that some of you had better tell the curé. I would call myself on our way home, but I am going round another way to see old Louis Lefebvre, who is nearly as ill as your father."

Next day, Lemaire told me that Boisson the father had died early that morning; and that through some blunder on André's part, the curé had arrived at the Folly too late to confess the sick man, having paid his visit to Lefebvre first, considering that he stood in the most urgent need of his services. On the Thursday following, in accordance with the French habit of early interment after decease, Boisson was laid in the ground in the parish

cemetery; a bed was vacant in the dormitory of the Folly, and André remained its undisputed heir.

I had no reason to believe that this family bereavment would be so keenly felt by the survivors as to oblige me to relinquish my appointment with the young marsh guide the Monday following. and I was right. Soon after descending from the upland, I perceived André himself coming to meet me along the grassy, ditch-bounded marsh road. He seemed to be smothering a secret complacency beneath a decent seriousness of behaviour; but he told me, with a smirk and a twinkle of the eye, that Catherine had informed him of my request that she should conduct me through the intricacies of the marsh.

Catherine! Who, then, was Catherine? Who, but the fair-haired boy whom I had seen turf-moulding. It seemed rather an odd adventure, but what more could I desire? So to the Folly we went, without further explanation. On the way, my companion made no allusion to his father's death, nor to his own consequent independence; but I was soon afterwards informed that he had caused masses to be said for the repose of his deceased parent's soul, though neither his wife nor himself ever went to confession, and but very rarely to mass.

At our approach, Catherine stepped forward, tripping over the footbridge with a blush and a smile. But what a change in her appearance! Instead of a shame-faced creature, so wretchedly disguised as even to conceal its sex, I had before me a bright-looking maiden, some seventeen years of age, walking upright in conscious neatness. As I attentively scrutinised her piquant costume, my looks, I have no doubt, undisguisedly expressed my agreeable surprise.

In a few minutes we were out of sight. My conductress led me boldly on through the intricate paths and ditches of the marsh. We entered André's flat-bottomed boat, which she had purposely cleansed with her own hands. She punted me hither and thither, from pond to creek, from thicket of reeds to bed of lilies, refusing, like a true lady of the lake, all help. I was thus taught all the "likely" spots both for rod, hook, net, and gun; and though under Catherine's guidance I never did catch the monster eel, who had been sometimes felt but never seen; I nevertheless often brought home such full fish-baskets and such heavy game-bags as to gain me considerable renown amongst my acquaintances.

During these repeated excursions over the water and through the meadows, it may be supposed that an intimacy sprung up between us. Each time I felt more and more attracted by the young and uninstructed being, who was not, however, deficient in a peasant-girl's quickwittedness. She confided her story to me, as far as she knew it. André always styled her as his niece, and told her that both her parents had died while she was an infant. She scarcely knew why, but she did not believe the former statement. The Boissons never treated her harshly, but often very strangely, and not like a relation. Sometimes even she could not help thinking that André was planning some mischief against her, but his wife always seemed to interfere in her favour. In her dreams, she said, she was so often visited by unknown faces and sounds, which had no connection with her present life, that it frequently seemed to her impossible that those strange voices and countenances should not have some real and existing original. Sometimes she asked me to speak English to her, that she might hear the sound of my native tongue; but, after listening attentively for awhile, she shook her head, observing, with a sort of disappointment, that she did not understand a syllable of what I said. Then she added that there were two foreign words which often whispered themselves into her ears, especially when she first awoke at daybreak; and those words were "darling" and "baby." How could she have learned them?

It may seem strange that a girl of seventeen should thus fulfil the combined office of gamekeeper, boatman, fisherman, and guide; but countrywomen in France engage in so many unusual employments that one soon learns to be astonished at nothing in that line. I have known women to act as mowers, harvestmen, grooms, stone-breakers on the roads, porters, railway gate-keepers, and postmen. Had I taken a country house, and engaged Catherine, at monthly wages, to spread manure and dig in the garden, the arrangement would only have been considered by the neighbours as an every-day affair and a matter of course. I might have gone on thus for six months together. fishing and boating in Catherine's company, without their making any stronger remark than it probably was a lucky chance for the girl. But André did not allow things to go on smoothly so long as that.

One evening, when I took my leave, loaded with as much of the produce of a good day's sport as I cared to carry, André followed me; and, in his cool, half-insolent way, gave me to understand that I must make up my mind one way or the other; and that Catherine's protracted attendance on me interrupted the regular work at the Folly. Why did I not take her entirely to myself? He knew that I could well afford it. The doctor had told him several times that I was a young English landed proprietor. What was the use of Catherine's stopping here when I could keep her with me, wherever I went, as long as I liked? In short, the burden of his stammering and yet decided address was, that Catherine might be my property as a chattel and a slave; and that the further she were removed from the Folly, the better he would be satisfied.

The increasing twilight partly veiled the scarlet hue which suffused my cheeks and forehead, as he went on. I did not reply a

syllable till he had quite finished; but my blood boiled in every artery, harsh-sounding words were at the tip of my tongue, and I felt an irresistible impulse to kick him. He ended his proposition; but I still remained silent. He then looked keenly at me with one of his cunning eyes half-shut. I smothered my indignation as well as I could, and summoned all the dissimulation of which I was capable; for I felt full well that if I reproached him as his baseness deserved, he would perhaps look upon me as a hypocrite, certainly as a fool, and moreover that there would be an end at once to any transaction with me, probably to be followed by a worse with somebody else. I therefore merely answered, hardly daring to let my voice be heard beyond my lips, that I was a little taken by surprise; that he was not far from the truth in believing that I had taken a warm interest in Catherine, but that I could not give him an immediate explanation of what I would do. If he would wait until to-morrow, I would give a decision. He expressed himself quite satisfied with this, and certain that he would see me at the Folly next morning. He then began to whistle a tune, as if a heavy weight was removed from his mind, or as if he had concluded an excellent bargain, and most politely wished me good night;—to which friendly benediction when I tried to reply, the words stuck fast in my throat. I was obliged to bow instead, and hastily turn my back.

That night cost me a sore struggle. Was I in love? Yes, helplessly and with an obscure French girl.

After hours of restless agitation, I came to what I believed to be the right solution of the difficulty. A general plan presented itself to my mind, the details of which I had no doubt I could accomplish; and I fell fast asleep cherishing the plan; waking refreshed late the following morning. My scheme, on reconsidering it, appeared more feasible and promising than ever.

I hired a carriage to take me as far into the marshes in the direction of André's house, as the road allowed. I found André, his wife, and Catherine, at the Folly; the two daughters were out to work. André had strung up his courage with a dram—I smelt it; his wife was agitated; Catherine was pale. She had been partly told the purport of our last night's conversation. Without further preliminary, I mentioned that her uncle wished me to take charge of her future prospects; I would do so, if she consented to place herself in my care. I then paused, and said no more.

A strong and searching gaze at my countenance preceded her reply. It was short and decided. She would trust herself entirely to me. André's wife breathed deeply as though relieved, and muttered, "That is far better than sending her to Paris." He himself was about to drink to our healths, but I cut the interview short. The woman manifested a penitential self-reproaching affection; Boisson seemed hardly to think it worth his while concealing his uppermost wish that we should be gone. I gave my hand to Catherine, which she firmly grasped; and permitted me to lead her to the carriage. On the way to the town, I explained to her my plans, to which she listened with surprise, assent, and gratitude. At my apartment were waiting some women, by my orders, who relieved her of her peasant's dress, and replaced it by a complete costume more befitting my own position in life. When permitted to see her after the metamorphosis, I was charmed with her appearance. That innate ease which belongs more or less to all Frenchwomen was conspicuous in her. We hastily partook of some refreshments, and resumed our journey.

After a few hours' pleasant ride, we reached a noted sea-port town, in which there are several well-conducted ladies' schools. We drove at once to Madame Guilbert's establishment, of which I had heard satisfactory accounts, and I introduced Catherine to the mistress as a young French Protestant lady, a connection of my own, whose education had been greatly neglected, but whom it was now desirable to improve as fast as possible, as well as to instruct her in English. I said I had selected her school in preference to any other, partly on account of the number of English girls there. A new pupil is ever welcome. The references I gave as to myself removed all open hesitation on the lady's part, and a half-year's payment in advance as parlour boarder settled any latent scruple that might remain. I gave Madame Guilbert money on account, for dress, and told her to write to me for more, immediately that that was expended. I then took my leave, with the understanding that I would pay a short morning visit to her pupil at least once every month. Our parting thus was hard; but we both knew it to be wise and needful. Madame had too often witnessed the separation of parents and children, of brethren and sisters, to pay much attention at such a time to tears and earnest promises of affectionate remembrance.

I returned home. At first, there was a little gossip in the town, in consequence of the milliner, the bonnet-maker, and the woman who furnished the ready-made linen, mentioning the transformation which had taken place at my apartment; but my friend Lemaire, to whom I confided all my past proceedings and my future projects, called me a "brave," and soon "pooh-pooh'd" all scandal down. A few silly marsh girls, for a few short days, envied Catherine's "good fortune;" but in another few days her departure was forgotten.

I duly paid my promised visits to Catherine. Her mind became developed rapidly. I never saw her except in the mistress's presence.

but sometimes I contrived a half-day's excursion, in which Madame Guilbert and one or two of the governesses and elder pupils were invited to join, and thus prolonged the duration of our meetings.

Catherine was delighted at the pleasure with which I listened to her broken English, and worked hard and effectually in the intervals of my visits to read and write my native language. Now and then Lemaire and his wife accompanied me; they did it purposely, not from curiosity, but kindly to throw a further protection over the poor girl who seemed to be, as she actually was, alone in the world except for me.

Time passed, and I came of age. Catharine, now a beautiful, well-mannered, intelligent young woman, still remained under the charge of Madame Guilbert, to whom she had become warmly attached. My guardian was relieved from all further responsibility on my account; and a short visit to England decided me to prolong my residence abroad for a few years more. My paternal estate, not too ample, would, under competent management, greatly increase in rental and value. By still economising, I should insure a larger revenue when I might, perhaps, have greater call for it. I therefore entrusted everything at home into the hands of a lawyer of well-earned reputation, whose father had been the confidential adviser of mine.

To avoid refitting and furnishing our old, empty, tumble-down mansion, which would be a useless expense because of merely temporary convenience, and also to defer testing the temper of our country squiresses (about whose reception of Catherine, on account of her humble birth, I had some apprehensions), I quietly begged Madame Guilbert to accompany Catherine across the Channel, and Lemaire and his wife to follow on an appointed day afterwards. I met them at Dover; proceeded at once to a pleasant watering-place situated at no great distance to the west; and three weeks after touching the white cliffs of Albion, Catherine Boisson, for we could give her no other surname, became lawfully as well as happily my own.

On the afternoon of our wedding-day, Lemaire and his wife, and Madame Guilbert took leave of Catherine and myself, and we were left alone. I had requested them to acquaint the Boissons with the altered position of their so-styled neice. After lingering a few days on the English coast, we returned to the continent, for the purpose of making an extensive tour. We proceeded to Brussels; and, after visiting Waterloo, went up the Rhine, to make a stay of several weeks at Munich.

In that city of the arts we worked hard together, like a couple of emulous fellow-students, at our German, at picture and statue studying, and at music. Catherine fully appreciated the value of artistic accomplishments; and though she had become acquainted with them too late in life ever to be proficient, she felt what was due both to me and to herself too well not to endeavor to be able to judge and speak of them without hesitation or ignorance. Her English, too, was not forgotten. I made it a point to converse with her principally in my native tongue. We crossed the Tyrol into Italy, and I had the delight of witnessing her emotions of wonder and admiration at first beholding an Alpine mountain. We leisurely proceeded southwards and arranged to spend the winter at Rome.

Soon after our arrival, my banker there, Torlonia, invited us to one of those crowded evening parties which he occasionally gave at his magnificent palace, in the way of business to the numerous foreigners resident in Rome. For Catherine it was a sort of "coming out." I was charmed by the way in which she stood the test of an introduction to a large fashionable multitude. She was greatly admired; and by good luck some of my English neighbours were there, to whom I took good care to present my wife. Next day we received a succession of calls; and I was afterwards told that these good people were vastly surprised that instead of marrying a French beggar girl, as they had been told I had done, they found a ladylike person, whom they would have taken to be an English gentlewoman, if her foreign accent had not betrayed her. Many took her to be of Dutch extraction, especially when they discovered that she was able to reply to questions in German; and my expressed desire to enter the diplomatic service was not at all considered as an unreasonable piece of ambition, which was in the least impeded by my having such a wife. All these opportunities of social and educational improvement (for we were never idle), were of great advantage to Catherine. She felt it; and her gratitude increased, if that were possible, the strength of the affection she had hitherto borne me.

Was I not happy? Four months passed away delightfully. Spring was advancing, and I feared the heats of an Italian summer for Catherine, whose state of health now began to fill me with a combination of hopes and fears. We therefore took a fortnight's peep at Naples and its environs, and then travelled by easy stages to the north. We saw Genoa, Milan, the Simplon, and Geneva; and, by the end of June had arrived at Paris, with some intention of residing there; but Catherine preferred to be within reach of her good motherly friend Madame Guilbert and Doctor Lemaire.

Nothing was easier than to gratify her wish. There would be no compulsion to see more than we chose of the Boisson family. After an agreeable journey we were installed in my old familiar apartment in the very town where I had met with the incidents which had so influentially shaped my course of life. Our friends received us with open arms.

For myself, I felt once more at home. Catherine dared no longer to venture to undertake fatiguing walks, so I again resorted to the companionship of my old friend Lemaire.

"Did you ever see chloroform administered?" he asked. "Because, if not, you can see your old acquaintance, André Boisson—who came to market here a week ago, and, as usual, got three-quarters drunk—under its influence. In returning home to the Folly, he fell into a ditch and dislocated his thigh. I have tried once to reduce it, by the help of chloroform, but only succeeded imperfectly. I dared not do any more for fear of killing him; not that I should deeply regret the demise of such a worthy, but I do not wish chloroform to suffer the discredit of causing his death; I shall make a second and last attempt this afternoon. I fear he is a sad old villain, with more to answer for than we suspect."

"What makes you think so?"

"You are aware," said Lemaire—we were now crossing the fields—"that I usually make use both of ether and chloroform. I begin by causing the patient to inhale the vapour of ether, and then finish with chloroform."

"Have you already treated André in this way?"

"Yes. The result was very droll. The effects upon different individuals vary much, according to constitution and mental power. The ether at first produces an intoxication which excites the patient to the highest degree. He laughs; his mind is filled with all sorts of pleasant images; his bodily sensations are indescribably delightful; he unbosoms himself of his inmost secrets. However, in the great majority of cases, the emotions which the patient experiences are of an agreeable character."

"A medical man, then, who etherises," I observed, "had need be a prudent and confidential person."

"He had indeed. Ether has been employed to discover secrets."

"In what way is André affected by it?" I asked.

"I have rarely seen a patient give way to such an excess of hilarity. The talkative phase lasted thrice as long with him as with most other men. In such cases as soon as the subject begins to chatter and prate, I begin to shout and bawl as loud as I can, in order to distract the attention of those who are present and hide any chance indiscretion. What does it matter to me—as a medical man—who has committed, or dreams he has committed, murder, adultery, or theft? I am not there to hear their confessions and to give them absolution. My business is to cure their bodily ills. But André boasted of having become rich in such a strange and dishonest way, that I could not help listening, though I believe I prevented others from hearing him. I have great difficulty in stopping his tongue and in getting him to fall off in the insensible state." Here the doctor suddenly stopped to beckon towards us two gensdarmes, who were passing; "their strong arms," he remarked, "will help me to get the thighbone properly into its socket."

The men, on being applied to, obligingly consented to lend their aid, if required, during the operation, and we all walked to the Folly in company. The woman Boisson started when she saw me enter with Lemaire, and turned deadly pale and trembled when the two gensdarmes followed us. The doctor explained the reason of the reinforcement, and she appeared re-assured. Two powerful labouring men were already there. They accompanied Lemaire into the room where the patient was,—the same in which his father had died. In about ten minutes, Lemaire half-opened the door, and said,

"Messieurs, you may come in now. You, Madame Boisson, had better remain where you are."

He shut the door again, and whispered to me: "This time he's in a lugubrious fit. He fancies he's going to the devil headlong. It will be a long job."

We found the sick man lying on his back on a thick wool mattress, in the middle of the floor, holding a white pocket handkerchief with both his hands over his face, and weeping bitterly.

"Oh my God!" he cried, "they will not send for the curé to confess me, and my soul will remain in flames for ever! They will not say masses for me, after I am dead, as I made them do for my father, when I caused him to die without absolution, by telling the curé to go to Lefebvre first. But,—it would have ruined us all if the curé had not arrived too late; because—"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Lemaire into his ear. "Don't talk such nonsense, but go to sleep as fast as you can. Do you feel that?"

"Yes, yes; you are pricking my leg with a pin. The pain is sharp; but it is nothing,—nothing compared to the tortures I shall feel in purgatory. Oh, this Folly! It has cost me dear; it has cost me my soul!"

"Have done! have done!" exclaimed Lemaire impatiently. "Do you feel anything now?"

"You prick me again. If Catherine had lived to be the Englishman's mistress I would save my soul at last by telling them to dig in the floor of my hut;—yes, even if we were all to die of starvation. I would tell them where to find the plate, the parchments, and the letters; God would pardon me, and so, perhaps, would they. But alas, alas! Poor Catherine Reynolds, the little English baby—"

"I must put a stop to this," said Lemaire, "or we shall do nothing to the thigh."

He poured more chloroform from his bottle upon the handkerchief which covered André's face. The babble ceased; no symptom of consciousness was displayed when his leg was pricked with a pin; the handkerchief was thrown aside, and the patient lay motionless at last in a flushed but heavy slumber.

"Now, Messieurs," said Lemaire, briskly, "give me your aid, if you please. We must make the best use of our time we can."

How four strong men pulled and tugged at the limbs of an apparently dead body, as if they meant to dismember it; how Lemarie guided their efforts, working till the perspiration streamed over his face, I need not tell. One thing, at least, was clear to me—that the doctor was right in excluding the wife from such a scene. At last we heard something like the sound of a bilboquet ball when it drops into its cup.

"That's it!" shouted Lemaire in triumph. "We've done it; you may let go now."

He blew into André's nostrils and mouth. The torpid man came to his senses more rapidly than might have been expected. On being asked whether he had felt any pain, he replied that he had not, but that his dreams this time were not so pleasant as before. Lemaire told him that his thigh bone was in its socket again, and that they might now lift him into bed and keep him quiet; but that for the future he had better take good care how he got drunk and fell into ditches.

The doctor was then about to take his leave, but I stepped forward and presented myself.

"André," I said, "I will forgive you all the injuries you have done to Catherine if you will assist me in ascertaining who are Catherine's real parents, and in obtaining her rights, whatever they may be. I am now going, with these two gensdarmes and Dr. Lemaire, to search the floor of your shooting-hut. Do not attempt to deceive me; I now know all."

"My shooting-hut! There is nothing there."

"There is," I said firmly.

"Spare me, Monsieur," he faintly gasped, clasping his hands and holding them out in sign of entreaty. And then, in a still feebler voice, he added, "You do right to go there."

André's wife, who had overheard this scene, tottered into the room to supplicate my forbearance. We did go, and made her go with us. A boat carried us, armed with a spade and pickaxe, to the hut on the islet in the further corner of the pond. There we soon disinterred a strong oak box, from which the lock had been forced years ago, containing plate, money, jewels, and documents relating to a family of the name of Reynolds. We made a *procès verbal* on the spot, and as soon as I returned home to Catherine, I wrote an account of the whole transaction to my solicitor in England.

He immediately replied, inclosing in his letter an advertisement cut out of a London newspaper, inquiring after the next of kin of William Henry Reynolds, who lately died in Australia. It was stated that the deceased had formerly lived in France, and had left a female infant there under the charge of a family of the name of Boisson; but in what department, or whereabouts, was not known at present. That any information would be thankfully received, and liberally rewarded, if forwarded either to the advertisers, or to the office of Messrs. Galignani, in Paris.

Eventually, we proved Catherine's history to be this. She was born at the Folly, of English parents of gentle birth, who were its proprietors. Her mother was in feeble health, and André's wife became wet nurse to the child. Urgent affairs called Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds to England for a visit, which was intended to be temporary; and they left the child, and various articles of property, under the supposed faithful guardianship of Boisson the father. But the wife sickened and died in London; and her husband, a weak character, left to himself, formed a passionate attachment for a woman, who persuaded him to go with her to Australia, deserting his helpless infant daughter.

When the Boissons found that month after month elapsed, and Catherine's parents did not return, they began to believe that both were dead, and formed the project of appropriating the Folly and its appurtenances to themselves, and of bringing up the infant as a peasant's child, in ignorance of her real birth. The house, the pond, and the little patch of land, were the sole temptation to the commission of the crime. Whether from avarice, prudence, or a remaining spark of honesty, the Boissons had not taken to their own use any of the property we found concealed in the shooting hut.

At the end of many years of difficulty in Australia, during which he often had not the means and never the courage to return to England, Catherine's father died. When he felt his last hour approaching, he tried to write a letter home; his strength failed him before he could finish more than a fraction of what he intended to say. Imperfect as it was, it reached his legal representatives, and afforded the clue of which mine had availed himself. Catherine, through the sudden death of a paternal uncle, was the undisputed heiress to an estate in Cumberland, of larger area, though less profitable in rental, than mine in the south of England was.

After the consideration of all the circumstances, we determined to let André and his wife remain in the Folly as long as they lived, taking care that it should revert to Catherine at their death. To each of their two

daughters, who were guiltless and ignorant of the injustice, and who had never behaved unkindly to my wife, we gave a portion sufficient to procure them, as soon as it was known, the choice of a husband suited to their station. The old folks did not survive our pardon long. André again indulged in drunken habits, and again dislocated his thigh. This time Lemaire could do him no good. He died from the consequences. The woman, left alone, fretted and pined, caught a fever, and soon followed him to the grave. I then requested my friend Lemaire to take possession of the Folly for me; and we now and then visit it, in thankfulness and humility, both of us remembering the happiness we owe to having perseveringly pursued a right course. when our conscience told us that we *were* acting rightly.

CLUB LAW.

I was always very anxious to be member of a club. There was something so pleasant in the idea of being one of a joint-stock company for the production of comfort. I had secret longings for the cosy, social house-dinners, the plate and linen in profusion, the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, the table-beer for nothing, and the library filled with books. Another inducement I had to join a club was the fondness for high society, which many men have objected to as a weakness; but in which I glory as a man and an Englishman. I was once acquainted with a baronet, and asked him to dine with me two or three times a week; I was also, very intimate with the third son of an Irish nobleman; and many persons—I am well aware of that—thought that I paid for the friendship of these exalted personages at too high a rate; but though I confess that I occasionally lent them small sums of money—especially the baronet—and often purchased their horses—especially the honourable's—at a little above the value, I submit that this was a better investment of my funds than if I had lost the amount at cards, or in betting on a cock-fight. I therefore still cry, Good society for ever! and despise the envious snobs who find fault with my noble ambition.

At a club I should be sure to meet the rising aristocracy of the land. The distinguished friends I have mentioned were not members of any club in town; for the honourable Augustus (who had always a great love for the theatre) had gone on the stage at Dover under the name of Plantagenet (he was descended, he told me, by the mother's side from Edward the Third); and Sir Ethelred had had the misfortune to be corrupted by a friend's wife (who had a good fortune independent of her husband), and lived in the best society in Paris—with a man-cook, as I have heard. I was, therefore, thrown on my own resources to gain the object of my desire.

Some years before this time, I must tell you, I had been partner in a firm in the city, a most respectable firm, and prosperous in all our transactions. Never will I be the man to throw contempt on the pursuits of commerce. They are highly praiseworthy, admirable pursuits; and Joggs, the senior partner, had a sister married to the first cousin of the Governor of Barbadoes; and the others were also very amiable men. We were wine-merchants—principally sherries and ports; and by great attention to orders, and studying the English taste, particularly London, we had no reason to complain. Being a wine-merchant is quite genteel, but selling gin is not (unless it is of your own making), which is very strange, but undoubtedly true. Mr. Joggs was a man who did not stand upon the genteel, in spite of his high connections, as above; and in enlarging our commerce (I don't like to call it trade) proposed to add the spirit business as a branch, which is very lucrative, I don't deny that; but certainly it does a little trench on the indubitable gentility of the importer and distributor of wine. I objected with all my might; but the two other partners,—they were of very humble extraction, one being the son of a curate somewhere in the north,—were unanimous in preferring money to rank, and I was overruled. We prospered in a pecuniary way more than ever, but good nature has its limits; and when Joggs (strange that a man should be so regardless of high life, with the honourable connections above), finding the spirit experiment so successful, actually proposed that we should extend our transactions to Tea—"No!" I said; "money is money, but position is position; if this is persevered in I will retire." We did not quarrel—quarreling I hold to be very vulgar; but they accepted my retirement. The firm called in its debts, prosecuted the defaulters, forced every debtor to pay; and, on winding up, I found my share so comfortable, that, being a bachelor, with only a sister and a pony in my establishment, I determined to enter no more into active life, and was anxious (as per commencement of this narrative) to become a member of a club.

I lived at Peckham Rye, and every day went into London by the 'bus. I used to go down to the old house of business, and look at the number and the names of the firm, from the opposite side of the street. It was very pleasant to get into a west-end conveyance, and walk for an hour or two on the sunny side of Regent street, while old Joggs I knew was in that dingy little parlour in Broad street. I saw the same people so constantly in coming into town that at last I began to know them. There was one gentleman in particular with whom I had much conversation, principally about the weather

at first; but at last we became intimate, and talked of books, and other subjects. He was deeper in the peerage than myself, though I knew the Christian names and ages of all the sons and daughters of "peers' daughters married to commoners." But he was farther advanced in high life, and called real earls and marquises Bob and Charley. At first I used to blush at such familiarity, but I got used to it in time, and began to call Lord John Russell, Little Jack. I asked my friend—his name was Perks—how he had got so intimate with so many great people; and he said his club was full of the nobility.

Here was a chance! I asked Perks to dinner. He came, and told me such anecdotes of the illustrious men of my country that I became very proud. He told me how many bottles of wine had been drunk at a sitting by two sons of dukes; how many hundred pounds a young viscount had won at pitch and toss of a sporting butcher: it was quite delightful to have such glimpses into aristocratic society; and I longed more than ever to belong to the Megæra—that was the name of Perks's club, called after a queen of Egypt, he said, and also the name of a frigate in the royal navy. He said he would propose my name, and get a friend to second it—perfectly unexpected by me. I had lent him fifty pounds to complete his law library, for he was a conveyancer, and had a room in Lincoln's Inn which I thought very kind in him—the proposing of my name I mean—and accepted his offer with all my heart. I went every day and walked for two or three hours in front of the Megæra. It was a beautiful house, and a tremendous porter in a red waistcoat was the most respectable-looking man I ever saw in my life. Once it came on to rain, and I stood for shelter under the projecting porch. The porter came to the door, and I couldn't help telling him I should soon be a member, for I was to be balloted for next Monday. He looked at me for some time, and at last he said, "Do you know Mr. Boggle, the barrister?" I said "No."

He looked desponding for a moment or two, and then disappeared into the hall. Who could Boggle be? I asked Perks. He was not acquainted with Boggle, he said, but he was chairman of all the committees, and the most active man in the society. I expected the chief man in the club to be a baronet, at least, and was rather disappointed in the sound of the name of Boggle. The day of election came; Perks was to dine with me at six. He did not arrive till nearly seven.

"Well?" I said. But he made no answer; he waited, I thought, till the maid should be out of the room.

So we dined in silence. At last he said, "I have seen Boggle, and he begged me to withdraw your name. I declined. He then said that duty compelled him to defend the respectability of the club; and he was prepared with any number of friends to blackball you on the ground—" I gasped with expectation—what had I done?—what could he object to? "On the ground of your being a tradesman." I sat bolt upright. I said, "Tradesman!—I was a wine-merchant!" "So he allowed," continued Perks, "but he had made inquiry." "Ah! the spirits!" I said, "but we imported them wholesale." "It is not that. Boggle said he would have made no opposition to the rum and brandy; but he actually,"—here Perks laughed and filled out the last bumper of claret—he had drunk amazingly fast, and scarcely gave me time to have a single glass—"he actually maintains that you sold tea. If so, there's of course nothing to be said; but let us hope there is a mistake."

"Mr. Perks," I said, "it is old Joggs' fault; I told him so at the time; but I left the firm when he proposed tea."

"Then you *were* a grocer, Mr. Murkins," said Perks, rising: "I think Boggle perfectly correct, and I should certainly blackball you myself—you shall hear from me in a day or two—there is an account to settle between us."

"The sooner the better," I said in a passion, "I will send you a stamped receipt the moment you send back the money."

By this time he had swung out of the room, I was greatly excited. I determined to see this insolent fellow Boggle—but even at that moment I felt ashamed of the figure I should make before that magnificent porter when I sent a message up stairs, waiting in the hall, and recognised as the gentleman who had been refused admission. Next morning I saw old Joggs. I blamed him for the step he had taken, and showed what humiliation it had brought upon me. He only laughed, and said, "I'll tell you what, Murkins: we divided three thousand more this year than we divided last year. Slow but sure is our motto; and as to Boggle, don't you know who Boggle is? He is the son of our correspondents, Boggle and Date, of Daventry. We had to sell them up when we dissolved, and they only paid us on our account for gin, three and six in the pound. No wonder Boggle objects to any of *our* firm."

I had now the upper hand of my opponent. I wrote him a letter stating that if he were a gentleman, I should have had much pleasure in shooting him through the head; but as he was unworthy of that honour, I merely expressed my disdain both of him and of the contemptible club which owned such members as himself and Mr. Perks, of Lincoln's-inn.

I had found out, I must tell you, that Perks had been apprenticed to an ironmonger (his uncle, I believe), at Glo'ster, and so I took my revenge both on them and the Megæra.

They neither of them took the least notice of my letter; but when I saw Perks in the 'bus, I looked daggers at him all the way. He was a big man and carried an immense walking stick. He never sent me back my money; I had taken no acknowledgment, and he let the cad of the omnibus know that if I

ever ventured to write or speak to him he would commit an assault on the spot. The cad told this to me in confidence, and I gave him half-a-crown. Perks whispered to his neighbours whenever I came in, and also whenever I went out. I saw by the movement of his lips that he was using the word blackball. I resolved to cut that mode of conveyance, and always drove into London in my little pony chaise.

I heard one day by mere accident—it was in the railway year, and I was provisional committee-man on fifteen of the finest lines in England—that there was a deficiency of members in the Blenkinsop, a most respectable club of the West end, not so showy as the Megæra, but perhaps of more real importance, for there were several Irish members of Parliament on the lists, and a Knight of the Tower and Sword took the chief management in committee. I had applications without end from high and low for shares in my different lines; and as several were dated from the Blenkinsop, I had now no difficulty in obtaining admission. I should have been received with acclamation, I believe, if I had walked in with an apron, and a packet of tea under my arm. It was a delightful club. You did as you liked—you read the papers, or wrote your letters, and nobody interfered with you—in the morning I mean, for the members were principally attorneys, and government clerks, and stockbrokers, and others whose avocations occupied them till dinner time. I made acquaintance, however, with a very broad-brimmed white hat, and peculiar looking gold-headed cane on the stand in the hall. They belonged to an earl—in fact the only earl who belonged to the club—and it was so pleasant, when old Joggs came to dine with me, to say, "His lordship is going to dine in the club—His lordship's hat—His lordship's stick." Old Joggs used to gaze with the most exaggerated rapture at these appendages of nobility, and say: "Let me look a little longer on his lordship's cane—let me take another glance at his lordship's hat." Joggs was a humourist, and I have observed all humourists are vulgar.

Time passed on very happily; and I was quite contented with the club: it was rather stupid, but immensely respectable. Why then did I leave it? I did not leave it—it left me—and this is how it occurred.

I was in Paris for two months last summer, which is a most agreeable town, and the Tuileries gardens delightful; but the *vin ordinaire* a little sour,—and there was forwarded to me a letter from the club secretary demanding instant payment of six pound fourteen, as per resolution of general meeting; or if not, the Knight of the Tower and Sword would call another meeting and get the recusants expelled. I got into cold perspirations all through the Luxembourg gallery—all through the avenues of Versailles—at the thought of being expelled from my club! It sounded like being cashiered from the army. I took advice from all the English I encountered at Meurice's; they were unanimous that the club had no right to tax its members because the committee had got into debt; but the fear of Peckham-rye was before my eyes; I thought of that insolent fellow, Perks, and all he would say if I was really expelled, and so I sent in my six pound fourteen—and my resignation.

Now, what do you think of my resignation not being accepted when it was sent in? No, not a bit of it. The Knight of the Tower and Sword passed a resolution that retiring members shouldn't be allowed to retire till they had paid twelve guineas more; and that as he had effected an amalgamation with another club, a subscription of twenty guineas would be required of members choosing to continue of the united society. What was the other club which they asked me to join? The Megæra!

Am I to pay twenty guineas for the privilege of being frowned at by Perks, bullied by Boggle, the barrister, and mixed up with a set of fellows who blackballed me on such a paltry plea? I wish I had never joined the Blenkinsop at all, for how can I proceed? Shall I pay twelve pound twelve for the privilege of retiring, or twenty guineas for the privilege of going on? I was not alone in Paris; no, there was a person with me—not my sister, but worth fifty sisters—in short, I am engaged to be married, and intended at all events to give up my club, like Hercules, as the riddle says, but I hate imposition—I won't pay the retiring fine—I can't bear to tell Ethelinda I have been expelled—it is worse than being blackballed; and what with taxes for going and taxes for staying, not to mention the Russian bear, I believe I shall be impoverished to a degree that will prevent my wedding. And after all, I did not make the acquaintance of a single lord; for the noble earl was removed one morning with his hat and stick and conveyed to a lunatic asylum. Such is the result of my club experience, and if it has the effect of putting one single reader (as the generality of prefaces observes) on his guard against unconstitutional exactions, the author's object will be fully gained. In any case, the twelve pound twelve, and the twenty guineas he will never pay, never! Never!

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THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.

THE readers of these pages will have known, many days before the present number can come into their hands, that on Monday the thirteenth of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of Christian eloquence, of brotherly tenderness and kindness towards all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died, he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labors and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can so fully know how true they are, as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects; in his poems, in his speeches, on the bench, at the bar, in Parliament; he was widely appreciated, honored, and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself and not to them, that affection in its first grief naturally turns. They remain, but he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest,—so modest, so contented with little things, so interested in humble persons and humble efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so adored in remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be unveiled here, can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there were a house in England justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honoured for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more composedly, unaffectedly, quietly, immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was anybody's patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer-visit to the sea-shore, "to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend"—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingering in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but, above all, he spoke with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he would do at three-score years and ten. And ah! within five short years, it is all ended like a dream!

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a miscalled education which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for our children, if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment Seat.

An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for themselves; teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride: the other, to stand upon its eminence, not forgetting the road by which it got

there, and fawning upon no one; the conscientious judge, the charming writer and accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in Creation has lost an enemy.

The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave, was a mere boy's when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plough it has followed since—obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many intervening years has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning goodness at first. than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him as his own.

A RUSSIAN CAULDRON IN FULL BOIL.

He is a happy man who has a mission; and we envy Mr. Edward Tracey Turnerelli, whose mission it is to be M.C. or Master of the Ceremonies to the town of Kazan. Mr. Turnerelli as a schoolboy was condemned to the black hole for knowing scarcely anything of that place; a severe teacher uttering the prophecy which has been since fulfilled, "You shall learn yet to know Kazan!" He knows Kazan now.

He has lived there for years. He has been the first to sketch all its antiquities and publish them in a grand lithographic album at St. Petersburgh. He is the first to write its history, and to make this strange town known also to his readers and his countrymen, "surfeited," as he sublimely says, "with an endless succession of works relative to countries, rivers, mountains, &c., which all the world has visited, and which are as familiar to the English tourist as are, to the London peregrinator, the hallowed glades of Hyde Park, the meandering banks of the Serpentine, the imposing upland which bears the name of Primrose Hill, and other remarkable spots of our great metropolis." Kazan was Mr. Turnerelli's mission. Presently his eloquence comes down in a cataract, "Reflecting likewise on the singular combination of uncontrollable circumstances which, as the storm tears the sea-weed from its native rock, and casts it on some remote and unknown shore, had removed the author from the land of his birth, and borne him to the plains he is describing,—he confesses. he repeats, that the idea, foolish as it may seem, suddenly entered his mind, and soon took possession of his reason, that fate had led him to these distant regions for the sole and express purpose of giving him an opportunity of rendering himself useful by undertaking a task too long neglected, and which he felt it his duty to accomplish as well as he was able."

Kazan was called his third capital by the present Czar, the town next in importance after Moscow. It is on the Asiatic borders, near the Volga; and, through the hands of its rich merchants, comes from it all the very profitable Asiatic trade.

Its history we shall condense into a paragraph. Kazan means Cauldron. Once upon a time, six hundred years ago, Khan Baton of the Golden Horde, had spent the forenoon hunting, and sat down with his men by a riverside to boil his pot for dinner. The pot and its contents fell into the stream; the hunters remained hungry. Remembering that circumstance, they called the river that had not only swallowed all their meat but also gulped the kettle down, the River of the Cauldron. Upon the spot remarkable for this event Baton afterwards founded a town, and so we get Kazan on the river Kazanka. The Kazanka flows into the Volga five miles distant from Kazan. In the old time, Kazan became a Tartar capital. So it remained until Czar Ivan the Terrible went out to expel the Mahometans, and he captured the place after a terrific siege. That happened three hundred years ago. This siege, we are told, resembled the siege of Constantinople which is to take place in a few months to the discomfiture of infidels; for there has existed during the last four hundred years a Russian prophecy, that in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four Constantinople would become a Russian town. Since Ivan captured it, Kazan at any rate has been a Russian town, but it has retained always a trace of its past condition in the shape of a large Tartar suburb.

The contents of The Cauldron are composed of every variety of ingredient. It has a fine University, which was established at the beginning of the present century. It has its circles of society, which comprehend four sets of people. To put the learned first, there are the professors of the University, most of them Germans, who associate pretty exclusively with one another, and dine together on the last Saturday of every month at the German Club. At this club the table conversation may be heard going on at one and the same time in eight languages,—Latin, Russian, German, French, Italian, Persian, Turkish, and Tartar,—for among the professors are great Oriental men, and Kazan is the best school in Europe for the Oriental languages.

We have in Kazan the three kinds of men duly and strongly distinguished—nobles, merchants, nobodies. The full force of an account of their respective modes of life cannot be felt until we have some previous knowledge of the place in which they live. We must show, before we talk of balls and dances and

champagne and fever, what a filthy and unwholesome place this Russian Cauldron is when in full boil.

In the middle of the town, and in a fashionable neighbourhood, is the favourite promenade, which is to Kazan what the Gardens by the Serpentine are to London, or what the Quarry walk by the Severn is to Shrewsbury. It is a walk under a few odd trees that surround the Black Lake. The Black Lake is a stagnant pond in the middle of the town, black with a filth so concentrated, that the stench of it in summer sometimes even forces the inhabitants of the adjacent streets to vacate their dwellings. During "the season," however,—that is to say, during the cold weather months,—it does not offend the nose sufficiently to make its filth objectionable, and the borders of the Black Lake form the chosen lounging-place of the Kazan aristocracy. The Black Lake is rather a fine name for such a pond, but it is well to boast. A place of resort out of town, a scanty little garden with a few heaps and holes in it, is called by the Kazan people "the Russian Switzerland."

Kazan is built upon small hills; and, as usually happens in such cases, the aristocracy taking the uppermost ground, live in the upper town; the poor live—it would be truer to say die—down by the black and fœtid water that boils in the Cauldron. The whole place is dirty. In many streets there are no sewers, and the ravines are filled with every kind of filth and refuse, which is being brought and discharged into them night and day. The nose habitually receives information of these things. In the most uncleanly quarters the mortality is frightful. But it is not only for this reason that Death has his hands always full of work in Kazan. We are bound to talk of the grim old king before we come to the pink silk stockings and champagne bottles. We must speak of him first, because he is the real grandee of the place.

The Kazan people have no wholesome water supply. There is a second lake in the neighbourhood called Kaban—it separates the Russian from the Tartar town—and this lake once had a supply from springs in its bed, and a flow into the river Kazanka, by which its waters were kept sweet and wholesome; but the channel to the river is choked up, and the springs in the bed of the lake are also choked up; for the lake is full of filth. It is stagnant now. What sewers there are in Kazan pour their contents into it. All the clothes of rich and poor are carried down to it by washerwomen, who use the lake, just as it stands, for their common wash-tub. When it is frozen over there is a fair held on the surface of this lake; pollution of all kinds collects upon the ice; and, when the thaw comes, down it goes into the water. This is the best water to be had in The Cauldron. That from the wells is quite unfit for use, and the Kazanka river water is so full of sulphate of lime, that it even affects the bodies of those bathing in it. There is the Volga not more than five miles distant; and there are other means of purifying the lake Kaban. Kazan contains a large population of wealthy nobles and merchants, who are profuse, as will presently be seen, in the articles of champagne and churches. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of this third capital of Russia go on with the use of stagnant and polluted water, and will exhaust the lake perhaps—they have already lowered it nine feet—before they introduce anything so unusual as a Russian-health-of-towns agitation into their town-talk. It should be added, on this subject of water supply, that the lake water, such as it is, has to be fetched. There are no pipes nor taps. The family man keeps a horse and coachman for the sole purpose of fetching water from the Kaban, and if he cannot afford to do that, he contracts with a peasant, who agrees to bring the water to him daily for a certain yearly sum. The peasant gets drunk on an average twice a week, and disappoints his customers. Then the tea—that beverage most precious to the men of Kazan—cannot be made until a neighbour has been found who will be kind enough to lend a kettle-full of water.

But the civilisation bubbling up among the scum of The Cauldron is very high—oh, very high! Let us look for a minute or two at the bright side of things. Nothing could be more enlightened than the aspect of Kazan when it was illuminated for the reception of Prince Alexander; and in the season it is always gay. It is a place of fiddling and of feasting; of luxurious men and fascinating women. The nobles of Kazan who betake themselves to their country estates during the summer, flock into Kazan at about the beginning of October, and proceed immediately to plan out for themselves a season's gaiety. They make the town alive with masquerades, balls, dinners, sledge-parties, and concerts. Often a *déjeûner dansant*, a sledge-party and a ball, take place on the same day, and the high-born beauty may dance—and does dance—for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. There are two balls a week throughout the season at the assembly-rooms of the nobility; they are an institution of the place and fill up Tuesday and Friday nights. Once a week the Governor-General must give a ball; and the other three evenings are scrambled for by private entertainers; every Kazan noble thinking it a duty to show what he can do. Each of these balls is appointed properly with wildernesses of liveried servants, wax tapers, exotics, diamonds, and costly supper-material. The visitor is received by the host and hostess when he enters, and has tea presented to him, of a kind that does not come to England: a costly variety of which is

sold for as much as thirty or forty shillings a pound.

The company being assembled in the ball-room, business begins with a polonaise; in which the dancers—like the fairies in the house of Theseus—make the entire circuit of the mansion, tripping it in stately procession through sitting-rooms, bedrooms, lobbies, corridors, up-stairs, down-stairs, in my lady's chamber, and so back into the ball-room by another door. Then they waltz; then they quadrille; then they eat apples and confectionary: then they drink orgeat and lemonade. Then they dance a pot-pourri, which is a jumble of all dances under the sun, and which makes the entire company excessively hot. Waltzes follow directly, then quadrilles. Then two hours are devoted to the labours of the mazurka; then cups of strong broth are handed round; this being the customary hint of supper time. The cavaliers then hand their ladies to the supper-room, where there is a costly banquet, and especially a frothing ocean of champagne. That is the fashionable drink for gentlemen and ladies in Kazan, and costs in that town, be it observed, twelve or fourteen shillings per bottle. After supper, dancing is resumed in a tempestuous manner, and the prudent begin to retire about three o'clock in the morning.

Nearly half the year in Russia consists of holidays appointed by the Church and Crown. On every important holiday the Kazanites are astir, travelling about; every one to congratulate all his or her friends. And, in addition to the public festivals, there are a great many private festivals to celebrate, as birth-days, wedding-days, baptismal-days, and other days. All these demand visits and feasts, and every visitor at every visit is required to drink a health in at least one bumper of champagne. The consumption of a bottle of wine is the natural result of a round of morning calls.

Bachelors in Kazan never dine at home. The nobles who are married, and have establishments, keep open house; and as a rule maintain at the disposal of all friends a public dinner-table. It is only on particular occasions that a special dinner-invitation is given. It is understood that any one who cares to dine with his friend will come and do so. He confers an obligation. There are thirty or forty of such very open tables in Kazan. The dinner-hour is four o'clock; and the rover has only to choose for himself every day the cook or host from whom he thinks he shall obtain the greatest satisfaction. Directly after dinner all rise and retire. Guests go at once home for the necessary nap before a night of dancing.

But they do not all dance; many gamble. Men and women, and even children of all grades, are card-players. Master and guests gamble for gold in the saloon, and servants game for copper in the antechamber. Old hands are known sometimes to be fastened for forty-eight successive hours to the card-table; only leaving it to bolt the necessary food. The fascinating young ladies of Kazan, when they should be preserving with closed lids the lustre of their eyes, will often sit down to cards immediately after dinner, and play till it is time to dress for the night's ball. They and the young gentlemen like naturally enough, the game of Preference; older ladies and gentlemen prefer whist, piquet, and écarté. A ruinous game of hazard, called bank, used to be popular. but was forbidden by the Emperor, as father of his people.

At Carnival time the Cauldron boils a gallop. Tartars visit Kazan by thousands, in rude sledges, harnessed with three horses abreast, and at the rate of three miles for a penny give the luxury of wild drives to the common people. Then there is no safety for the legs of any soul afoot: these vehicles are thundering about in droves that cover all the streets; and a man's only safety lies in using one of these sledges himself, if he must go abroad. The authorities have tried once or twice to interfere with the custom; but it is sanctioned by the use of centuries, and cannot be disturbed. After Carnival comes Lent, when there are no ragouts; and the most luxurious are bound to eat miserable stuff prepared in oil. There are no balls, there is no theatre, and the disconsolate fasters betake themselves for solace to wine and cards. Faces grow yellow and thin, and the depressed spirits leap up cheerfully when Easter puts an end to the probation. At Easter there is a custom of kissing. As in other parts of Russia, eggs are commonly exchanged; and whoever says to another, "Christ is risen," must be answered, "He is truly risen," and receive and give three kisses. The street boy may get in this way three kisses from the most fastidious of high-born damsels; anybody may be compelled by the custom to kiss anybody else; and whoever walked for the first time into Kazan at this season of the year, would be greatly astonished at the performances he would behold. There was once an English custom of a similar kind, but it is now obsolete except in a few rural parishes.

At or soon after Easter, in the month of April, the waters of the Volga rise, and The Cauldron boils over; the whole country round about Kazan is a vast lake. The lower parts of the town are submerged; the rest of it becomes an island. This state of things is welcomed by the merchants, because it enables them to have their goods conveyed home cheaply and easily. There is in May an annual fair and promenade by the side of the flood, and the wives and daughters of the Kazan merchants rouge their faces, and put on their diamonds to walk upon the boulevards of the fortress, see the traffic of the boats, admire the expanse of

the inundation, and enjoy the fresh spring breeze. For a time health becomes firmer; but, on the retiring of the waters, the temperature also sinks, and snow often falls upon the young buds and blossoms. The poor people of the lower town, who had abandoned their houses during the flood, go back into them while they are damp, and have in their cellars pools of slime. The pools of water left in various places after the retirement of the flood soon become putrid. The whole ground, muddy and slimy, yields for a time death-dealing exhalations. There is a terrible mortality. The thawing of the snow, and saturation of the soil, converts most of the streets of Kazan into bogs, through which horses have sometimes to plunge up to the haunches. As the intense cold of winter comes at last to be succeeded by the intense heat of a short summer, all this mud dries up, and forms a dust which sweeps hither and thither in dense clouds, whitening those who go abroad, and almost choking them. From the heat and dust all fly who can. While The Cauldron is thus boiling a gallop, they who have country estates fly to them; they who have country friends go out on visits.

The excessive heat lasts only for two or three months. During those months the fresh vegetation first begotten on the mud left by the inundation is burned up; rivers, lakes, and green leaves almost disappear; the bottom of the Cauldron becomes red-hot; for stone pavements burn the foot through a boot-sole, and there is often not a breath of wind. There is freshness in the air only for a short time after sunset—for an hour and a half; after that time a heavy dew begins to fall, cold mists rise, and a stroller who may have been scorched when he came out of doors, is sent home damp and shivering. During this season the place is full of agues, fevers, colic, and inflammatory disorders.

The Autumn is merely nominal. There is no real transition season between fire and frost. The snow is in September often very deep; a pitiless sleet beats down over the place; rain and snow follow at intervals. During the day it generally blows hard, and during the night it freezes. Sudden storms arise which shatter windows, tear up trees, sink barks, and have been known to blow a large roof up into the air, and cast it down at a distance of a hundred yards from the dwelling that it covered. The mortality in autumn is more terrible than the mortality of summer. Of agues and fevers, there die yearly eighteen hundred out of fifty thousand dwellers in Kazan; a ratio of thirty-six out of each thousand. On the whole a hundred and ten people die in Kazan for every hundred that are born; but the population is kept up by an influx of new-comers.

Winter brings the fashionable people back. They come in October. Towards the end of November the Volga freezes. In December, rivers, lakes, and streams are all bound up; the snow is seven or eight feet deep; the theatre is for a time closed; travellers, and even horses, are sometimes frozen to death; and many a poor crow falls as a stiff lump upon the ground. The people stew themselves at slow fires in unwholesome rooms; but they go a visiting and there is no cessation to the balls. In March the sun again begins to assert its power; and, wherever it shines, it warms. On one side of a street a pedestrian may walk in the sun and be oppressed by heat; he may cross over to the shade where his teeth will soon be chattering, and he will be in the grip of a hard frosty wind.

Then comes the inundation again, and then come the thousand barks that bring to the warehouses of Kazan merchandise from the Ural, Astrakhan, Siberia, Persia, China, and the eastern world. This trade is highly profitable, and the merchant class of Kazan—we have spoken hitherto only of the nobles—becomes very opulent. One merchant had grown in a very short time from the condition of a poor Tchouvash peasant to be the owner of millions of roubles. Kazan itself produces leather, soap, tallow candles, and a peculiar kind of cloth. Its soap had once a reputation that half covered the globe, but tricks of trade have spoiled the article and damaged its reputation. The leather trade finds work in Kazan for fifty very large and a great number of little tan-yards. They turn out in the year nearly four hundred thousand skins. There are seven or eight candle-factories; one of them is for making candles with a hollow wick, according to a plan invented by a Tartar merchant. Candles so made draw up a constant air current, and give a particularly bright and steady light.

The Kazan merchants generally lead a retired and quiet life; and, indeed, look upon the pleasures of the nobles as wicked indulgence of the flesh. Some, of course, give the education of nobles to their children, and spend much of their means in pleasure; but, as a rule, they are remarkable for their devotion to religious duties. They are the re-builders of all churches destroyed by fire: most of the churches now standing in Kazan have been built by them. The belfry of the Church of the Ascension was the gift of a single merchant who spent on it eighty thousand roubles. A whole church was built by another of the same class in a suburb called the Admiralty. Ask merchants of Kazan to subscribe to a hospital or house of charity, and most of them will probably regret their want of means. Ask them for money towards church-building, the decoration of a shrine, the encasing of a relic, the mounting and appointing of a grand religious procession, and they are all ready to give whatever sum is needed. The dissipated nobles, on the other hand—they consist chiefly

of government functionaries—care less for church-building; but are lavish in reply to claims upon their charity. Is there famine or notorious calamity in any part of Russia, they will be prompt to contribute towards its relief, especially by the gay method of getting up masquerades. By their private theatricals, during a recent famine in one part of Russia, they caused corn to the value of several thousand roubles to be sent to the poor in the distressed district.

The third class of Kazanites, mechanics, workmen, petty tradesmen, live, in unwholesome streets and houses, an extremely wretched life. They are fed upon black bread and cabbage soup. They drink great quantities of tea, and also of a stronger liquor entitled vodki; for, like most of the degraded and ignorant classes of men in the world, they are happiest when they can intoxicate themselves. These people surpass the merchants in regard for the externals of religion. They observe fasts quite literally; and, during Lent eat nothing but dried mushrooms, salad, cucumbers, cabbage, and other vegetables; even of such diet many take only one meal a day. Out of their strictness has been bred a sect, for which we think we could find a parallel in England; its members form the Raskolniki or sect of Old believers. They are devoted to the ancient mode of worship in the Church of Russia. They are great lovers of old books of prayer and relics. Their images are of the antique character, such as were painted in the old times, when every figure had a skeleton-like body. They make it a great point to pronounce the "hallelujah" only twice; to do it thrice, according to the form usual in Russia, they hold to be unlawful. They reverence only the eight cornered cross, and they teach that the benediction of the priest should be given with the two middle fingers—not with a thumb and two fingers in the way now heretically customary. The poor ignorant people of this very ancient sect are true to these opinions amidst cruel persecutions. On one occasion ten thousand of them emigrated to the wilds of Siberia, where they hoped to remain unmolested in possession of their principles, and others have been known to set fire to their villages and rush into the flames; more willing to be burnt alive than concede any one of the points just stated.

From this mention of burning villages we come to the last aspect, in which we propose to present the Russian Cauldron. It is a lamentable, but not an extraordinary fact for a Cauldron, that it is continually being set a-blaze. Kazan has been devastated—one might almost say burnt down — nine times during the last two hundred and sixty years. The last fire occurred when Mr. Turnerelli was residing there. He set out early one August morning, when a terrible wind was thickening the Cauldron with Kazan summer dust, and on his way passed the spot where several houses had been burnt down a few days before: they were still smoking. "Ah," said a friend to him, "if they had been burning under this wind, we should have had the fire of eighteen hundred and fifteen over again!"

The idea had scarcely been expressed before the fire-bell sounded, engines and men came sweeping through the streets, and the inhabitants rushed out to know in which direction they were going. An elegant hotel was on fire in the street called Prolomnaya. Mr. Turnerelli and his friend hurried to the scene. The wind roared among the flames and carried burning brands in all directions; neighbours were emptying their houses, fire-engines were dashing about madly, the people were screaming and shouting, and the fire-bell never ceased.

The flames spread from house to house, they caught the Church of the Ascension; presently down came its tower and bells. Masses of burning wood, blown over the roof of a hundred houses, fell on the Dome Sobrany, the assembly-room of the nobles. Up rose the black smoke of the fire. On went the flames and seized the palace of the governor-general; more churches caught. Although there was much brick and stone, there were a great many wooden structures. The hot sun of summer had dried everything up, and wherever the wind carried a burning fragment, it seldom failed to kindle something. Fires sprung up in places at a distance of six miles; to which it was supposed that brands had been swept after having been shot up out of the crackling Cauldron, by the fury of the storm. Streets, churches, markets, bridges, hospitals, barracks, and manufactories, were all blazing together. Men, women, and children rushed out of doors with images in their hands, and prostrated themselves in vain before their thresholds. They were forced to fly and leave their dwellings in the hold of the destroyer. The flames rolled to the University—a magnificent structure upon a hill, containing many rare treasures, and especially a famous Oriental library. The Observatory took fire, and the students rushed in, at great risk to themselves, to save the instruments. The grand refractor was brought safely, by eight youths, down an almost perpendicular ladder. The rector's house was burnt, the library fell into the jaws of the devourer, when the wind suddenly shifted, and it was saved.

In the town there was the crash of falling towers, the clang of bells, the beating of drums, the crying of the frantic, and through all, the roaring of the wind and of the fire; there was the awful sheet of livid flame, and there were the thick clouds of smoke, and dust, and burning ashes. He who went abroad to see the fire when it began in one quarter, had, after no long time, to rush back, that he might save what he could out of the wreck of his own distant home. The way back lay by burning houses, and sometimes through burn-

ing streets. Two or three main thoroughfares had been paved with wood; the wood pavement was burning, and looked like a fiery sea. With fire on all sides, there was no alternative but to rush over this, and to hurry with all speed out of the devoted place.

The fortress of Kazan is built on an adjacent hill; thither all the people took refuge, carrying in chariots, and oftener upon their backs, or in their hands, what portions of their property they had found time to save. The fire was not subdued for several days; the houseless people lived in tents, and for a time many had to endure distressing hunger.

An average of four such fires in a century is certainly a heavy drawback on the pleasures of this delightful Cauldron. During the fire, thieves went about in gangs, broke houses open, and plundered them even before the eyes of their distracted owners. The liquor-shops were all captured; no spirit was left to blaze, and crowds of drunken men and women were to be seen roaming up and down the burning streets, singing merry choruses. Hundreds of such creatures lay down and perished horribly among the flames. The drivers of the public conveyances, the Izvostchicks, made market of the catastrophe in another way. For a load of goods, that they would have removed at any other time for fourpence, they demanded fifty to a hundred roubles, in advance. Even then, three out of five of these men did not deposit the goods as they promised, on the other bank of the Kazanka, but made off with them.

We have heard enough now, probably, of this provincial capital in the dominions of the Czar. It has not perished. The Emperor and the imperial family subscribed munificently towards its restoration, and from many parts of Russia noble contributions were received for the relief of sufferers. The rich nobles and merchants of the place soon rebuilt mansions, manufactories, and churches. Kazan is now handsomer than before; but there is still no such thing as water supply or a fireplug in the town, and there are sundry other little matters wanted that are almost as essential to a civilised existence as silk stockings and champagne. The surrounding country was once famous for fertility; now it is a desert. A little canal and drainage work would make a mighty difference to Kazan; but it is a thriving place, and what more can be wanted, save that there should be no lack of pleasure in it? Who talks about mortality? What matter plague, pestilence, and famine; fire, flood, and persecution? Let the band strike up a polonaise; let us all trip it "up stairs, down stairs, in my lady's chamber," and so back into the ball-room for a waltz. While there are nobles with plenty of money to lavish on themselves, and with plenty of power to grind down their slaves, all goes merrily as a marriage-bell; and the black and bubbling Russian Cauldron is kept in full boil.

AMBER WITCHERY.

During the dreadful thirty years' war in Germany, there lived in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, a quiet and simple-minded pastor named Schweidler, with his pretty daughter Mary. The little village of Coserow, in which they dwelt, was sacked and ruined by the contending armies, and the villagers escaped into the neighbouring cliffs and hills to save their lives. When the danger was over, they found themselves without homes, food, or money; and the pastor and his flock were driven nearly to starvation. One day Mary Schweidler went up the Streckelberg to pick some blackberries; but soon afterwards she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber, each nearly as large as a man's head. As soon as she could recover breath, she told her father that, near the shore, the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance, and that she had covered it over to conceal her secret.

The amber brought money, and the money brought food, and clothing, and comfort. But those were days when women were tortured and burnt for witchcraft; and it fell out that poor Mary Schweidler was regarded as a witch. How it ended with the pastor's daughter the reader will see in Lady Duff Gordon's admirable translation of Meinhold's narrative of the Amber Witch. The unkind German critics have lately found out that it is all a fiction, written by Meinhold to mystify German critics of the Strauss school; but, as a boy refuses to believe that Robinson Crusoe is aught but fact, so will we continue to believe that Mary Schweidler did pick up the two fine lumps of amber, and did undergo witch persecution.

There have been as many theories to explain the nature and formation of amber as if it had been veritably bewitched. *Item* (as Pastor Schweidler would say): some observers have thought it must be of animal origin, some vegetable, some mineral; some have maintained that it is an animal substance similar to bees'-wax, and secreted by a peculiar kind of ant inhabiting pine forests; others have affirmed that it must be a fossil mineral, of antediluvian origin; while a third party have given their suffrage to the theory that amber is a gum which oozes in a liquid state out of the pine tree, and then solidifies. These last theorists appear to be nearer the truth than either of the others; for the insects and flies, and bits of leaves which are found in amber seem to show that it must have been in a liquid, or at any rate a viscid state when they were buried in the

substance. Besides the writers in ancient and mediæval times, modern Russians and Germans have lately written about amber. Some wish to know whence amber was first obtained; others inquire by what route it first reached the countries bordering the Mediterranean; some occupy dozens of pages in discussing the whereabout of Pliny's "Amber Islands."

There is no reason whatever why Mary Schweidler should not have picked up the two great pieces of amber in the place alleged; for she lived on the very coast whence amber is principally obtained. There are amber-diggings and amber fisheries; both are near the sea margin, and both are attributed to the same cause. Amber, in truth, is believed to have flowed from pine trees, subjected to the action of the subterranean heat; to have gradually solidified; to have become mixed with charred wood and other small fragmentary matters; to have been driven by storms to the shores of the Baltic, and to have been there buried gradually deeper and deeper in the sand. These pieces are frequently washed ashore; and they are sometimes buried at a considerable depth. At the village of Stürmen amber was first accidentally found in a field while being ploughed; and thenceforward a regular process of mining was adopted for its extraction. After digging through quartz, sand, blue loam, and grey sandstone, the miners found splintered pieces of amber among the stone; but the real amber stratum appeared to be a dark grey rich earth mixed with peat. There are amber mines at the Prussian villages of Neu Kuhren, Rauschen, Brüsterort, Lapöhnen, and other places. The miners dig away the useless soil and rock until they come to the precious substance; and a small number of them, under very close supervision, pick out the amber very carefully with small tools, avoiding so far as is possible the fracture of any of the pieces. The bed or stratum containing the amber is seldom more than two to three feet in thickness.

So much for the amber mining. The amber fishing is generally carried on after a storm. Men wade out into the sea, provided with open-mouthed nets; they gather the seaweed which floats upon the water; they bring it to shore and spread it out on the sands; and then women and children carefully turn over the weed, and pick out bits of amber therefrom. Sometimes the men go out further from land, and scrape up bits of amber from the sea-bottom; being clothed in dresses of leather, they care not about the ducking; but they are sometimes in danger from the violence of the waves. Besides the amber mining and the amber fishing, there is a third method, which may be called amber gathering, more dangerous than either of the other two; the men arm themselves with iron hooks attached to long poles, and go in boats to explore the precipitous cliffs of the coast; these they carefully examine by detaching loose masses with their hooks; but it happens not unfrequently that the boats are dashed against the cliffs, or that large masses of loose rubble fall upon them, and maim or even kill the men. The King of Prussia contrives to obtain a little revenue of from ten to twenty thousand dollars annually from the amber which is found on his shores. It is said that at one time the revenue reached twenty-five thousand crowns per month.

There were once some excellent bits of amber picked out of a clay-pit near our own Hyde Park Corner. Amber has been lately found on the Norfolk coast. It occurs also in Saxony, and Poland, and Sicily, and Siberia, and Greenland; but the great storehouse seems to be the Prussian shore of the Baltic, from Memel, past Königsberg, to Dantzig; and thus it is that Frederick William has more reason to be pleased with amber than Franz Joseph or any other monarch. The bits thus obtained vary greatly in size; large specimens are rare. Mary Schweidler's two lumps, as big as a man's head, were decidedly enormous. Like precious stones, the value of amber increases much more rapidly than in the ratio of the weight; insomuch that if one piece be ten times as heavy as another, it will be worth greatly more than ten times as much money. A piece weighing one pound, of fair quality, will readily sell for ten or fifteen guineas. Some years ago a piece was found weighing thirteen pounds; five thousand dollars were offered for it; but some American merchants stated that its value for the Constantinopolitan market would be not less than thirty thousand dollars. Indeed, large pieces of amber, like large diamonds and fine pictures, have no definite price; they are worth whatever a few wealthy connoisseurs will consent to give for them. There has been one large mass brought to light in a curious way. It was found in the stomach of slaughtered sheep, and appeared to be composed of smaller masses which the animal must have swallowed with its food. It was a good sound lump nevertheless; for the heat and juices of the stomach had cemented the fragments very closely. The largest piece of amber at present known is in the Royal Museum at Berlin: it weighs eighteen pounds. Two pieces, weighing four and six pounds respectively, were exhibited in London two or three years ago. The years eighteen hundred and forty-four and eighteen hundred and forty-eight are said to have been especially lucky to the amber finders, the Baltic storms having thrown up large quantities.

Amber is an obstinate and capricious substance to work; for it becomes so hot and so highly electrical while being mechanically elaborated that it has a tendency to fly off in fragments. Hence it is necessary to fashion a number of pieces alternately, that each may cool after having been worked up into an excited state. The nodules are split on a leaden plate at a turning-lathe, and

are smoothed into shape by whetstones; after which they are polished with chalk and water, or with oil, and are finally rubbed with flannel. The workmen themselves are said to become nervous and electrified, owing to the remarkably excitable nature of the substance. They make of amber, pipe mouth-pieces, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, and various other articles; including such amber snuff-boxes as that of which Sir Plume was justly vain. Herr Jantzen, a Prussian manufacturer, has even gone so far as to produce amber candlesticks, amber wine-glasses, and amber work-boxes; and Herr Winterfield, of Breslau, has displayed before us a vase, a set of chess-men, a knife and fork, fruit-knives, a paper-cutter, sets of buttons, work-boxes, pen-holders, frames for knitting-needles—all of amber. Pieces of amber can be joined by the aid of heat and a little linseed oil; and it may be rendered soluble to serve as a varnish, or as a cement for broken glass or china, by being boiled with oil; it may be imitated, at a humble distance, by a particular manner of treating gum-lac.

If we would know the real value and estimation of amber, we should keep company with a Turk. He has his hookah or narghili, which has a receptacle for water or rose-water, through which the smoke passes before reaching his mouth; the receptacle is an air-tight vessel surmounted by a bowl containing burning tobacco. The passage of the smoke through the water deprives it of some of its strong rank flavour, and cools it. The Turk loves to hear the bubbling sound of the liquid as the smoke passes through it: he says it lulls and soothes him, like soft music. He does not sit with a yard of stub-born clay projecting from his lips. His pipe-stem is flexible, being formed of a spiral wire covered with leather, over which another wire is coiled to strengthen the tube; but if he be more moderate in his piping operations he uses a stiff-stemmed tchibouque. It is in the amber mouth-piece of his splendid narghili that he especially glories. He places it in the centre of the apartment; his guests sit around, and he lends a smoke to each in turn, by passing round the flexible tube from hand to hand, and from mouth to mouth. He prides himself on the amber mouth-piece so much, that he will spend a little fortune upon it. He has, as his countrymen generally have, a theory that amber is incapable of transmitting infection, and this may have had very much to do with the growth of a liking on the part of the Turks for amber mouth-pieces. He prefers the straw-coloured, translucent, slightly-clouded specimens; and, for a bit of such amber he gives an astonishing price. If he be a very wealthy Turk indeed, he causes his amber *imame* or mouth-piece to be studded with diamonds; then its value may be anything you like to name.

Insects, and flies, and worms, and straws, and twigs found in amber, have always been a fruitful source of literary illustration. The wonder is how they got there, until it is explained that amber has once been a liquid. The little extraneous bodies comprise insects, leaves, drops of clear water, bits of metal, sand, pebbles, and stones. Some of the insects evidently struggled hard when they found themselves entangled in the once viscid mass, for their legs and wings alone are left, their heads and bodies being nowhere. In the British Museum, at the east end of the mineralogical gallery, are amber specimens enough to give us quite a lesson on the subject; they are rich in insects with learned names; they vary in colour from nearly white to deep red; they have all degrees of translucency from the transparent to the opaque. Some are long, some round, some smooth, some rough; most of them are in the natural forms, but a few have been fashioned into miniature bottles and cups. Sir Thomas Browne, the trusty exposer of Vulgar Errors, fought strongly against insects in amber, declaring that they were merely representations or imitations; but herein experience and observation, science and good sense, have all shown him to have been in the wrong; for there is no longer any doubt that amber-insects are real insects. Dr. Mantell says that there have been no fewer than eight hundred species of insects found in amber, some known at the present day, but mostly extinct species.

Roguery finds something to do even with so pretty a subject as amber. It is mortifying to know that amber is not always amber—that it is sometimes copal; in so far as copal is a resinous substance which exudes spontaneously from certain species of trees, it may be regarded as a younger sister of amber; but it does not thence follow that those who prefer the elder sister would willingly receive the other as a substitute. There are among the specimens in the British Museum two marked respectively—AMBER and COPAL; it would puzzle any but a professional judge to distinguish one from the other, for they are of the same colour; they present similar degrees of translucency and polish, and both contain insects and other little fragments. Possibly the copal specimen may be lower; it may have been picked up in this state; but many a bit of so-called amber is a delusion and a snare. Sometimes a piece of copal is boldly put forth as a piece of amber; sometimes a good piece of amber is backed and enlarged by a piece of copal; while, at other times, a lump of copal is buried in the middle of a third hollow envelope of amber. Mineralogists tell us that amber has a more shell-like structure than copal; and chemists assert that the white smoke from a bit of ignited amber gives forth a more fragrant odour than burning copal; and that the means of detecting shams are thus afforded. Sir Thomas Browne received a letter

from Lord Yarmouth, descriptive of some beautiful specimens of amber received from the Baltic; but my lord goes on to observe that a Mr. Henshaw "confesseth he was like to have been cheated by a merchant with a piece that had somewhat included in it, which he found to be rosin; and *we* have a way to counterfeit it very handsomely, which he has taught me; and if we had a workman to help us, might do many pretty things of that nature."

No doubt. There are many ways to do "pretty things," and to "counterfeit very handsomely" with sham amber. The beautiful black varnish used by coachmakers, and the lighter amber varnish used for woodwork, and the amber-oil and succinic-acid employed in medicine and chemical processes are probably made from real amber; but the pieces kept as specimens, and especially those which contain insects, are more likely to comprise a few of those which have been doctored "very handsomely." An insect can be put into a bit of copal and made a "pretty thing." However we will not suppose that this fraud is very frequently committed.

THE HERMIT OF DAMBURGVILLE.

Not very long ago the course of duty carried me abroad and I spent some time in a little continental town which, if you please, I will call Damburgville-Cittapoli, although it may have been neither in Holland, Germany, France, Italy nor Greece. I am about to tell the true tale of a person living in that town, and wish so to do without directing anybody's eyes towards him.

In the parish church of Damburgville-Cittapoli mass is celebrated—so much I am obliged to say—and at that church I was in the habit of attending pretty regularly. I used to see there a very devout-looking man who was never absent from his place, and whose humility of bearing and extreme seriousness of demeanour fixed upon him a good deal of attention. He had the figure and the movements of a tolerably young man, at any rate of a man under forty, but he seemed to be sixty years old in the face, I thought, when I used to meet him for the sake of looking at him in the porch. His dress was too coarse to belong to a gentleman, and yet was remarkable for a gentleman's neatness. He spoke to no one, and once or twice shrank back against the wall that he might not be touched by me when I was passing him. He used to wear gloves too when all other hands were bare at the communion.

I made inquiries and obtained no clue to the knowledge I desired; nobody seemed to know who the man was, except one friend who supposed it must be "Vat you call the Jack Ketch." I said that he was not at all that sort of person. Then I was advised to ask the priest concerning him, "for he knew everybody."

I had made friends with the priest, and did not hesitate to take my friend's advice. His reverence informed me that from my description the person who had excited my curiosity must be—what shall I take for a name—Bertram de' Medici.

"De' Medici!" I said; "surely I have heard of that name before."

"Probably," said the priest. "It is one of our historic names. The person of whom you speak belongs to an illustrious family."

"And yet he is unknown here."

"His history is strange, and *it* is not unknown here. He has no associates." The good old gentleman then eased my mind by telling me the story upon the getting of which my heart had long been set.

Bertram would have been born with all possible advantages, if, as the father said, he had not possessed an innate propensity for evil. His nurses despaired of him, his mother grieved for him, at school he was the leader of every rebellion. He was clever but misused his abilities. As a young man he learned what he should have shunned—sympathised with what he should have hated, and by the time he had become fairly a man he was a perfect villain. Master of his property, he wasted it—he became estranged, and at last wholly cut off from his family, and the tribunals of justice grew to be more and more familiar with his face. He endured many short imprisonments under feigned names; at last, for a capital crime, he was condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted, and in the flower of his years he was sent for life to the galleys.

His fate did not cow or alter him. The convicts spend much of their time in work. Galleys are legal fictions now-a-days. The men work on the roads or in the dockyards. Their hard labour is aggravated by a heavy chain fastened from the waist to the ankle; sometimes two prisoners are chained together, and are thus for years compelled into association. Bertram was strong—easily performed his work—liked the society of criminals, and was a pattern to them all of carelessness;—he was the man to cheer despondency or to put down remorse in others. This courage lasted till the list of men, who were older prisoners than himself, became shorter and he approached the distinction of being senior among those about him who were undergoing punishment for life. Then he became restless, envied those who went out after short probations into the gay world again; he became melancholy. He felt no remorse, but he was weary of monotony; of the walls and the sea, the bed and the chain. He wanted liberty.

One day as he sat on his bed knitting, the soldier in charge of the ward called him by name. He rose, and having answered, found that he had not been called alone; five other prisoners were summoned. The six men were led under guard to a room in which sat the

superior officer, with one or two others, and the nature of the business in hand was explained to them. In one of the provincial towns there had died a government official, whose place it was usual to supply from among the convicts of the worst class. The office was that of executioner of the town of Damburgville-Cittopoli, and the six prisoners selected were to have the option given them, each in his turn, of buying freedom by acceptance of the vacant office.

They were told that the salary was a good one, but that the officer appointed would live quite alone, because of course the townspeople would not visit with the headsman, even if he were a gentleman, and not a convict of the lowest class. Bertram stood fourth in the order of seniority; and was therefore pained to feel that he should loose this very good chance of emancipation.

He did not loose it.

The first who was called forward declined to leave the prison, saying that he was accustomed to it, and should not know what to do with himself at Damburgville, with nobody to speak to.

The second who was called answered that he should not like to undertake such bloody work. At this there was a general laugh, because the man was known to have committed more than one murder. He understood the laugh, and offered explanation of his scruple. He said that there was a difference between some things and other things; that when a fellow was in the humour, and had something pretty to gain, money or revenge, he did not mean to say that he was any way tender; but that it was quite another matter to be taking to blood as a business for one's daily bread.

The third convict said that he did not reckon himself a worse or better Christian than his neighbour who had last spoken; he had been bad enough in his time, and thought it fit now to amend. If he went out into temptation he could not answer for what mischief he might do.

Bertram next had liberty to speak, and he accepted the place without any hesitation. He was instructed that he had leave to depart when he chose, and the necessary passports were immediately given to him, with a sum of money for his first expenses. He was ordered to announce himself to the chief magistrate of the town, when he arrived at Damburgville, and informed that the papers necessary to instal him in this office would at once be drawn out and sent for signature to the capital, whence they would be sent in due course to his new employers. Bertram de' Medici was really free, and would not waste a moment in delay. He put off his prison clothes, dressed himself in a common suit, and made such haste that he was able to leave the prison home by the first public conveyance that set out after he had received his liberty. So he arrived at Damburgville while he was still in the first flush of exultation and surprise.

After refreshing himself at an inn, and paying some attention to his toilet, he went out, traversing the streets with the gladness of a child, inquired for the mayor's house, sent in his highly respectable name on a card, and was ushered into the drawing-room. It was with extreme surprise that he found himself received by the mayor and his family as a visitor, and treated with respect. Almost immediately, however, he remembered that the worthy magistrate could not yet have received the papers that officially explained his business in the town. He had followed orders in presenting himself on his arrival, but having done that, he was in no hurry to explain his errand. Having been accustomed to good society in early life, his manners and address were such as would very well lend themselves to the sustainment of his worship in an error out of which De' Medici proposed to extract a few days' pleasure. He therefore did not undeceive the mayor, but suffered himself to be asked the usual questions as to what he had seen and wished to see. He also courteously received the usual offers of assistance and of introductions. After a pleasant bit of chat, he took leave, but not before he had accepted an invitation to meet the family at the theatre on the succeeding evening, and to accompany them afterwards to an entertainment at the house of one of the most distinguished families residing in the place.

The convict went to bed that night at his inn, thinking himself a happy fellow, and slept soundly under that impression. The following day found him pretty much of the same opinion. If from time to time a thought of the near future flashed across him, he drove it away with the calculation that he must have two or three clear days in his power, and that it was his part as a man of sense simply to make the best use of this time. Accordingly he spent the morning in a lounging exploration of the town and neighbourhood, dined well, amused himself at billiards, and at length, towards dusk, sauntered towards his inn, to prepare for the theatre, and for the ball that was to follow. As he walked along, his position struck him for the twentieth time in its amusing point of view. He enjoyed vastly the idea of the trick he was about to play the select circles of Damburgville. There was no chance of his being recognised; he should feel perfectly free to act the gentleman among gentlemen and ladies too. The ladies he quite longed to meet; for years he had been banished from their company! But those hard years were over; he should talk and dance with the politest. Might he not do more? If he could set on foot a marriage, no matter with whom! He had done things more difficult than, that only his time was very short. If he could but get it announced publicly in the Damburgville Argus that a contract was

in contemplation between the high-born and accomplished ——— and their distinguished visitor, M. Bertram de' Medici, what sport he should have when his credentials afterwards arrived! His fun would live for ever in the horror of all Damburgville. He would bow to his select friends whenever he met them, and mock at them in the public street. His malicious reverie occupied his attention so completely at one minute, that he ceased to observe whither he was going, and following mechanically in the track of many persons who were on the way before him, was aroused by finding himself in a blaze of light.

He had entered a church. That too was funny. He wondered how long it had been since he was in such a place before, and determined that he might as well look about him there a little, as it would be long enough before he met with such another opportunity. He stared about, and saw what is usually to be seen at the hour of the Benediction, an altar lighted, a priest officiating, and a kneeling congregation, mostly made up of women.

It was the church belonging to a convent of the nuns of St. Mary Ann. These nuns cultivate music, and are often skilled in it; so much so that they sometimes teach singing. They form an unseen choir in their own public services. While Bertram was gazing carelessly around, the temper of his mind corresponding to the grin upon his countenance, the choir of nuns began to sing the Salve Regina. He was impressed by the effect of the music, and sat down to enjoy more at his ease, for the first time after very many years, the harmony of treble voices. By degrees he ceased to know that he was listening. He was receiving the sounds passively, giving himself up wholly to the new and exquisite sensation.

After a little while he had forgotten all that was about him; he saw nothing. The music had become his atmosphere, in which he seemed to be alone with something pure and powerful. Its power was put forth more and more strongly, his heart was strangely stirred, his brain was full of visions. It was all involuntary. The refinement of his early training perhaps made him capable of being overcome by the supreme power of sweet sounds. I do not know, but I tell what is true, though I envelope truth within a mystery of vain and foolish names. Bertram de' Medici saw the history of his own life, from youth upwards floating upon the chant. He shuddered at the memory of things over which, in the acting, he had been indifferent, or even pleased. The realities of his whole life seemed to be loathsome. For the first time he saw them as they looked in contrast with ideal purity. Plunged thus into contemplation, he was left unconscious of the ceasing of the music, and he did not know what other portions of the service followed it, how long the whole lasted, or when all was at an end. He did not know that the lights were all out, and that the church doors were about to be closed, when the sacristan found him, still kneeling, weeping on the pavement.

It was not till the next morning that the convict thought of his unfulfilled engagement at the theatre. He made several efforts to bring back his old feelings, to restore his pride in his own evil. They were vain, for the music held him fast. He walked out to reflect. His new feelings would not be repelled—they seemed to have become part of his nature; and at length he yielded willingly to their dominion. Before he returned to the house he had sought counsel of a priest, and had delivered into the hands of the mayor the letter of introduction which at once placed him in his true position.

It may be supposed that the office which had been so eagerly accepted by De' Medici became afterwards an occasion of extreme distress; but there was left to him no possibility of an exchange; he must go through with what he had begun. He is now, therefore, the headsman at Damburgville, in which town he leads an exemplary life.

THE ROBINS.

We're leaving the old home, robins,
To morrow-morn in vain
Your tiny bills shall tap for us,
Against the well-known pane.
I've thought all day how I might find
(Weak fancy though it be)
Some kindly spell to print our names
On your bird-memory.

Blithe children we were all, robins,
When long and long ago,
You flashed on our delighted eyes
Like rubies in the snow.
How soon the new and precious pets
Grew intimate and bold!
And then the 'Children in the Wood,'
With family-pride we told.

I fancied when a child, robins,
Nay, more than fancied, felt,
Because its name was Faëry-Hill,
That here the fairies dwelt.
The lilies seemed their palaces,
The roses royal bowers,
Sweet homes and tiny cottages
Were all the meaner flowers.

That myrtle—when 'twas set, robins,
So fresh and bright were both,
That tree and child, my father said,
Were twins in healthy growth.
The tree has flourished fair since then
But I, I scarcely know
The tint of my old flush of health,
Which faded long ago.

You left me not for that, robins.
But trustily would lead
To my sick bed your chirping brood,
From this weak hand to feed.

I've thought that He who sent a bird
To give the Prophet food,
Through you sent many a gentle thought,
To do my spirit good.

I would not take you hence, robins,
To cage you in a room;
I dread too much the city streets,
To shroud you in their gloom.
But when the winter violets
Spring 'neath your nesting tree,
You've seen me gather them so oft,
Perchance you'll think of me.

I wish I knew who next, robins,
Shall tend these gardens fair;
And who of you, our pretty birds,
Hereafter shall take care.
I like to fancy little steps,
Amid the bowers, and fain
Would love the child who in their shade
Shall dream my dreams again.

Goodbye then, once for all, robins,
Where'er our lives we spend,
We know they're folded in the hand
Of ONE, our common friend.
Yet shall this old home o'er us throw
Its radiance to the last,
Inlaying as with jewels pure,
The present with the past.

PLANT ARCHITECTURE.

A HAPPY thought of Goethe has led to the discovery that in a plant of the highest form of organisation and the most perfect development, flower and fruit are but the repetition of the foliage. The leaf is the Proteus which, in its power of assuming a varying series of shapes, climbs upward on the stem in a constant progression of form until reaching the apex it combines with other leaves to produce both fruit and flower, accomplishing the renewal of vegetable life. Both fruit and flower may be resolved into whorls of leaves, differing, indeed, from those which constitute the verdant mass of foliage, but only in degree, and not in kind; so that a constant ascension is perceptible throughout all foliar modifications. While the leaves are still young they are all similar; it is only in attaining their perfect development that they undergo a gradual metamorphosis, which relieves the plant-world from endless monotony of feature, and gives to vegetation its æsthetic charms. In the words of him who gave birth to the leading idea,

"All shapes are similar, yet all unlike."

The progression of leaf forms upon the plant moves upward in orderly ascent, and each step is so clearly marked, that the links in the chain may be separately distinguished. In the perfect plant seven such stages of leaf-development are seen. They have been compared to the seven stories of a noble palace, in which the upper chambers are ever more magnificently decorated than the lower.

The first, or lower stem-leaf formation, including sheath-like leaves, often partially excluded from light, although tending upwards, leathery in substance, darkly yellow in colour, marks the basement of the plant-structure. The second, or proper stem-leaf formation, including the great mass of the foliage of the plant, of rich green colour, and of luxuriantly diverse form, corresponds to the ground-floor of the building. The third, or upper stem-leaf formation, constituting the next story, serves admirably to maintain the harmony of the structure, exhibiting tract-like leaves which approach, in construction, to the calyx-leaf formation. This consists of broad massive leaves, sometimes deeply verdant, sometimes tinged with other colours, and melting into the flower-leaf. In this formation the leaf attains its highest beauty: delicate in structure and dyed with the most gorgeous hues, the flower-leaf combines the most marvellous diversity of form, and the most delicious perfume, with an exquisite harmony of colour. In the stamen-leaf formation, the flower-leaf is remarkably metamorphosed—the sides of the leaf being pushed upwards on its stock, and resting, to form a bag in which are developed the pollen-cells, the fertilizing agents in the production of the new plant. This change of flower-leaf into stamen-leaf being checked, there result the double flowers with which every one is acquainted, in which increase of the flower-leaves is obtained at the expense of the stamens. In the last formation of the fruit-leaf story, the destiny of the leaf is fulfilled; struggling upward on the stem, it reaches its highest development, and attains its noblest form when nearest the sky. Here the leaf-character is almost lost, for the individual fruit-leaves are crowded together, uniting to form a cavity in which the fruit-bud is developed and which becomes the cradle of future generations of plants.

It must not be imagined that all the individual forms here described make their appearance in every plant; but in all plants may be traced a more or less perfect imitation of this entire series of development: and in passing in review all the gradations of plant-forms, we clearly distinguish the eternal repetition of the same process of generation in accordance with the law expressed in all its conditions in the perfectly organised individual. With this magic wand we compel all vegetable nature to express its conditions of being; and it utters the language of unswerving obedience to the primal law of formation by recurrence in higher forms of the original type. That which most impresses us in contemplating the inexhaustible variety of the plant-world, is not so much the diversity of form as the unity in diversity. This vital truth finds fresh illustration in the animal kingdom. Just as the leaf is the unit of the plant, so is the vertebra, or

component part of the spine, the unit of the animal body. The vertebra is the type of the spine, which is formed by heaping vertebra on vertebra ; and in the transformation of the vertebra lies the secret of the animal structure. At the extremity of the spine, nature projects modified parts of vertebræ, as arms ; at the end of these she puts forth new modifications, as hands. Below, the process is repeated in the development of legs and feet. At the summit of the column, the vertebra assumes its highest form : three vertebræ, arched over, form the chamber for the reception of the governing brain of man. As the leaf moves upward from stage to stage, ending at last with the flower and the seed, so the vertebra, rising in the nobility of its use, envelopes first stomach, then heart, closing with the head, in which are concentrated the boundless powers of the human intellect.

It is thus that the plant is built up. The marvels of its construction throw into shade all that has been imagined by the most daring romancist, or realised by the most successful architect. The fairy dwelling of Aladdin, and the no less fairy palace of Paxton sink into insignificance. For the building of this floral palace no complex instruments, no multiplied combinations of lever, wheel and pulley are employed. Stone by stone the fairy fabric rises, while the unseen architect works on unweariedly, not alone planning but executing, not alone skilfully disposing the materials, but itself preparing them. This architect—under the Great Architect of all—is the vegetable cell, which, in its varying forms of activity, purifies the air we breathe by absorbing the poisonous products of respiration, provides for the sustenance of animal life the materials of food, and clothes the earth with a rich mantle of beauteous forms. Working under fixed and invariable laws this almost invisible globule evolves unaided the whole structure of the plant. It is by the help of the microscope that we have learnt to appreciate the beautiful and effective simplicity of the plant architecture, and have traced out with tolerable accuracy the plan of the designer.

The stones of which the edifice is constructed are throughout the same ; everywhere we recognise this marvellous organism of the vegetable cell ; but it is so modified in each situation as to meet the special requirements of its position. First let us examine the external walls of the plant mansion, and here, on the very threshold, we are compelled to pause and admire the perfection of the architectural arrangements. It is impossible to conceive any more excellently devised roofing than that which is formed by the outer layer of flattened cells, which serve to protect the plant from injurious external influences. Firmly united so that they may be frequently stripped off as a continuous layer, they secrete a thin resinous coating, which renders them alike impervious to rain or dust. We can hardly boast of having been equally successful in protecting our most gorgeous palaces from the destructive effects of these foreign agencies. It is curiously illustrative of the economy of nature, whose precautions are never in excess, although always sufficient, that this outer protective layer is not developed in aquatic plants, where it would be unnecessary. In the interior of the plant palace we see equally faultless results produced by no less simple means. The same vegetable cell which by assuming a flattened form, constituted so efficient a protective wall, is here employed to attain other objects. Perhaps, strength and power of resistance are desired ; a solid mansion is to be erected, which will defy the force of the angry winds, and deride the impotent fury of the elements through centuries of time. And now the cell is elongated, its walls are thickened, and spiral fibres are deposited within it. It is no longer a delicate vesicle : it is metamorphosed into a strong hollow column, a cylinder or a prism. It assumes a thousand varying forms, but everywhere it so harmonises with surrounding shapes, so thoroughly dovetails with its neighbours, that no unnecessary chink is left throughout the solid masonry. Each cell appears to be accurately measured, and carefully fitted into its precise situation. No adaptation by mechanical means could be more perfect ; the plumb-line would have failed to produce a more complete contiguity of parts. Each stone in the edifice is adapted to every elevation or depression on the neighbouring parts. Columns and cylinders bevelled off at either extremity leave small interspaces, into which fit accurately other elementary forms ; and although unnumbered millions of cells are included in the structure, no one is misplaced or carelessly inserted.

The same faultless perfection in the architectural arrangements is evinced in the varying degrees of consolidation to which the cells attain. If the giant oak is to lift its sturdy form, a large amount of intercellular substance, the hard cement of the plant, is deposited, the cell wall is greatly thickened, the cell-cavity is considerably diminished, perhaps completely obliterated, and thus a firm unyielding structure is built up, against which the boisterous winds will vainly spend their force. But if the graceful lily is to rear its slender stalk, the still tender cells build up a delicate structure which yields to the slightest impulse, and bends before the blast it dare not brave.

In examining the architecture of the plant, however, we are reminded that it is not a mere inert mass, but a living organism ceaselessly employed in the accomplishment of important chemical actions equally essential to its own existence and to the preservation of the balance of organic nature. Gases and fluids are to be absorbed and expired in an altered form, and it becomes essential that

the thickening of the cells, as in wood, without which the existence of such massive structures as trees would be impossible, should not interfere with the free diffusion of nutritive fluid. Since the plant cell receives its nourishment by the continued absorption and elimination of fluid through its cell-walls, it is evident that in thickening and hardening, these walls, in order to acquire stability and power of resistance, it is at the same time shutting itself off from a due supply of nourishment. But in the economy of the cell-architecture nothing is forgotten; and although compelled to erect these solid buttresses, the cell does not the less remember to leave here and there a small spot at which the walls retain their original delicacy and remain easily permeable by fluids. So minute are these depressions that they are with difficulty perceived, even when magnified a thousand fold: nevertheless, they always exist to a greater or less extent. There is nothing in the whole range of the plant architecture more admirable than the arrangement of these dottings. Inconceivably minute as they are, and apparently formed on chance positions in the cell-wall, they are yet found to bear a determinate relation to similar depressions in other neighbouring cells; so that, by their exact opposition, a communication is established between a succession of cells, and a channel is opened for the nutritive fluid, which extends to the external layers of the plant. This impervious tissue of external cells bears no less important a relation to the nourishment of the plant than to its protection from foreign injury and isolation from external influences. Without its aid the processes of nutrition could not be carried on—the action of the sun would produce universal exhalation from the whole surface. The sap, which is the life-blood, would be rapidly dried up, and the plant would perish. On the other hand, if the special provision were not made for the support of continued expiration of vapour, death would be no less inevitable; we may be sure, therefore, that the plant architect has not forgotten to make such a provision in preparing the plans for the construction of this noble edifice. The passages which have just been described, as being formed between the cells, communicate with little openings—mouths the botanists call them—existing in great numbers on the under surface of leaves especially: along these passages the vapours creep, passing through cell-wall after cell-wall until they reach the external atmosphere. So rapid is the exhalation of these mouths, so efficient is the provision for the respiration of the plant, that an acre of plants have been ascertained to eliminate during the period of vegetation, about two million pounds of vapour.

In the construction of the plant mansion, due care is ever taken to provide secret chambers and store rooms for the various secretions of the vegetable organism. In these chambers we see the most diverse forms and arrangements according to the nature of the substance to be lodged. In one we see a fit receptacle for air, in another for oil globules, for starch, for sugar, for granules of green, yellow, red, or blue pigment, for bunches of crystals. It is impossible to perceive anything more varied than the view presented by a section of a plant seen under the microscope.

If now we review the whole internal economy of the structure of the plant, we can hardly express adequately our wonder and admiration at the multiform perfection of its arrangements. It is not only that the plant, like the bee-hive, may be mathematically proved to be erected on faultless scientific principles. It is not only that it combines lightness with strength and exquisite beauty with solid utility. But as we survey the actions of the plant we rise to the perception that this perfect edifice so complete in its oneness of purpose and development consists in an union of individuals: that it is a mass of separate and widely differing mansions. The stones which so perfectly fulfilled their part in the entire structures are no longer stones; they are themselves complete chemical manufactories, carrying on the most diverse processes, and elaborating the most various products. Unlike the stones in any other mansion, they have entirely distinct and separate existences; they are different in function, and must therefore possess some characteristic peculiarities of construction, imperceptible though they be to the human eye, aided by all the appliances of science. Nevertheless, they all combine in a consentaneous effort for the well-being of the whole plant, aiding to perform the processes of general nutrition. Hence they seem to hold a double relation—aptly typifying our own position: since like us they have both an individual existence, (in respect to which they are only concerned in performing their own duties and exercising their own special functions,) and a social position which calls upon them to aid in operations that aim at the general good. Thus the whole plant-mansion is supplied with food without the aid of pump or engine, and its inimitable chemical operations are carried on without scale or balance. But, sooner or later death enters also into this paradise. In the very centre of this lovely temple, one stone after another yields to inevitable decay: even while its green banners float proudly or joyously on the breeze, the canker-worm eats its way within. Soon the girders and cross-beams fail—column after column falls—at last the very corner-stones give way, and the ruins of the noble edifice lie shattered in the dust.

A ray of light pierces the gloom of this dark scene, sketched by Goethe with a master's hand. A consolation still remains for us,

even while mourning over the ruins of this glorious temple. We are solaced by the reflection that if change is Nature's law, rotation is her remedy; and that thus the death of the one individual is but the signal for the development of new forms of being, for whose existence it furnishes the material conditions.

The highest point of view from which we can regard the architectural operations of the cell is as the expression of the universality and mutual limitation of the forces of nature. Within this delicate organism are busied the mighty powers which regulate the physical life of the universe. The delicate vegetable cell in the theatre wherein the Titanic powers of Nature display their wonders. Light—Heat—Attraction—Gravitation—Electricity—these are forces that work within the narrow limits of the cell. Within its walls are enslaved the forces which arch above us the starry heavens, and prescribe to the sun and its planets their undulating course. They are the "potent ministers of its will," and bow to its "strong bidding," compelled to obedience by the resistless laws of their Great Author, at whose decree the vegetable cell appears as the artificer of the organic creation.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

GREEK FIRE.

My first excursion on this lovely island—Mitylene, the Lesbos of the Greeks—was to one of those convents for women which have been called the reproach and scandal of the Greek Church. I am not going to enter into this question. All I can say is, that we drank fourteen glasses of rakee there, with coffee and sweetmeats to match, and that all were of such excellent quality that we felt none the worse for it. The sisters also seemed to have a happy knack of lighting pipes. We had some hesitation about smoking at first, in spite of the custom of the country; but our scruples were soon overcome. Indeed, the pious ladies smoked themselves, and produced a chibouque from a sly recess to offer one of us. The sisters had even a clever way of cutting tobacco, and kept a plentiful store of it—an excellent thing in woman.

There were seventy inmates; but as those in our room were rather elderly, we asked to see some more of the sisterhood, and several came. We bought some gloves and stockings of them—the convent having a thriving trade in those articles—and then went upon our way.

The scenery round the convent, like that in the neighbourhood of most religious establishments, was surpassingly beautiful; and after all, I thought, as we rode through the olive-trees, why should not ladies have the power of entertaining their friends handsomely as well as gentlemen? For the rest, perhaps the best thing to say about it is "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

From the convent we went to a monastery lying within half an hour's ride, or say a pleasant afternoon's walk. It was situated in a delightfully secluded nook, at the foot of a hill; and, as the view of it gradually broke upon the eye, embowered in trees, it was positively enchanting.

Alighting at the gate, we were received with a degree of courtesy which carried us in imagination at once two hundred years back. Servitors in quaint religious habits came forward to hold our stirrups as we dismounted, and to marshal us into the presence of the superior, a grave and reverend man of plump but devout aspect. The convent church was very fine—much handsomer than that belonging to the gay sisterhood within hail. There was a beautiful carved altar-piece, and great profusion of gilding and silver lamps. I was shocked, however, to see the Deity represented with a triangular glory over his head, which might easily be mistaken for a cocked hat.

There was an air of repose about the place, which had its effect upon the spirits; and it was with muffled foot-fall that I followed the superior up the spotless stairs and along the noiseless galleries till we reached his study—a handsome room, richly carpeted. There was a broad ray of sunshine, in which the motes were playing, falling right across it. The human voice sounded strange and unaccustomed. I might have been in a dream; everything seemed so quaint and unworldly. Through the open window came a plaintive sound of falling waters.

The servants brought us some sweetmeats of delicate flavour and perfume, with rakee having fragrant flowers in it, after the fashion of our burridge cup. Then they brought us a delicious melon. I noticed that the reverend fathers were the only persons I had yet seen in Turkey who appeared to know how much powdered sugar improves the flavour of this fruit. We had a plentiful supply of it; then cakes, coffee, and pipes filled with aromatic tobacco.

The superior pressed us to take up our quarters there, telling us that the convent was open to all strangers, and that the monks were obliged by its foundation to entertain them. We refused; but promised to return. After a time we rose, and the superior showed us over the convent garden, famous for its fruit far and wide. There was a small space set apart to grow wheat for the consecrated bread; and we noticed a well stocked reservoir of fat fish. The holy man gave us so much fruit and flowers that, when we came out, we must have looked like so many market gardeners.

We spent the afternoon shooting over a famous country, and killed four brace of partridges, with two wild pigeons. They were welcome enough at a scrambling dinner we got at a lonely house on the hills, wherein I gave our host some hints about his trade of

wine-making which I picked up long ago in Spain. After dinner, some Greeks, who had assembled to keep us company, abused the Turks with the same bitter and rancorous hate as usual. But I could not get beyond the fact that the Aga had called some of them names. Faith, they returned the compliment. Trying hard, however, to get deeper, I questioned one of them whom I at last got into a tête à tête. "You are surprised," said he, "that we so hate the Turks; yet it is natural enough. I, for instance, was made an orphan at three years old by them. My father was shot dead in sport, by some Turks who had crossed over to our island from Anatolia, for a frolic. Nothing was done to the murderers." So do the consequences of good or evil deeds live after them, and even as we sow the seed shall we reap the harvest. This was in the old time. Such crimes could not be perpetrated now, the reforms of the present Sultan having left the Greeks very little to complain of.

After a light sleep, I rose and rambled out in the gray of the morning, falling into my former walk up the dried bed of the forgotten river. I noticed a very beautiful species of goat of a bright golden colour, relieved by spots of fleecy white. The gradual waking up of the village was very pretty, and presented some exquisite subjects for a landscape painter. I never saw anything more beautiful in the way of scenery than the lights and shadows on the distant valleys—the morning seemed to rouse itself so cheerfully. I could hear the partridges call from their cover, and the herds low pleasantly as they went forth to pasture; while a thousand cocks trumpeted to the world their joy at the return of daylight. Gradually there appeared children with chubby faces rubbing their eyes in doorways; and mild patient women looking very overwrought stood gazing out beside them. And there were little dogs who made irregular sallies at us, with frantic yelps.

Returning, I met the train of a certain Mustapha Aga, coming to collect the *ushur*, or tythe on the olives; whereat was great consternation among the Greeks. I was not surprised, therefore, to find my host away from home. He and the notables of the village were twiddling their beads and hatching intrigues to deceive the authorities, as they had been since daybreak. We spent the rest of the day shooting; but with small success. We killed only one pigeon, and started a hare, but too far off to get a shot. I strongly recommend anyone, however, who may henceforth visit Mitylene, to make his shooting-quarters at Kallonè. I hardly know a more interesting sojourn; and the country abounds with game. There is a fellow also named Glygor, who is a very fair shot, and understands his business pretty well for a Greek. The ground you have to shoot over is capital and rare in these countries. There are stones and mountains, to be sure, and sharp work it is to get over them; but your footing is all on short soft grass at this season of the year, and the large smooth rocks offer an excellent cover for birds. They lie in holes among them, and generally get up straight before you. When they drop, however, you want a smart dog to find them, for, if they can run a foot, they find a hole, and you lose them. It is hard to hit a hare for the same reason. He need not scamper a yard without getting behind a stone; so that you must either blow him to pieces; or give him up, as we did.

The clock of the Greek church had just struck five—that is to say, at this season of the year, at about eleven with us—I had closed my eyes, and was trying to think of nothing and to doze away, when there was suddenly a great roar of cannon, and up struck the bells a sudden and startled peal. At the same time an outcry which arose in the streets too soon told me that one of those fires had occurred which are so fatal to the Greek villages. I sprung out of bed, anxious to visit a scene so fearfully interesting, and the very first person I met was the Greek archbishop, with his robe tucked up above his heels, hurrying like myself to the place of terror. The night was pitch-dark, but fortunately it rained a little, and there was no wind. It was a striking scene; the lurid glare of torches falling on the marked features and gay coloured costumes of the Greeks; the shouting of brave men, as they hewed down the wooden houses on each side to prevent the fire spreading; the wail of women far and near; the church bells still ringing out that fearful alarum, and the distress-guns booming at irregular intervals.

Once, through the smoke and glare, I saw a fine dauntless fellow descending a scaling-ladder with a half-suffocated woman in his arms. I never before felt how natural was the wild huzza which bursts from men who witness gallant deeds, and which greeted the saver as he stood again amongst us. The Greek despot bustled about bravely, and was so very laudably active and encouraging, that I felt quite an admiration for him. At last the fire was got under; but the affrighted villagers mostly passed the night at their doors, watching lest any unsubdued spark should break again.

The fright caused by the fire was, indeed, so terrible, that one healthy young man was attacked by epilepsy in consequence. I went with the village doctor to see him. We found him foaming at the mouth, and struggling violently with some people who held him down, half-scared and half-amused, I am afraid, at his contortions. He was in a miserably dark little room. His relations were so numerous, and they stood so obstinately near to see what was going on, that the whole apartment was one living mass. The grief of the sick man's mother

seemed to be most passionate; that of his wife most subdued and practical. It appeared to me as if the one thought she ought to be distressed, and the other thought she ought to be useful.

It was dreadful and degrading to see the sick man, too, screaming and writhing; for his screams were the screams of the dastard. He called aloud on the Aga to spare him. He was the pitiful thing which centuries of mis-rule has made the Greek rayah, and had no more awful fancy than that of undergoing corporal punishment when reason had left him.

I was glad to turn over this painful leaf of Greek life to open a brighter page. I was afterwards present at the anniversary of the Greek schools, one of which flourishes vigorously at Mitylene. The festival was presided over by an attaché of the British Embassy, who made a speech in modern Greek. The Ephora, masters, and all the pupils were present, and appeared to be as greatly pleased as I was.

DEAF MUTES.

We live in a highly educational age. Although we have not yet got a system of national education, we are always talking about it, and we mean to have it, and no doubt shall have it some day. Whenever we get it, it will be in consequence of our having become freshly and deeply impressed with the importance and the duty of doing the best that can be done with and for every human being born into the world. We seem to have plenty of help in such a business, to judge by the number of books written, and always in course of publication, about the education of the young. But, it is remarkable, all these books consider children to be all alike; or so nearly so as to make general advice sufficient for all. These books conclude all children to have four limbs, and (according to the popular notion) five senses, and a straight spine, and a perfectly formed brain. Of the great multitude who are blind, deaf, deformed, lame, defective in intellect—who have, in short, some natural infirmity—we hear nothing, in an educational sense. We hear of charities for them; and education goes on in the asylums, where a good many are sent. But the asylums contain only a very small proportion indeed of the whole number in any country; and there are so many families who cannot send their infirm members to such places, or who do not choose to send them there, that it appears quite as necessary to treat of their education at home, as to treat of home education at all in distinction from that of school.

It is very possible that some readers may be amazed at such a thing being said about a class of people so very small. They may be like an old clergyman,—a very benevolent man, too,—who said, a few years since, that he had never known more than two deaf and dumb persons in all his life. Now we have a thing or two to say about this.

First, if the number of persons suffering under natural imperfection were the smallest ever imagined—if, for instance, there were only one in a hundred thousand persons who had any natural infirmity whatever, those very few cases ought to be carefully studied, and the means of education tried, in order to improve our knowledge of the human being, body and mind. We have gained what we know of the laws of health by the study of disease. It is the disorder of any organ of the body, or function of the mind, which discloses to us the true structure and action. In the same way we learn to understand the fully endowed human being by the study of the imperfect one. For this purpose, then,—not the highest, but still very important,—we ought to attend to the whole case of the blind, deaf and dumb, deformed and deficient.

In the next place, though it is most necessary for the general good that the ordinary run of children should be trained, because they are to do the business of life, and be the parents of the next generation, yet it is a clear duty of humanity and of social justice to do the best that can be done for those whose lives and action can hardly spread beyond themselves. Here they are, in the midst of life at a great disadvantage. What can be clearer than that it is the business of their happier neighbors to make life as good and pleasant to them as it can be made? If it were a matter ever so difficult, it ought to be done. But it happens to be by far the easiest way. As a well-trained child gives far less trouble in the long run than a spoiled one, so does an imperfect being give infinitely less pain or anxiety if made rational, and morally disciplined, than if mismanaged, or left without management at all.

But, again, the number of these imperfect beings. Will any one guess how many deaf and dumb persons, for instance, there are in the kingdom? The benevolent old clergyman knew of two; and extreme was his astonishment when he was told how many there were. We have no very recent accounts; for that department of the Census Report of eighteen hundred and fifty-one is not out yet; but we know the proportion to the total population ten years before. One in sixteen hundred is the proportion in our own country. In Europe generally, there is one deaf mute in fifteen hundred; and in the United States there is one in two thousand white persons, a smaller proportion among persons of colour, and only one in six thousand among the slaves. If the proportion remains what it was ten years since (and there is no reason to suppose it altered) we have in our own country about fourteen thousand deaf and dumb persons. Imagine these fourteen thousand persons collected as the population of a town, or as a crowd to see the soldiers march for embarkation, and it

will be seen that there are quite enough of this one class to make it a matter of importance in ten thousand of the homes of our country how these being are treated and trained. And these, we must remember, are the deaf mutes alone; persons so deaf as to be altogether excluded from the world of sound. Very far greater is the number of persons partially deaf—able to speak, and to profit more or less by sound—but still subject to disadvantages, and moral danger, and suffering, which should make them the objects of very tender and studious care.

If there is reason to fear hereditary deafness, or if there is already a deaf child in the family, how anxiously the parents watch the new-born infant, and makes all sorts of noises to ascertain whether it is startled by them or not! This is not quite so easily discoverable at first as inexperienced persons might suppose; for every considerable noise occasions vibration in solid bodies that stand in the way of it; and the sensitiveness of the deaf to vibration and concussion is excessive. There was a house, some years since (we hope it is not there now), a damp house, where two children out of three were born totally deaf. When the family left it, a young couple came in, and lived there till they had eight children, five of whom were deaf and dumb. What a dreadful watching it must have become at last, when the fate of two or three was known! Of course the parents must have been unaware of the cause of the mischief; and, not knowing that prevention lay within their own power, what a horrible visitation it must have seemed to them!

In the case of a deaf infant, the truth may be completely evident in a few months; though we have known the case of a child who was a year old before any discovery of his total deafness was made, and before, therefore, any medical opinion was obtained. There is no part of the human body about which we are so helpless as the ear. So very little is known of its interior structure, and it is so very easy to do mischief, that medical men do not much like to be consulted in cases of deafness; and the wisest of them say candidly that the cases are extremely rare in which they can do any good. These, the wisest of their class, can usually tell where the mischief resides, and whether there is any hope or benefit from medical or surgical skill. If not, as is most probable, the parents must next consider what is best to be done.

Almost everything depends on whether the deafness is partial or total. By total we mean the popular sense of the expression—that the child cannot hear sounds well enough to learn to speak, and does not often hear any at all. As for that perfect deafness which is wholly insensible to all sounds under all circumstances, it is extremely rare. In an asylum of a hundred inmates, there may not be above two or three such; not above two or three, for instance, who cannot imagine what you mean by putting a musical snuff-box on their heads, which is about the best test there is. Where the apparatus of the ear is useless, the brain-organ may be right, and then the music may reach it through the skull. We have known an instance of a deaf person fainting under the delicious sensation of feeling the music perfectly, distinct and precise, and (as it appeared) quivering down the spine. Well, if the deafness be practically total, the case is clear so far as this: that the child must be brought up as if destined (as it really is) to a life with four senses instead of five. There are, in fact, as is now generally admitted by the learned, more than five senses; but, making the case as disadvantageous as possible, it amounts to this—that your child has a body and brain like other people's, with four limbs, and all his faculties, but with four senses instead of five. The question is, how to enable him to manage best with four senses instead of five.

It is clear that, as far as happiness is concerned, he will be far better off among those who are like himself, than in a world where he is on equal terms with nobody. A more forlorn creature than a deaf mute among people who cannot converse with him, does not exist. As soon as he gets into an institution where all are like himself, and can use the modes of communication established there, he becomes as merry as other people; and the difficulty is only how to bring him away when he can remain there no longer. The best educated deaf mutes mope, more or less, after coming out into the world; and not all the care of their families to use their language familiarly, can compensate to them for the society of their comrades; for the simple reason that the companionship of mind is wanting. Inferior as the minds of deaf mutes must inevitably be, they are peculiar; and they can never be in full sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of better endowed people. There can be no doubt of the immense advantage of training in a deaf and dumb school, though there may be still a few persons who fancy that imperfect beings must thrive best among their superiors, and point to an instance here and there of a deaf mute who goes through life in an orderly way, busy and quiet, without ever having been specially trained. The truth of such cases is, that the imitative faculties of the child (always strong, from exercise, in the deaf mute) have enabled him to go through the external acts of life like other people, and to learn some art, probably, some mechanical business, by which he may get his bread. But there is no mind underneath in such a case. There is no *thought*, properly so called; nothing but perception of what is visible, and imitation of it. It will be found, too, that the temper is probably passionate, and certainly arrogant and selfish. There is no reason why in should be otherwise, seeing that the moral part of his

nature his affections, his sentiments, and his conscience, in the deep sense of the term. have never been reached at all. It is easy to see how this must be, if we look at the case from an early stage.

If he is so fortunate as to be destined to good special school training, still he must spend his first years at home. Now, how is he to be taught anything? He can be taught, of course, to wash and dress himself, and behave properly at table; to imitate, in short, what he sees. But how can he get any real knowledge? He can draw, if shown how, what is before his eyes; and he can draw the letters of the alphabet, and words, as easily as anything else. But how is he to learn what letters the words mean? Some words, nouns signifying what he sees, he presently learns. The cat, papa's hat, the table, a spoon, and the like, he can soon join with the written word; and he may even get so far as to fit the word table to all tables, and the word spoon to all spoons. But how will you teach him the days of the week? It is no easy matter to make him attend to what a day is; for it is a sort of abstract idea; and when you come to separating the days by name, when to the child they are all alike; and when the separation ends at seven, and the same names then begin again, how can you make such a complicated affair understood by a child to whom you cannot explain it? Before he can get any true notion of it, he must have some idea of what time means; and how can you give him that? The only way of beginning is to use the external appearance of a day—Sunday, for instance,—as a starting point, and let constant repetition teach the rest. There are no church bells for him; but he sees papa at home that day; and that people are dressed differently from other days; and that they go out at a particular hour, in a grave sort of way; and that no sewing is done, and so on. The word *Sunday* is shown him, and he probably writes it every morning when he sees these appearances. The next day, he writes *Monday*, and is aware in his own mind that it comes next to Sunday. In course of time he knows all the seven; but it is only knowing names, after all. The thousand associations that cluster round the idea of a day do not exist for him whose mind has never really communicated with any other. What, then, can be done about such abstract ideas as truth, justice, or nine-tenths of the matters we talk about? Without agreeing with Aristotle, that the deaf and dumb are and must be altogether brutish, or with Condillac, that they have no memory or reasoning power, we have no doubt whatever, that the impossibility of ever giving them the ordinary access to abstractions renders them necessarily and always the lowest class of rational beings. Their case is infinitely worse than that of the born blind, on this ground:—the blind have to go without an immense deal of knowledge; but they are not precluded from thought as deaf mutes are. This view of the case may be surprising to some people, who are rather romantic, and who have not watched the life of any deaf and dumb person with an open mind. It was a sad misfortune to the class that the attempts—noble and most glorious attempts—to retrieve their condition, were first made when men's minds were in a highly metaphysical condition, and they saw everywhere whatever they looked for, and could believe whatever they imagined. Hence arose the popular notion—the very opposite of Aristotle's—that deaf mutes were a kind of sacredly favoured class, cut off from vulgar associations, but endowed with an infinite soul, working purely in a kind of retreat from the world. The delusion was confirmed by the pretty poetical sort of things that the first pupils in the schools used to write, in pretty broken language. But, if the benevolent visionaries who repeated these things had lived five years with deaf mutes, seeing what was the arrogance and violence of their tempers, the childishness of their moods, and the astounding ignorance of the commonest things, and most necessary ideas, that now and then peeped out from amidst the flowers of their expression, the spectacle would have been a most bewildering one. Their whole notion of the case is, in fact, a wrong one. That interior power, supposed to be so active and blessed, has never been awakened, and the highest part of the human being is as if it did not exist. There have been a few cases of cure, of hearing being obtained, and, of course, language and mental training, after the best deaf-mute education had apparently succeeded. What those persons have told of the state of their minds—of their ideas of God, in particular—is too sad and too terrible to be cited here. It is enough to say that they had no ideas whatever on any abstract subjects till they were expressly communicated at school, and then they were at once so low and so wild, that they will not bear quotation. Yet, because the pupils use pretty similes, and write down pretty sentiments, they are supposed to mean what we should mean by the same similes and sentiments. The difference is tremendous: no less than this—that in their case there is the sign without the thing signified, and the sentimental phrase without the radical feeling under it. We must not grow too abstract. What we have said may be enough to show the depth of the misfortune that deaf mutes labor under. One fact in their case may be cited as an illustration of what we mean.

In large educational establishments for the deaf and dumb, it is found that a vast majority of the pupils who must have a vocation, wish to be artists. It is found that this will not do at all. Most of them can draw to a certain extent, and some with considerable skill; but as artists they fail utterly (though they themselves do not think so!) All the

really artistic qualities of mind are wanting in them. Where the power to represent is greatest, they still have nothing to represent but what is lowest and most obvious. It is like a blind poet attempting to describe a sunrise, or the aspect of the sea, or the desert. We know at once in his case, that there can be nothing in his description at once original and true. Deaf mutes can know no more of the deepest things in the human mind and life (as these deepest things are for social man, and are awakened only by human intercourse), than the blind man knows of golden and crimson clouds, and gleams upon the water, and the blaze and blackness of the desert.

Though we are naturally apt to overrate what education can do in the case of deaf mutes, it is not the less true that what is actually done for them in the best institutions is marvellous. It is not only that they are made happy,—that their habits are carefully formed,—their tempers controlled, and social qualities largely developed—but so much communication of minds with each other and with the external world is established that those who are aware of the difficulties of the case know not how sufficiently to admire. The pupils not only have a language of signs, but one of words, as copious as ours, however defective in the meanings conveyed; and the pupils now not only write this letter language and speak it with the fingers, but actually utter it with the organs of speech—not, of course, because they can hear themselves or anybody else but that they may the better comprehend the nature, and enjoy the uses of language. It is no uncommon thing now for advanced pupils to know what people say by the motion of their mouths, and to converse by speech, more or less odd and disagreeable, but intelligible. From these institutions they go forth fitted for various employments, and capable of various pleasures which they could never have become qualified for at home. As for their occupations, they make good copying clerks, accountants, wood-carvers, ordinary engravers, and the like: and the girls are admirable at dress-making and household arts. Their grand difficulty in life is a moral one. They have such a prodigious opinion of themselves and their order. Most other sufferers are depressed and humbled; but these are mightily exalted. From their asylum they look down on the outer world with great compassion for those who can hear and speak. It is rather difficult to make out the grounds of this compassion, although it is easy to see how the conceit must grow by the absence of collision and comparison with other minds. The parents of an existing member of Parliament (a fair speaker), were both deaf and dumb; and they made a great lamentation over each child as it was found to be able to hear. They were themselves so very happy, they said, and their poor children would, after all, be only like everybody else!

By this time the totally deaf child ought to be trained in a special school. If this is impossible, the parents and family should learn his language of natural gestures, and should teach him the finger speech. They can at least form his habits well, and, it is to be hoped, train him to govern his temper and passions. They cannot make him wise, intellectually or morally; but they may make him harmless and happy to the extent of his small moral capability. It will require incessant vigilance, good sense, self-command and self-sacrifice on the part of his guardians; but this much may be done.

For the same reason that the totally deaf should go to school, the partially deaf should remain at home; that is, should be least exposed to isolation and forlornness. The partially deaf have, it is true, no class to belong to; for there are all possible gradations of defective hearing, so that no special method of education will suit any number. The partially deaf child must stay at home, and be there enabled to make the best of a very terrible misfortune and grief. The misfortune is not for a moment to be compared to that of the deaf-mute; but the grief is infinitely greater. The sufferer has no class to belong to. He is expected to be, and to learn, and to do like others without having the means. He has the inestimable advantage of the use of language, with all the mental, moral, and social benefits it involves; but he can learn by it only what is expressly communicated to himself. For him there is no public speaking or preaching—no learning in class, where minds stimulate each other—no general conversation, with the vast amount of knowledge and variety of ideas thence arising. It is a serious thing to him, though less important, that he loses a vast amount of the most ordinary pleasures, from the grandest music to the humblest and slightest natural sounds which fall pleasantly upon the sense.

But the mere privation is his smallest grievance. His life is rendered laborious by so chief a sense serving him so ill. He is apt to brood over painful and unamiable thoughts, so solitary and still as his life for the most part is. From being driven in upon himself, he is self-conscious, shy, and too generally irritable and suspicious. While these tendencies are universally recognised and pitied, it seems strange that parents should do so little as they do to save the infirm child from the effects of his infirmity. They are constantly surprised, when it is too late, at his not knowing all manner of things that he has never been told, and which everybody else learned by general conversation. They are amazed and pained at various faults and deficiencies that early care might have obviated. By care, we do not mean indulgence. No creature has more need of the self-control obtained from steady discipline at home,

than the deaf boy or man, girl or woman. The trial to temper and self-respect is as great as well can be, and it should be timely prepared for.

The first requisite is thorough confidence between the parents (the mother especially), and the child. The mother should steady his little mind, and enter into his feelings, good or bad, and win him to confide to her all his peculiar experience. Then she will know how to give him the knowledge that he cannot get for himself. She will patiently and privately teach him whatever will best obviate any needless peculiarity. She will correct his pronunciation—accustom him to regulate his voice—take pains to find out what way of speaking best suits his ear, so as to make him hear with the least noise and disturbance. She will find that he hears worse instead of better, when people shout, or make faces; and better in proportion as people speak rationally, however much they may have to raise their voices; and her example will regulate other people's ways with him. She will take care that his nerves, always in such cases quite sensitive enough, are not heedlessly pained, and that his life, always irksome enough, is made as cheerful as good sense, courage and family affection can make it.

Above all, it is her business to warn him in time against moroseness, the unreasonableness, and the suspicious temper that will inevitably poison his life if this timely care be not taken. She will help him against them. When she sees the suspicion spring up, she will root it out by instant explanation, and lead him after a time to see how, in suspecting, he always turns out to be wrong. It is not only possible but easy, when there is good sense, courage, and love in the parent, to turn the selfish and chafing temper into one of love, trust, and repose. It is impossible to compensate for such an imperfection; but its evils and pains may be reduced to something much less than is supposed by careless observers, or by those who stand too near, and love and grieve too much to rouse their own faculties to their proper duty. It is a painful truth, but it ought to be spoken—that the family treatment of personal infirmity in any member is usually bad. Between the inexperience and small power of reflection in some,—the lack of good sense in others—false tenderness here, and hardness, through reluctance to face the truth, there—the sufferer has too often but a poor chance. Among the whole order of these sufferers, none, after the idiotic or deficient, is so sure of failure, and misery if left to himself, as the deaf child. The blind, the lame, the deformed, have much to go through; but their intellectual development and moral growth and satisfaction do not depend, as in the case of the deaf, precisely upon that part of them which is defective.

Perhaps we may, on a future occasion, go further into the proof of this point, in considering those cases, as we have that of the deaf.

DEADLY LIVELY.

There are many ways of spending a pleasant holiday in Paris. Perhaps no city on the face of the earth offers so many ways. There are the barrières, where for a few sous, the excursionist may sip his little glass of something nice, and enjoy his quadrille; there are the *cafés chantants*, where more or less exquisite singing is accompanied by very vigorous violins, and where ladies in hat and feathers of the most formidable description beg you to contribute some sous to the money-box. There are the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens; the Musée, the Louvre, and reading-rooms, where Dumas, and Sue, and Sand may be enjoyed for ten centimes. All these attractions present themselves to the mind of the Parisian holiday maker. Then there is Versailles—not to mention St. Germains, and St. Cloud. Then the open-air concerts, and dancing-dogs, and Fantoccini, and Ombres Chinoises, and Polichinelli of the Champs Elysées, are tempting. But all these are sports or pastimes adapted to the afternoon or evening, or confined to summer weather. Therefore, for early morning holiday amusement, the Parisian has no great variety of attractions. He cannot then play at dominoes or piquet; even billiards before noon are wearisome. Thus, to dispose of the morning, and at the same time to indulge that intense respect which the French feel for the dead,—excursionists, in hundreds and thousands, flock every Sunday to the great metropolitan cemeteries. Once at least in each week for the first year the near relation of a deceased is expected to visit the new grave, to decorate it, and pray for the soul that is gone. This custom is one that even the sternest philosopher, looking upon death from a material and physiological point of view, cannot wholly contemplate without some sympathy—without seeing in it some wholesome feeling, some affecting tenderness.

Yet, let a stranger take the omnibus (if he can find room in it) at the Louvre which runs to the Barrière Blanche—note by the way the many fellow-passengers in mourning who will present themselves; and, arrived at his destination, let said stranger turn to the left, and follow the crowd on the way to the great cemetery of Montmartre, and he shall see curious sights—odd incidents of mingled grief and festivity—that will puzzle him. The scene, taken as a whole, is a very gay one. Here are hundreds of children romping; stalls devoted to the sale of sweetmeats; restaurants offering a formidable list of *plâts* at wonderfully low prices; and beer and spirit shops, which appear to come in for their fair share of public patronage. But turning from the festive part of the scene, and directing his

attention to the row of shops on his right, the stranger will at once perceive that he is in the neighbourhood of a great French cemetery. From the first floor to the ground, arranged in patterns the most fantastic, and in colours the most grateful, are hung thousands of immortelles, or circular rolls of baked and dried flowers. And, judging by the brisk trade that is going on, the stranger will not think that the supply exceeds the demand by a single immortelle. Here is a grey old man chaffering for a black one, which he examines minutely, slings upon his arm, pays a few sous for, and goes tottering on his way. There is a spare pale man, in deep mourning, with a pot of roses under one arm, holding a little child, also in black, by the hand, and examining a white immortelle most anxiously—the child playing with those near her the while. His story is plain enough to the coldest heart. It is one of a home made desolate, while yet the warmth of youth and hope were about it; it is a story often read and known, unhappily—yet which we all read again when the opportunity offers—because there is a fascination in the strong sympathy it arouses, as we enjoy the tears we shed at mimic grief upon the stage. The pale man has bought the white ring meantime, and slings it, with a sad kind of playfulness, about his child's arm—and they go their way.

A hearty, lively bonne approaches the immortelle magazine. She looks in a very business-like manner at the varieties of eternal emblems about her, as she would look at a cap-ribbon. Some of them have long pious sentences worked in black flowers upon a white or yellow ground. These are probably more expensive than the plain offerings. Yet the bonne examines them, and finally becomes the excited purchaser of one, on which the words "à ma tante," are legibly worked. But this bargain has been effected only after long and vivacious discussions with the young man who accompanies the bonne. The affair once terminated, however, the lady's obvious lover politely relieves her of the trouble of carrying the offering "à ma tante," and gravely loops it upon his arm. Thus laden, he escorts his mistress to take refreshment, and then to the grave of her aunt. Then a number of very business-looking people become purchasers, and with their grave offerings hanging upon their arms, go chattily on their way.

But there are grave docorations, or pious emblems suited to the purses of all. Thus, while the little grisette seriously trips to Montmartre with the simple yellow immortelle, the flourishing tradesman's wife carries with her to the cemetery a pot of choice flowers, and a cross covered with green leaves, upon which white roses are studded at intervals. A stout gentleman of fifty may be seen toiling on his way, with a flower-pot under each arm—a young man is loaded with garden-tools—a little girl carries a plaster cast of the infant Samuel—a little boy bears a white figure of the Virgin. All are on their way to the cemetery. Some are laughing and talking—some are in mourning and are very grave—a few, from whose mourning the linendraper's crosses have not yet worn off, are crying as they go on their weekly errand.

Thus, every Sunday, the choked cemetery of Montmartre receives its thousands of pilgrims—nearly every pilgrim bearing his offering to the grave he visits. There is little that is remarkable about the cemetery, considered as a garden, or viewed with an eye to the picturesque. It appears to have been laid out in long, straight walks, intersecting one another at frequent intervals, and usually at right angles. Thus the groups of graves are generally in the form of oblongs; and visitors are enabled to examine the stones and altars very conveniently. And this examination is not without its interest. The curious expressions of grief are often touching; sometimes, to the cold eye of a stranger, altogether ludicrous. The wealthy friends of the dead have raised small chapels above the family vaults; and herein may be seen, in miniature, all the decorations of a Catholic church—even to the stained windows behind the altars, and the silver or gold candlesticks; the splendid vases, and the more costly images of the Virgin. Curtains are drawn before the doors of some of these chapels; and behind these curtains the stranger does not seek to intrude, for possibly the relatives of the dead are praying. The graves of the poor are generally marked by huge, black, wooden crosses, upon which immortelles, in various stages of decay, from the bright crome offering of to-day, to the shrivelled emblem of three months ago, swing in the wind. Other graves are little gardens, where the earliest flowers of the spring and the latest autumnal blossoms may be always found. These are not the least interesting graves at Montmartre.

The children's graves, however, are at once the most curious and the most touching. Here are the faded playthings, the withered wreath worn at the confirmation, the coral necklace that was about the little one's neck when it walked in procession from its school—the winner of a school prize, a prize not the least sweet of those that lie in the human way from childhood to infirmity. There is very little pride of grief perceptible in all these strange aids to memory of the dead. And when (as on any Sunday at Montmartre he may) the foreign visitor suddenly comes upon two people—the mother in tears, and the father sadly proceeding with his work upon a grave—watches till they are gone, then reads that the earth below contains the body of their child, and then notes the fresh offering that has been deposited, and the effect of the tender hands that have wandered over the spot,—he cannot see in all this, even in its childish expressions, anything at all ludicrous. These are cares for the grave, churchyard sentiments, not liked nor

practised in England; but it is impossible to see all that any Sunday exhibits at Montmartre and not be touched with a kindly feeling, and an honest sentiment almost of affection for the pilgrims who carry their dried emblems there.

There is a serious middle-aged man vigorously sweeping away all the dead leaves from his family tomb, while his wife and daughter stand by, ready to plant above the remains of some dear lost one the flowers they have brought near the barrier. They all kneel and pray, adjust their flowers, and quietly, reverently, leave the spot. But, wherever the stranger turns, he will find kneeling pilgrims.

Very old women are here, too, in close communion with the spirit of the scene; and on all sides are black dresses and hat-bands. Some are devoutly crossing themselves; others are reading epitaphs. On all sides are pilgrims thickly clustered. They people the narrow avenues between the little chapels; they are squeezed between the tombstones; they may be seen crowding in past the great iron gates; they are equally perceptible in the distant perspective of the long, straight walks. One spot, however, appears to be attractive only to the poor; and a very strange picture does this same spot present.

The reader should know that these graves at Montmartre which are not bought "in perpetuity" are let for fifteen years, at the expiration of which tenancy the unconscious tenant is ousted from his resting-place, and conveyed to a spot whither all fifteen-year tenants are removed under similar circumstances. This spot is a very conspicuous and easily accessible one, it being the point to which many broad paths converge. And here a stranger who has been wandering thoughtfully down one of these paths is suddenly struck by the sight of a huge pyramid, perhaps thirty feet high. All about it, in various attitudes, and at various distances, are groups of poor people—some in bright holiday costume, others in states betokening the want of many of life's necessaries; some kneeling and praying fervently, others curtseying and crossing themselves. These are the poor pilgrims of Montmartre, and they have come to pray at this great common grave, because it contains the bones of some one who was once possibly kind and good to them.

At a distance the pyramid which covers this dead men's common land appears to be built of earth and rubbish. Approach it, and it is discovered to be a huge mound of the decayed immortelles sold at the Barrière Blanche. This immense pyramid is, then, the gathered offerings of thousands of pilgrims, all mouldering here, yet receiving fresh supplies ever Sunday. A near inspection discloses all kinds of little injured images, half buried under the withered flowers. Above all, lie bright, fresh flowers, just thrown upon the pyramid!

The stranger, wearied at length with the fantastic phases of grief and devotion he has seen in the cemetery, follows the crowd back towards the Barrière. It is now four hours past noon, and the cafés and restaurants are beginning to assume a gay aspect. Continuing to follow some of the wanderers from the cemetery, he will be led up a steep hill to the windmills he can already see far above him. He will notice that many of the pilgrims are still about him; that their faces are relaxing. He climbs a steep ascent, at length, by a tortuous path, and finds himself upon the summit of the heights of Montmartre. Here he may enjoy a splendid view of Paris for two sous; by turning to the left he may enjoy all the pleasures of a swing—pleasures over which he will percieve that several of the pilgrims are laughing; by turning to the right he may refresh himself in some airy gardens, laid out like country tea-gardens, but offering in the stead of tea, currant-water, barley-water, sweetened, and other popular Parisian drinks. When he has sufficiently amused himself here, he will descend, and return to the Barrière. Here he will find, in full force, all the gaieties of a Parisian Sunday evening. Brisk parties of grisettes tripping into lively saloons to eat their three *plâts* (which a party of four economically order for two), and enjoy their tumbler of Mâcon and water; sober family groups also on their way to dinner with their children; omnibuses undergoing the rigid searching of the octroi authorities; musicians exercising their art with indifferent success; loud vendors of liquorice-water in sky-blue cocked hats,—all full of life; while the great graveyard of Montmartre, close by, echoes along its dark avenues the laughter of the pilgrims of the morning. Many of them will possibly be at the Barrière ball to night, and will return to the heart of Paris by the last omnibus. Many possibly will enjoy a little supper when the ball is over, and then quietly walk home. In none of these can the stranger realise the serious men and women, who, when the sun was high in the heavens to-day, did duty as pilgrims beside the graves of Montmartre. Yet they did this duty honestly, he hopes and believes.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasised his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

"In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS GRADGRIND, Sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir.

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls," for "sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanising apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtseying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't, Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about

that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous colour from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little colour he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind. "You know what a horse is."

She curtseyed again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennæ of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; in his way (and in most other people's too), a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be heard of at the bar of his little Public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought all England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common-sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great public-office Millennium, when Commissioners should reign upon earth.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is in these examinations.

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No sir!" from the other.

"Of course no," said the gentleman with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this

time that "No, sir," was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy——"

"Ay, ay, ay! But you musn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Mary Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You dont find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

The girl curtseyed, and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter of fact prospect the world afforded."

"Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild," said the gentleman, "will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure."

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. "Mr. M'Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters, had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stoney way into Her Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, M'Choakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

He went to work in this preparatory lesson, not unlike Morgiana in the Forty Thieves: looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good M'Choakumchild. When from thy boiling store, thou shall fill each jar brim full by and by, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within—or sometimes only maim him and distort him!

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Gradgrind walked homeward from the school, in a state of considerable satisfaction. It was his school, and he intended it to be a model. He intended every child in it to be a model—just as the young Gradgrinds were all models.

There were five young Gradgrinds, and they were models every one. They had been lectured at, from their tenderest years; coursed, like little hares. Almost as soon as they could run alone, they had been made to run to the lecture-room. The first object with which they had an association, or of which they had a remembrance, was a large black board with a dry Ogre chalking ghastly white figures on it.

Not that they knew, by name or nature, anything about an Ogre. Fact forbid! I only use the word to express a monster in a lecturing castle, with Heaven knows how many heads manipulated into one, taking childhood captive, and dragging it into gloomy statistical dens by the hair.

No little Gradgrind had ever seen a face in the moon; it was up in the moon before it could speak distinctly. No little Gradgrind had ever learnt the silly jingle, Twinkle

twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are; it had never known wonder on the subject, having at five years old dissected the Great Bear like a Professor Owen, and driven Charles's Wain like a locomotive engine-driver. No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field with that famous cow with the crumpled horn who tossed the dog who worried the cat who killed the rat who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow who swallowed Tom Thumb; it had never heard of those celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous ruminating quadruped with several stomachs.

To his matter of fact home, which was called Stone Lodge, Mr. Gradgrind directed his steps. He had virtually retired from the wholesale hardware trade before he built Stone Lodge, and was now looking about for a suitable opportunity of making an arithmetical figure in Parliament. Stone Lodge was situated on a moor within a mile or two of a great town—called Coketown in the present faithful guide-book.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast up, balanced and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four and twenty carried over to the back. A lawn and garden and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like a botanical account-book. Gas and ventilation, drainage and water-service, all of the primest quality. Iron clamps and girders, fireproof from top to bottom; mechanical lifts for the housemaids, with all their brushes and brooms; everything that heart could desire.

Everything? Well I suppose so. The little Gradgrinds had cabinets in various departments of science too. They had a little conchological cabinet, and a little metallurgical cabinet, and a little mineralogical cabinet; and the specimens were all arranged and labelled, and the bits of stone and ore looked as though they might have been broken from their parent substances by those tremendously hard instruments, their own names; and, to paraphrase the idle legend of Peter Piper, who had never found his way into *their* nursery. If the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at more than this, what was it for good gracious goodness sake, that the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at!

Their father walked on in a hopeful and satisfied frame of mind. He was an affectionate father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself (if he had been put, like Sissy Jupe, upon a definition) as "an eminently practical" father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatsoever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatsoever the subject of such meeting, some Coketowner was sure to seize the occasion of alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind. This always pleased the eminently practical friend. He knew it to be his due, but his due was acceptable.

He had reached the neutral ground upon the outskirts of the town, which was neither town nor country, and yet was either spoiled, when his ears were invaded by the sound of music. The clashing and banging band attached to the horse-riding establishment which had there set up its rest in a wooden pavilion, was in full bray. A flag, floating from the summit of the temple, proclaimed to mankind that it was "Sleary's Horse-riding" which claimed their suffrages. Sleary himself, a stout modern statue with a money-box at its elbow, in an ecclesiastical niche of early Gothic architecture, took the money. Miss Josephine Sleary, as some very long and very narrow strips of printed bill announced, was then inaugurating the entertainments with her graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act. Among the other pleasing but always strictly moral wonders which must be seen to be believed, Signor Jupe was that afternoon to "elucidate the diverting accomplishments of his highly trained performing dog Merrylegs." He was also to exhibit "his astounding feat of throwing seventy-five hundred weight in rapid succession backhanded over his head thus forming a fountain of solid iron in mid air, a feat never before attempted in this or any other country and which having elicted such rapturous plaudits from enthusiastic throngs it cannot be withdrawn." The same Signor Jupe was to "enliven the varied performances at frequent intervals with his chaste Shakspererean quips and retorts." Lastly, he was to wind them up by appearing in his favorite character of Mr. William Button, of Tooley Street, in "the highly novel and laughable hippocomedietta of The Tailor's Journey to Brentford."

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities of course, but passed on as a practical man ought to pass on, either brushing the noisy insects from his thoughts, or consigning them to the House of Correction. But, the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place.

This brought him to a stop. "Now, to think of these vagabonds," said he, "attracting the young rabble from a model school!"

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then be-

hold but his own metallurgical Louis peeping with all her might through a hole in a deal board, and his own mathematical Thomas abasing himself on the ground to catch but a hoof of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower act!

Dumb with amazement, Mr. Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said:

"Louisa!! Thomas!!"

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine.

"In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!" said Mr. Gradgrind, leading each away by a hand; "what do you do here?"

"Wanted to see what it was like," returned Louisa shortly.

"What it was like?"

"Yes, father."

There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl: yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. Not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way.

She was a child now, of fifteen or sixteen; but at no distant day would seem to become a woman all at once. Her father thought so as he looked at her. She was pretty. Would have been self-willed (he thought in his eminently practical way) but for her bringing-up.

"Thomas, though I have the fact before me, I find it difficult to believe that you, with your education and resources, should have brought your sister to a scene like this."

"I brought *him*, father," said Louisa, quickly. "I asked him to come."

"I am sorry to hear it. I am very sorry indeed to hear it. It makes Thomas no better, and it makes you worse, Louisa."

She looked at her father again, but no tear fell down her cheek.

"You! Thomas and you, to whom the circle of the sciences is open, Thomas and you who may be said to be replete with facts, Thomas and you who have been trained to mathematical exactness, Thomas and you here!" cried Mr. Gradgrind. "In this degraded position! I am amazed."

"I was tired, father. I have been tired a long time," said Louisa.

"Tired? Of what?" asked the astonished father.

"I don't know of what—of everything I think."

"Say not another word," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "You are childish. I will hear no more." He did not speak again until they had walked some half-a-mile in silence, when he gravely broke out with: "What would your best friends say, Louisa? Do you attach no value to their good opinion? What would Mr. Bounderby say?"

At the mention of this name, his daughter stole a look at him, remarkable for its intense and searching character. He saw nothing of it, for before he looked at her she had again cast down her eyes!

"What," he repeated presently, "would Mr. Bounderby say?" All the way to Stone Lodge, as with grave indignation he led the two delinquents home, he repeated at intervals, "What would Mr. Bounderby say?"—as if Mr. Bounderby had been Mrs. Grundy.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

As we listen to the street-child, crying "fine Saint Michael's, four a-penny!" how many of us have bestowed a single thought upon the many interests involved, the many energies brought into action, in the production and transport of these fruits from the south to our cold, dull countries of the north! How few of us have any conception of the vast tracts of land required to rear these pleasant products of the soil; of the hands employed in the culture: of the beautiful ships, of the noble steam-vessels engaged in transporting them from foreign lands to these shores: of the railway-trains employed at certain seasons, to whisk the cooling cargoes from Southampton to London, while their consumers are sleeping in their beds: of the large piles of massive warehouses required to store, to sample, and to sell them by auction: of the mean squalor and desolation of the great retail orange-mart in Duke's Place; of the thousands of men, women, and children who draw a subsistence from their sale in the streets, in steamboats, at fairs, in theatres, or wherever people congregate. It may be well to know something of all this, and to learn how important a part is thus played in a densely peopled country, by articles apparently so insignificant as oranges and lemons, and moreover, how it is that this fruit, coming to us from enormous distances at great cost, is sold in our streets at a cheaper rate than our own apples and pears.

The reader will scarcely need to be told that the trade in oranges is of much greater extent than that in lemons. In London alone it has been computed that there are annually sold not fewer than one hundred millions of the former fruit and twenty millions of the latter; about one-fourth of the oranges being disposed of in the streets and theatres. This street business in fruit is a trade of some antiquity, dating back beyond the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and growing until at the present time there cannot be less than seven thousand

persons thus occupied in the metropolis alone, and possibly not fewer than ten thousand persons so engaged throughout the country.

If we consult botanical authorities, we shall learn that the *citrus* family embrace within it the orange, the shaddock, the citron, the lemon, the lime, and the forbidden fruit. Of these there are many different species, all natives of tropical countries, where they flourish in great abundance. According to some authors, there are as many as seventy-five species of oranges, both bitter and sweet, forty-six of lemons, seventeen of citrons, eight of limes, six of shaddocks, and five of bergamots.

These varieties are now to be met with in all parts of the East and West Indies, Australia, Japan, the Cape Colony, in South America, the Azores, Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy. It may readily be imagined by those even who have never quitted Europe, how highly prized these juicy fruits are by the parched inhabitants of tropical countries; how eagerly a small cluster or grove of oranges or shaddocks is sought and tended by dwellers in oriental lands. So welcome, so highly esteemed are those fruits as the choicest gifts of a bountiful Providence, that on New Year's Day, on birthdays, at marriage feasts, and at other festivals, the most fitting present by which regard and esteem may be marked, is an elegant little basket full of oranges and limes.

In years gone by, when steam and electricity were slumbering agencies, our supplies of green fruit were necessarily drawn from those countries only which were near our shores. Our oranges and lemons in those days came from Spain and Portugal. Steam has, however, in this case as in many others, opened fresh sources of supply, and now-a-days our fresh-fruit market is well stored with the luscious productions of the most distant tropical regions. The West India Islands furnish us with pine-apples, bananas, forbidden-fruit, and citrons. The Azores, Madeiras, Malta, Crete, as well as Spain and Portugal, send us oranges; while lemons are sent to us from several islands in the Mediterranean.

Although we are less dependent upon these fruits as aliment than the inhabitants of warmer lands, we are still largely indebted to them as tending to promote health, especially for the poorer classes; who have not access to more costly fruit. An unwise policy, however, had until very recently levied a customs duty upon fruit of all kinds, including even oranges and lemons, which were not competing with any of their kindred, grown in this country; where indeed they are never produced but as rare objects in the hot-houses of the wealthy; and, even then, turn out to be flavourless and sickly. A wise policy has so lowered these fruit duties as to bring oranges within the reach of the poorest in the land. The tax which was formerly levied upon them at the rate of two shillings and sixpence or three shillings and ninepence per box of about two bushels each, with a further five per cent. added, is now no more than eightpence the bushel. The duty on nuts has been reduced one-half; grapes pay but twopence per bushel, and apples and pears threepence.

The varieties of oranges most commonly met with in this country are the Saint Michael, the Lisbon, the Seville, and the Maltese. The first named are in greatest repute amongst us on account of the richness and delicacy of their flavour, and may be readily known by the smoothness and thinness of their skins. They are cultivated, as their name indicates, at the island of Saint Michael, one of the Azores or Western Islands, and also at Terceira and in St. Mary's of the same group. The China orange is grown abundantly in Lisbon, Spain, Malta, and the Azores; the proper Maltese orange, however, is a distinct species, having a pulp of a deep blood-red colour. The Seville orange, coming only from Spain, possesses a bitter flavour and thicker rind, and is chiefly employed in the manufacture of wine, shrub, and marmalade. Since the reduction of duty it is computed that the total quantity of oranges imported into the United Kingdom cannot be less than three hundred millions in round numbers, of which one-third, as we have already stated, find their way to London.

The cultivation of oranges in the Western Islands was introduced from Portugal; and so genial were the soil and climate found for them, that they have now taken the place of nearly all other produce, and have become a most important article of trade from those islands. Saint Michael annually exports two hundred cargoes of the fruit, amounting to about two hundred thousand boxes of a thousand oranges each. Terceira ships twenty or thirty cargoes. Saint Mary's and Fayal, however, have not nearly so large an export. The culture of oranges in all these islands is now as essential to the well-being of the inhabitants, as is the growth of rice to Hindoos, the produce of the vine to the people of southern France, or the yield of apples to our countrymen in Devonshire. Every family however poor has its *quinta*, as an orange garden is termed, which may number from a dozen to a thousand trees. The marriage-portion of a bride of Saint Michael consists not of money nor of jewels, but of a certain number of orange trees in full bearing; and that villager considers himself fortunate who can bestow a score of such trees on each of his daughters.

These quintals are prettily laid out; the trees being planted in regular rows, with tall shady hedges about them of some quick-growing plants, which serve to break the force of the wind, and so protect the delicate blossom and tender young fruit during the equinoxes. They require seven years to arrive at maturity, during which time green

crops of various kinds are taken from the ground, but seldom after the trees are in full bearing, unless by the very poor. They are planted twenty-five or thirty feet apart, and soon attain a height of thirty feet. Great pains are taken to keep them thoroughly free from the attacks of insects and also well pruned; an operation which is performed every year. The cultivator in short devotes the whole of his working hours and all his best energies to the care of his quinta, not only during its early growth, but when it has arrived at maturity; for, upon its produce, his main dependence is placed, quite as much indeed as that of the Irish cottier upon his potato-field. The orange is his staff of life.

The cost of sheltering one acre of orange trees amounts to fifteen pounds sterling; eight pounds for the plants, and a further sum of about two pounds for placing them in the ground. For seven years they give no yield; during the next three years they produce a half crop, and at the end of that time may be said to be in full production. Some of these trees attain a great age and an enormous size; more than one we have heard of as measuring seven feet round the base of the stem. Their yield is also great, reaching in favourable positions and in good seasons to so much as twenty boxes, of a thousand oranges each, from one tree; as many as twenty-six thousand fruit have been known to be gathered from one of these prolific trees, and it may therefore be readily believed that during the ripening season, large supports have to be placed beneath the branches to prevent the great weight of fruit from breaking them away from the trunk.

The appearance of the many quintas throughout the undulating face of Saint Michael, half hidden amongst dense shades of deep green foliage is extremely picturesque. Some have their little cottage and patch of garden-stuff; others of ampler dimensions have their "casinhos," and their rich pleasure-grounds and ornamental work; but all are surmounted by a tower of wood and a little flag-staff, whence on saint-days, and Sundays, and festivals, pennants and flags wave gaily in the sunny breeze, aping the fun and frolic that is going on below. On these occasions, be the occupants rich or poor, no work is attempted. Pic-nics, tea-parties of all kinds, with singing and dancing, and love-making on the soft green sward and under the shade of heavily laden fruit trees, whose golden treasures dance in the summer sea-wind, are the only occupation of the people at those times. In those cool, pleasant retreats, the maiden and her lover, the priest, the peasant, the noble, the trader, the busy townsman, all congregate; and, with the bright blue sky above, the rich green turf below, the merry sound of pipe and tabor, the song of birds of gorgeous plumage, the laugh of children around and about, the fragrant perfume of orange, and citron, and myrtle blossoms, floating in the air,—there amidst all this grow to maturity the ripe, rich fruit that within but one short week, by the potent aid of wind and steam, shall be, after some tossing and tumbling, thrust into London faces in London thoroughfares, with the London cry of "only four a-penny—fine Saint Michael's!"

In the quintas of the Azores, the orange trees blossom in March and April, when copious showers, added to the growing warmth of the sun, give new life to vegetation. In the best situations the fruit will begin to ripen by October, and in the following month a gathering may be made of small quantities for the London market, where the first arrivals of the season always command high prices and ready sales. They are, however, not in full profusion until January, before which time the Portugese seldom taste any. By the end of February the whole crop will be off the trees, and the greater portion away from the islands. In this way the trees have not a very long respite between the gathering and the blossoming; they may in fact be said to be producing all the year round. A variety of other fruits will be frequently grown in these quintas, such as limes, guavas, citrons, lemons, &c.; but only for the local consumption, oranges being the sole article of export.

In Spain and Portugal the orange trees are planted and cultivated much in the same manner as in the islands, but without the necessity for shading by high fences. The Porto and Seville orange trees do not attain a similar size to those of the China and Saint Michael's, nor do they produce nearly as abundantly. The usual annual yield of a Seville tree will be eight thousand. Previous to the reduction of the duty on foreign fruit, the importers were exceedingly particular in regard to the size of the oranges received from Spain and Portugal. None beyond a certain dimension were shipped to our market; and, to enable the packers of the fruit to determine which should go and which be rejected, it was usual for them to have a metal ring in their hands with which they rapidly gauged the fruit, as they received it from the country boats. Such oranges as passed through the ring were left for packing; those which were found too large were flung into the river; and we have been assured by a traveller that during the gathering season he has seen the Douro completely covered by the rejected fruit. Thus we see one of the destructive effects of protective duties. The waste they occasioned in this way of all sorts of foreign produce, was enormous. But, happily, no such waste takes place now. Under the present system of low duties, oranges of all sizes are brought to market, and can now be afforded at a price equal to that of our own home-grown apples.

Lemons are brought in large quantities from Sicily, where they are cultivated on precisely the same principles as the orange in

the Western Islands. They are received, however, rather later in the season, and are packed in square cases, instead of the peculiar long boxes in which oranges arrive. A large proportion of the importation of lemons is used for confectionary purposes, whilst the juice is in great demand in the royal and mercantile navy for the prevention or removal of scurvy; it is also used for manufacturing and chemical purposes.

The transport of the three hundred millions of oranges annually consumed in this country gives employment to not fewer than two hundred and twenty clipper-built schooners. These smart vessels may be seen any day between December and May discharging their cargoes at the various wharves of Lower Thames Street, opposite the great heart of the British orange world—Botolph and Pudding Lanes, London. Files of Corporation fruit-porters (among the sturdiest and longest-lived samples of vested rights and protected labour, fostered by the behind-the-age Municipality of London), staggering under long cases squeezed in at the middle, issue from one of those trim schooners, up tall, dangerous ladders; along wet slippery wharves; under dark gateways, across crowded muddy Thames Street; through the mazes of Botolph and Pudding Lanes, in at a wide portal, and finally are lost to sight above a huge wooden sloping grating, not unlike a gigantic plate-rack.

It is truly wonderful to see how those heavily laden porters contrive to pass through life and Botolph Lane without dislocating a few of their necks, or deranging the economy of their joints. They appear to be at it all day long like a busy nest of ants, or a bustling hive of bees; and one can but wonder what becomes of such myriads of oranges, and how many fairs and races they go to; how many bottles of ginger-beer and bills of the play will be disposed of in their society; and finally, how many falls on the pavement their rinds will occasion.

The huge warehouses in Botolph and Pudding Lanes are the great fruit emporiums of our metropolis. There floor upon floor, story upon story, may be seen piled and heaped and blocked up with chests, boxes, sacks, baskets, barrels, all bursting with their rich fruitiness. In cold dark stone cellars, in lofty ground floors, in topmost cock-loft, not a foot of space is wasted; every square yard is economised, and made to perform its utmost functions. Grapes, chestnuts, pine-apples, pears, citrons, hazel-nuts, oranges and lemons, all are there in overwhelming abundance, in wagon-loads, in heaped-up piles, in towering pyramids.

A busier and a noisier scene is going on in another part of the great "orange territory." In Monument Yard is one of the largest fruit firms in this metropolis—in the world. They are the brokers who, almost daily during the season, hold auctions of the fruits they have on hand. In a long, not over cleanly room, looking out upon the great stone Monument, are some desks, a solid table, and rows of benches, on which, in all sorts of attitudes, are to be seen all sorts of fruit buyers. When pine-apples, grapes, and French and Dutch soft fruit are on sale, the assembly will be rather more select; but for the orange and lemon business, the company comprises several West-end buyers, with a motley crew of noisy greasy folks from the purlieus of Duke's Place, Covent Garden and Spitalfields. Those men it is who, buying the fruit in lots of eight cases, retail them out at a good profit to costermongers and small shopkeepers.

We have said before, that the earliest oranges brought to the market command a high fancy price, and are eagerly bought up. Besides this inducement, there is not a little spirit of rivalry amongst the different fruit brokers, and it is always a great point to be the first in the market with new fruit. To attain this great efforts are made. Steamers are now used to bring the first parcels of oranges from Portugal, whilst the fastest sailing clipper schooners are engaged for the first shipments of the Saint Michael crop. Here we find the railway stepping in, and accomplishing what was never before thought of. The London and South-Western Railway keeps up a continuous stream of traffic between the Southampton waters and the Thames. So much energy, indeed, has lately been thrown into this line, that Southampton is thought by many to bid fair at no very distant day to become a huge London Dock and bonded warehouse.

Let us see what this company does for the orange dealers of London.

The fruit sales in Monument Yard have not yet come on; the noisy room is empty; a dozen clerks have totalled up the day's work. The principals are about to leave their desks, when lo! a telegraphic message from Southampton gives them notice that one of their orange clippers is in sight off the port. All is bustle in the office at Monument Yard, and in a few minutes circulars are conveyed by messengers to the buyers north, south, east and west of the metropolis, informing them that by ten o'clock on the following morning their first parcel of the new Saint Michael crop will be on view in their ware-rooms. The orange clipper reaches the Southampton Docks before night. By an arrangement made with the Custom-House authorities, a portion of the cargo is landed "under bond," and in that state loaded in the covered wagons of the railway company. Steam soon wafts them to London. They are safely housed in the company's depot at Nine Elms. Before break of day next morning they are loaded in a barge. A deep fog comes on, promising to disappoint the fruit buyers equally with the brokers. The fog clears up, but the tide has turned dead against the barge bound to

Nicholson's wharf. Once more steam comes to the rescue. A spare "Bachelor" or "Wedding-ring," or "Citizen A," is hired to tug it up against wind and tide, and all is safe. The wharf is reached, the boxes of new fruit are landed, and in a few minutes more the oranges which, on the previous evening were skimming the British Channel, will be tasted in the show-room in Monument Yard.

The directors of the South-Western Railway are not content with what they have already achieved. One triumph leads to another, and having succeeded, as thus shown, in placing the Channel and the Thames wharves next door to each other, they are now intent upon erecting such a commodious range of warehouses at the Nine Elms terminus as shall serve as bonded storerooms, where, if they choose, the importers of goods may expose their produce to their customers, and where bargains may be made without the necessity for dispatching cargoes to the city. The company have purchased an extensive tract of river frontage for the purpose, and are now at work upon this huge pile. It is certain that any arrangement which may tend to relieve the great metropolis of some of its redundant traffic, to lessen the dense crush in the too-thronged streets, will prove a boon that should not be too lightly thought of, provided the interests and requirements of commerce are equally cared for.

Our picture of "Oranges and Lemons" will scarcely be complete without a passing notice of the great Hebrew fruit mart in Duke's Place. The correct name of this locality is Saint James's Place, and it is supposed that its more popular title had its origin in a certain "Duke's Palace" which stood upon the spot where London's wealthy citizens congregated about Tower Hill, the London Wall, and Bishop's Gate. At the present time there is small vestige of anything ducal about the spot. It has not its like anywhere about the metropolis, and to be thoroughly understood must be seen. It is true that Duke's Place is dirty and rickety; yet, in spite of this, there is an air of Orientalism, of Eastern independence, which gives a charm even to the dingy wares, and the empty packages. The open-air shops, piled up with ripe, luscious, radiant fruit, are duplicates of the Indian bazaars we have walked through in our Eastern travels, though without their sunshine. The handsome, nut-brown, dark-haired, daughters of Israel, jewelled and ribboned, and smiling, seen dimly amidst the shadows of those murky spots, appear like breathing pictures of a master hand.

All day and every day, Saturdays alone excepted, these busy "fruit-wives" ply their avocations, whilst their lords and masters are out on weighty matters, attending fruit sales at the broker's, inspecting and valuing cargoes of newly-landed oranges and nuts, or gathering information, or bartering, or a thousand other things by which they may "put money in their purse." If we credit the words of the dark-haired maid of Judah who is counting out a hundred of oranges into a retailer's basket—and gallantry bids us not doubt her—she is selling her fruit at precisely the price it cost; a marvellous proceeding truly, and which induces astonishment that all Duke's Place has not been forced through the Insolvent Court years ago! We could not avoid asking ourself if this be so, whence come the glittering rings and gay ear-rings worn by our bright-eyed informant? and whence too the rich furniture and costly fittings, that peer at us through the thick atmosphere from first-floor windows? Aladdin, we are told, had his precious stores of jewelled wealth in marvellous gardens far underground; the magicians of Duke's Place cultivate their trees of precious stones on the first and second floors.

Fridays and Sunday mornings are the great fair days of orange and nut dealing in this quarter. At such times it presents a busy aspect with the motley crowd of men, boys and women from all parts of the metropolis, —the "costers" of London, and who are said to number about four thousand. Carts, hand-barrows, flats, baskets, sacks, all are ready for their destined loads; and so active are these people, that in a few hours all will be again quiet; the business of the day is done, and it is not an unusual thing for one of these Duke's Place merchants to handle between one and two hundred pounds within a very brief space of time.

There are features of this trade which it may be well not to overlook in our brief notice, for though not apparent at first sight, they are important in their results. One of them is the encouragement which the increasing trade in oranges and lemons gives to the building and navigating of clipper ships. Fruits so perishable as these demand a rapid transit; and hence, although steam does much, there has, with the expanding trade, grown up a large class of fast-sailing, well-manned schooners, equal in most respects to any gentleman's yacht, affording an admirable training for efficient sailors and masters.

The part played by oranges and lemons in improving the health of our large town populations, is not less important; vast numbers of the poorer classes would be otherwise debarred from the use of any anti-scorbutic during the spring and early summer, a period when the absence of vegetables and home-grown fruits renders such things as oranges doubly valuable.

The juice of lemons, or "lime-juice," as it is called, is equally valuable during long voyages at sea, where of necessity access to vegetables and fruit is out of the question, and where a more than usual quantity of salt meat must be consumed. It is not too much to say that thousands of lives have been saved by the use of lime-juice on board ship, whilst millions of lives on shore have been

prolonged and rendered more enjoyable by the cheapening of oranges.

SHARPENING THE SCYTHE.

In the heart of a high table-land that overlooks many square leagues of the rich scenery of Devonshire, the best scythe-stone is found. The whole face of the enormous cliff in which it is contained is honeycombed with minute quarries; half-way down there is a waggon road, entirely formed of the sand cast out from them. To walk along that vast soft terrace on a July evening is to enjoy one of the most delightful scenes in England. Forests of fir rise overhead like cloud on cloud; through openings of these there peeps the purple moorland stretching far southward to the Roman Camp, and barrows from which spears and skulls are dug continually. Whatever may be underground, it is all soft and bright above, with heath and wild flowers, about which a breeze will linger in the hottest noon. Down to the sand road the breeze does not come; there we may walk in calm, and only see that it is quivering among the topmost trees. From the camp the Atlantic can be seen, but from the sand road the view is more limited, though many a bay and headland far beneath show where the ocean of a past age rolled. Fossils and shells are almost as plentiful within the cliff as the scythe-stone itself, and wondrous bones of extinct animals are often brought to light.

All day long, summer and winter, in the sombre fir-groves may be heard the stroke of the spade and the click of the hammer; a hundred men are at work like bees upon the cliff, each in his own cell of the great honeycomb, his private passage. The right to dig in his own burrow each of these men has purchased for a trifling sum, and he toils in it daily. Though it is a narrow space, in which he is not able to stand upright, and can scarcely turn,—though the air in it that he breathes is damp and deadly,—though the colour in his cheek is commonly the hectic of consumption, and he has a cough that never leaves him night or day,—though he will himself remark that he does not know amongst his neighbours one old man,—and though, all marrying early, few ever see a father with his grown-up son, yet,for all this, the scythe-stone cutter works in his accustomed way, and lives his short life merrily, that is to say, he drinks down any sense or care that he might have. These poor men are almost without exception sickly drunkards. The women of this community are not much healthier. It is their task to cut and shape the rough-hewn stone into those pieces wherewith "the mower whets his scythe." The thin particles of dust that escape during this process are very pernicious to the lungs; but, as usual, it is found impossible to help the ignorant sufferers by anything in the form of an idea from without; a number of masks and respirators have been more than once provided for them by the charity of the neighbouring gentry, but scarcely one woman has given them her countenance.

The short life of the scythe-stone cutter is also always liable to be abruptly ended. Safely requires that fir poles from the neighbouring wood should be driven in one by one on either side of him, and a third flat stake be laid across to make the walls and roof safe, as the digger pushes his long burrow forward. Cheap as these fir poles are, they are too often dispensed with. There is scarcely one of the hundred mined entrances of disused caverns here to be seen, through which some crushed or suffocated workman has not been brought out dead. The case is common. A man cannot pay the trifle that is necessary to buy fir poles for the support of his cell walls; the consequence is, that sooner or later, it must almost inevitably happen that one stroke of the pickaxe shall produce a fall of sand behind him, and set an impassable barrier between him and the world without. It will then be to little purpose that another may be working near him prompt to give the alarm and get assistance; tons upon tons of heavy sand divide the victim from the rescuers, and they must prop and roof their way at every step, lest they too perish. Such accidents are therefore mostly fatal; if the man was not at once crushed by a fall of sand upon him, he has been cut off from the outer air, and suffocated in his narrow worm-hole. Whiteknights is a small village at the foot of this cliff, inhabited almost entirely by persons following this scythe-stone trade. The few agricultural labourers there to be met with may be distinguished at a glance from their brethren of the pits; the bronzed cheeks from the hectic, the muscular frames from the bodies which disease has weakened, and which dissipation helps to a more swift decay. The cottages are not ill built, and generally stand detached in a small garden; their little porches may be seen of an evening thronged with dirty pretty children, helping father outside his cavern by carrying the stone away in little baskets, as he brings it out to them.

Beside the Luta rivulet, which has pleasanter nooks, more flowery banks, and falls more musical than any stream in Devon; beside this brook, and parted by a little wood of beeches and wild laurel from the village, is a very pearl of cottages. Honeysuckle, red rose, and sweet briar hold it entangled in a fragrant network; they fall over the little windows, making twilight at midnoon, yet nobody has ever thought of cutting them away or tying up a single tendril. Grandfather Markham and his daughter Alice, with John Drewit, her husband and master of the house, used to live there, and they had three little children, Jane, Henry, and Joe.

A little room over the porch was especially neat. It was the best room in the cottage, and therein was lodged old Markham, who

had, so far as the means of his children went, the best of board as well. He was not a very old man, but looked ten years older than he was, and his hand shook through an infirmity more grevious than age. He was a gin-drinker. John Drewit had to work very hard to keep not only his own household in food and clothing, but also his poor old father-in-law in drink.

John was a hale young man when first I knew him, but he soon began to alter. As soon as it was light he was away to the sand-cliff by a pleasant winding path through the beechwood and up the steps which his own spade had cut. One or two of them he had made broader than the rest at intervals, where one might willingly sit down to survey the glory spread beneath; the low, white, straw-thatched farms gleaming like light amongst the pasture lands, the little towns each with its shining river, and the great old city in the hazy distance; the high beacon hills, the woods, and far as eye could see the mist that hung over the immense Atlantic. This resting on the upward path, at first a pleasure, became soon a matter of necessity, and that, too, long before the cough had settled down upon him; few men in Whiteknights have their lungs so whole that they can climb up to their pits without a halt or two.

The old man helped his son-in-law sometimes; he was a good sort of old man by nature, and not a bit more selfish than a drunkard always must be. He ground the rough stones into shape at home, minded the children in his daughter's absence, and even used the pick himself when he was sober. John, too, was for his wife's sake tolerant of the old man's infirmity, though half his little earnings went to gratify the old man's appetite. At last necessity compelled him to be, as he thought, undutiful. Print after print vanished from the cottage walls, every little ornament, not actually necessary furniture, was sold: absolute want threatened the household, when John at last stated firmly, though tenderly, that grandfather must give up the gin-bottle or find some other dwelling. Alice was overcome with tears, but when appealed to by the old man, pointed to her dear husband, and bowed her head to his wise words.

For two months after this time, there were no more drunken words nor angry tongues to be heard within John's pleasant cottage. Nothing was said by daughter or by son-in-law of the long score at the public-house that was being paid off by instalments; the daughter looked no longer at her father with reproachful eyes, and the children never again had to be taken to bed before their time—hurried away from the sight of their grandfather's shame. At last, however, on one Sunday evening in July, the ruling passion had again the mastery; Markham came home in a worse state than ever; and in addition to the usual debasement, it was evident that he was possessed also by some maudlin terror, that he had no power to express.

Leaving him on his bed in a lethargic sleep, John sallied forth as usual at dawn; his boys, Harry and Joe, carrying up for him his miner's spade and basket. Heavy hearted as he was, he could not help being gladdened by the wonderful beauty of the landscape. His daughter told me that she never saw him stand so long looking at the country—he seemed unwillingly to leave the sunlight for his dark, far winding burrow. His burrow he had no reason to dread. Property never had pressed so hard upon John Drewit as to induce him to sell away the fir props that assured the safety of his life. Often and often had his voice been loud against those men, who, knowing of the mortal danger to which they exposed their neighbours, gave drink or money in exchange for them to the foolhardy and vicious. Great, therefore, was his horror when he went into his cave that morning, and found that his own props had been removed. They had not been taken from the entrance, where a passer-by might have observed their absence; all was right for the first twenty yards, but beyond that distance down to the end of his long toil-worn labyrinth every pole was stripped away. Surely he knew at once that it was not an enemy who had done this; he knew that the wretched old man who lay stupefied at home, had stolen and sold his life defence for drink. All that the poor fellow told his boys was that they should keep within the safe part of the digging while he himself worked on into the rock as usual. Three or four times he brought out a heap of scythe-stones in his basket, and then he was seen alive no more.

Harry, his eldest son, was nearest to the unpropped passage when the sand cliff fell. When he heard his father call out suddenly, he ran at once eagerly, running towards the candle by which the miner worked, but on a sudden all was dark; there was no light from candle or from sun—before and behind was utter blackness, and there was a noise like thunder in his ears. The whole hill seemed to have fallen upon them both, and many tons of earth parted the father from his child. The sand about the boy did not press on him closely. A heavy piece of cliff that held together was supported by the narrow walls of the passage, and his fate was undetermined. He attended only to the muffled sounds within the rock, from which he knew that his father, though they might be the sounds of his death struggle, still lived.

To the people outside the alarm had instantly been given by the other child, and in an incredibly short space of time the labourers from field and cave came hurrying up to the rescue. Two only could dig together, two more propped the way behind them foot by foot; relays eagerly

waited at the entrance; and not an instant was lost in replacing the exhausted workmen. Everything was done as quickly, and, at the same time, as judiciously as possible; the surgeon had at the first been ridden for, at full speed, to the neighbouring town; brandy and other stimulants, a rude lancet—with which many of the men were but too well practised operators,—bandages and blankets were all placed ready at hand: for the disaster was so common at Whiteknights that every man at once knew what was proper to be done. Those who were not actively engaged about the cave, were busy in the construction of a litter—perhaps a bier—for the unhappy victims.

How this could have happened? was the whispered wonder. John was known to be far too prudent a man to have been working without props, and yet fresh ones had to be supplied to the rescuers, for they found none as they advanced. The poor widow—every moment made more sure of her bereavement—stood a little way aside; having begged for a spade and been refused, she stood with her two children hanging to her apron, staring fixedly at the pit's mouth.

Down at the cottage there was an old man invoking Heaven's vengeance on his own grey head and reproaching himself fiercely with the consequences of his brutal vice; he had stolen the poles from his son's pit on the previous morning, to provide himself with drink; and on that very day even before he was quite recovered from his yesterday's debauch, he was to see the victim of his recklessness brought home a lifeless heap. He saw John so brought in, but with the eyes of a madman; his brain, weakened by drunkenness, never recovered from that shock.

Basket and barrow had been brought full out of the pit a hundred times; and it was almost noon before, from the bowels of the very mountain as it seemed, there came up a low moaning cry. "My child, my child," murmured the mother: and the digging became straightway even yet more earnest, almost frantic in its speed and violence. Presently into the arms of Alice little Harry was delivered, pale and corpse-like, but alive; and then a shout as of an army was set up by all the men.

They dug on until after sunset—long after they had lost all hope of finding John alive. His body was at last found. It was placed upon the litter, and taken under the soft evening sky, down through the beech wood home. Alice walked by its side, holding its hand in hers, speechless, and with dry eyes. She never knew until after her father's death, how her dear John was murdered. She used to wonder why the old man shrank from her when she visited him, as she often did, in his confinement. The poor widow is living now, though she has suffered grief and want. Her daughter Jane has married a field labourer, and her sons, by whom she is now well supported, have never set foot in a pit since they lost their father.

OUR COACHMAN.

Our Coachman smokes a mighty pipe
And through a hedge of beard looks grim,
Wears breeks with sable leathern stripe,
And square knee patch, a wondrous trim!
And short blue coat with orange rim,
And spurs, as though to ride by turns,
While on the shining hat of him
In brass a regal eagle burns.
Not Piccadilly, not Cheapside,
(Thank Heaven!) is witness of his pride;
But, despot of our Diligence,
He drives from Prussia into France.

He wields his team with grunt-like words,
His whip is like a carter's whip,
And slung with pied and tassel'd cords
Sleeps the shrill servant of his lip;
To savage roar and strange ya-hip
Well climbs each sturdy club-tail steed,
Down hill they rush, without a slip,
In rattling, jingling, jolting speed.
And now through rugged streets we roll,
And now our Coachman's pensive soul,
Pour'd through the horn, apprises France
'Tis we—the Prussian Diligence!

WHERE ARE THEY?

We have not the slightest desire of trenching on the province or interfering with the circulation of the numerous compendious little works, the authors of which are so desirous to know Who's Who? What's What? or Which is Which? in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, four, or five. We hope that the result of their inquiries will be eminently satisfactory to them; and that they will allow us to confine ourselves to the speculative query, "Where are they?"

Yes; where are they? "Whom?" you may ask. To which we answer—People—people who do and are doing the most extraordinary things around us daily and hourly; but with whom, in our whole life long, we seem forbidden to come in contact, and regarding whose whereabouts we must needs be perpetually perplexed. They must be somewhere, these people, yet we never saw them, never shall see them, perhaps; we may have sate next them at dinner yesterday, ridden in the same omnibus, occupied the same seat in the pit, the same pew at church, jostled against them in the city, five minutes ago, yet we are no wiser, and must ramble up and down the world till our span is accomplished, and our ramblings are ended, still bootlessly repeating the question, "Where are they?"

A chief cause for our distressing uncertainty as to where the people we are in search of are to be found, lies in the disagreeable uniformity of costume prevalent in the present day. We are worse off than were we placed as observers in some savage country

where the inhabitants wore no clothes at all; for there, at least, the chief might be recognised by the extra quantity of paint he adorned himself with; and we might in time become sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of tattoo to tell the medicine man from the peon, the young warrior from the old brave. But may I ask how are we to tell any one man from another (our own immediate acquaintances excepted) by his dress alone. The millionaire may be walking past us in an intense state of seediness, and the spendthrift may hustle us half into the gutter in all the bravery of "heavy-swelldom," cane, and jewellery. There is a judge, I have heard, who dresses like the frequenter of race courses; I have had pointed out to me a Peer of the Realm whom I should have taken for a waiter at a city chop-house; and I myself know an actor—a very humorous and jocular comedian indeed—who looks like a professed member of the Society of Jesuits. Really, what with the moustache movement, the detective police, the cheap clothing establishments, the shirt-collar mania, the introduction and wearing, by peaceable business every-day men, of the wildest and most incongruously picturesque garments — such as ponchos, togas, vicunas, siphonias, &c.— nobody knows who or what anybody else is; and the father may go searching for his children, and the child for his parent, and the wife for her husband, all echoing and re-echoing, like Montaigne with his "Que-sais-je?"—the one frivolous and vexatious, yet recondite interrogation, "Where are they?"

Of course the public enunciation of this demand will lead to the reception of some thousands of letters by the conductors of this journal from parties anxious to give full information of where they are. They will be astonished that we have been so long ignorant of their whereabouts; and our "where are they?" will be quite swamped and put to shame by a chorus of "We are here; we are there; we are everywhere." None will abstain from communicating their local habitations and names to us; save those who have some strong private and personal reasons for keeping it a dead secret, where they are at all. Meanwhile pending the communicativeness of the one class, and the reticence of the other, where are they all nevertheless?

Where, for instance, are the vast majority of the advertisers and the people that are advertised for? and, more than that, what sort of people can they be? The Times is full of such subjects for speculation; and I dare say the clerks who receive the advertisements themselves, and the compositors who set them up, and the press-readers who revise them, often pause in the midst of their task to wonder where the seekers and the sought be. Where is the "gentleman who witnessed the brutal assault" on the other gentleman getting out of a Chelsea omnibus on Tuesday the twenty-second instant, and who would confer an inestimable favour if he would look in at No. 3, Muggleston Street, Pimlico? Will he ever confer this inestimable favour, this gentleman? Alas, we may search the reports of the police courts and the Middlesex Sessions for months, years, and find no sign of him! The assaulter and the assaulted, the lawyers and the witnesses, may all have settled their little business long since. Lawyers may have been instructed, and they in their turn may have instructed counsel, costs may have been incurred, charged, taxed, paid, not paid, sued for; the aggrieved party may at this very moment be expiating his rash desire to obtain justice, in Whitecross Street or the Queen's Bench; the villain who committed the gross assault may be cooly puffing his cigar on the deck of the Lively Dolphin, bound for Melbourne; the gentleman who witnessed the affray may be (without the slightest cognisance of his propinquity) sailing with him on the salt sea, or in another ship on the same sea, or lying near him at the bottom of the sea itself; the lawyers may be dead, their daughters dowered with, or their sons spending, the costs; the Pimlico omnibus may be broken to pieces or burnt, or we may be hailing it at this very moment. The affair may have taken all or any, or none of these turns. How do we know? what do we know?

Where is the party who called on Messrs. Ruggles and Fuggles in the course of last September, and who is requested to call again? What did he call for? Was it to tell Ruggles that he was his long-lost son, supposed to have gone down with all hands on board the Chowder-Ally, outward-bound East Indiaman, twenty years ago? Was it to ask Ruggles and Fuggles if they had heard anything of his (whose?) long-lost daughter, supposed to have gone down with all hands in the Mango, homeward-bound West Indiaman, ten years ago? Was it merely to pull Ruggles's nose or to call Fuggles a liar; and do Ruggles and Fuggles desire to see him again in order to serve him with a notice of action, or to confess that they were in the wrong, and tender him the hand of reconciliation? Where is he, finally? Reading the Times at this very moment perhaps, and in his anxiety to learn the latest news from the East, deliberately skipping the advertisements; troubled with a short memory may be, and with the paragraph beneath his eyes, quite forgetting Ruggles and Fuggles's names, and that he ever called on them at all; or, very probably, fully mindful of his September visit, but determined to see Ruggles and friend at Jericho before he trusts himself within twenty miles of their house again. Perhaps, my dear reader, *you* may be the party who called, and when this meets your eye, will rush off to Ruggles's incontinent, or to Peele's Coffee-house, to consult the files of the Times for the date of the advertisement—or without

a moment's delay will proceed to put the breadth of the British Channel between Ruggles, Fuggles, and yourself.

Where are the "descendants (if any) of Jean Baptiste Pierre Jouvin, who was supposed to have been a French Huguenot refugee in London, about the year sixteen hundred and eighty?" Wherever can the individual be, who seeks to find out descendants from so remote a stock? Is he Methusaleh, the Wandering Jew, Isaac Laqueden, or the laborious historian of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes seeking to verify some document, to elicit some fact, to authenticate some date? Or is there perchance some Jouvin yet alive, a Protestant and a Frenchman, anxious to learn tidings of his old Huguenot ancestor—a rich Jouvin, a pious Jouvin, a kindly Jouvin, yearning to share his riches and his love with some one bearing his name, and descended from the race that suffered for the faith in the bad days of old? Or does the advertisement emanate—dreadful thought!—from some wily Jesuit or fierce Inquisitor's great grandson cherishing ancestral bigotry and ancestral hatred—actuated by fanatical hostility towards Huguenotism in general and Jouvin in particular, and thirsting to decoy him into some private Inquisition, there to torture him on a private rack or burn him at a private stake. Where are the descendants (if any) of J. B. P. Jouvin? Have they kept their father's name, and faith, and trade, and do they yet ply the shuttle and weave the rich silks in gloomy Spitalfields? Miserable uncertainty! There may be Jouvins yet, but they may have re-emigrated—degenerated—their very name may have become corrupted. One may be by this time an Irishman—say Father O'Jowler, consigning (in oratory) Protestants to torment and on the little steps of his little altar fiercely denouncing the British Government, the Saxon race, and the theory of the earth's movement. One Jouvin may have emigrated to America, and in process of time transmuted himself into Colonel Gracchus Juvvins, that fierce pro-slavery Senator and (prior to his bankruptcy and "absquatulation" from the state of New York), ardent Free Soiler. There may be descendants of Jouvin in England, debased, degenerated into Joggins, and, all unconscious that their ancestors were silk-weavers in Spitalfields, be keeping coal and potatoe sheds in Whitechapel.

Where on earth are the people who send conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Absence of income and conscience (at least towards such a vague mentor as the Government financier) would of course prevent my ever sending him halves of notes for unpaid income tax. Did you ever know any one who did? Can you point out to me one single gentleman with a white waistcoat, a broad-brimmed hat and a watch and seals, and say—"There goes T. J., or L. B., who sent the Chancellor of the Exchequer fifty pounds yesterday on account of taxes unpaid." Yet these conscientious men must be somewhere or other. What are they like? I have a fanciful theory—founded on what basis I am, I confess, quite at a loss to tell—that the majority of these men of conscience are men with white waistcoats, broad-brimmed hats, watches and seals; furthermore, that they all wear low shoes, and take snuff from massive golden boxes. They are all immensely rich, of course; and the conscience-dockets in their cheque-books are mingled with numerous others relating to donations to charitable institutions, police-court poor-boxes, and cases of real distress. I can fancy the entries in their diaries running somewhat thus: "Attended board-meeting of orphan sympathisers at twelve; relieved the destitute at half-past twelve; gave away soup-tickets at one; flannels and coals at two; drew check for fifty pounds and enclosed it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as conscience money at three." I wonder how long after they have defrauded the revenue to any considerable extent their conscience begins to prick them, and how long they battle with conscience, and hocus him, and smother him, and refuse to listen to his still small voice. I wonder when it is they are at last persuaded to make restitution, and how they do it—whether with the ineffable felicity of well-doing, or with the uneasy satisfaction of atoning by a partial disgorgement for a grievous roguery, or with the tremour of detection, or the sullenness of self-reproach, or the horror of despair. Are the conscience-money senders, after all, not the white waistcoated, low-shoed men I have figured to myself, but hard, stern, gaunt, grisly lawyers, bill discounters, bailiffs to great landlords, speculators, guardians, committee men, trustees and the like; Are they suddenly overtaken with such a sharp and quick remorse for the injuries they have inflicted on those over whom they have power, or who have trusted in them, for the widows they have been hard upon, and the orphans whose noses they have ground, that in sheer tremour and agony of mind they with their trembling hands adjust the salves of gold and plasters of banknotes to the hidden sores of their hearts, and in a desperate hurry send tens and twenties and fifties all over the country; this to the widows' almshouse and this to the orphans' asylum; this to the water company for unpaid water-rate; this to the gas-company for the falsified meter; this to the railway-company for having travelled in first-class carriages with second-class tickets, or exceeded the allowed quantity of luggage, or smoked in defiance of the by-laws; this to the Exchequer in part compensation of the abused commissioners and defrauded collectors of income tax? Whether I am at all right or all wrong in these surmisings, I imagine the payments of conscience-money

are generally payments on account—on very small account—of the sums due to individuals or to government. I think if I had ten thousand a-year, and a great many shares in a great many mines and railways, all purchased at a considerable discount, and all quoted, now, at a considerable premium; if I had a large house and many servants, and my aunt in Somersetshire had disinherited my disreputable brother Bob in my favour; if my brother Ned's children (he failed poor fellow shortly after I retired from the firm) were in a charity school, and Ned's widow (her dowry started us in business) taking in needle-work,—if my last little ventures in slaves in Cuba, and Brummagem guns in Caffraria, and bowie-knives in Arkansas, and rum and brandy on the Guinea coast had all been very successful,—I think, now and then, when I had begun to think that I was getting old, and that I had been a hard man, or that I had the gout, or a fit of indigestion, or the blues,—that I could send the halves of a few notes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as conscience-money:—reading the announcement of the enclosure in the next morning's Times would help down my tea and toast a little. I think, too, that I should like to see my name in a few subscribers' lists, and committee lists, and stewards for public dinner lists.

Where are the people who advertise children's cauls for sale? And where, more difficult to find still, are the people who buy them—ay, and give ten guineas for them? It has occurred to me sometimes, wandering through London, to lose my way, and in some unknown street in some little known neighbourhood to come suddenly upon a dingy shop, in the window of which was the announcement: "A child's caul to be sold here." But I never had courage to enter. I never had courage to ask to inspect the weird article, possessing, according to popular superstition, more occultly nautical powers than the famed egg-shells in which, unless broken by the cautious egg-spoon at the morning breakfast-table, the unholy witches sail about in yachting expeditions on their hideous sabbath. I had never the courage to wait till the unknown customer with the ten guineas arrived. He does arrive, I believe, to this day; but where he is I know not, neither where are the cauls or the children that are born with them. The places where they are on sale are to be sure published in the advertisement, but don't believe that the original proprietors of the cauls come from or live there. The only place where I could imagine a child's caul to be indigenous, would be at a herbalist's, than which, with the solitary exception of a ladies' second-hand warehouse, I do not know a more mysterious and cloudy establishment.

There are two classes of people who, though their whereabouts is wrapped in much mystery, I am not very curious about. These are the writers of the cypher or puzzle advertisements, commencing somewhat in this style:—

"Fxm5obtlmztyivk6oZithhho8tmqgllpTT55 gglolYi9."

And secondly, the monoverbal advertisers:—the Pickackifaxes, Boot-jacks, No hearth-rug, How about X? and gentlemen of that style of literature. I don't think that much good would result to us or to anybody if we knew where those worthies were. Besides, they, and the makers of appointments, and the sayers of soft sayings and the talkers of drivelling nonsense in a newspaper, with forty thousand subscribers and goodness knows how many million readers, enter into the category I mean to descant upon some of these days when I ask, Where are the Ninnies?

Where are all the "Perpetual commissioners for witnessing the deeds to be executed by married women?" The Lord Chancellor is perpetually appointing them; they have all curious names and addresses; but where are they? I never saw a perpetual commissioner; I never knew a married woman who was doomed to go through the awful ordeal of executing a deed and having it witnessed by one of these dread beings. Are they perpetually sitting, these commissioners? Do they never leave off witnessing the deeds I never saw? There is one Hugh Harmer Hollowpenny, dwelling at Bettwys-y-boyd, in Wales. Fancy a commissioner having to sit perpetually at Bettwys-y-boyd, to witness the execution of the deeds, never under any circumstances whatever, executed by the married women of that ilk!

Where are three-fourths of the barristers who are called to the bar? Do they practise, do they earn anything, does anybody ever see anything of them?

The gentlemen who have commissions signed by the Lord-Lieutenant, where are they? Where is the Court of Lieutenancy of London, and who belongs to it? I have seen a deputy-lieuteuant at a levée, but I want to know where he is when he is at home: what he is lieutenant over, and why, and all about it?

I don't care where the dissolute Initials are. My private opinion is, that if they are foolish enough to run away from home, their parents are well rid of them. I have a little curiosity to know where the people are who are to call in Bedford Row or Southampton Buildings, or Lincoln's Inn, in order that they may hear something to their advantage. I wonder what it is! My curiosity is checked by the knowledge that it will not be by any means to my advantage to find out; yet I can't give up reading this portion of the Times every morning, lest there should be by chance a stray notice hinting that a call of mine somewhere in the neighbourhood of the inns of court would be advantageous to me, or that there are

some odd thousands of unclaimed stock or hundreds of unclaimed dividends standing in my name in the Books of the Bank of England.

Where are the cases of real distress,—the people who write the appeals to the benevolent,—the daughters of beneficed clergymen,—the widows of distinguished officers? I should like to know how many of these cases are indeed in real distress, and how many are as near as first cousins to the honorable society of begging letter writers.

Where are the "Lord Mayor's swordbearer's young man," and the "Lord Mayor's trumpeter's young man," and the "waterbailiff's young man," when not officially engaged, and what are they like when not officially clothed? I wonder whether I ever dined at Greenwich with the waterbailiff's young man. Where are the yeomen of the guard, and the marshalmen, and the sergeant trumpeters, and the pursuivants-at-arms, when there are no coronation or marriage processions, no openings of the House, no state visits to the Opera? Do they wear in private life those resplendent crimson and gold doublets, those symmetrical trunk hose, those historical but hideous little hats with the red and white roses? Where are they? Where are the innumerable mourning coaches in long clothes that followed the Duke of Wellington's funeral the year before last? If there were another state funeral, would they come out again?

Where are all the thousands of Ladies of Glasgow, Abstainers of Lambeth, and Members of the Primitive Church of Bermondsey, who sign their so many thousand names to petitions for the redress of almost every imaginable worldly grievance, laid on the tables of the Houses of Parliament almost every night in the session? Where are the people who get up those petitions, and the people who write them? And tell me, O tell me more than all, where are those petitions themselves at this present time?

Where are they? And who answers where? And where, by the by, are all the echoes that have been perpetually answering where, ever since people began to make frothy speeches? Where, again, are the people who read frothy speeches when they *are* made and reported? Where are the "perhaps too partial friends" who have persuaded so many authors to publish? Did they know what they were at when they took those courses? Where are nine-tenths of the books so persuaded into existence? Do the friends read them until they are all imbecile together? Where is the Blank, this—who has been the subject of all those verses? What does Blank think of them? Is he as tired of them as I am, or as you are of me?

Still, where are they? Where are, or is, that noun of multitude signifying many, the Public? What sort of a public is it? Is it the "enlightened British," the "impatient-of-taxation," the "generous," the "impartial," the "discriminating," the "indignant," the "exacting," the "ungrateful?" Have these publics any consanguinity with the "many headed monster," the "mob," the "swinish multitude," the "masses," the "populace," the million?" Has this public anything to do with the Republic, and how much? Is this the public which has so loud a Voice, and so strong an Opinion upon public topics, and a Public Service for the advantage of which all our statesmen are so particularly anxious? Where is this highly-favoured, highly-privileged, much-cared-for, much belauded, much abused, always talked of, never seen public? I observe that it is never present when it is the subject of a joke at the theatre; which is always perceived to be a hit at some other public richly deserving it, and not present. Is the public composed of the two or three thousand weak-minded individuals who take Billierson's Liver Pills, and Muley Moloch's Treasures of the Oasis, and Timour the Tartar's Medicated Cream? Are the people who read the Reverend Boanerges Blunderbuss's Wickedness of Washing proved by Prophecy the public? Is it the public that believes in the Mission, and Divinity and Angelic Nature of Thomas Towser, ex-shoemaker and prophet, who renounces cleanliness and predicts the speedy destruction of the world and the advent of the Millennium every Thursday and every Sunday throughout the year, at the east end of London?

I should like to be informed, if you have no objection, where are the rogues who put red lead into my cayenne pepper; Venetian red, fuller's earth, and bad starch into my cocoa; chicory, burnt beans, and chopped hay into my coffee; Prussian blue, gummed and varnished sloe-leaves, emerald green, and bits of birch brooms in my tea; chalk, water, calves' and horses' brains into my milk; alum, gypsum, and dead men's bones into my bread; sand and clay into my sugar; cabbage leaves, lettuce leaves, hay, and brown paper into my tobacco and cigars; glass into my snuff; devil's dust, rotten thread, and evil odours into my clothes; cotton into my silk handkerchiefs; cast iron into my razors; charcoal into my lead pencils; bad brandy, sloe juice, and logwood into my port wine; turpentine, mastic, and water into my gin; pyroligneous and oxalic acids into my pickle jar; ground sealing wax and pounded sprats into my anchovy sauce; treacle, salt, coculus indicus, and laudanum into my porter; dogs, cats, and horses into my sausages; and drowned puppies and kittens into my mutton pies. Where are they, the great tribe of Adulterators?—the scoundrels who put villainous nastinesses into wholesome food. Mr. Accum may have warned us that there is "death in the pot;"

the Lancet may have sent forth its commissioners to analyze samples of teas and sugars; a miscreant may be detected once in four years or so, filling up cases of preserved meat with the vilest offal, and neatly packing the interior of forage-trusses of hay with shavings, stones, and dead lambs; these hang-dogs—who have in their murderous frauds endeavoured to send out death and disease with the fleets and armies of England—may have their names gibbeted (in a quiet, gentlemanly manner) once or twice in a session during a languid debate in the golden House of Lords;—but where *are* they? There is another public whose whereabout I am exceedingly anxious to find out,—the virtuously "indignant" public,—the public that applauds so vehemently in the galleries of criminal courts,—that "with difficulty are restrained from tearing to pieces" notorious criminals, on their emerging from Bow Street, after their examination and committal for trial. Now, nothing would please me so much as to introduce *this* public, the virtuous and indignant public, to the villainous and adulterating public; and 'gin a public meet a public putting red lead into pepper, or sloe-leaves into tea, or offal into hay—and 'gin a public beat a public, and kick a public, and pelt a public, it seems to me that the two publics would be very appropriately brought together.

Where are the people who "go about saying things?" *I* never go about saying things about other people; yet other people are always going about saying things about me. They say (I merely adduce myself as an embodiment of anybody), that I have a wife alive in Bermuda, and that I ill-treat the Mrs. Present Writer, alive and resident with me in England, dreadfully. They say I don't pay my rent, and that I have invested fifty-five thousand pounds in the French funds. They say that my plate is all pawned, and that bailiffs in livery wait at my table. They say that I am about to invade England with ninety thousand men next week; and that I was here, disguised as a Lascar crossing-sweeper, last Tuseday, reconnoitring. They say I have taken to drinking; that I can't paint any more pictures; that I have written myself out; that I lost four thousand pounds on the last Chester Cup; that I have exercised a sinister influence over the foreign policy of the country, opened despatch-boxes, and tampered with despatches. They say I eat an ounce-and-a-half of opium every day and that Blims wrote my last pamphlet on Electoral Reform. They say I am going to become lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre; that I set my house on fire ten years ago; that I am the "Septimus Brown" who was taking into custody in the last gambling house razzia; that I have a share in the French loan; that I have presented a gold snuff-box to the ex-beadle of St. Clements Danes; that I murdered my aunt, my cousin, and my brother-in-law years before the commission of the crime for which I am now condemned to death; that I am an atheist; that I am a Jesuit; that my father was hanged; that I am illicitly related to royalty; that I am to be the new governor of Fellow Jack Island; and that I cut Thistlewood's head off. Now, where are the people who say all these things about me, about you, about kings, queens, princes, and chandlers'-shop keepers? *You* don't "go about" saying such things; *I* don't go about saying them; yet somebody goes about saying them. Where is your somebody and my somebody? Where are they?

Where are the Parties in the City to whom your money-lender is always obliged to apply to obtain the money he lends you? Where is the party who does not like the last name on the bill, and would prefer an additional name? Where is the Other Party, the only implacable party who won't hear of any delay in your being sued, sold up, and arrested? Where is the Third Party, who is always obliged to be consulted, "squared," spoken to; who always holds the bill, and won't give it up; who was so unfortunately present when your friend wished to mention that little matter privately to the other party, and who consequently prevented its satisfactory adjustment? Where is he? I ask again, where is he?

Where is the "gentleman" who has called for us during our absence from home; but who returns no more than the hat, umbrella, and thermometer which he is supposed to have taken from the entrance hall? Where is the gentleman for whom the silk-lined overcoat, or the patent leather boots were made, but whom they did not fit; which is the sole reason of their being offered to us at so reduced a rate? Where is that unflinching friend of the auctioneer, a gentleman who has such a number and such a variety of articles of property—from ready-furnished freehold shooting boxes, to copies of Luther's Bible—and who is always going abroad, or is lately deceased? Where is the lady who is always relinquishing housekeeping, and is so strenuously anxious to recommend her late cook or housekeeper? Whereabouts, I wonder, are the two pounds per week which can with facility be realized by painting on papier mâché, or by ornamental leather work? Where is the fortune that is so liberally offered for five shillings? Where are the smart young men that want a hat? Where are all the bad writers whom the professors of penmanship in six lessons are so anxious to improve? Where are the fifty thousand cures warranted to have been effected by De Pompadour's Flour of Haricoes? Where are all the wonderfully afflicted people who suffered such excruciating agonies for several years, and were at last relieved and cured by two boxes of the pills, or two bottles of the mixture; and who order, in a postscript, four dozen of each to be sent to

them immediately, for which they enclose postage stamps? Where are the gentlemen of good education, who offer five hundred thanks for government appointments, legally transferable? Where are the other gentlemen who have the government appointments, and do transfer them legally, and accept the thanks, and keep the inviolable secrecy which is always to be observed, and where, WHERE, I say, are the government appointments which are "legally transferable?"

Where are the First-rate Men, the Rich city Men, the Twenty Thousand Pound Men, who are sure to "come into" every new project the moment it is fairly launched? Where are the buyers of all those eligible investments—the partakers (for five hundred pounds down) in fortune-making patents for articles in universal demand? Whereabouts in the daily, evening, or weekly papers, am I to find the enthusiastically laudatory criticisms of new novels (such as "A delightful work."—*Times.* "The best novel of the day."—*Chronicle.* "An admirable book."—*Examiner.* "Worthy of Fielding."—*Globe*) appended to the booksellers' advertisements? Where are the purchasers of the cerulean neck-ties with crimson and gold bars, the death's-head shirts, the pea-green gloves that we see displayed in certain hosiers' shops? Where are the libraries which would be incomplete without nearly all the new books criticised in the weekly papers?—and which, of course, have got them? Where are those hereditary bondsmen, who to free themselves must strike the blow; where is the blow to be struck, and how are the bondsmen to strike it?

One question more, and I have done. Where are all the people whom we are to know some of these days? Where is the dear friend to whom ten years hence, we shall recount what an atrocious villain our dear friend of to-day turned out to be? Where are they all hidden—the new connections we shall form, quite forgetting our present ties of blood and friendship? Where are the wives unknown, uncourted yet; the children unborn, unthought of, who are to delight or grieve us? Where are the after years that may come, and where is all that they may, and all that we already know they must, bring?

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMEN.

No one denies the fact that women have wrongs; we wrangle only over the alphabet of amelioration. Some advocate her being unsexed as the best means of doing her justice; others propose her intellectual annihilation, and the further suppression of her individuality, on the homœopathic principle of giving as a cure the cause of the disease.

How few open the golden gates which lead to the middle Sacred Way, whose stillness offends the noisy, and whose retirement disgusts the restless; the middle path of a noble, unpretending, redeeming, domestic, usefulness; stretching out from Home, like the rays of a beautiful star, all over the world? Yet here have walked the holy women of all ages; a long line of saints and heroines; whose virtues have influenced countless generations, and who have done more for the advancement of humanity than all the Public Functionists together. Not that the comparison bespeaks much, or is worthy of the sacred Truth..

A word with ye, O Public Functionists—ye damagers of a good cause by loading it with ridicule—ye assassins of truth, by burying it beneath exaggeration! A woman such as ye would make her—teaching, preaching, voting, judging, commanding a man-of-war, and charging at the head of a battalion—would be simply an amorphous monster, not worth the little finger of the wife we would all secure if we could, the *tacens et placens uxor*, the gentle helpmeet of our burdens, the soother of our sorrows, and the enhancer of our joys! Imagine a follower of a certain Miss Betsy Millar, who for twelve years commanded the Scotch brig, Cloetus—imagine such a one at the head of one's table, with horny hands covered with fiery red scars and blackened with tar, her voice hoarse and cracked, her skin tanned and hardened, her language seasoned with nautical allusions and quarter-deck imagery, and her gait and step the rollicking roll of a bluff Jack-tar. She might be very estimable as a human being, honourable, brave and generous, but she would not be a woman: she would not fulfil one condition of womanhood, and therefore she would be unfit and imperfect, unsuited to her place and unequal to her functions. What man (moderately sane) would prefer a woman who had been a sea captain ten or twelve years, to the most ordinary of piano-playing and flower-painting young ladies? Mindless as the one might be, the rough practicality of the other would be worse; and helpless as fashionable education makes young ladies, Heaven defend us from the virile energy of a race of Betsy Millars! Yet one philosopher has actually been found, who has had the moral courage to quote this lady's career as a proof that women are fitted by nature for offices which men have always assumed to themselves, and that it would be a wise, and healthful, and a natural state of society which should man brigs with boarding-school girls, and appoint emancipated females as their commanders. We wish Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the heroic champion of Betsy Millar, no worse fate than to marry one of his favourite sea captainesses.

In the American Utopia that is to come, women are to be voters, barristers, members of Congress, and judges. They are to rush to the polling-booth, and mount the hustings, defiant of brickbats and careless of eggs and

cabbages. They are to mingle with the passions and violences of men by way of asserting their equality, and to take part in their vices by way of gaining their rights. They are to be barristers, too, with real blue bags, pleading for murderers and sifting the evidence of divorce cases; offices, no doubt, highly conducive to their moral advancement and the maintenance of their purity, but such as we, being of the old-fashioned and eminently unenlightened school, would rather not see our wives or daughters engaged in. Of doctoresses we will say nothing. The care and the cure of the sick belong to women, as do all things gentle and loving. And though we can scarcely reconcile it with our present notions of the fitness of things, that a gentle woman of refinement and delicacy should frequent dissecting-rooms among the crowd of young students, and cut up dead bodies and living ones as her mother cut out baby-clothes, yet the care of the sick is so holy a duty, that if these terrible means are necessary, they are sanctified by the end, and God prosper those who undertake them! But they are not necessary. Women are better as medical assistants than as independent practitioners; their services are more valuable when obeying than when originating orders; and as nurses they do more good than as doctors. Besides, it would be rather an inconvenient profession at times. A handsome woman under forty—or over it—would be a dangerous doctor for most men; and, as specialities in medicine are quackeries, it would be humbug and affectation to shrink from any cases. For, admitting the principle that woman's mission—at least one of them—is to doctor, it must be extended in practice to all alike. And we may imagine various circumstances in which a young doctress would be somewhat embarrassing, if not embarrassed; yet what are we to do when all the doctors are driven out of the field, and we have no choice left us? And if women are to be our doctors, will they be only old women, and ugly ones—will there never be bright eyes or dimpled cheeks among them? It might be very delightful to be cured by a beautiful young woman, instead of by a crabbed old man, yet for prudence sake we should recommend most wives and mothers to send for the crabbed old man when their sons and husbands are ill, and to be particularly cautious of feminine M.D.'s in general.

One or two points of human nature the Public Functionists and emancipated women either sink or pervert. The instincts above all. The instinct of protection in man and the instinct of dependence in woman they decline to know anything about; they see nothing sacred in the fact of maternity, no fulfilment of natural destiny in marriage, and they find no sanctifying power in the grace of self-sacrifice. These are in their eyes the causes of woman's degradation. To be equal with man, she must join in the strife with him, wrestle for the distinctions, and scramble for the good places. She must no longer stand in the shade apart, shedding the blessing of peace and calmness on the combatants, when they return home, heated and weary, but she must be out in the blazing sun, toiling and fighting too, and marking every victory by the grave-stone of some dear virtue, canonised since the world began. Homes deserted, children—the most solemn responsibility of all—given to a stranger's hand, modesty, unselfishness, patience, obedience, endurance, all that has made angels of humanity must be trampled under foot, while the Emancipated Woman walks proudly forward to the goal of the glittering honours of public life, her true honours lying crushed beneath her, unnoticed. This these noisy gentry think will elevate woman.

Women have grave legal and social wrongs, but will this absurd advocacy of exaggeration remedy them? The laws which deny the individuality of a wife, under the shallow pretence of a legal lie; which award different punishments for the same vice; the laws which class women with infants and idiots, and which recognise principles they neither extend nor act on; these are the real and substantial Wrongs of Women, which will not, however, be amended by making them commanders in the navy or judges on the bench. To fling them into the thick of the strife would be but to teach them the egotism and hardness, the grasping selfishness, and the vain-glory of men, which it has been their mission, since the world began, to repress, to elevate, to soften, and to purify. Give woman public functions and you destroy the very springs of her influence. For her influence is, and must be, moral more than intellectual—intellectual only as filtering through the moral nature; and if you destroy that moral nature, if you weaken its virtues and sully its holiness, what of power or influence remains? She will gain place and lose power; she will gain honours and lose virtues; when she has pushed her father or her son to the wall, and usurped the seats consecrated by nature to them alone. Yes, by nature; in spite of the denial of the Public Functionists. Her flaccid muscles, tender skin, highly nervous organization, and aptitude for internal injury, decide the question of offices involving hard bodily labour; while the predominance of instinct over reason, and of feeling over intellect, as a rule, unfits her for judicial or legislative command. Her power is essentially a silent and unseen moral influence; her functions are those of a wife and mother. The emancipatists rate these functions very lightly, compared with the duty and delight of hauling in main-top-sails or speechifying at an election. They seem to regard the maternal race as a race apart, a kind of necessary cattle, just to keep up the stock; and even of these natural drudges the most gifted souls may give up their children

to the care of others, as queen-bees give their young to the workers. Yet no woman who does her duty faithfully to her husband and children will find her time unemployed, or her life incomplete. The education of her children alone would sufficiently employ any true-hearted woman; for education is not a matter of school-hours, but of that subtle influence of example which makes every moment a seed-time of future good or ill. And the woman who is too gifted, too intellectual, to find scope for her mind and heart in the education of her child, who pants for a more important work than the training of an immortal soul, who prefers quarter-decks and pulpits to a still home and a school-desk, is not a sea captain, nor a preacher by mission—she is simply not a woman. She is a natural blunder, a mere unfinished sketch; fit neither for quarter-decks nor for home, able neither to command men nor to educate children.

But the true Woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honours than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilette and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and who does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds, and rarely argues, but who rebukes with a caress, and adjusts with a smile; a woman who is the wife we all have dreamt of once in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past: such a woman as this does more for human nature, and more for woman's cause, than all the sea captains, judges, barristers, and members of parliament put together—God-given and God-blessed as she is! If such a wife as this has leisure which she wishes to employ actively, she will always find occupation, and of a right kind too. There are the poor and the sick round her home; she will visit them, and nurse them, and teach their children, and lecture their drunken husbands; she will fulfil her duty better thus than by walking the hospitals, or preaching on Sundays! There are meetings to attend also, and school committees, and clothing-clubs and ragged schools to organise; and her voice will sound more sweet and natural there than when shrieking through a speaking-trumpet or echoing in court. And there are books to read, and then to discuss by the fireside with her husband, when he comes home in the evening—though perhaps his attention may sometimes wander from the subject of her little foot, peeping out from under the flounces over the fender, or to the white hands stitching so busily,—and is not this better than a public lecture in a Bloomer costume? And then, perhaps, she can help her husband in his profession, write out a clear manuscript for his editor, or copy a deed, find out references and mark them for him, or perhaps correct his sermon, to the general advantage of his congregation,—which, we contend, is a fitter occupation than arguing divorce cases in a wig and blue bag, or floundering in the quagmires of theology in bands and a scholar's hood. Our natural woman, too, loves her children, and looks after them; but the babies of our emancipated woman belong as much to the state as to her, and as much to chance as to either. Our natural woman plays with her children, and lets them pull down her thick hair into a curtain over her face, and ruffle even her clean gown with their tiny hands: but the emancipated woman holds baby-playing a degradation, and resigns it to servants and governesses.

Give us the loving, quiet wife, the good mother, the sweet, unselfish sister; give us women beautiful and womanly, and we will dispense with their twelve years' service on board a brig, or two or three years' close attendance in a dissecting-room. Give us gentlewomen, who believe in milliners, and know the art of needlework; who can sew on buttons and make baby-clothes; who, while they use their heads, do not leave their hands idle; who while claiming to be intellectual beings, claim also to be natural and loving beings—nay, even obedient and self-sacrificing beings, two virtues of the Old World which our Transatlantic Utopians count as no virtues at all. Oh, Transatlantic Utopians! Leave nature's loveliest work alone! Let women have their rights, in Heaven's name, but do not thrust them into places which they cannot fill, and give them functions they cannot perform—except to their own disadvantage, and the darkening of the brightest side of this world. Reflect (if ye ever do reflect) on the destiny of woman, which nature has graven on her soul and body; a wife, a mother, a help-meet and a friend; but not by mind or by person ever meant to be an inferior man, doing his work badly while neglecting her own. The shadow of man darkens the path of woman, and while walking by his side, she yet walks not in the same light with him. Her home is in the shade, and her duties are still and noiseless; his is in the broad daylight, and his works are stormy and tumultuous; but the one is the complement of the other, and while he labours for her she watches for him, and energy and love leave nothing incomplete in their lives. Rest in the shade, dear woman; Find your happiness in love, in quiet, in home activity and in

natural duties; turn as from your ruin from all those glaring images of honour which a weak ambition places before you.

CHIPS.

THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

A couple of anecdotes have floated to us in illustration of the article in No. 202 entitled "Bottled Information." A correspondent mentions that Sir Duncan M'Gregor, then an officer of the thirty-first regiment of infantry, was on board the Kent, East Indiaman, when it was burnt to the water's edge, in the Bay of Biscay. As soon as the fire broke out he hastily wrote a few lines describing the situation of the vessel, and threw them overboard in a bottle. Four years afterwards, being quartered at Barbadoes, he was walking on the shore very early in the morning, when he espied something in the water. The waves washed it to his feet, and it proved to be the identical bottle he had launched before being providentially saved from the flames in the Kent!

The other story is related by Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bourne, an American ship-captain, in a recently published account of his adventures among the giants of Patagonia. After three months' detention among those huge savages, during which time he suffered great hardships, he made his escape; and having reached Borga Bay, opposite Terra-del-Fuego, he landed. "We found on shore inscriptions of California-bound vessels. On a branch of a tree, overhanging a little stream, we found also a bottle suspended containing papers. This was taken on board, and its contents examined. Three or four vessels passing through the Straits, had left memoranda of their experience,—such as snow-storms, loss of spars, anchors, chains, &c. Captain Morton [Mr. Bourne's floating host] wrote a humorous account of our voyage to deposit in this repository of curiosities; and I added a contribution, narrating my capture by the Indians and escape, with a request that if it should fall into hands bound for the United States or England, it might be published." Mr. Bourne had previously written letters to the United States, had carefully left them to be sent through the post, and had never doubted that his relatives and friends were in full possession of his adventures through that usually exact channel. It turned out, however, that all his letters miscarried; and that the bottled information he had suspended from a tree, in a wilderness not visited by man many times in the course of a year, very soon afterwards made its appearance at full length in the Boston Atlas newspaper! It happened that some Indians found the bottle, sold it to a passing trader, who forwarded it to Smith's News Rooms, at Boston, United States. The advertising powers of a bottle hung upon a tree did not end there. In the course of the homeward voyage, Mr. Bourne visited the Fire Fly, Captain Smith. When his name was announced a young lady on board instantly asked him if he was the hero of the captivity in Patagonia? He was astonished at her knowledge of his adventures; but it turned out that the young lady had landed at Borga Bay, and, having seen the bottle, read its contents, and replaced them, before the Indians took it away.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in that right hand bottom corner of the map, having gathered into a tremendous bank of clouds of inky blackness, having already partially broken, and with red rain made the harvest grow where you wot of, seems now to loom nearer and nearer over this land; and there is a wind, the precursor of the tornado, in whose fitful soughing I seem to hear the sad notes of the "Girl I left behind me."

Sad, sad, indeed, to many thousands hearts. Farms and homesteads were never made to be burnt, nor churches to be battered by Paixhan guns: the worst and most devilish use you can put a cornfield to is to blow your brother's brains out in it. These are not the days, thank God! when the mere idle brag and vaunt of glory will pass current as a sufficient reason for the withdrawal of one tompion from a cannon; for the accension of one fusee, the crossing of one bayonet upon another. There must be an awful necessity; this business must be inevitable, or it is inexcusable and abominable; and upon mere Field-Marshal Anybody, strutting forth "to conquer or to die" in any other cause save that of right against might, I look with profoundest contempt, as upon a madman who is behind this world, and had better be consigned to the next.

At this hour I write, the tune of the "Girl I left behind me" is reverberating in thousands, nay, millions of English hearts. The rocky fastnesses of the Scottish highlands send it back to the Cornish headlands; it runs round the coast faster than the light of the beacons that told of the approach of the Armada; it crosses the Irish Channel quicker than the messages can flash along the submerged wires of the telegraph; it is heard in the Queen's palace and the Grenadiers' barrack-room; in the labourer's cottage, and the gillie's sheeling, and the bogtrotter's shebeen; it is the refrain of the languid gossip of the drawing-room, and the boisterous argument of the village alehouse. It comes home, this tune, and the thoughts it awakens, and is as interesting to every one as death—death that sings the bass to the fife's shrill treble. Who shall say but that the maniac in his padded room, and the convict in his solitary cell, have heard their

guardian or their gaoler whistle this tune ere this, and that they know that a great war is afoot, and that thousands of brave soldiers have left home, followed by the smiles and tears, the hopes and fears, and tender wishes of thousands more, to the tune of the "Girl I left behind me."

Hear it on the bridge. It is six o'clock in the morning, and the white-aproned collector of the Bridge Company's revenues is peacefully taking the coppers from newspaper compositors going home. The sleepy night cabs crawling to their Kennington yards; the gloved and belted policeman; the twinkling gas-lamps; the moored barges on the river; the utter quietude and stilliness of the giant city, sleeping too heavily even to snore; save now and then snoring, droningly, in the wheels of the lumbering market-carts; the labourer going to his work; the coffee-stall keeper retiring (till to-morrow night) from business; the placards covering the hoardings outside the bridge gates—placards of quiet, harmless, pacific entertainments—"carpet bags," "ascents" of mountains, "songs and sayings," and the like—the very morning moon, and first gray whisper of dawn, all seem to denote peace, tranquillity, security. There is nothing more warlike about the bridge than its name, and perhaps a notification on the outlying hoarding of the forthcoming "benefit" of some favourite prize-fighter.

Hear it on the bridge; "The Girl I left behind me," played in all the brass clangour of the military band, as the foot guards march by. Suddenly—and yet, oh so softly—you heard its first notes to westward borne faintly, and yet faithfully, on the morning air. The carriage-gates of the bridge a moment before were closed, as it is befitting the gates of the temple of Janus should be closed in time of peace; in an instant they are opened wide—when, O Future, to be closed again?

Hear it on the bridge, the measured tramp of these armed scarlet men—the famous Guards of the Queen of England. Proud and magnificient in scarlet and gold is the bandmaster, conscious in his whiskers of glorious experiences—of campaigns in the Queen's antechamber during the time of dinner, of brilliant sorties at the Horticultural Fêtes, of dashing charges at the balls and suppers of the Peerage. Secure are you too, O Bandmaster in your scarlet and gold! No Kalafatian trenches yawn for you; no Russian bayonets thirst for your melodious blood; for you and your brave bandsmen do not go abroad. Not but what you would fight, and fight like a very "Pandarus of Troy" were you called upon so to do. But fate has ordered it otherwise. You and your embroidered hosts of Orpheonists have the good luck or ill luck to be simply ornamental appendages to the regiment, and imbursed by a subscription among the officers thereof. Sambo, or Muley Mahomed, or whatever may be his name—that glorious being of the dark complexion, with the turban and the bullion and the crimson cloth garments—his habiliments are not to be stained with the darker, duller crimson of blood. Ye are to remain at home, O ye warriors of the wind instruments—you play the "Girl I left behind me," but your country wills that you shall remain behind to be the comfort and solace of those said girls—to be the ornament of St. James's Palace-yard and the delight of the dinner-table. They are fierce men to look at, these bandsmen, but mild as sucking doves in reality. I have known a bandsman personally, I, Scriblerus; and the modest and unassuming manner in which he would eat bread and cheese and drink mild porter in Popkins's little parlour, opposite the Theatre Royal Lincoln's Inn Fields, was positively charming. No pride about him: none of the license of the camp, the brutality of the barrack room, and the brusquerie of the bivouac. I have seen him in his gorgeous regimentals, with his big fierce muff cap under a three legged stool, sit meekly in the dark corner of a dark orchestra during rehearsal, and pipe forth plaintive notes for a young lady in a very short and shabby muslin skirt, with a plaid scarf crossed over her chest; notes known in ballet parlance as a "practising dress," to dance to. I have heard him taken to task, ay and smartly too, concerning his time or tone by the orchestral conductor—a mere foreigner in a beard. I have seen him sit placidly behind his instrument at fashionable morning concerts, when Signors and Senors and Herrs have been inflicting atrocious cruelties upon unresisting pianos, and never dare to stir a finger in their defence. I have known him when off duty lend his valuable aid to polka parties, sup on Welsh rabbits afterwards, and go home to chamberwell in a worsted comforter and American overshoes.

Very different is the fate of those other musicians who come after the glittering band, and alternately with them take up in a ruder, sterner strain the notes of the "Girl I left behind me." Hear the drummers and fifers, from the stern man pounding away at the big drum as though it were a Russian, to the wee little piper-boy half swallowed up by his leathern stock, half extinguished by his huge bearskin. No scarlet and gold here, but coarse red and worsted lace, and plenty of it. The bridle is for the ass, and the rod for the fool's back, and the drummer is for the battles. These mere children, these *parvi parvulorum* may be spared—but, drummer of the strong arm and adult age, to the complexion of Kalafat you must come. And in the din of the battle, amid the thundering cannons, and the roaring muskets, and the cracking rifles, your drums are to be heard and are to answer back the pibroch of the Highlander and the bugles of the Rifles: though you cannot drown—would you could, would you could!—the groans of the wounded and the dying.

Strike up, drums louder, fifes shriller, aggravate the strain with metallic lungs, trombones and bassoons, for here is the colonel commandant of the regiment on his charger! He his but a scarlet and gold man like his brother officers, yet it strikes me I shall bear him in remembrance for many a long year. Though his face is indistinct in the (increasing yet still faint) light, I shall still call him to mind, I think, by his horse. You never forget a man on horseback. I cannot instance the great Duke of Wellington as a proof of this equestrian connection with memory, for he was as well known all over England off his horse as on—in his blue frock and white ducks, in his Field-Marshal's uniform and his peer's robes, in his queer Trinity-house dress and cocked hat, and his preposterous costume as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. There was no mistaking that old hero anywhere, and he was as recognisable in the hessians and whiskers of eighteen hundred and twelve as in the snowy hair and faultless English gentleman's dress of eighteen hundred and forty; in the bronze medal as in the unheard-of hat and cloak in which Mr. Wyatt has stuck him a-top of Decimus Burton's archway; but take his groom, that sober, grave-paced domestic with the red waistcoat, who followed after with the umbrella. Take him without his horse, and he was nothing—a mere item of domesticity easily to be confounded with the porter of an insurance office, or any one of the portly servitors who, with their well-fed waistcoats, block up the small apertures in the doorways of lordly mansions. But on his horse once seen he was never to be forgotten. On Constitution Hill, at the Horse Guards, at Apsley House Gate, in Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of the field of Waterloo, there he was unmistakeable—a type of individuality. What would the goblin trooper of Lenore be without his ghastly charger? The horse makes the man. I remember a worthy old friend of mine, a Catholic priest (he loved a rubber of backgammon after Sunday vespers dearly, good man!) who in his youth had witnessed the cruel campaign of 1813, when Napoleon was contesting the soil of Champagne rood by rood with the Allies, and each victory that he gained was a draught of the life-blood of France. It was my Abbé's fate, as a mere child, to see the great man once, and once only. He passed through my friend's native village at the head of his decimated Guards. The Abbé had not the slightest recollection of what Napoleon was like. He could not even remember the grey great coat, the little hat, the star of the legion. But he could remember the Emperor's horse. That white charger, the embroidered housings, the very splashes of mud on its flank were ever vividly present to his mind, he said, and would be to his dying day.

Marching, still marching to the "Girl I left behind me," to the "British Grenadiers," to "Rule Britannia," to some other tunes of recent introduction, which are not patriotic, which are not inspiring, which are simply jingling and nonsensical—come the Pioneers—Gracious! how can these men, stalwart as they be, manage to get along in this tremendously heavy marching order. Suppose now, brother six-foot (say in the Tithe office or the Bank of England), the authorities were to put *you* into scarlet blanketing, heavy shoes and a tremendous bearskin. Suppose you had to carry on your back a knapsack with its kit, or accompaniments of shirts, socks, towels, gloves, soap, pipeclay, sponges, button-brushes, and the multifarious et ceteras known as "regimental necessaries;" likewise a canteen for water, and a great coat, neatly rolled up into the form of a sausage. Also by your side a bag containing your beef and biscuit. Also a cartouch box, with its heavy belts and rounds of ammunition. To say nothing of a musket and bayonet, a bill-hook, and that huge hatchet. How would you pioneer, or sap, or mine, think you, with all the cumbrous paraphernalia about you, with your chest hampered with straps and buckles, with your windpipe half throttled in a leathern stock? It is recorded of a life-guardsman—a Waterloo man—that, being asked by the finest and fattest gentleman in England, in what sort of costume he would like to fight such another battle as Waterloo, he answered, "in my shirt-sleeves, an it please your Majesty." Would not some of these heavily laden Pioneers now, like to march to Turkey in ponchos, and wide-awakes? If one of them were to fall down, would he ever be able to get up again!

Marching, still marching in serried columns—marching as one bayonet, one bearskin, one foot, one man—come the long array of these tremendous grenadiers. Very dissimilar is their style of procedure to that of the open order and careless manner of carrying the musket, adopted by our lively neighbours across the channel. Ours is a business march, a pounds shillings and pence march, befitting a commercial nation. High, erect, and proud among the bayonets are the glorious flags on which more victories are yet to be emblazoned. Marching come the captains at the head of their companies, the trim subalterns holding their swords daintily, but marching as cheerfully as they would to Almack's, or to their clubs. There are young lads here who not many months since had fags at Eton, and "tick" at the sweetstuff shops. There are here mothers' darlings, heirs to cornets, dandies of Belgravian drawing-rooms. Many of these youths have, I daresay, beneath their martial gorgets, embroidered bracelets and crotchet purses, and fillagreed handkerchiefs, the purchases of fancy fairs, or the gifts of sisters, cousins, or sweethearts. What boots now the unrivalled dog that killed so many rats in so few minutes, the

half made up "book" for the Derby, the "engagements" for Ascot, the park hack, the Richmond pink bonnets, the Greenwich whitebait, the select society of fighting men, the mess jokes, the Tower guard, the royal parade, the Pall Mall loiter, all the delights that make up a guardsman's life? Othello's occupation is not gone: it is come. These boys are to learn, in a sterner school, the great lessons of life and death. Beardless dandies, bucks of Almack's and Court balls; they are to show—and they WILL show—in a foreign land and a strange climate, and in the fury of deadly fight, that they are the same guards who died so mathematically in square at Waterloo; who lay down patiently for so many hours biding their time, and when the time did come, who rushed so gloriously and resistlessly down the hill of Mount St. Jean. They are to show to mobs of serf-soldiers, civilised by the stick and disciplined by the whip, that indomitable perseverance, and that inextinguishable pluck which in every age have distinguished English men and English gentlemen.

Yes, these are the same Guards (though hundreds of them have never smelt anything stronger than review powder), these are the same British Grenadiers, that on the plains of Flanders, long ago, fought like Alexanders under Marlborough. These are the Guards that routed the famous Maison-du Roy, that vanquished at Minden, that were themselves vanquished, but ah! so gloriously, at Fontenoy. These are the Guards that marched to Finchley, and that Hogarth drew. These are the Guards of the Peninsula, of Waterloo: the Guards that went to Canada and to Lisbon. The dresses are altered, pigtails and pomatum have been abolished, and pipeclay nearly so; the times are altered, and generations of officers and privates have died since the Guards were first enrolled. But they are the same Guards; they have the same bold bearing, the same manly hearts, the same strong hands.

And the girls they leave behind them? There are grand old houses in green England, in whose parks the deer browse, on white lawns and gravelled walks the gaudy peacocks sweep—and the Russian Mujik on three copecks a day can cause these houses to change owners; and the lance of a Cossack can give employment to Mr. Mattock, the mortuary sculptor, and Mr. Jay, the mourning furnisher, and Mr. Resurgam, the herald painter. While these young sparks are cheapening chiboucks and Damascus pistols in the Stamboul Bezesteen, sipping thimblefuls of coffee with thick bearded pachas, pattering about the mosaic floors of St. Sophia, in slippers, and dodging after a laquais de place; lounging about the bazaars of Hadrianople; snipe-shooting on the sedgy islands in the Danube; reconnoitering with their best Dollond's telescopes the opposite bank; indulging in sly flirtations with Bulgarian maidens, the girls they leave behind them will be waiting with sore anxiety for every newspaper, every despatch, every letter, to tell them of the welfare of the well beloved in the East. And there are many here, too, perchance, the sons of widowed mothers—who have lost other sons by the deadly fever, or the deadlier sword, in India. But of what avail is all this? The band strikes up again, and the regiment marches gaily over the bridge towards the railway station, and the girls that are left behind can but weep and pray and hope.

In Mr. Thackeray's good book, in the part where Amelia is mourning for her husband gone to battle, and will not be comforted, there is a little Belgian chambermaid who endeavours to solace her by this remark: "Tenez, Madame, est-ce qu'il n'est pas aussi à l'armeé, mon homme à moi?" Was not her sweetheart gone to battle too? Had she not as great and sad a stake in the dread game of war? So, are there some thousands of non-commissioned individuals, privates—common soldiers in fact—who must also listen with sad feelings to the tune of the "Girl I left behind me." These girls—poor, decent, but thinly clad—hang in the arms, about, around, almost upon, the scarlet items that make up the regiment marching past. As they clear the bridge, a mighty multitude encompasses them. The Waterloo Road casts its heterogeneous population out upon them. The disreputable denizens of the New Cut rush forward with wild whoops to "see the sodgers off." The ragged street boys throw savage somersaults into the air at the unwonted sight. The city, wakening up, sends forth people of all classes. Policemen bustle to and fro. And amidst the loudest brazening of the band, and the tremendous cheers of the people, the Guards march into the railway station, gates are closed, and the show is over.

As I turn back, and pick my way among the dispersing crowd I see a woman with a little basket weeping silently; and in the distance the band, which is now on the railway platform, sends forth, once more, the suggestive strains of the "Girl I left behind me."

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IV.

NOT being Mrs. Grundy, who *was* Mr. Bounderby?

Why, Mr. Bounderby was as near being Mr. Grandgrind's bosom friend, as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearth-rug, warming himself before the fire, Mr. Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs. Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs. Gradgrind.

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch."

Mrs. Gradgrind, a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her; Mrs. Gradgrind hoped it was a dry ditch?

"No! As wet as a sop. A foot of water in it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Enough to give a baby cold," Mrs. Gradgrind considered.

"Cold? I was born with inflammation of the lungs, and of everything else, I believe, that was capable of inflammation," returned Mr. Bounderby. "For years, ma'am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly, that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty, that you wouldn't have touched me with a pair of tongs."

Mrs. Gradgrind faintly looked at the tongs, as the most appropriate thing her imbecility could think of doing.

"How I fought through it, *I* don't know," said Bounderby. "I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am, Mrs. Gradgrind, anyhow, and nobody to thank for my being here but myself."

Mrs. Gradgrind meekly and weakly hoped that his mother—

"*My* mother? Bolted, ma'am!" said Bounderby.

Mrs. Gradgrind, stunned as usual, collapsed and gave it up.

"My mother left me to my grandmother," said Bounderby; "and, according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. If I got a little pair of shoes by any chance, she would take 'em off and sell 'em for drink. Why, I have known that grandmother of mine lie in her bed and drink her fourteen glasses of liquor before breakfast!"

Mrs. Gradgrind, weakly smiling, and giving

no other sign of vitality, looked (as she always did) like an indifferently executed transparency of a small female figure, without enough light behind it.

"She kept a chandler's shop," pursued Bounderby, "and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of *my* infancy; an old egg-box. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond; and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do anything else. I was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that, very well."

His pride in having at any time of his life achieved such a great social distinction as to be a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest, was only to be satisfied by three sonorous repetitions of the boast.

"I was to pull through it I suppose, Mrs. Gradgrind. Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am, I did it. I pulled through it, though nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand-boy, vagabond, labourer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mrs. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, of your district schools and your model schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools; and Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, tells you plainly, all right, all correct—he hadn't such advantages—but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people—the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well—such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

Being heated when he arrived at this climax, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown stopped. He stopped just as his eminently practical friend, still accompanied by the two young culprits, entered the room. His eminently practical friend, on seeing him, stopped also, and gave Louisa a reproachful look that plainly said, "Behold your Bounderby!"

"Well!" blustered Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter? What is young Thomas in the dumps about?"

He spoke of young Thomas, but he looked at Louisa.

"We were peeping at the circus," muttered Louisa haughtily, without lifting up her eyes, "and father caught us."

"And Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband in a lofty manner, "I should as soon have expected to find my children reading poetry."

"Dear me," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind. "How can you, Louisa and Thomas? I wonder at you. I declare you're enough to make one regret ever having had a family at all. I have a great mind to say I wish I hadn't. *Then* what would you have done, I should like to know?"

Mr. Gradgrind did not seem favorably impressed by these cogent remarks. He frowned impatiently.

"As if, with my head in its present throbbing state, you couldn't go and look at the shells and minerals and things provided for you, instead of circuses!" said Mrs. Gradgrind. "You know, as well as I do, no young people have circus masters, or keep circuses in cabinets, or attend lectures about circuses What can you possibly want to know of circuses then? I am sure you have enough to do, if that's what you want. With my head in its present state, I couldn't remember the mere names of half the facts you have got to attend to."

"That's the reason!" pouted Louisa.

"Don't tell me that's the reason, because it can be nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "Go and be somethingological directly." Mrs. Gradgrind was not a scientific character, and usually dismissed her children to their studies with this general injunction to choose their pursuit.

In truth, Mrs. Gradgrind's stock of facts in general was woefully defective, but Mr. Gradgrind in raising her to her high matrimonial position had been influenced by two reasons. Firstly, she was most satisfactory as a question of figures; and, secondly, she had "no nonsense" about her. By nonsense he meant fancy; and truly it is probable she was as free from any alloy of that nature, as any human being not arrived at the perfection of an absolute idiot, ever was.

The simple circumstance of being left alone with her husband and Mr. Bounderby, was sufficient to stun this admirable lady again, without collision between herself and any other fact. So, she once more died away, and nobody minded her.

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, drawing a chair to the fireside, "you are always so interested in my young people—particularly in Louisa—that I make no apology for saying to you, I am very much vexed by this discovery. I have systematically devoted myself (as you know) to the education of the reason of my family. The reason is (as you know) the only faculty to which education should be addressed. And yet, Bounderby, it would appear from this unexpected circumstance of to-day, though in itself a trifling one, as if something had crept into Thomas's and Louisa's minds which is—or rather, which is not—I don't know that I can express myself better than by saying—which has never been intended to be developed, and in which their reason has no part."

"There certainly is no reason in looking

with interest at a parcel of vagabonds," returned Bounderby. "When I was a vagabond myself, nobody looked with any interest at *me;* I know that."

"Then comes the question," said the eminently practical father, with his eyes on the fire, "in what has this vulgar curiosity its rise?"

"I'll tell you in what. In idle imagination."

"I hope not," said the eminently practical; "I confess, however, that the misgiving *has* crossed me on my way home."

"In idle imagination, Gradgrind," repeated Bounderby. "A very bad thing for anybody, but a cursed bad thing for a girl like Louisa. I should ask Mrs. Gradgrind's pardon for strong expressions, but that she knows very well I am not a refined character. Whoever expects refinement in *me* will be disappointed. I hadn't a refined bringing up."

"Whether," said Mr. Gradgrind, pondering with his hands in his pockets, and his cavernous eyes on the fire, "whether any instructor or servant can have suggested anything? Whether Louisa or Thomas can have been reading anything? Whether, in spite of all precautions, any idle story-book can have got into the house? Because, in minds that have been practically formed by rule and line, from the cradle upwards, this is so curious, so incomprehensible."

"Stop a bit!" cried Bounderby, who all this time had been standing, as before, on the hearth, bursting at the very furniture of the room with explosive humility. "You have one of those strollers' children in the school."

"Cecilia Jupe, by name," said Mr. Gradgrind, with something of a stricken look at his friend.

"Now stop a bit!" cried Bounderby again. "How did she come there?"

"Why, the fact is, I saw the girl myself for the first time, only just now. She specially applied here at the house to be admitted, as not regularly belonging to our town, and —yes, you are right, Bounderby, you are right."

"Now, stop a bit!" cried Bounderby, once more. "Louisa saw her when she came?"

"Louisa certainly did see her, for she mentioned the application to me. But Louisa saw her, I have no doubt, in Mrs. Gradgrind's presence."

"Pray, Mrs. Gradgrind," said Bounderby, "what passed?"

"Oh, my poor health," returned Mrs. Gradgrind. "The girl wanted to come to the school, and Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come to the school, and Louisa and Thomas both said that the girl wanted to come, and, that Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come, and how was it possible to contradict them when such was the fact."

"Now I tell you what, Gradgrind," said Mr. Bounderby. "Turn this girl to the right-about, and there's an end of it."

"I am much of your opinion."

"Do it at once," said Bounderby, "has always been my motto from a child. When I thought I would run away from my egg-box and my grandmother, I did it at once. Do you the same. Do this at once!"

"Are you walking?" asked his friend. "I have the father's address. Perhaps you would not mind walking to town with me?"

"Not the least in the world," said Mr. Bounderby, "as long as you do it at once."

So Mr. Bounderby threw on his hat—he always threw it on, as expressing a man who had been far too busily employed in making himself, to acquire any fashion of wearing his hat — and with his hands in his pockets sauntered out into the hall. "I never wear gloves," it was his custom to say. "I didn't climb up the ladder in *them*. Shouldn't be so high up, if I had."

Being left to saunter in the hall a minute or two, while Mr. Gradgrind went upstairs for the address, he opened the door of the children's study, and looked into that serene floor-clothed apartment, which, notwithstanding its bookcases and its cabinets and its variety of learned and philosophical appliances, had much of the genial aspect of a room devoted to hair-cutting. Louisa languidly leaned upon the window, looking out, without looking at anything, while young Thomas stood sniffing revengefully at the fire. Adam Smith and Malthus, two younger Gradgrinds, were out at lecture in custody; and little Jane, after manufacturing a good deal of moist pipe-clay on her face with slate-pencil and tears, had fallen asleep over vulgar fractions.

"It's all right now, Louisa; it's all right, young Thomas," said Mr. Bounderby; "you won't do so any more; I'll answer for it's being all over with father. Well, Louisa, that's worth a kiss, isn't it?"

"You can take one, Mr. Bounderby," returned Louisa, when she had coldly paused, and slowly walked across the room, and ungraciously raised her cheek towards him, with her face turned away.

"Always my pet; an't you, Louisa?" said Mr. Bounderby. "Good-bye, Louisa."

He went his way, but she stood on the same spot, rubbing the cheek he had kissed, with her handkerchief, until it was burning red. She was still doing this, five minutes afterwards.

"What are you about, Loo?" her brother sulkily remonstrated. "You'll rub a hole in your face."

"You may cut the piece out with your penknife if you like, Tom. I wouldn't cry."

CHAPTER V.

COKETOWN, to which Messrs. Bounderby and Gradgrind now walked, was a triumph of fact; it had no greater taint of fancy in it than Mrs. Gradgrind herself. Let us strike

the key-note, Coketown, before pursuing our tune.

It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but, as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets, all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegancies of life which made we will not ask how much of the fine lady, who could scarcely bear to hear the place mentioned. The rest of its features were voluntary, and they were these.

You saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely workful. If the members of a religious persuasion built a chapel there—as the members of eighteen religious persuasions had done—they made it a pious warehouse of red brick, with sometimes (but this only in highly ornamented examples) a bell in a birdcage on the top of it. The solitary exception was the New Church; a stuccoed edifice with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four short pinnacles like florid wooden legs. All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town-hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction. Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. The M'Choakumchild school was all fact, and the school of design was all fact, and the relations between master and man were all fact, and everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchasable in the cheapest market and saleable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end, Amen.

A town so sacred to fact, and so triumphant in its assertion, of course got on well? Why no, not quite well. No? Dear me!

No. Coketown did not come out of its own furnaces, in all respects like gold that had stood the fire. First, the perplexing mystery of the place was, Who belonged to the eighteen denominations? Because, whoever did, the laboring people did not. It was very strange to walk through the streets on a Sunday morning. and note how few of *them* the barbarous jangling of bells that was driving the sick and nervous mad, called away from their own quarter, from their own close rooms, from the corners of their own streets, where they lounged listlessly, gazing at all the church and chapel going, as at a thing with which they had no manner of concern. Nor was it merely the stranger who noticed this, because there was a native organization in Coketown itself, whose members were to be heard of in the House of Commons every session, indignantly petitioning for acts of parliament that should make these people religious by main force. Then, came the Teetotal Society, who complained that these same people *would* get drunk, and showed in tabular statements that they did get drunk, and proved at tea parties that no inducement, human or Divine (except a medal), would induce them to forego their custom of getting drunk. Then, came the chemist and druggist, with other tabular statements, showing that when they didn't get drunk, they took opium. Then, came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, outdoing all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people *would* resort to low haunts, hidden from the public eye, where they heard low singing, and saw low dancing, and mayhap joined in it; and where A. B., aged twenty-four next birthday, and committed for eighteen months' solitary, had himself said (not that he had ever shown himself particularly worthy of belief) his ruin began, as he was perfectly sure and confident that otherwise he would have been a tip-top moral specimen. Then, came Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby, the two gentlemen at this present moment walking through Coketown, and both eminently practical, who could, on occasion, furnish more tabular statements derived from their own personal experience, and illustrated by cases they had known and seen, from which it clearly appeared—in short, it was the only clear thing in the case—that these same people were a bad lot altogether, gentlemen; that do what you would for them they were never thankful for it, gentlemen; that they were restless, gentlemen; that they never knew what they wanted; that they lived upon the best, and bought fresh butter, and insisted on Mocha coffee, and rejected all but prime parts

of meat, and yet were eternally dissatisfied and unmanageable. In short it was the moral of the old nursery fable:

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the whole of her diet,
And yet this old woman would NEVER be quiet.

Is it possible, I wonder, that there was any analogy between the case of the Coketown population and the case of the little Gradgrinds? Surely, none of us in our sober senses and acquainted with figures, are to be told at this time of day that one of the foremost elements in the existence of the Coketown working people had been for scores of years deliberately set at naught? That there was any Fancy in them demanding to be brought into healthy existence instead of struggling on in convulsions? That exactly in the ratio as they worked long and monotonously, the craving grew within them for some physical relief—some relaxation, encouraging good humour and good spirits, and giving them a vent—some recognised holiday, though it were but for an honest dance to a stirring band of music—some occasional light pie in which even M'Choakumchild had no finger—which craving must and would be satisfied aright, or must and would inevitably go wrong, until the laws of the Creation were repealed?

"This man lives at Pod's End, and I don't quite know Pod's End," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Which is it, Bounderby?"

Mr. Bounderby knew it was somewhere down town, but knew no more respecting it. So they stopped for a moment, looking about.

Almost as they did so, there came running round the corner of the street, at a quick pace and with a frightened look, a girl whom Mr. Gradgrind recognised. "Halloa!" said he. "Stop! Where are you going? Stop!" Girl number twenty stopped then, palpitating, and made him a curtsey.

"Why are you tearing about the streets," said Mr. Gradgrind, "in this improper manner?"

"I was—I was run after, sir," the girl panted, "and I wanted to get away."

"Run after?" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Who would run after *you*?"

The question was unexpectedly and suddenly answered for her, by the colourless boy, Bitzer, who came round the corner with such blind speed and so little anticipating a stoppage on the pavement, that he brought himself up against Mr. Gradgrind's waistcoat, and rebounded into the road.

"What do you mean, boy?" said Mr. Gradgrind. "What are you doing? How dare you dash against—everybody—in this manner?"

Bitzer picked up his cap, which the concussion had knocked off, and backing, and knuckling his forehead, pleaded that it was an accident.

"Was this boy running after you, Jupe?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

"Yes, sir," said the girl reluctantly.

"No, I wasn't sir!" cried Bitzer. "Not till she run away from me. But the horse-riders never mind what they say, sir; they're famous for it. You know the horse-riders are famous for never minding what they say," addressing Sissy. "It's as well known in the town as—please, sir, as the multiplication table isn't known to the horseriders." Bitzer tried Mr. Bounderby with this.

"He frightened me so," said the girl, "with his cruel faces!"

"Oh!" cried Bitzer. "Oh! An't you one of the rest! An't you a horse-rider! I never looked at her, sir. I asked her if she would know how to define a horse to-morrow, and offered to tell her again, and she ran away, and I ran after her, sir, that she might know how to answer when she was asked. You wouldn't have thought of saying such mischief if you hadn't been a horse-rider!"

"Her calling seems to be pretty well known among 'em," observed Mr. Bounderby. "You'd have had the whole school peeping in a row, in a week."

"Truly, I think so," returned his friend. "Bitzer, turn you about and take yourself home. Jupe, stay here a moment. Let me hear of your running in this manner any more, boy, and you will hear of me through the master of the school. You understand what I mean. Go along."

The boy stopped in his rapid blinking, knuckled his forehead again, glanced at Sissy, turned about, and retreated.

"Now, girl," said Mr. Gradgrind, "take this gentleman and me to your father's; we are going there. What have you got in that bottle you are carrying?"

"Gin," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Dear, no sir! It's the nine oils."

"The what?" cried Mr. Bounderby.

"The nine oils, sir. To rub father with." Then, said Mr. Bounderby, with a loud, short laugh, "what the devil do you rub your father with nine oils for!"

"It's what our people always use, sir, when they get any hurts in the ring," replied the girl, looking over her shoulder, to assure herself that her pursuer was gone. "They bruise themselves very bad sometimes."

"Serve 'em right," said Mr. Bounderby, "for being idle." She glanced up at his face, with mingled astonishment and dread.

"By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, "when I was four or five years younger than you, I had worse bruises upon me than ten oils, twenty oils, forty oils, would have rubbed off. I didn't get 'em by posture-making, but by being banged about. There was no rope-dancing for me; I danced on the bare ground and was larruped with the rope."

Mr. Gradgrind, though hard enough, was by no means so rough a man as Mr. Bounderby. His character was not unkind, all

things considered; it might have been a very kind one indeed if he had only made some round mistake in the arithmetic that balanced it, years ago. He said, in what he meant for a re-assuring tone, as they turned down a narrow road, "And this is Pod's End; is it, Jupe?"

"This is it, sir, and—if you wouldn't mind, sir—this is the house."

She stopped, at twilight, at the door of a mean little public house, with dim red lights in it. As haggard and as shabby, as if, for want of custom, it had itself taken to drinking, and had gone the way all drunkards go, and was very near the end of it.

"It's only crossing the bar, sir, and up the stairs, if you wouldn't mind, and waiting there for a moment till I get a candle. If you should hear a dog, sir, it's only Merrylegs, and he only barks."

"Merrylegs and nine oils, eh!" said Mr. Bounderby, entering last with his metallic laugh. "Pretty well this, for a self-made man!"

GOBLIN LIFE.

A FEW more pages may be devoted to recalling some of the many shapes taken by those superstitions which occupied so prominent a place among the household words of our forefathers. It is well for us to think sometimes of household words now past and gone. The other day we discussed only the spirits of the elements, and found how the belief in them beset the daily life of men with gloom and terror. But there existed other goblin fancies.

Even at this day, can we say fairly that the belief in death omens has gone the way of all error? The death-watch still sets many a heart beating, and there are even people who would resent the imputation of ignorance unable to hear unmoved at night the howling of a dog. The dog always was considered a beast sensitive to impressions from the spirit world. Eumæan dogs, says Homer, could see the apparition of Pallas when Telemachus saw nothing. In the sixteenth century, Jerome Cardan, the Milanese physician, relates that a dog howled before his marriage, and explains that his guardian angel came in grief to his threshold, and that the dog felt the presence of the spirit. In the same century—in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-three, a few weeks before a great mortality in Saxony, the dogs, it is said, assembled in a great troop at Meissen, and ran howling and yelling dismally through field and forest.

There are still women, and even men, afraid of corpse-lights. The most elaborate superstition of this kind, is that which used to prevail in Wales, through Cardigan, Caermarthen, and Pembroke. A fire, it was believed, rose out of the bed of the person who was about to die; it went thence to the churchyard, and the way it took was precisely the way that would be taken by the coffin. If anywhere it turned aside, the bearers of the coffin would in the same place be compelled to turn aside to avoid filth, or some other obstruction. John Davis, in the year sixteen hundred and fifty-six, related this belief of his neighbours in a letter published by Richard Baxter. A little pale or bluish light, he said, went before the corpse of an infant or young child, a thicker one before an adult, and two or three together preceded as many deaths. A neighbour of Davis's, about to give birth to a child, met two such lights at her house-door as she was entering; they were a large light and a little one. May we not think it a direct consequence of the fear attending superstition, though Davis takes it as a quite natural sequence, that directly afterwards this woman fell ill, the child came before long into the world, and that mother and child died? Davis's wife's sister, Joanna Wyat, had been nurse in a great house, thirty-five years before he wrote his letter, and then one day, when the lady of the house lay dead, the housekeeper went into the maid-servant's room, and saw five of these lights. Afterwards the room was whitened, and to hasten the drying, a brasier of charcoal was put into it. The servants went to bed, and five of them were dead next morning.

Philip Camerarius wrote thus of signs of death: "Some princes are warned by a roaring of lions, or a strange howling of dogs, a nightly thumping or stamping about their castles, or the untimely striking of their clocks. In monasteries, it happens not unfrequently that the seats of monks or nuns, who are about to die, are occupied by shadows without heads. I know a noble family that has the surest token of death when a certain fountain, usually clear, is clouded by a worm otherwise quite unknown. Another family of great note is warned of death by the occurrence of a landslip in their neighbourhood."

Whoever may be disposed to shudder at the reading of such things may judge of the dread excited by the commonest occurrences, when rich and poor alike were taught thus to interpret them in solemn earnest.

Lavater wrote, near the end of the sixteenth century, that when a town councillor or other public person was about to die, a loud report, or other token of death, proceeded from the seat in hall or church habitually occupied by him. In monasteries he wrote that monks had heard their coffins being ordered for them exactly as they were really ordered not many days after, and he said, when any one is about to die in the villages, the people hear, in the dusk of evening or at night, a sound of spades in the churchyard, and it is precisely the same sound, stroke for stroke, that will be made next day by the sextons. After citing other tokens of the same kind, he added: "Executioners are

often heard to say that they knew generally beforehand when a criminal will be delivered to them, because their swords move of their own accord upon the wall; some even say that they can foretell by such signs the exact manner in which a condemned man will be put to death."

The spontaneous clashing of the headsman's implements is an idea kindred to the belief that when an absent knight is killed, blood breaks out upon the sword that he has left at home, and many a warrior's wife may by this superstition have been made to tremble at the apparition of a few streaks of red rust.

It was a prettier fancy that prevailed among the monks of Corbei; the angel of death laid a lily on the seat of the brother who would next be taken. Such a monk would no doubt have been half or quite frightened to death if any one had put, secretly through malice, a lily in his chair. The magnates of the high church of Breslau translated this fancy—and spoilt it, as translators do spoil nearly everything: their token of death was not a lily, but a rose.

Sir Walter Scott has made us all familiar with White Ladies. The White Lady superstition was extremely prevalent, but not before the fifteenth century. It began, perhaps, with the story of the appearance of Melusina to the princes of the House of Lusignan. White Ladies appeared before the death of lords or princes only, or of members of their family, and often only before those deaths which were to cause the transfer of their lands to a new line of heirs. There was a famous White Lady attached to the House of Brandenburg. An Italian writer upon Judas Iscariot told of three great Italian houses, those of Torelli, Pio, and Gozaga, in which a White Lady always appeared before death, and occupied the room in which the body would afterwards be laid out. It was believed that this was the apparition of a former mistress of the house who had been falsely accused of infidelity, and had therefore been wrapped up in white linen and thrown out of an upper window.

As I find that my own flesh begins to creep, I shall be glad to change the topic. First, however, let me add a rational explanation that has been offered of the origin of the White Lady superstition. White used to be the colour in which noble ladies mourned. To say "the White Lady will soon be seen," was to say that soon the lord of the house or one of the family would die. Thence by an easy corruption, the whole superstition might in time have come.

Farmers of old time did not grumble at the weather, but at the neighbour who had raised the weather. In the early times of the Romans that was so, and there is a pretty story on the subject, very familiar to all readers of Roman history. It will be more to our purpose to illustrate the strong working of such a superstitious fancy in much later times. Here is a story (how suggestive!) told by Bodimus, in his "Dæmonomania." nearly at the end of the sixteenth century. He had it from the Admiral Coligny, who was a victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew: "A young man, in Poiton, was accused of the murder of two gentlemen. He confessed that he had been their servant, and seen how they strewed powder over the sown fields, with the words, 'Curse light upon this fruit, upon this house, upon this neighbourhood.' He then took the same powder, of which he had got possession, and threw it into the bedroom of these nobles, and so it followed that each of them was found dead in his bed. The judges thereupon pronounced the young man guiltless."

There were men who were supposed able to raise storms, and men able to defend against them. People who assumed the latter power were paid by the farmers, just as payment would now be made to a hail-insurance office; and "There are many," said Archbishop Agobard, of Lyons, very bitterly, "many who never pay their tithes with a good will to the priest, and never give alms to the widow, the orphan, or to any other of the poor, however much they may be exhorted so to do; yet these men will pay their fees to the storm-preventer with the utmost punctuality, and without any need of a reminder."

"Again," said Agobard, "most people are so foolish and thoughtless as to believe and declare that there is a land called Magonia, from which ships come sailing over the clouds to draw up cargoes of the fruit broken to the ground by storms or hail, and so take them home into that land, and they say that the people of these ships in the air are in alliance with storm-raisers who, for certain gifts, lift the fruit up to them." Three men and a woman, Agobard said, he had himself saved from being stoned to death in a village to which they had come as strangers, because it was believed they had tumbled down in a storm out of the air ships. Very faint, in comparison with the idea of society thus given, is even a humorous exaggeration of our own dark side of life presented lately to the world by Mr. Leech. A happy Londoner enjoys the air in one of our politest mining districts. Two of the natives eye him, and thus talk together: "Who's him, Bill?"—"A stranger."—'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

In the sixteenth century. Godelmann wrote thus:—"In the year fifty-three, two witches were taken in Berlin, who had agreed together to make ice and spoil the fruit season. And these women had stolen a child from another woman who was their neighbour, and cut it in pieces to cook it. It happened, by the will of Heaven, that the mother seeking her child, came upon them and saw the little limbs of her lost infant in the kettle. Then when the women were both

taken and put to the torture, they confessed that if their cooking had been finished, a great frost would have come over the land with ice, and all the fruit would have been nipped." The whole story may be true, except that the kettle of these two poor witches contained harmless meat.

Luther used to tell of two women who went to an inn, and put aside two jars of water. While so doing they were heard to debate with themselves whether they would touch the bread or the wine, the corn or the grapes. When the landlord, who stood by in a corner, heard that, he took both the pitchers, and when the two women were in bed, poured the contents over them. The water became ice, and from that hour the women fell sick, so that they died of it. That story also may be true. The poor wretches had discussed together very likely what they would eat or drink at the inn; for which crime they were drenched at midnight, during frosty weather, and perished, as tens of thousands perished, in their homes or at the scaffold—victims of superstition.

Then there were some people—especially old women—who had the evil eye; whose looks were poisonous to man, and beast, and field. The Greeks used to believe this of some inhabitants of Pontus, who were said to have two pupils in each eye, or the image of a horse in one.

There was a belief also that people could be, not "damned with faint praise," but cursed by too much flattery. In some respects, that would be a wholesome notion. It is like a superstition still current, that if you boast of a thing, you are sure to lose it. The belief in cursing by loud praise dates as far back as the time of Plautus, and both Greeks and Romans had a special word prefixed very commonly to high praise, when it was designed to guard against the idea that a curse might be intended or drawn down by it. This notion existed through many centuries; and even our distrust of a man who "does not look you in the face," though it has grounds of a reasonable kind to stand upon, may yet be strengthened by a relic of the old dread that an evil charm was being worked by any one who, while he addressed another, looked either up into the sky, or down towards the earth.

We now talk pleasantly of true love-knots; such things used to be charms to attract love, worn round the arm or knee; and there were knots that destroyed love, used by enemies, to render married people childless. Charms spoken on the threshold in the marriage hour were also supposed to prevent the birth of children; and Paracelsus states what must be done to counteract such charms.

I must say little of the belief that disease was caused by the practice of some witch upon the waxen image of the patient. Duff, King of Scotland, had a disease that, legendary as it is, may readily be recognised as consumption, with great fever and night sweats when he went to bed. Physicians did him no good. Then there was a great rumour that the King of Moravia was plagued by the Scottish witches in the neighbourhood of Forres. Macbeth knew Forres for a witch neighbourhood, and in this legend we find that it really used to be so reputed. King Duff ordered research to be made on his own account, and the busy magistrate of Forres at last contrived one night to break into a house where an old witch and a young one were roasting a waxen image of the king upon a spit before a low fire. The slow melting of the wax all night was the cause of the king's night sweats and of his wasting; the heat of the fire caused his fever. After these women had been burnt the king recovered.

I will add only one fact concerning witches. It was in most places either an understood fact or a direct injunction to their judges, that these women, when under sentence to be burnt or tortured, were enabled by the devil to give utterance to peculiarly heartrending cries, and to plead for pity in tones to which it was dangerous to listen; that the judge must be forewarned of this, and that if he was deluded, and shrank from duty, in his struggle against the Evil One, he would be made answerable for such relentings as for a very grave offence. Superstition steeled the heart thus against even the best impulse of humanity.

When ignorance was the rule, men who were wiser than the world about them, if they produced any wonderful results of knowledge, were supposed to be magicians. In many cases they fell in with the prevailing error, and as they found it hard to obtain credit for what they were, and easy to get renown and influence by letting themselves be considered what they were not, they accepted the title of magicians, and said and did things to maintain them in that repute, for magicians generally were respected, and not burnt. The belief in them had already become very faint when the belief in witches had attained its worst development.

The most famous of the legendary enchanters were our own Merlin, and Virgil the poet. Of Merlin we know much. We have all heard of the round table made by him for King Arthur, before which the twelfth (or Judas) seat was so constructed that whoever sat upon it went down to perdition. Merlin was, on the whole, very beneficent, and did not deserve that he should have his own arts fatally practised upon himself by the hard-hearted lady to whom he taught them. Virgil was more known by the Italians of the middle ages as enchanter than as poet. It is odd that he should have so survived. A thick book might be filled with the legends told about him. He built Naples upon eggs; lapse of time may, there-

fore, account for the rottenness of the foundation upon which that city stands; or, as other legends say, he built part of it on underground pillars, and built in the vermin under the stairs of a certain tower, so that they never troubled the houses or the gardens. He established a mechanical night police of iron men, who went about with flails, and who would have broken the bones of any one who stirred abroad at an untimely hour. He built a bit of meat into the wall of the shambles, so that all the meat there sold was prevented from becoming offensive to eyes, nose, or mouth. He made a garden under a rock just outside the town, in which he put a statue with a trumpet at its mouth, facing the south; and whenever the south wind blew into this, the statue blew it back, and twisted the whole wind round to the opposite quarter. The reason of this was, that a mountain in the Terra di Lavoro gave out smoke and ashes, it being supposed to be an air-hole over the infernal regions. In May the south wind used to blow this smoke over Naples; and to drive it away, Virgil made his statue. After a life spent in this way, Virgil, a very old man, was willing, for the sake of a lady, to become young again; and, shutting himself up in his castle, bade the lady and a pupil of his cut him up into small pieces, put him into a tub and salt him; a certain lamp was then to hang over the tub, which should drop oil over his remains for a given time, and other things were to be done; I forget precisely what they were, and how they came to be left undone. The process certainly was interrupted, and Virgil remained buried in the brine-tub.

There was a famous German conjuror named Zytho, who lived in the time of the Emperor Wenzel, about the end of the fourteenth century. The most popular part of his story is that which relates his introduction to the Emperor. It was thus told and believed in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-five, by Hans Jacob Fugger, in his "Mirror of Honor for the House of Austria." Emperor Wenzel had married a second wife, who brought with her certain adepts in the black art. "As these were practising their tricks in the open market-place, one of the spectators, named Zytho, stepped forward, with a mouth stretching from ear to ear, and he swallowed the principal conjuror, just as he was, clothes, skin, and hair, down to his shoes, which he spat out because they were dirty. Afterwards he went into the next house and turned the big morsel out into a cistern of water, so that he brought the poor fellow back half drowned." Of course he won by this feat the heart of the Emperor.

The great German enchanter was named Klingesohr or Clinshor, and his name is connected with the stories of the German minnesingers, such as Wolfram of Eschenbach, and that Henry of Ofterdingen upon whom poor Novalis founded a romance. We must be content with mentioning this wonder-worker, and pass on to Albertus Magnus—a learned monk of the thirteenth century, of whom this story is told in Lehmann's "Chronicles of Spires," as one of the incidents of the year twelve hundred and forty-eight. The Emperor came to Cologne at the Feast of the three Kings, and was invited by Albert to come and dine with all his court in a garden near the monastery to which he belonged. The day was not only cold, but much snow fell, and the courtiers thought the monk unreasonable in asking them to dine under the open sky. The Emperor, however, went, and they all sat down to table among the snow, enveloped in warm wrappers—speaking as moderns, we may say, in their great coats and comforters. A splendid dinner was then brought by beautiful and courteous attendants, whom nobody knew; and as the dinner came the snow went, the day overhead grew clear and summery, grass broke out of the ground, and the trees burst into leaf, flowers grew up and blossomed while the plate was changing; the fruit trees also blossomed, and directly afterwards went on to fruit-bearing, the fruit ripened, and all kinds of birds flocked in to feed upon it, and these made the air ring with delicious singing. The heat by that time had so much increased that the diners took off all their wrappers and such other clothes as they could properly dispense with. After dinner, the servants went away with the remnants and were no more seen. The birds then flew away; then the grass and the flowers perished out of sight, the winter and the snow returned, so that the guests were glad to put on their great coats and go away. But the Emperor William was so charmed with this little dinner entertainment that he made rich grants of land to the convent, and always held Albertus Magnus in the best esteem. This story, put into another form, was used, some readers will remember, by Boccaccio.

I should not omit mention of Dr. Faustus, a legendary person, founded on superstitions associated with a real John Faust, who was too clever for his neighbors in the first year of the sixteenth century. He has been used as a peg on which to hang nearly all the tales of the magicians who had gone before him. Much has been said and sung of him; here let him rest in peace.

We must no longer rejoice in an escape from the dark regions of practical superstitions; for it is impossible to omit all mention of the ugliest and most prominent of all the shapes that peopled it, the master of the magicians, the legendary Satan. The Satan or the devil of old superstition was an imaginary being quite of his own kind. He was not the Satan of theology, though there were drawn between the two a few strong lines of connection. He was the builder of all castles, bridges, and works of art that seemed to be beyond man's strength, even of mountains and valleys, that

looked as if they had been made, and not as if they were ordinary parts of the surrounding scenery. Such works were, however, in some cases, attributed to the giants, of whom there will not be room here to speak. In the south the same wild influence that operated upon all the legends represented Satan as a gentleman. In the fabliaux of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and in the songs of the minstrels, he is at the worst a criminal judge who holds men to their duty; but in the north he has a fiercer character. Phrases now almost unmeaning on the lips of those who use them formerly were of frightful import. Here is an illustration from Gervasius Tilberiensis: "There is in Catalonia a very high mountain, called Cavaga, steep and nearly inaccessible. On its summit is a lake, with blackish water. Thereunder, it is said, lies a house of demons, after the manner of a palace, very extensive, and with one closed gate. Its shape is unknown to the people, because it is invisible. When anybody throws a stone into the water there breaks out a storm, as if the demons were offended. On one of the peaks of this mountain are eternal snow and ice; there is much crystal, and the sun never shines there. Now let the reader hear what lately happened on this spot.

"In a village built under the mountain, named Junchera, there lived a peasant, Peter de Cabina, who one day stayed at home, doing some work in his own cottage. And he being annoyed by the constant squalling of his infant, whom he could not quiet, cried out, as people do when they consider themselves injured, saying, 'The devil take the child!'

"Instantly his offer was accepted, and by unseen hands his little girl was dragged out of the cradle, and carried away in a whirlwind. Seven years afterwards a native of the place was travelling on foot about the mountain, when he saw a man who ran by wailing piteously. 'Woe's me,' he cried, 'woe's me that I am pressed under such a burden!' Asked by the traveller, 'What is the cause, then, of your pain?' he said, 'I have been now seven years on this mountain Cavaga because I was committed to the devils, and they ride me daily, and whip me as their horse.' Lest the hearer might doubt him, he told, as a sure sign of his truth, that the daughter of Peter Cabina, born at Sanchera, had also been committed to the devil, but that the demons were tired of managing her education, and would be very glad to give her back, if her father would come up the mountain for her.

"Then when the demons had been solemnly adjured, the girl appeared in a moment. She was of great stature, dry, frightful to behold, with wild eyes, and in such state that her bones, nerves, and skin, hardly hung together. She was of horrible countenance, and spoke or understood no human language, and there were few human affairs that they could make her understand."

This part of the subject is, in almost every one of its forms, so shocking, that, although it would display, more than anything, the active terrors, by day and by night, that were linked with the superstition of our forefathers, I would rather not enforce it by a body of examples. I will end, therefore, with one of the lighter narratives of the class. It illustrates the phrase—now comic, once terrible—for it was regarded as a penal adjuration, used in many a contest, and readily caught up by the person who was sure to obtain something thereby—the devil take the hindmost. In Luther's "Table-talk," there was a story told of a number of young nobles who rode a race shouting, "The devil take the hindmost." The foremost had a led horse, which he let go, and galloped on. Then the loose horse fell into the rear, and at the end of the race was carried away through the air.

A CALL UPON SOPHY.

We will again make a short unceremonious visit to Sophy, and be instructively amused by M. Aimé-Martin.

Let a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips and all the world is at war,—give it to Fénélon and he shall so manage it with his tongue that there shall be everywhere peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets mankind in motion. If we could live without air we could not talk, sing, or hear any sounds without it. There would be a blazing sun in a black sky,—sunshine mingled with thick darkness, and there would be everywhere an awful silence, There is less air in the upper than in the lower regions of the atmosphere; the bottom crust of air is, of course, densest. Saussure fired a pistol on the summit of Mount Blanc, and the report was like the snapping of a stick. There is a well at Fulda three hundred palms deep; throw a stone down it and the noise it makes in its descent will be like the firing of a park of cannon. It goes down among dense air, and also it reverberates. When a man speaks he strikes air with his throat and mouth as a stone strikes water, and from his tongue as from the stone spread undulating circles with immense rapidity. Those circles may be checked and beaten back in their course, as it is with the waves of sound made by the stone tumbling down a well, beaten back, and furiously multiplied. At the Castle of Simonetti, near Milan, one low note of music will beget a concert, for the note is echoed to and fro by the great wings of the building that reflect and multiply a sound just as two mirrors reflect and multiply a lighted candle. Sound is, in fact, reflected just as light is, and may be brought quite in the same way to a focus. A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse will be heard in

the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was illustrated oddly in the great church of Agrigentum in Sicily. The architect—perhaps intentionally—built several confessionals of an elliptic form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which whoever stood heard all the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprang up in the town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. Intriguing ladies changed their lovers and their priests. It was in vain; their misdeeds still remained town property. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hidden in it, but at last by chance a discovery was made of the character of the tale-telling stones, and the walls had their ears stopped.

From the sounds that travel through the air, we will turn once more to the substances, the birds, and say a word or two of them: regarding them especially as travellers, by whom oceans are crossed and countries traversed. The migration of birds used to be denied, or sometimes it was asserted that they did not migrate, but wintered with the fishes at the bottom of lakes and rivers. Dr. Mather taught that they flew to an undiscovered satellite, a little moon that had escaped observation but was at no very great distance from the earth. The fact of their migration is now not only established but so very notorious in almost all its details that little need be here said about it. Only we must remark upon the marvellousness of the fact that every bird knows when to go abroad, and times its departure not to an exact date but to the exact and fit time every season. Birds arrive in their foreign haunts just when the fruits are ripe on which they go to feed, or which they are sent to protect by the suppression of any too great ravages from insects. How does the loriot resident near Paris know every year precisely on what day there will be the first ripe figs in islands of the Southern Archipelago. He is never—no migratory bird ever is—cheated of his dues by a late season. If the season be late he arrives late. How can a bird know, hundreds of miles away, what sort of weather there will be in Greece, in Egypt, or in England. Eastern nations that observed this close agreement between the movements of birds and the appearance of insects or of fruits, observed or invented sometimes a like concord between birds and flowers. When the nightingales appear, it is said, in certain parts of India, the roses burst spontaneously into blossom.

Then there are other things that travel through the air, of man's invention, simple applications to use—or to no use—of the powers of nature, balloons. There were balloons before Mongelfier. The Father Ménestrier, a historian of Lyons, relates that at the end of the reign of Charlemagne there fell in that town a balloon with several people. The skymen were surrounded by the town's-people, who took them for magicians sent to devastate the land by Grimwald, Duke of Benevento, and they were only saved from destruction by the interference of the learned and enlightened bishop Agoberd. Father Kircher also tells how long ago some Jesuits imprisoned among Indians tried in vain by various ways to recover liberty, and at last one of them, who was free, constructed a big dragon of paper. He then went to the barbarians and told them that they were menaced by the wrath of Heaven with great evils which they could avert only by the liberation of his countrymen. The savages laughed. The priest then went to his dragon, and having suspended in the midst of it a composition of pitch, wax, and sulphur, fastened behind it a portentous tail and sent the beast up into the clouds, where it appeared to vomit fire. There was written on it, in the language of the country, "The wrath of God is about to fall on you!" The barbarians in great terror ran to free the Jesuits. Soon afterwards, the paper having caught fire, the dragon fluttered, struggled, and disappeared in flame, and the barbarians took its withdrawal for a sign of the divine approval of their conduct.

Let us turn our faces now to the great fire dragon of the sky, the sun. Every one knows that there are spots upon its face. Leibnitz, writing in a courtly way for the edification of an old-world Queen of Prussia, called them beauty spots, giving them out for a sublime justification of the use of patches. The sun is a long way off, its light is eight minutes on the road before it reaches us, although light travels with amazing speed. A cannon-ball, if it could be fired up at the sun, its speed never diminishing, would about hit its mark at the end of eighteen years. Yet, though the sun is so distant, and light travels so fast in eight minutes, there are other stars so distant that their light is six years on the journey to our eyes. Let such a star be now annihilated, and for six years we shall still see it. The light of other stars that make a mist before our telescopes comes from so far away that it has been travelling even for two millions of years before it reached the point in space that this our world (as we call it) occupies.

We might see more or less with other senses. The eagle has a telescopic eye, sunk in its orbit as within a tube, and possibly the eagle sees the moons of Saturn glittering, has long since known that in our moon there are mountains and valleys, and had at a very remote period of our history discovered more stars than Herschel, or Adams, or Hind.

There are stars upon earth apart from the opera—fire-flies and luminous insects. An old traveller tells a pretty story about them. He says that on the coast of Guinea he used to see the blacks preparing to go out to fish soon after sunset. The young girls were the

fishers who pushed out to sea in boats and made long tracks of light on the phosphorescent water. They seemed to be at work in fire where they were stirring about with fish baskets, seizing fishes and detaching shells from rocks. After a time they returned singing, wet from their task, and their whole persons covered with living fire. They brought with them gigantic crabs and frightful rays, and thousands of shells all glittering with light, which they poured out upon the grass, and then often they would dance, naked savages as they were, about their huts, and look like fairies, or fire-spirits.

Now that we are by the sea, we will abide upon it. What if there were no waves nor tides, nor currents in the ocean? What if it were not salt? To take only one consideration. What if it were possible for the sea to become frozen over like the Serpentine? Put upon a short allowance of vapour, when all the summer supply had been duly condensed and discharged in rain, we should have dry winters and springs, we should want clouds, want rain, want water springs and water. The sand islands and marshes, and the many diverging channels, naturally formed as a delta at the mouth of most great rivers, are very ugly; but they are formed naturally and like all things in nature have their use. We may say that they exist where it is geographically inevitable that they should exist, but He who made alike the laws and the things under the laws, so made them, that whatever accident may arise from their working, whatever secondary or other combinations they may run into, everything has more than one use for good. Where we see no use the fault is in our ignorance; for we have millions of years of work to do, before we can say that we have turned out all the knowledge that is looked up in this little cabinet we call our world. The marshes and low islands at a river's mouth serve, we may say, as breakwaters for the protection of the inner country. If they were less open-mouthed there would be no "bore" in the Severn or the Hooghly.

When we feel inclined to pride ourselves on our great wisdom, let us think how very little they appeared to know of nature who lived in the world before us, and feel that the very rapidity with which new information is now pouring in will in the end tell of our ignorance more tales than of our wisdom, since it will cause us also hereafter to appear marvellously short-sighted in the eyes of those by whom our places will be taken. The tides to which we have been just referring, Kepler took for the respirations of the earth, which he regarded as a living animal, and Blackmore attributed the eruptions of Mount Etna to fits of colic. We have pushed out into somewhat deeper soundings, but they still will deepen as we go, and of the sea of knowledge we may say too, as of the salt water sea, that there are parts of it which no man may ever expect to fathom.

SONNET IN A SPRING GROVE.

Here the white-ray'd anemone is born,
Wood sorrel, and the varnished buttercup,
And primrose in its purpled green swathed up,
Pallid and sweet round every budding thorn:
Grey ash and beech with rusty leaves outworn.
Here, too, the darting linnet has her nest,
In the blue-lustred holly, never shorn;
Whose partner cheers the little brooding breast,
Piping from some near bough. O simple song!
O cistern deep of that harmonious rillet,
And these fair juicy stems that climb and throng
The vernal world, and unexhausted seas
Of flowing life! and soul, that asks to fill it
Each of them all—and more, and more than these.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

I have the honour to be an inhabitant of the village of Salmon Falls, Eldorado, California. It is a place set in a ring of mountains; a scene of a prison with high walls, practicable only in those places through which our friendly river makes his entrance and his exit. We call the village Salmon Falls, because the river contains salmon, and is broken very near us by a water-fall of about sixteen feet, up which the fish now and then succeed in leaping. The right of fishing, by tacit consent, still belongs to the Indians, and in summer they come down to catch the salmon, both by spearing and by nets. Our fishing in the river is for gold; of which it is said to contain not shoals. Every year we dam small portions of it, and having then drained by ditches or flumes, look for the scales that we love better than scales of any fish that swims. Frequently, after months of toil and patient industry, the river-bed, after it has been drained off, displays only a barren stretch of rock, and we have lost our labour. Fortune at other times is very kind to us.

Not long ago this village was a canvas town; but it has become now a substantial place, and we inhabit wooden houses. In the street between these houses there walk men of almost all nations under the sun. At one door is perhaps a group of Americans, of white men, as they are often called, in contradistinction to the rest, who are all considered foreigners. Over the way may be a crowd of Chinese in their own odd costume, with hats of wicker-work, like saucepan-lids, with bodies wrapped in three or four dark-blue cotton jackets of unequal length, the undermost padded throughout; with sublimely baggy trousers, and slipshod shoes; every man, too, with his tail touching the ground, thanks either to nature's liberal supply of hair, or to the silk cord with which deficiency is eked out and concealed. The

Chinesc have a quarter of their own in our village, where they have merchants of their own race, who keep stores supplied with their own proper commodities. Among these may be quoted ducks preserved in oil; fins and tails of fishes, with the fishes also dried and pickled—very good eating, let me add; and beans made into a paste with a peculiar kind of oil, highly offensive to the nose of the mere western barbarian. They also, of course, deal largely in rice and tea.

The collector of the tax on foreign miners comes to our village monthly, and exacts four dollars (about sixteen shillings and eightpence) per month from each Chinaman, German, Frenchman, Englishman, or other foreigner who has not taken an oath of allegiance to the government of the United States. At first John Chinaman did not consent to this arrangement, and was not at home when the collector called, having gone off to hide among the woods and hills. A few peremptory sales of his mining tools for one-tenth of their value soon opened his eyes to his own interests, and he now pays the tax without a murmur. For this payment a foreigner receives a license to work in the mines for one month; if unable to produce this license when called upon to do so, he is liable to a heavy fine and imprisonment.

Greater, however, than the diversity of people is the diversity of dress among the dwellers in our village. In the street one may remark, of course, the general absence of coats. Nearly every citizen is in his shirt-sleeves; but the shirts are of every hue. One shines with the glory of scarlet; arm-in-arm with scarlet is perhaps a shirt of the very brightest blue; there are reds of every shade; greens, yellows, greys. Then the variety becomes bewildering by crossing of all these colours in every form of check. In the other garments there is almost equal diversity. A genuine hat subjects its wearer to a heavy fine in the shape of "drinks for the crowd." Low-crowned, wide-brimmed, narrow-brimmed, round-topped, or double-up-and-may-be-sat-upon-without-injury form of hats, are met with in great variety. One youth wears a tall brigand's hat, another a Mother Shipton's—that is to say, a perfect cone.

The village of Salmon Falls contains four stores, or general shops. The largest is a framed building, forty by twenty feet, two stories high, lathed and plastered inside, and painted white outside, with a roof covered with shingles. It turns one gable-end to the street, and has glazed doors in the front, and two windows in the upper story. It has also glazed doors round each corner, so that it fronts three ways. On the shelves inside are arranged all kinds of ready-made clothes, reams of letter-paper, boxes of envelopes, bottles of ink, boxes of candles and soap, of raisins, of matches, tin plates, knives and forks, spoons, sacks of salt, cheeses packed in tin, and marked "prime English dairy," tobacco, pepper, snuff and sago. On the floor are barrels of flour, ham, pickled pork and beef, salmon, mackerel, sliced and dried apples. There are sacks also full and half-full of flour, Indian meal, beans, coffee, sugar, onions, potatoes, cabbage. Again, there are in store barrels of gin, rum, whiskey and brandy, as well as kegs that contain nails, pickles, cider; firkins of butter, and barrels of hard bread and soda crackers.

One portion of the store is parted off from the rest, and devoted to liquor bottles and decanters. This is the "bar." The bar is made attractive by showy labels on the bottles that contain brandy peaches, brandy cherries, brandy neat as imported, champagne, and other well-beloved potations. There are also handsome jars devoted to sardines and spices. On a shelf over these are hermetically sealed oysters, lobsters, and clams; with caddies of tea, and fresh-ground coffee; also cream of tartar and carbonate of soda, used as a substitute for yeast. The roof of the store is not left vacant. Over head, on nails driven into the beams, are suspended, to the annoyance of all tall men, boots. Boots of all sorts and sizes. French calf with pump soles, thick cowhides, India-rubbers, grained leathers and split leathers, and warranted waterproofs; among them are to be seen the Best Boot in the Store, the Cheapest Boot in the Store, the Most Serviceable Boot in the Store, and a multitude of others labelled, which all hang together there. It is a pity that they will not hang together many days upon the fect of purchasers.

Our store of course contains the digger's ironmongery: picks, warranted not to break in the eye; steel shovels; axes and hoes; pick-handles and axe-handles; crowbars, coils of rope, coffee-pots, teapots, frying-pans, camp-kettles, and tin pans for washing out gold. There we may also buy strong purses to hold the gold, and iron safes to hold the purses.

Our currency at Salmon Falls is as motley as our dress. We have no need of money-changers. No foreign coin is quarrelled with. When the exact value of any picce is doubtful, it is appraised roughly in a few moments to the perfect satisfaction of all parties. I take as I write a handful of silver coin at random from the money-drawer. What do I turn out? One dollar, Spanish, 1720; a five-franc piece of Charles X; a dollar, republic of Bolivia, 1850; a five-franc piece of the Empire, 1811; one of Louis Philippe, Roi des Français, 1834; another, Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité; another, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Empereur; all equally esteemed here, and current at the uniform rate of one dollar. Among smaller coins, I find the English shilling, the one-franc piece, the Spanish pistarcen; all ranking as equals with the Amcrican quarter-dollar. Copper currency we men of Eldorado scorn. We have none, and we wish for none;

but we equalise our smallest coins by passing one kind at a small premium, and others at a discount. Our smallest coin is one-tenth of a dollar, called by us a "bit." With this coin the most one can purchase is a cigar of cabbage-leaves, a glass of poor liquor, or a box of matches.

We have no church in Salmon Falls. Many villages in the adjoining counties are ahead of us in this and some other respects; but Sunday is the great marketing day.

Our village has a mill situated at the Falls, where an overshot wheel drives a saw. This mill is on the banks of the river several miles above us, and the business of floating the cut logs down the river in the season of high water is attended with some danger. Our location has a bridge, the third that we have built; the two before it having been washed away during the freshets of past winters.

We are not a dull community of men, being cheered by the ladies of our village. We have married ladies and young ladies, who come out at our balls, and dance for the real love of dancing. The enamoured youth may, if he be brisk, see the belle of the ball-room up with the lark next morning milking the cows; for every fair maid of Salmon Falls believes in work when it is the time to work, and in dancing when it is the time to dance. We blend the gaieties of town with the charms of country. We are proud of our gardens. Here up in the mountains many a little valley is to be seen carefully ploughed and sown, soon rewarding labour with fine fields of grain. We raise melons of all kinds without any exertion, and in immense quantities. They are of a size and quality unknown in London or in Paris.

Finally, and in farther proof of our activity, I will only add that our village has the aqueduct of a water company running through it, and that the reservoirs of several other companies are within sight. These works supply the water used in washing the gold. The largest of these channels carries the water over twenty miles.

PATCHWORK.

When Captain Basil Hall had finished one of his agreeable budgets of naval and miscellaneous gossip, he sought for a name which should indicate a collection of odds and ends, of fragments, of random sketches and anecdotes, of bits picked up hither and thither. He thought of "Breccia," because geologists tell us that breccia is a collection of bits and fragments; he thought of "Conglomerate," because this implies something akin to breccia, but both appeared to be too learned; and then he thought of "Pudding-stone," but this sounds too much like making fun; and at last he decided on "Patchwork," because it is a good old English household word, exactly indicating a production made up of shreds and patches. Now, there are many kinds of artistic productions which we feel disposed to call patchwork, for a like reason: marquetry-patchwork, parquetry-patchwork, buhl-patchwork, niello-patchwork, damascene-patchwork, enamel-patchwork; and we can assure any person who has not duly thought on the matter, that these various kinds of patchwork often call forth considerable grace, taste, and delicate art. Of the "little bits" which compose mosaic-patchwork, we discoursed in our seventh volume, and have naught to do with them here.

A scrap of French will show us the origin and meaning of the word marquetry. The verb *marqueter* means "to inlay," and thus marquetry and inlaying are one and the same thing. But then it is understood that wood, and wood only is the material of the pieces employed; if they be aught else, it becomes mosaic, or pietra-dura, or buhl, or niello, or damasquinerie. The pieces are usually very thin, so as to be applied as a veneer to a foundation of coarser material; and they are generally of different colours, that their juxtaposition may produce graceful and harmonious designs. Some of the early nations practised the marquetry art; but it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that it became a favourite and recognised kind of adornment. The ruder specimens were simply checquers or unmeaning designs of black and white wood; but one John of Verona found out the way to stain his little pieces of wood, and to shape and adjust them so as to produce pictures. The next generation of marquetriers had the advantage of employing some of the beautifully coloured woods procured from America; they also devised a peculiar mode of burning or scorching the surface without consuming the wood, by means of hot sand, and thus obtained a power of producing variations in light and shade.

It is a pretty art, this: midway between an artist's work and a workman's work. The design, having been first drawn on paper and properly coloured, is pricked with a fine needle; and through the perforations a little pounce is passed upon the coloured wood beneath, which thus becomes marked with an outline of the design. These outlines are then carefully cut. Supposing, for the sake of illustration, that the marquetry consists of a pattern in light wood inlaid in a general surface of dark wood; in such case the two pieces of wood are cut together, with the same application of the saw; and thus the piece cut out of the light wood corresponds exactly in shape and size with the opening left in the dark wood, so as to fit into it accurately. In the earlier work, the wood was cut by hand, the thin pieces of wood being held in a vice, and the saw held horizontally; but in our own day the pieces are cut with great rapidity and exactness by a fine saw made from a piece of watch-spring, and worked vertically by a treadle. When

the marquetrier rises to the dignity of an artist, and produces wood pictures instead of unmeaning patterns, then his labor is frequently called tarsia-work, and he has much ado to procure fragments of wood suitable in color to his wants. If he stain them, the stain may fade ; and hence he loves rather to use wood in the natural color than in a stained state, if he can obtain sufficient variety.

M. Cremer, an ébéniste or marquetrier of Paris, has lately produced some beautiful work in which the pieces of wood were previously stained by the method of Dr. Boucherie. This method is exceedingly remarkable, and bids fair to give rise to many novelties, and perhaps beauties in the color of organised substances. It depends upon the absorption of saline and other solutions by trees. He arrived, after many experiments, at a conclusion that it is far easier to impregnate wood with any desired solution when the plant is still full of its own natural juices, than when the vessels of the felled tree have begun to contract, and a considerable portion of the natural humidity of the wood to have evaporated. He tried at first to impregnate the wood of the tree while still in a growing state, causing it to suck up various solutions by the absorbing power of the leaves. This plan, through various practical difficulties, he abandoned ; and he then adopted a cheap, simple, and effective progress for impregnating the felled timber with liquid. He cuts the trunk of a newly-felled tree into convenient pieces ; he adopts some mode of hollowing the wood near the centre, and introduces the liquid into the hollow ; he employs great pressure, sufficient to drive the liquid into all the pores of the wood. If he would simply preserve the wood from dry rot, he employs a solution of sulphate of copper ; if he would harden the wood, he selects a solution of pyrolignite of iron ; if he would increase its flexibility, elasticity, and incombustibility, he employs a solution of chloride of calcium ; if he would impart to it any desired color, he employs a colored solution ; and thus he acquires a mastery over the wood, rendering it obedient to his behests.

What untiring patience many of these workers in little bits of wood exhibit! Let us call to mind some of the productions which all the world went to see in Hyde Park. Here is M. Bisso's table from Genoa, on the top of which are the twelve signs of the zodiac, and a flaming Sol riding in a flaming chariot, all made of bits of wood. Here is M. Magni's tables, also from Genoa, and also glorying in the twelve signs of the zodiac. Here is an ambitious table by M. Claudo of Nice, in which the battles of the Nile, Trafalgar, Waterloo, and Moodkee are represented in marquetry, the coloured pieces of wood having been skilfully shaded by the scorching action of hot sand. Here is the sumptuous pianoforte by Messrs. Broadwood, with its delicate and graceful ornamentation in parquetry (if our memory serve us, this noble instrument has since been presented by the makers to the Royal Academy of Music). Here is the octagonal library-table, composed of fourteen thousand separate pieces of wood. But greatest and most marvellous, here is the Spanish table, with a magnifying glass suspended in front, and a crowd of persons waiting their turn to examine the mosaic wood-work through this optical medium ; for the pieces are so small, and the pattern so delicate, that they can scarcely be appreciated by the naked eye. M. Perez, of Barcelona, the maker, says that the table-top contains three million separate and distinct little bits of wood. We have not heard of any visitor having stayed to count them.

Because parquetry rhymes with marquetry, it does not necessarily follow that parquetry and marquetry are twin children. It does nevertheless happen that the one, like the other, is a kind of inlay, or wood-mosaic ; parquetry being more usually applied to floors, and marquetry to ornamental furniture. Generally speaking, parquetry is in two colors only, and the devices are geometrical patterns rather than pictures. Some of the parquetry produced on the continent is very beautiful. Carpets are not used there so much as with us, and hence there is a motive for making the floor as attractive as possible. Some of the more costly specimens are composed of oak, satinwood, mahogany, and rosewood ; but the average examples have two kinds only ; and a delicate damask-like effect is occasionly produced by one single kind of wood alone—the direction of the grain in the inlay being different from that in the ground.

Patchwork may consist of bits of wood combined with bits of other substances, as well as of wood alone. And bits of cardboard may in like manner be built up piecemeal. We know a young amateur, who, in moments of leisure, has built up a model of Westminster Abbey with more than ten thousand little bits of cardboard and wood ; and every boy who has a sixpenny pocket-knife is familiar with some or other kind of whittling, connected more or less with some ingenious scheme or other of wooden patchwork. There is, however, one recognised art, in which little bits of metal are interspersed with bits of wood in such form as to produce a very pleasant patchwork, applicable to costly articles of furniture. We are speaking of buhl-work.

Her Majesty possessed one of the earliest and finest specimens of buhl-work, in a writing-table which was exhibited at Gore House a year or so ago. André Charles Buhl, or Boule, was a famous manufacturer of "meubles d'art" during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth ; he held the office of "tapissier en titre du Roi ;" an office which would seem to have been honorary rather

than practical, for it had been previously held by the celebrated Molière, whom we are in the habit of regarding much more as a poet than a tapissier or upholsterer. Be this as it may. Buhl was really a cabinet-maker, and invented that style of inlaid work which is known by his name. A large manufactory was carried on for many years by himself and others of his family; indeed, it is supposed that the greater part of the fine early specimens were produced by him or his relations. Many of the cabinets and other articles of furniture made by Buhl were designed by Berain, "Dessinateur des menus-plaisirs du Roi." In the Queen's writing-table, mentioned above, the buhl-work is exceedingly beautitul; the play of the surface, and the variety of curvature in different parts of the work, are admirably adapted to show off to advantage the rich materials employed; these materials being silver, brass, copper, tortoiseshell and enamel. It need hardly be said that great delicacy and care are required in cutting the little grooves into which the filaments of metal are introduced, and in inserting those filaments so exactly as to fill all the cavities, and yet to leave no protuberances above the general level of the wood.

A very pretty patchwork is produced by that called damascene, in which the right trusty artistic metal-workers of past days produced fine results. This art consists in expressing on the surface of one metal, a picture or design by means of another metal, incrusted in the former. In the middle ages it was much practised at Damascus, whence its name; and it was introduced into Europe from the Levant. The incrustation was silver on gold, gold on silver, silver or gold on iron, silver or gold on copper—indeed almost any two metals would suffice; and if more than two were employed, the work produced might still be damascene. The damascenists went to work in different ways, according to the qualities of the metals which they had selected. Sometimes, when the metal to be damascened was hard, its surface was wrought into fine lines crossing each other; the design was cut into this crossed surface; the metal inlay, in fine wire or thread, was laid upon the incisions, and forced into them by strong pressure or by blows with a hammer; and the entire work was finally burnished, by which the cross-lines left uncovered by the incrustation were erased, and a fine polish given to the furface. Sometimes, as a means of causing the incrustation to adhere well in the incisions, the latter were previously hatched or cross-lined, but the remainder of the plate left plain. Sometimes the incrustation was left in relief; when the incrusting metal was soft and ductile, the design or pattern was incised in outline, and the body of the design was left on a level with the general surface of the plate; a thin piece of the ductile metal was then laid upon the design, and fixed by the insertion of its edges into the incised or engraved lines; the incrustation itself was afterwards occasionally engraved or pounced. Sometimes the damascenists practised a kind of "picqué" work, in which a pattern or ornamentation is produced by means of small pins or studs. By one or other of these various kinds of damascening were produced-ornamented swords and sword-hilts, étuis, boxes and caskets, inkstands, shields, tankards, basins, caddlesticks, and other objects. But the most glorious work in this art is the famous shield, by Benvenuto Cellini. It was presented by Francis the First to Henry the Eighth, and is now the property of Queen Victoria. The shield is made of embossed steel, damascened with gold and silver; and any one who would see what can be effected in this art should forthwith go to Marlborough House, wherein, in a gracious and liberal spirit, which is fully appreciated by all lovers of art, this and other artistic productions of great value have been placed for public exhibition by the Queen. The shield has represented upon it, in compartments separated by terminal figures, scenes from the history of Julius Cæsar, each consisting of numerous and very highly-finished figures in relief. The damascene is almost as extraordinary as the embossing and chasing; for it is in this kind of work that is executed the inscription running round the edge. The inscription comprises twelve Latin lines, containing sixty-eight words, or nearly four hundred letters; and when it is considered that every one of these letters is formed by hammering a bit of gold wire into a little cavity cut or engraved in hard steel, it will be seen what patient patchwork this damascening must have been.

What the Cellinis of past days could do, those of the present day certainly ought to be able to accomplish, if the art-question and the money-question could be brought to bear upon the subject at the same time. One M. Falloïse, an artist-worker of Liége, is in the habit of producing ornamental articles in wrought iron, damascened in silver by a process differing somewhat from those of the mediæval artists. The indentations for receiving the incrustation are cut with a chisel and hammer, and are made with inclined sides, so as to give greater power and boldness of relief in different parts. M. Falloise has produced bracelets, cups, vases, chalices, and other articles, made of steel, iron, or copper, damascened in gold or silver with graceful designs of birds, flowers, foliage, bassi-relievi, and arabesques. There was a kind of damascening formerly practised at Damascus, on the sword-blades, which have been so renowned for their excellence, somewhat different from that above noticed; but it belonged to the same family of arts, in so far as it was an incrusting of one metal in or on another.

There was a famous kind of patchwork practised by the Italians in past years, and

carried by them to a high degree of excellence, which is very little known in our own day, although some artists are resolutely seeking to revive it. This art is called niello-work. The chief agent employed was a mixture of silver, lead, and sulphur, with or without copper; and as the sulphur had the effect of blackening the other ingredients, the mixture was called ingellum, and afterwards niello. This kind of metal-work was noticed by the mediæval writers from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, and it was evidently an object of much attention. The art is, in fact, like damascene, an incrusting of one metal with another. The article intended to be thus incrusted, usually made of gold, or silver, or copper, had incised upon it the required design, into which niello was inlaid in small grains; this niello, after being fused by the action of fire, was polished. Originally the incisions or channels in the metal were cut broadly, and of an equable depth; giving to the entire work, after the introduction of the niello, the appearance of a rude picture, the outlines of which were formed sometimes by the mettle and sometimes by the niello. But in a later and improved mode of practising the art, the designs on the metal were engraved with great delicacy, and when needful, were carefully shaded by lines. The celebrated Florentine goldsmith, Finiguerra, about the middle of the fifteenth century, introduced a method of taking impressions from plates he had engraved, on thin paper, with a view of ascertaining their fitness to receive the niello; these impressions have in some few cases been preserved, as art-curiosities, and they, as well as the plates themselves, are termed nielli.

Most of the niello-work is on silver plates; and the contrast between the darkness of the niello and the brightness of the silver produces an effect not much unlike that of a print from a steel or copper plate. For many ages no one practised this pretty art; but within the last few years, M. Wagner, a goldsmith from Berlin, has revived it at Paris; and some of the London goldsmiths are beginning to turn their attention this way. It is, however, the old school of goldsmiths who threw themselves with heart and soul into this delicate craft. About four years ago there was a remarkable exhibition in the rooms of the Society of Arts, of ancient and mediæval art; in which the capabilities of niello-work were fully developed. It can scarcely be a matter for question that this niello process is capable of producing very pleasing effects. The Science and Art Department of the Board of Trade have purchased a chalice, and placed it in the museum at Marlborough House as a specimen of modern English skill in this art, and in the sister art of incrusting metal surfaces with enamel; the chalice, with its silver groundwork, its parcel-gilt adornment, and its incrustations in niello and enamel, is a beautiful production.

A patchwork of enamels is another variety, in which a groundwork of metal is adorned with pictures or ornamental designs in enamel. An enamel painting, as understood and practised in our own day, is a very patient application of opaque coloured glass, or enamel to a copper ground, by the aid of heat, and with such an attention to the colours of the enamel selected as to produce the design intended. But the enamel workers of earlier days had very elaborate modes of interspersing the metal among the enamel and the enamel among the metal. One of the old methods, was so practised that the design was produced in outline by thin bands of metal, usually gold, placed edgewise on a metal plate, and afterwards filled in by enamel. In another method, the design was formed on a solid plate of metal, most frequently copper, by sculped recesses or channels, into which enamel was inlaid. It is evident, therefore, that in one case a metallic outline surrounded an enamel picture, while in the other an enamel outline surrounded a metallic picture. Seven hundred years ago, the citizens of Limoges produced works in these kinds of enamel, which have ever since maintained a high rank in the estimation of connoisseurs.

And thus it is that patchwork is not merely an economical motherly mode of making a quilt out of bits of printed cotton, and chintz; but is also a mode by which men, whose workmen's fingers are aided by artists' brains, can combine together bits of wood, glass, enamel, metal, and other materials, and out of them elaborate, beautiful and delicate works.

LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

It was during the very brightest days of the republic of Venice, when her power was in its prime, together with the arts which have made her, like every Italian state, celebrated all over the world—for Italy has produced in poetry and painting, and in the humbler walk of musical composition, the greatest of the world's marvels—that Paolo Zustana was charged by the Marquis di Bembo to paint several pictures to adorn his gallery. Paolo had come from Rome at the request of the Marquis, who had received a very favorable account of the young artist—he was but thirty. Paolo was handsome, of middle height, dark, and pale; he had deep black eyes, a small mouth, a finely traced moustache, a short curling beard, and a forehead of remarkable intellectuality. There was a slight savageness in his manner, a brief sharp way of speaking, a restlessness in his eye, which did not increase the number of his friends. But when men knew him better, and were admitted into his intimacy—a very rare occurrence—they loved him.

Then, he was generous-hearted and noble;

his time, his purse, his advice, were all at their service. But his whole soul was in his art. Night and day, day and night, he seemed to think of nothing but his painting. In Rome he had been looked upon as mad, for in the day he was not content with remaining close at work in his master's studio, but at night he invariably shut himself up in an old half-ruined house, in the outskirts, where none of his friends were ever invited, and where no man ever penetrated, and no woman save an old nurse, who had known him from a child. It was believed, with considerable plausibility, that the artist had a picture in hand, and that he passed his night even in study. He rarely left this retreat before mid-day, and generally returned to his hermitage early, after a casual visit to his lodgings, though he could not occasionally refuse being present at large parties given by his patrons.

On arriving in Venice he resumed his former mode of life. He had an apartment at the Palace Bembo; he took his meals there, but at night-fall, when there was no grand reception, he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on his mask, and, drawing his sword-hilt close to his hand, went forth. He took a gondola until he reached a certain narrow street, and then, gliding down that, he disappeared in the gloom caused by the lofty houses. No one noticed much, this mode of life; he did his duty, he was polite, affable, and respectful with his patron; he was gallant with the ladies, but no more. He did not make the slightest effort to win the affections of those around him. Now all this passed in general without much observation.

Still, there was one person whom this wildness and eccentricity of character—all that has a stamp of originality is called eccentric—caused to feel deep interest in him. The Marquis had a daughter, who at sixteen had been married, from interested motives, to the old uncle of the Doge, now dead. Clorinda was a beautiful widow of one and twenty, who, rich, independent, of a determined and thoughtful character, had made up her mind to marry a second time, not to please relations, but herself. From the first she noticed Paolo favorably; he received her friendly advances respectfully but coldly, and rarely stopped his work to converse. She asked for lessons to improve her slight knowledge of painting; he gave them freely, but without ever adding a single word to the necessary observations of the interview. He seemed absorbed in his art. One day Clorinda stood behind him; she had been watching him with patient attention for an hour; she now came and took up her quarters in the gallery all day, with her attendant girl, reading or painting. Paolo had not spoken one word during that hour. Suddenly Clorinda rose and uttered the exclamation:

"How beautiful!"

"Is it not, signora?"

"Most beautiful," she returned, astonished both at the artist's manner, and the enthusiasm with which he alluded to his own creation.

"I am honoured by your approval," said Paolo, laying down his palette and folding his arms to gaze at the picture—a Cupid and Psyche—with actual rapture.

It was the face of the woman—of the girl, timidly impassioned and tender, filling the air around with beauty—that had struck Clorinda. With golden, hair that waved and shone in the sun; with a white, small, but exquisitely shaped forehead; with deep blue eyes, fixed with admiring love on the tormenting god; with cheeks on which lay so softly the bloom of health that it seemed ready to fade before the breath from the painting; with a mouth and chin moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, she thought he had never seen anything so divine.

"Ah!" she said with a sigh, "you painters are dreadful enemies of woman. Who would look at reality after gazing on this glorious ideal?"

"It *is* reality," replied the painter. "I paint from memory."

"Impossible! You must have combined the beauty of fifty girls in that exquisite creation."

"No!" said the artist gravely; "that face exists. I saw it in the mountains of Sicily. I have often painted it before: never so successfully."

"I would give the world to gaze on the original," replied Clorinda. "I adore a beautiful woman. It is God's greatest work of art."

"It is, signora," said Paolo; and he turned away to his work.

Women born in the climate of Italy, under her deep blue sky, and in that air that breathes of poetry, painting, music, and love, are not guided by the same impulses and feelings as in our colder and more practical north. Clorinda did not wait for Paolo's admiration; she loved him, and every day added to her passion. His undoubted genius, his intellectual brow, his noble features and mien, had awakened her long pent-up and sleeping affections. She was herself a woman of superior mind, and had revelled in the delights of Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, and Boccaccio. Now, she felt. How deeply, she alone knew. But Zustana remained obstinately insensible to all her charms: to her friendship, and her condescending tone, as well as to her intellect and beauty. He saw all, save her love, and admired and respected her much. But there was—at all events, at present—no germ of rising passion in his heart.

It was not long before she began to remark his early departure from the palace, his mysterious way of going, and the fact that he

never returned until the next day at early dawn, which always now saw him at his labours. The idea at once flashed across her mind that he had found in Venice some person on whom to lavish the riches of his affection, and that he went every evening to plead his passion at her feet. Jealousy took possession of her. She spent a whole night in reflection; she turned over in her mind every supposition; and she rose, feverish and ill. That day, pleading illness, she remained in her room, shut up with her books.

About an hour after dark, Paolo, his hat drawn over his eyes, his cloak wrapped round him, and his mask on, stepped into a gondola which awaited him, and started. Another boat lay on the opposite side of the canal, with curtains closely drawn. Scarcely had the artist's been set in motion than it followed. Paolo, who had never, since his arrival in Venice, been watched or followed, paid no attention to it. The two gondolas then moved side by side without remark, and that of Zustana stopped as usual, allowed the artist to land, and continued on its way. A man, also wrapped in a cloak, masked, and with a hat and plumes, leaped out also from the other gondola, and, creeping close against the wall, followed him. The stranger seemed, by his gazing at the dirty walls and low shops—chiefly old clothes, rag shops, and warehouses devoted to small trades—very much surprised, but for fear of losing the track of the other, followed closely.

Suddenly Zustana disappeared. The other moved rapidly forward in time to observe that he had entered a dark alley, and was ascending with heavy step a gloomy and winding staircase. The stranger followed cautiously, stepping in time with Paolo, and feeling his way with his hands. Zustana only halted when he reached the summit of the house. He then placed a key in a door—a blaze of light was seen, and he disappeared, locking the door behind him. The man stood irresolute, but only for a moment. The house was built round a square court, like a well: there was a terraced roof. Gliding noiselessly along, the stranger was in the open air; moving along like a midnight-thief he gained a position whence the windows of the rooms entered by Zustana were distinctly visible.

A groan, a sigh from the stranger, who sank behind a kind of pillar, revealed the Countess. The groan, the sigh, was occasioned by the astounding discovery she now made.

The room into which she was looking was brilliantly lighted up, and beautifully furnished, while beyond—for Clorinda could see as plainly as if she had been in it—was a small bedroom, and near the bed sat an old woman, who was preparing to bring in a child to Zustana. Just withdrawing herself from the embrace of Zustana was a beautiful young girl, simply and elegantly dressed—the original of the Pysche which she had so much admired. Now she understood all; that look, which she had thought the consciousness of his own beautiful creation, was for the beloved original.

The child, a beautiful boy nearly a year old, was brought to Zustana to kiss. Now, all his savageness was gone; now, he stood no longer the artist, the creator, the genius of art; but the man. He smiled, he patted the babe upon the cheek, he let it clutch his fingers with its little hands, he laughed outright a rich, happy, merry, ordinary laugh; and then, turning to the enraptured mother, embraced her once more, and drew her to a table near the opened window.

"What progress to day?" asked the painter gaily.

"See," replied the young mother, handing him a copy-book, and speaking in the somewhat harsh dialect of a Sicilian peasant girl. "I think, at last, I can write a page pretty well."

"Excellent," continued the painter, smiling. "My Eleanora is a perfect little fairy. A prettier handwriting you will not see. I need give no more lessons."

"But the reading," said the young girl, speaking like a timid scholar; "I shall never please you there."

"You always please me," exclaimed Zustana; "but you must get rid of your accent."

"I will try," said Eleanora earnestly, and taking up a book she began to read, with much of the imperfection of a young Schoolgirl, but so eagerly, so prettily, with such an evident desire to please, that, as she concluded her lesson, the artist clasped her warmly to his bosom, and cried with love in his eyes and in his tone, "My wife how I adore you!"

One summer morning a young man, with a knapsack on his back, a pair of pistols in his belt, a staff to assist him in climbing the hills and mountains, and in crossing the torrents. was standing on the brow of a hill overlooking a small but delicious plain. It was half meadow, half pasture land; here, trees; there, a winding stream, little hillocks, green and grassy plots; beyond, a lofty mountain, on which hung a sombre-tinted pine forest; the whole illumined by the joyous sun of Sicily, which flooded all nature, and spread as it were a violet and metallic veil over her. After gazing nearly half an hour at the delicious landscape, the young man moved slowly down a winding path that led to the river side. Suddenly he heard the tinkling of sheep-bells, the barking of dogs, and looked around to discover whence the sound came. In a small corner of pasture land, at no great distance from the stream, he saw the flock, and seated beneath the shadow of a huge tree, a young girl.

He advanced at once towards her, not being sure of his way.

She was a young girl of sixteen, the same

delicate and exquisite creation which had so struck Clorinda on the canvas, and in the garret of Venice. The eye of the artist was delighted, the heart of the man was filled with emotion. He spoke to her: she answered timidly but sweetly. He forgot his intended question; he alluded to the beautiful country, to the delight of dwelling in such a land, to the pleasures of her calm and placid existence; he asked if he could obtain a room in that neighbourhood in which to reside while he took a series of sketches. The girl listened with attention and interest for nearly half an hour, during which time he was using his pencil. She then replied that her father would gladly offer him a shelter in their small house, if he could be satisfied with very humble lodging and very humble fare. The young man accepted with many thanks, and then showed her his sketch-book.

"Holy Virgin!" she cried as she recognised herself.

"You are pleased," said the artist, smiling.

"Oh! it's beautiful: how can you do that with a pencil? Come quick, and show it to father!"

The young man followed her, as she slowly drove her sheep along, and soon found himself within sight of a small house with a garden, which she announced as her father's. She had the drawing in her hand, looking at it with delight. Unable to restrain her feelings, she ran forward, and entering the house, disappeared. Zustana—of course it was he—laughed as he picked up the crook of the impetuous young shepherdess, and, aided by the faithful dog, began driving home the patient animals. In ten minutes Eleanora reappeared, accompanied by her father, her brother and sister: regular Sicilian peasants, without one atom of resemblance to this extraordinary pearl concealed from human eye in the beautiful valley of Arnola. They were all, however, struck by the portrait, and received the artist with rude hospitality.

He took up his residence with them; he sought to please, and he succeeded. After a very few days he became the constant companion of Eleanora. They went out together, he to paint, she to look after her sheep, both to talk. Paolo found her totally uneducated, ignorant of everything, unable to read or write, and narrow-minded, as all such natures must be. But, there was a foundation of sweetness, and a quickness of intellect, which demonstrated that circumstances alone had made her what she was, and Paolo loved her.

He had been a fortnight at Arnola, and he had made up his mind. One beautiful morning, soon after they had taken up their usual position, he spoke.

"Eleanora, I love you, with a love that is of my life. I adore, I worship you; you are the artist's ideal of loveliness; your soul only wants culture to be as lovely as your body, Will you be my wife? Will you make my home your home, my country your country, my life your life? I am an artist; I battle for my bread, but I am already gaining riches. Speak! Will you be mine?"

"I will," replied the young girl, who had no conception of hiding her feelings of pride and joy.

"But you do not know me. I am jealous and suspicious, I am proud and sensitive. You are beautiful, you are lovely; others will dispute you with me. I would slay the Pope if he sought you; I would kill the Emperor if he offered you a gift. You are a simple peasant girl; those around me might smile at your want of town knowledge; might jeer at you for not having the accomplishments and vices of the town ladies; I should challenge the first who smiled or jeered. You must then, if you can be mine, and will make me happy, live apart from men, for me alone; you must know of no existence but mine; you must abandon all society, all converse with your fellow creatures. I must be your world, your life, your whole being."

"I will be what pleases you best," said the young girl gently.

"The picture does not alarm you?"

"Will you always love me?" she asked timidly.

"While I live, my art, my idol, my goddess! Eleanora, while I breathe."

"Do with me as you will," replied the young girl.

A month later they were married, her parents being proud indeed of the elevated position to which their daughter attained. They went in the autumn to Rome, where Paolo had prepared for his mysterious existence by means of his faithful and attached nurse. He devoted to her, every moment not directed to his art, and at once began her education systematically. He found an apt and earnest scholar, and at the time of which I speak, Eleanora was possessed of all the mental advantages to be derived from constant intercourse with a man of genius.

But Paolo Zustana, out of his home, was a changed and unhappy man; he lived in constant dread of his treasure being discovered; he saw with secret impatience, the many defects which still existed in his beloved idol; he felt the restraint of confining her always within a suite of rooms; he longed to give her air and space; but he dreaded her being seen by powerful and unscrupulous men; he dreaded ridicule for her peasant origin and imperfect education. Hence the defects in his character.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, and Zustana, who had been giving some finishing touches to the Psyche, was absorbed in its contemplation. He held the brush in his hand, and stood back a little way, examining it with attention.

"It is beautiful! The Countess Clorinda was right," he exclaimed.

"Not nearly so beautiful as the original," replied that lady in a low tone.

"Great Heaven!" cried Paolo, turning round pale and fiercely, to start back in silent amazement.

There was Eleanora, blushing, trembling, timid, hanging a little back, and yet leaning on the arm of the Countess, who smiled a sweet sad smile of triumph.

"Be not angry, Signor Zustana," she said; "it is all my fault. You excited my curiosity relative to the original of this picture. You said it existed. I immediately connected your mysterious absences with something which might explain all. Last night I followed your *home*, I saw this beautiful creature, I understood the motives of her seclusion. This day I went to see her early; I forced my way in. Half by threats, half by coaxing, I extracted the truth from her. Signor Paolo, your conduct is selfish; to save yourself from imaginary evils you condemn this angel to a prison life; you deprive her of air and liberty—the very life of a Sicilian girl; you prevent her from enjoying the manifold blessings which God intended for all; you deprive us of the satisfaction of admiring a face so divine, and a mind so exquisite. But then, you will say, she is beautiful enough to excite love; she is simple enough to excite a smile. Signor Paolo, she is good enough to scorn the first word of lawless passion; she is educated enough to learn everything that becomes a lady, and befits the wife of a man of genius, if you will but let her mix with the world. You are yourself miserable; your life is a torment. I, the friend, the confidante, the sister, of this innocent good girl, declare to you that you must change you mode of existence."

"Countess, you have conquered," cried Zustana, who guessed the truth, and who intuitively felt that her generous heart would find, in devotion to Eleanora, means of withdrawing her attention from her unfortunate passion. "Do with her as you please. When the Countess Clorinda, only child of my generous patron, calls my wife her sister, my wife is hers for life."

The result was natural. Paolo Zustana ceased to be suspicious and restless. Eleanora was universally admired; and when, ten years later, the artist, after finishing the paintings for the gallery of the Palace Bembo, took up his residence permanently in Venice, his wife had become an accomplished and unaffected lady, capable of holding her position in the elevated circles to which the genius of her husband, and the friendship of Clorinda, established her right to belong. Clorinda remained true to her friendship all her life; delighted and happy at being the ensurer of permanent happiness to two loving hearts, which, under the system of suspicion, fear, and seclusion adopted by one of them, must ultimately have been utterly wretched.

No one can be happy and useful in this world, who is not of it. If it were not our duty to be of it, we may be very sure we should not be in it.

BEHIND THE LOUVRE.

"People may wish to know why I pull up here, and begin to play the fool. I am a pencil manufacturer: nothing more. I know that my pencils are good: look here! (Exhibits a medal.) This medal was given to me, as the manufacturer of these superlative pencils, by the promoters of the Great Exhibition in London."

With this preliminary address, a very fashionable looking gentleman, who has drawn up his carriage at the roadside behind the Louvre in Paris, opens an address to a number of persons who begin to gather about him. His equipage is handsome; and people wonder what he means by this curious proceeding. Presently they perceive that in the buggy there is an organ, and that the individual perched behind the gentleman fulfils the double functions of footman and organ-grinder. They perceive also that the servant wears a magnificent livery, part of it consisting of a huge brass helmet, from the summit of which immense tricolor feathers flutter conspicuously in the breeze. The gentleman suddenly rings a bell; and forthwith the footman in the buggy grinds a lively air. The crowd rapidly increases. The gentleman is very grave:—he looks quietly at the people about him, and then addresses them a second time, having rung the little bell again to stop his footman's organ:—"Now I dare say you wonder what I am going to do. Well, I will begin with the story which led me to this charlatan life—for I am a charlatan—there's no denying it. I was, as you all know, an ordinary pencil merchant; and, although I sold my pencils in the street from my carriage-seat, I was dressed like any of you. Well, one day, when I was selling my pencils at a rapid rate, a low fellow set up his puppet-show close by me—and all my customers rushed away from me. This occurred to me many times. Wherever I drew up my carriage to sell my pencils in a quiet way some charlatan came, and drew all my customers from me. I found that my trade was tapering away to a point as fine as the finest point of my finest pencil;—and, as you may imagine, I was not very pleased. But suddenly I thought that if the public taste encourages charlatans, and if I am to secure the patronage of that public, I too must become a charlatan. And here I am—a charlatan from the tips of my hair to the heel of my boot, selling excellent pencils for forty centimes each, as you shall presently see."

This second speech concluded in the most serious manner, the gentleman produces from the carriage seat a splendid coat embroidered

with gold: this he puts on with the utmost gravity—then turns to the crowd to watch its effect upon them. Then he takes his hat off, picks up a huge brass helmet from the bottom of the carriage, and tries it on. Again he looks gravely at the crowd, suddenly removes his helmet, and places, singly, three plumes representing the national tricolor, watching the effect upon the spectators, as he adds each feather. Having surveyed the general effect of the helmet thus decorated, he again puts it on; and, turning now full upon the crowd, folds his arms and looks steadfastly before him. After a pause, he rings his little bell, and the plumed organist behind him plays a soft and soothing air. To this tune he again speaks:

"Well, here I am: as you see, a charlatan. I have done this to please you: you mustn't blame me. As I told you, I am the well-known manufacturer of pencils. They are cheap and they are good, as I shall presently show you. Look here—I have a portfolio!"

The gentleman then lifts a large portfolio or book—opens it, and exhibits to the crowd three or four rough caricatures. He presently pretends to perceive doubts floating about as to the capability of his pencils to produce such splendid pictures. Suddenly he snatches up one of them, brandishes it in the air—turns over the leaves of the book—finds a blank page—then places himself in an attitude to indicate intense thought. He frowns; he throws up his eyes; he taps the pencil impatiently against his chin; he traces imaginary lines in the air; he stands for some seconds with upturned face, rapt—waiting, in fact, to be inspired. Suddenly he is struck by an irresistible and overpowering thought, and begins to draw the rough outlines of a sketch. He proceeds with his work in the most earnest matter. No spectator can detect a smile upon that serious face. Now he holds the book far away from him, to catch the general effect, marks little errors here and there; then sets vigorously to work again. At last the great conception is upon the paper. He turns it most seriously, and with the air of a man doing a very great favor to the crowd. The picture produces a burst of laughter. The pencil manufacturer does not laugh, but continues solemnly to the sounds of his organ in the buggy, to exhibit his production. Presently, however, he closes the book with the appearance of a man who is satiated with the applauses of the world. A moment afterwards he opens it a second time; puts the point of the pencil to his tongue, and looks eagerly at the people. He is selecting some individual, sufficiently eccentric and sufficiently prominent to be recognised by the general assembly when sketched. He has caught sight of one at last. He looks at him intensely to the irrepressible amusement of the spectators, who all follow his eyes with theirs. The individual selected generally smiles, and bears his public position very calmly.

"For Mercy's sake, do not stir!" the artist fervently ejaculates, as he sets vigorously to work. This proceeding, in the open street, conducted with the utmost gravity, and with the most finished acting, is irresistibly ludicrous. As the portrait advances towards completion, the organ plays a triumphant melody. In five minutes a rough and bold sketch has been produced, resembling only in the faintest manner the original—yet sufficiently like him to be recognised, and to create amusement. As the artist holds up the portrait, to be seen by the crowd, he again rings his little bell to silence his musical attendant in the buggy.

And now he dwells emphatically upon the virtues of his pencils. He declares that they are at once black and hard. He pretends, once more, to detect an air of incredulity in the crowd. He is indignant. He seizes a block of oak—informs his imaginary detractors that it is the hardest known wood—and, with a hammer, drives the point of one of his pencils through it. The wood is split, the pencil is not injured:—and he tells his imaginary detractors that even if they are not in the habit of using pencils for art, they are at liberty to split wood with them for winter firing. All they have to do is to buy them. This is of course a very popular point in the performances. The next is the display, to the melancholy grind of the organ in the buggy, of a huge box full of silver money.

This box is opened and exhibited to the crowd as the astonishing result of these wonderful pencils. And then the charlatan goes through all that pantomime which usually describes a man utterly tired of all the enjoyments wealth can give him. He seizes a handful of the money, and then lazily drops it into the box. He throws himself back and pushes the box from him, to indicate that he is tired of riches. At last he jumps up, and, seizing a five-franc piece, raises his arm to throw it amongst the spectators: but he is prevented, apparently, by a sudden impulse.

"Once," he explains, "I threw a five-franc piece in the midst of my customers, when it unfortunately struck a man in the eye. That accident gave me a lesson which I should do wrong to forget to-day."

So he closes the box; throws it to the bottom of the carriage, and calls upon the crowd to become purchasers of pencils, which will never break, and which are patronised by the most distinguished artists. The droll thing about this performance is that the pencils sold really are good, and that they actually did obtain honorable mention from the English Exhibition Committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

The crowd having decided to purchase or to reject the merchandise of this extraordinary pencil-manufacturer, are soon drawn

away to the occupant of another elegant carriage. Truly, this little licensed space at the back of the Louvre presents odd pictures to strangers.

This is a serious business. The crowd are listening to a lecture on teeth, and on the virtue of certain drugs for the teeth, the composition of which the lecturer alone knows the secret of—a secret that has been rigidly handed down in his family from the time of the ancient Gauls. He is a well known dentist in Paris, and is in partnership with his father. The senior dentist remains at home to perform operations of dental surgery which are the result of the remarkable advertising system pursued by the young man in the carriage. The business, I am led to believe, is a most flourishing one in the cité; and, when the father was young, he himself was *his* father's advertiser.

The scientific gentleman now haranguing the crowd is certainly the worthy representative of his parent. It is reported indeed that the man is a skilful dentist. At the present moment he offers to prove his dexterity upon any individual present who may be troubled by a refractory tooth. He looks about eagerly for a patient. Presently a boy is thrust forward to be operated upon. The poor little fellow is rapidly hoisted into the vehicle. To suffer the extraction of a tooth in an elegant drawing-room, or in the privacy of a fashionable dentist's apartment, is not a pleasant operation, even for a man with the strongest nerve; but to have a singularly happy illustration of the ills to which teeth are subject, drawn from your head, and exhibited to a crowd of curious strangers, is an ordeal from which all people, save philosophers and small French boys would shrink with horror. The little victim, however, does not seem to be ashamed of his public position. He seats himself in the presence of the crowd, and allows the operator to fasten a towel about his neck, without displaying the least nervousness. The business-like manner of the operator is very amusing. He looks upon the boy only as a model. When the patient is fully prepared, he displays him to the crowd with much the same expression as that adopted by all parental exhibitors of wonderful little children. The operation is then performed, and the boy's head is rapidly buried in a convenient basin. This accomplished, the dentist, with an air of triumph, begins to sell his tooth powders, and other toilette necessaries, and to refer the crowd to his father's establishment.

We pass the conjuror as an old and well-known friend, to enjoy the performances of the sergeant of the old guard. This sergeant is represented by an old, care-worn looking poodle—a poodle that appears to be utterly tired of the world—to have exhausted all the enjoyments of two ordinary poodles' lives, and to take good and evil fortune now with equal calmness. This canine representation of the old guard is dressed—so far as his poodle's proportions can be adapted to those of the human form—in the regimentals of the old Imperial soldiers, and his long grey moustaches and shaggy beard give to his head an appearance not altogether dissimilar to his assumed character. He stands upon his hind legs; he carries his musket with military precision; his most conspicuous fault, which he seems to have abandoned as quite insurmountable, is his tail. True it is a very little tail, but there it is, and he cannot help it. His master, or superior officer, is an old man, with silver hair, enjoying the advantages of a singularly even pair of silver moustaches. The master and the subaltern appear to have a family likeness. The master is dressed in a blue blouse and wide trousers, and wears a low, half-military cap. In his hand he carries a little drum and a whip.

The poor old guard as he walks round the circle formed by the people, to the time of the drum, looks wistfully at his officer, and sadly at his officer's whip. To describe the military movements through which the old guard passes would be as tedious to the reader as they are certainly tedious to the poodle; but the officer is really impressive. He is a serious old man, with a military severity in his look. He talks to the poodle in a voice of thunder, and comments on the slightest laxity of discipline with tremendous earnestness. He reminds the old sergeant (who absolutely looks conscious of his disgrace) that he is an unworthy representative of the Emperor's noble veterans. He tells him that he has twice been fined for drunkenness, and that he spends every sous he gets in cognac. The sergeant looks very much ashamed. And then the anger of his officer rises to a terrific pitch. The end of the matter is, that the sergeant goes through all the forms of a military trial, and is condemned to be shot. The severe old gentleman then solemnly beats his drum, and with a mournful look, places the condemned soldier in the position he is to occupy while his sentence is carried out. The poodle, with a hang-dog look, then suffers his master to fire a percussion cap at him, and falls dead. But the business does not end here. The old man proceeds with the utmost gravity to bury the sergeant with military honours. Aided by a little boy, he carries the defunct slowly round the circle, and then sings a dirge over his grave.

After the funeral, the dog wakes to a lively air, and performs a country dance with his serious old master. The animal is a character, but his master is a study. His age, his dignified manner, the imperturbable seriousness with which he goes through the military forms, the well-acted pathos with which he pronounces the old sergeant's sentence, the severity with which he rebukes any levity in the people, and the insensibility to ridicule with which he dances the

country dance, are perfect in themselves. And, as he talks to the dog, his ingenuity in carrying round his discourse to money matters, and to the duty which his spectators owe to themselves not to forget the little ceremony of throwing a few centimes into the arena, is a matter which gives zest to the performance. He never appeals directly to the people—he seldom recognizes them in any way; he talks *at* them in an incidental way, to the old sergeant.

Another public exhibitor claims popular attention behind the Louvre. He is said to share a goodly proportion of Parisian patronage, and to be rewarded with an indefinite number of centimes. His performance is at once rapid and astonishing.

All he does is to break a huge stone—to crumble it up into small pieces. He begins by declaring to the crowd that this process may be performed by a blow of the hand. He lets the crowd examine the stone he is about to crush with a blow of his mighty arm; all are satisfied that it is a solid mass. He places it upon another stone, and, with one blow with his naked hand, shatters it to atoms. This performance is, of course, both rapid and astonishing; and sagacious men have endeavoured to account for it by explaining that the underneath stone is so arranged that the whole force of the blow falls upon one point, and so acts like a sharp instrument,—a pickaxe, for instance. This may be the right or it may be a wrong interpretation of the performance; but that it is a legitimate thing—that there is no cheat about it—I am well assured.

I might linger here to watch other performances of this class; but my attention is drawn to a gentleman dressed quietly and well, who has just taken his hat off, and is bowing to us from the high curb-stone. His expression is serious, even sad. He has an intellectual face, a high forehead, a thoughtful look. People flock about him very fast; evidently he has something to say. He has a bundle of papers under one arm. He remains, while a crowd gathers, looking sadly round, and still holding his hat respectfully in his hand. Presently he murmurs a few words; and, by degrees, bursts into an oratorical display, at once dramatic and effective. He is a poet. He felt the soul of poetry within him when he was an obscure boy in his native village. He longed to be known—to catch the applauses of the world. At last he resolved to travel to Paris; Paris, where generous sentiments were always welcomed; Paris, the natural home of the poet. Full of youthful hope, he presented himself to a publisher, offering his poems. The reply he obtained was, that he was unknown. He went to a second publisher, to a third, to a fourth; all were polite to him, but all rejected his works. He was in despair. Was he, with the soul of poesy burning within him, to starve in Paris, the cradle of poesy? He was tempted often in that dark time to sully the purity of his muse. But he said, no; he might be poor, but he would be without stain. At last he was compelled to write songs for obscure cafés chantants; but he should be unworthy to address that assembly could he not assure them that all these songs breathed a high moral purpose. Well, one of these songs became last year the rage—thousands of copies were sold. And what did the author get for that most popular production? Here the orator pauses, and looks sternly about him. Presently he raises his arm, and, shaking it in the air, shouts, with the countenance of a roused fiend, "Trois francs!"

After this burst, he proceeds, in a subdued voice, to describe his struggle. How he resolved to fight his hard battle bravely; and how, at last, stung by the neglect of publishers, he resolved to place himself in the streets, face to face with the Paris public. He knew that they reverenced poets. He believed that, while his muse was pure, he might appeal to them with confidence. They may judge by his language that he is no common imposter; and he confidently believes that the time will come when it will be a popular wonder that the known man once in that way sought a public in the streets of Paris. To that time he looks courageously forward; and only asks his audience to buy a number of his works which he has under his arm, and which may be had for three sous each, in confirmation of all he has said. And, forthwith, the poet bows to the crowd, who press about him to buy his works.

This last exhibition behind the Louvre sent me away thinking seriously of the strange things to be seen in the byways of Paris, where few strangers penetrate. Indeed, these licensed street performers form a class peculiar to the French capital. Their ingenuity is as extraordinary as their knowledge of French taste and sentiment is truthful. From the prosperous pencil manufacturer down to the old man who carries a magic-lantern about the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg every night, for hire, all the people who get their living in the streets of this giddy place are worth loitering in a by-way to see and to hear.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE name of the public house was the Pegasus's Arms. The Pegasus's legs might have been more to the purpose; but, underneath the winged horse upon the sign-board, the Pegasus's Arms was inscribed in Roman letters. Beneath that inscription again, in a flowing scroll, the painter had touched off the lines:

> Good malt makes good beer,
> Walk in, and they'll draw it here,
> Good wine makes good brandy,
> Give us a call, and you'll find it handy.

Framed and glazed upon the wall behind the dingy little bar, was another Pegasus—a theatrical one—with real gauze let in for his wings, golden stars stuck on all over him, and his ethereal harness made of red silk.

As it had grown too dusky without, to see the sign, and as it had not grown light enough within to see the picture, Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby received no offence from these idealities. They followed the girl up some steep corner-stairs without meeting any one, and stopped in the dark while she went on for a candle. They expected every moment to hear Merrylegs give tongue, but the highly-trained performing dog had not barked when the girl and the candle appeared together.

"Father is not in our room, sir," she said, with a face of great surprise. "If you wouldn't mind walking in, I'll find him directly."

They walked in; and Sissy, having set two chairs for them, sped away with a quick light step. It was a mean, shabbily-furnished room with a bed in it. The white nightcap, embellished with two peacock's feathers and a pigtail bolt upright, in which Signor Jupe had that very afternoon enlivened the varied performances with his chaste Shaksperian quips and retorts, hung upon a nail; but no other portion of his wardrobe, or other token of himself or his pursuits, was to be seen anywhere. As to Merrylegs, that respectable ancestor of the highly-trained animal who went aboard the ark, might have been accidentally shut out of it, for any sign of a dog that was manifest to eye or ear in the Pegasus's Arms.

They heard the doors of rooms above, opening and shutting as Sissy went from one to another in quest of her father; and presently they heard voices expressing surprise. She came bounding down again in a great hurry, opened a battered and mangey old hair-trunk, found it empty, and looked round with her hands clasped and her face full of terror.

"Father must have gone down to the Booth, sir. I don't know why he should go there, but he must be there; I'll bring him in a minute!" She was gone directly, without her bonnet; with her long, dark, childish hair streaming behind her.

"What does she mean!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Back in a minute? It's more than a mile off."

Before Mr. Bounderby could reply, a young man appeared at the door, and introducing himself with the words, "By your leaves, gentlemen!" walked in with his hands in his pockets. His face, close-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair brushed into a roll all round his head, and parted up the centre. His legs were very robust, but shorter than legs of good proportions should have been. His chest and back were as much too broad, as his legs were too short. He was dressed in a Newmarket coat and tight-fitting trousers; wore a shawl round his neck; smelt of lamp-oil, straw, orange-peel, horses' provender, and sawdust; and looked a most remarkable sort of Centaur, compounded of the stable and the play-house. Where the one began, and the other ended, nobody could have told with any precision. This gentleman was mentioned in the bills of the day as Mr. E. W. B. Childers, so justly celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies; in which popular performance, a diminutive boy with an old face, who now accompanied him, assisted as his infant son: being carried upside down over his father's shoulder, by one foot, and held by the crown of his head, heels upwards, in the palm of his father's hand, according to the violent paternal manner in which wild huntsmen may be observed to fondle their offspring. Made up with curls, wreaths, wings, white bismuth, and carmine,

this hopeful young person soared into so pleasing a Cupid as to constitute the chief delight of the maternal part of the spectators; but, in private, where his characteristics were a precocious cutaway coat and an extremely gruff voice, he became of the Turf, turfy.

"By your leaves, gentlemen," said Mr. E. W. B. Childers, glancing round the room. It was you, I believe, that were wishing to see Jupe?"

"It was," said Mr. Gradgrind. "His daughter has gone to fetch him, but I can't wait; therefore, if you please, I will leave a message for him with you."

"You see, my friend," Mr. Bounderby put in, "we are the kind of people who know the value of time, and you are the kind of people who don't know the value of time."

"I have not," retorted Mr. Childers, after surveying him from head to foot, "the honor of knowing *you*;—but if you mean that you can make more money of your time than I can of mine, I should judge from your appearance, that you are about right."

"And when you have made it, you can keep it too, I should think," said Cupid.

"Kidderminster, stow that!" said Mr. Childers. (Master Kidderminster was Cupid's mortal name.)

"What does he come here cheeking us for, then?" cried Master Kidderminster, showing a very irascible temperament. "If you want to cheek us, pay your ochre at the doors and take it out."

"Kidderminster," said Mr. Childers, raising his voice, "stow that!—Sir," to Mr. Gradgrind, "I was addressing myself to you. You may or you may not be aware (for perhaps you have not been much in the audience), that Jupe has missed his tip very often, lately."

"Has—what has he missed?" asked Mr. Gradgrind, glancing at the potent Bounderby for assistance.

"Missed his tip."

"Offered at the Garters four times last night, and never done 'em once," said Master Kidderminster. "Missed his tip at the banners, too, and was loose in his ponging."

"Didn't do what he ought to do. Was short in his leaps and bad in his tumbling," Mr. Childers interpreted.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is tip, is it?"

"In a general way that's missing his tip," Mr. E. W. B. Childers answered.

"Nine-oils, Merrylegs, missing tips, garters, banners, and Ponging, eh!" ejaculated Bounderby with his laugh of laughs. "Queer sort of company too, for a man who has raised himself!"

"Lower yourself, then," retorted Cupid. "Oh Lord! If you've raised yourself so high as all that comes to, let yourself down a bit."

"This is a very obtrusive lad!" said Mr. Gradgrind, turning, and knitting his brows on him.

"We'd have had a young gentleman to meet you, if we had known you were coming," retorted Master Kidderminster, nothing abashed. "It's a pity you don't have a bespeak, being so particular. You're on the Tight-Jeff, ain't you?"

"What does this unmannerly boy mean," asked Mr, Gradgrind. eyeing him in a sort of desperation, "by Tight-Jeff?

"There! Get out, get out?" said Mr. Childers, thrusting his young friend from the room, rather in the prairie manner. "Tight-Jeff or Slack-Jeff, it don't much signify; it's only tight-rope and slack-rope. You were going to give me a message for Jupe?"

"Yes, I was."

"Then," continued Mr. Childers, quickly, "my opinion is, he will never receive it. Do you know much of him?"

"I never saw the man in my life."

"I doubt if ever you *will* see him now. It's pretty plain to me, he is off."

"Do you mean that he has deserted his daughter?"

"Ay! I mean," said Mr. Childers, with a nod, "that he has cut. He was goosed last night, he was goosed the night before last, he was goosed to-day. He has lately got in the way of being always goosed, and he can't stand it."

"Why has he been—so very much—Goosed?" asked Mr. Gradgrind, forcing the word out of himself, with great solemnity and reluctance.

"His joints are turning stiff, and he is getting used up," said Childers. He has his points as a Cackler still, but he can't get a living out of *them*."

"A Cackler!" Bounderby repeated. "Here we go again?"

"A speaker, if the gentleman likes it better," said Mr. E. W. B. Childers, superciliously throwing the interpretation over his shoulder, and accompanying it with a shake of his long hair—which all shook at once. "Now it's a remarkable fact sir, that it cut that man deeper, to know that his daughter knew of his being goosed, than to go through with it."

"Good!" interrupted Mr. Bounderby. "This is good, Gradgrind! A man so fond of his daughter, that he runs away from her! This is devilish good! Ha! ha! Now, I'll tell you what, young man. I haven't always occupied my present station of life. I know what these things are. You may be astonished to hear it, but my mother ran away from *me*."

E. W. B. Childers replied pointedly, that he was not at all astonished to hear it.

"Very well," said Bounderby. "I was born in a ditch, and my mother ran away from me. Do I excuse her for it? No. Have I ever excused her for it? Not I. What do I call her for it? I call her probably the very worst woman that ever lived in the world, except my drunken grandmother. There's no family pride about me, there's no imaginative sentimental humbug about me. I call a spade a spade; and I call the mother of Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, without any fear or

any favour, what I should call her if she had been the mother of Dick Jones of Wapping. So with this man. He is a runaway rogue and a vagabond, that's what he is in English."

"It's all the same to me what he is or what he is not, whether in English or whether in French," retorted Mr. E. W. B. Childers facing about. "I am telling your friend what's the fact; if you don't like to hear it you can avail yourself of the open air. You give it mouth enough, you do; but give it mouth in your own building at least," remonstrated E. W. B. with stern irony. "Don't give it mouth in this building, till you're called upon. You've got some building of your own, I dare say, now?"

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Bounderby, rattling his money and laughing.

"Then give it mouth in your own building, will you, if you please?" said Childers. "Because this isn't a strong building, and too much of you might bring it down!"

Eyeing Mr. Bounderby from head to foot again, he turned from him as from a man finally disposed of, to Mr. Gradgrind.

"Jupe sent his daughter out on an errand not an hour ago, and then was seen to slip out himself, with his hat over his eyes and a bundle tied up in a handkerchief under his arm. She will never believe it of him; but he has cut away and left her."

"Pray," said Mr. Gradgrind, "why will she never believe it of of him?"

"Because those two were one. Because they were never asunder. Because, up to this time he seemed to dote upon her," said Childers, taking a step or two to look into the empty trunk. Both Mr. Childers and Master Kidderminster walked in a curious manner with their legs wider apart than the general run of men, and with a very knowing assumption of being stiff in the knees. This walk was common to all the male members of Sleary's company, and was understood to express that they were always on horseback.

"Poor Sissy! He had better have apprenticed her," said Childers, giving his hair another shake, as he looked up from the empty box. "Now, he leaves her without anything to take to."

"It is creditable to you who have never been apprenticed, to express that opinion," returned Mr. Gradgrind approvingly.

"*I* never apprenticed? I was apprenticed when I was seven year old."

"Oh! Indeed?" said Mr. Gradgrind, rather resentfully, as having been defrauded of his good opinion. "I was not aware of its being the custom to apprentice young persons to ———"

"Idleness," Mr. Bounderby put in with a loud laugh. "No, by the Lord Harry! Nor I!"

"Her father always had it in his head," resumed Childers, feigning unconsciousness of Mr. Bounderby's existence, "that she was to be taught the deuce-and-all of education. How it got into his head I can't say; I can only say that it never got out. He has been picking up a bit of reading for her, here—and a bit of writing for her, there—and a bit of cyphering for her, somewhere else—these seven years."

Mr. E. W. B. Childers took one of his hands out of his pockets, stroked his face and chin, and looked, with a good deal of doubt and a little hope, at Mr. Gradgrind. From the first he had sought to conciliate that gentleman, for the sake of the deserted girl.

"When Sissy got into the school here," he pursued, "her father was as pleased as Punch. I couldn't altogether make out why, myself, as we were not stationary here, being but comers and goers anywhere. I suppose, however, he had this move in his mind—he was always half cracked—and then considered her provided for. If you should happen to have looked in to-night, for the purpose of telling him that you were going to do her any little service," said Mr. Childers, stroking his face again, and repeating his look, "it would be very fortunate and well timed; *very* fortunate and well timed."

"On the contrary," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "I came to tell him that her connexions made her not an object for the school, and that she must not attend any more. Still, if her father really has left her, without any connivance on her part—Bounderby, let me have a word with you."

Upon this, Mr. Childers politely betook himself, with his equestrian walk, to the landing outside the door, and there stood stroking his face and softly whistling. While thus engaged, he overheard such phrases in Mr. Bounderby's voice, as "No. *I* say no. I advise you not. I say by no means." While from Mr. Gradgrind, he heard in his much lower tone the words, "But even as an example to Louisa, of what this pursuit, which has been the subject of a vulgar curiosity, leads to and ends in. Think of it, Bounderby, in that point of view."

Meanwhile, the various members of Sleary's company gradually gathered together from the upper regions, where they were quartered, and, from standing about, talking in low voices to one another and to Mr. Childers, gradually insinuated themselves and him into the room. There were two or three handsome young women among them, with their two or three husbands, and their two or three mothers, and their eight or nine little children, who did the fairy business when required. The father of one of the families was in the habit of balancing the father of another of the families on the top of a great pole; the father of a third family often made a pyramid of both those fathers, with Master Kidderminster for the apex, and himself for the base; all the fathers could dance upon rolling casks, stand upon bottles, catch knives and

balls, twirl hand-basins, ride upon anything, jump over everything, and stick at nothing. All the mothers could (and did) dance, upon the slack wire and the tight rope, and perform rapid acts on bare-backed steeds; none of them were at all particular in respect of showing their legs; and one of them, alone in a Greek chariot, drove six in hand into every town they came to. They all assumed to be mighty rakish and knowing, they were not very tidy in their private dresses, they were not at all orderly in their domestic arrangements, and the combined literature of the whole company would have produced but a poor letter on any subject. Yet there was a remarkable gentleness and childishness about these people, a special inaptitude for any kind of sharp practice, and an untiring readiness to help and pity one another, deserving, often of as much respect, and always of as much generous construction, as the every-day virtues of any class of people in the world.

Last of all appeared Mr. Sleary: a stout man as already mentioned, with one fixed eye and one loose eye, a voice (if it can be called so) like the efforts of a broken old pair of bellows, a flabby surface, and a muddled head which was never sober and never drunk.

"Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, who was troubled with asthma, and whose breath came far too thick and heavy for the letter s, "Your thervant! Thith ith a bad piethe of bithnith, thith ith. You've heard of my Clown and hith dog being thuppothed to have morrithed?"

He addressed Mr. Gradgrind, who answered "Yes."

"Well Thquire," he returned, taking off his hat, and rubbing the lining with his pocket-handkerchief, which he kept inside it for the purpose. "Ith it your intentionth to do anything for the poor girl, Thquire?"

"I shall have something to propose to her when she comes back," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Glad to hear it, Thquire. Not that I want to get rid of the child, any more than I want to thtand in her way. I'm willing to take her prentith, though at her age ith late. My voithe ith a little huthky, Thquire, and not eathy heard by them ath don't know me; but if you'd been chilled and heated, heated and chilled, chilled and heated, in the ring when you wath young, ath often ath I have been, *your* voithe wouldn't have lathted out, Thquire, no more than mine."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"What thall it be, Thquire, while you wait? Thall it be Therry? Give it a name, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, with hospitable ease.

"Nothing for me, I thank you," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Don't thay nothing, Thquire. What doth your friend thay? If you haven't took your feed yet, have a glath of bitterth."

Here his daughter Josephine—a pretty fair-haired girl of eighteen, who had been tied on a horse at two years old, and had made a will at twelve, which she always carried about with her, expressive of her dying desire to be drawn to the grave by the two piebald ponies—cried "Father, hush! she has come back!" Then came Sissy Jupe, running into the room as she had run out of it. And when she saw them all assembled, and saw their looks, and saw no father there, she broke into a most deplorable cry, and took refuge on the bosom of the most accomplished tight-rope lady (herself in the family way), who knelt down on the floor to nurse her and to weep over her.

"Ith an infernal thame, upon my thoul it ith," said Sleary.

"O my dear father, my good kind father, where are you gone? You are gone to try to do me some good, I know! You are gone away for my sake, I am sure. And how miserable and helpless you will be without me, poor, poor father, until you come back!" It was so pathetic to hear her saying many things of this kind, with her face turned upward, and her arms stretched out as if she were trying to stop his departing shadow and embrace it, that no one spoke a word until Mr. Bounderby (growing impatient) took the case in hand.

"Now, good people all," said he, "this is wanton waste of time. Let the girl understand the fact. Let her take it from me, if you like, who have been run away from, myself. Here, what's your name? Your father has absconded—deserted you—and you mustn't expect to see him again as long as you live."

They cared so little for plain Fact, these people, and were in that advanced state of degeneracy on the subject, that instead of being impressed by the speaker's strong common sense, they took it in extraordinary dudgeon. The men muttered "Shame!" and the women "Brute!" and Sleary, in some haste, communicated the following hint, apart to Mr. Bounderby.

"I tell you what, Thquire. To thpeak plain to you, my opinion ith that you had better cut it thort, and drop it. They're a very good natur'd people, my people, but they're accuthtomed to be quick in their movementh; and if you don't act upon my advithe, I'm damned if I don't believe they'll pith you out o' winder."

Mr. Bounderby being restrained by this mild suggestion, Mr. Gradgrind found an opening for his eminently practical exposition of the subject.

"It is of no moment," said he, "Whether this person is to be expected back at any time, or the contrary. He is gone away, and there is no present expectation of his return. That, I believe, is agreed on all hands."

"Thath agreed, Thquire. Thtick to that!" From Sleary.

"Well then. I, who came here to inform the father of the poor girl, Jupe, that she could not be received at the school any more,

in consequence of there being practical objections, into which I need not enter, to the reception there of the children of persons so employed, am prepared in these altered circumstances to make a proposal. I am willing to take charge of you, Jupe, and to educate you, and provide for you. The only condition (over and above your good behaviour) I make is, that you decide now, at once, whether to accompany me or remain here. Also, that if you accompany me now, it is understood that you communicate no more with any of your friends who are here present. These observations comprise the whole of the case."

"At the thame time," said Sleary, "I mutht put in my word, Thquire, tho that both thides of the banner may be equally theen. If you like, Thethilia, to be prentitht, you know the natur of the work and you know your companionth. Emma Gordon, in whothe lap you're a lyin' at prethent would be a mother to you, and Joth'phine would be a thithter to you. I don't pretend to be of the angel breed mythelf, and I don't thay but what, when you mith'd your tip, you'd find me cut up rough, and thwear an oath or two at you. But what I thay, Thquire, ith that good tempered or bad tempered I never did a horthe a injury yet, no more than thwearing at him went, and that I don't expect I thall begin otherwithe at my time of life, with a rider. I never wath muth of a Cackler, Thquire, and I have thed my thay."

The latter part of this speech was addressed to Mr. Gradgrind, who received it with a grave inclination of his head, and then remarked,

"The only observation I will make to you, Jupe, in the way of influencing your decision, is, that it is highly desirable to have a sound practical education, and that even your father himself (from what I understand) appears, on your behalf, to have known and felt that much.

The last words had a visible effect upon her. She stopped in her wild crying, a little detached herself from Emma Gordon, and turned her face full upon her patron. The whole company perceived the force of the change, and drew a long breath together, that plainly said, "she will go!"

"Be sure you know your own mind, Jupe," Mr. Gradgrind cautioned her; "I say no more. Be sure you know your own mind!"

"When father comes back," cried the girl, bursting into tears again after a minute's silence, how will he ever find me if I go away?"

"You may be quite at ease," said Mr. Gradgrind, calmly; he worked out the whole matter like a sum; "you may be quite at ease, Jupe, on that score. In such a case, your father, I apprehend must find out Mr. ——"

"Thleary. Thath my name, Thquire. Not athamed of it. Known all over England, and alwayth paythe ith way."

"Must find out Mr. Sleary, who would then let him know where you went. I should have no power of keeping you against his wish, and he would have no difficulty, at any time in finding Mr. Thomas Gradgrind of Coketown. I am well known."

"Well known," assented Mr. Sleary, rolling his loose eye. "You're one of the thort, Thquire, that keepth a prethious thight of money out of the houthe. But never mind that at prethent."

There was another silence; and then she exclaimed, sobbing with her hands before her face, "O give me my clothes, give me clothes, and let me go away before I break my heart!"

The women sadly bestirred themselves to get the clothes together—it was soon done, for they were not many—and to pack them in a basket which had often travelled with them. Sissy sat all the time, upon the ground, still sobbing and covering her eyes. Mr. Gradgrind and his friend Bounderby stood near the door, ready to take her away. Mr. Sleary stood in the middle of the room, with the male members of the company about him, exactly as he would have stood in the centre of the ring during his daughter Josephine's performance. He wanted nothing but his whip.

The basket packed in silence, they brought her bonnet to her, and smoothed her disordered hair, and put it on. Then they pressed about her, and bent over her in very natural attitudes, kissing and embracing her; and brought the children to take leave of her; and were a tender-hearted, simple, foolish set of women altogether.

"Now, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind. "If you are quite determined, come!"

But she had to take her farewell of the male part of the company yet, and every one of them had to unfold his arms (for they all assumed the professional attitude when they found themselves near Sleary), and give her a parting kiss—Master Kidderminster excepted, in whose young nature there was an original flavour of the misanthrope, who was also known to have harboured matrimonial views, and who moodily withdrew. Mr. Sleary was reserved until the last. Opening his arms wide he took her by both her hands, and would have sprung her up and down, after the riding-master manner of congratulating young ladies on their dismounting from a rapid act; but there was no rebound in Sissy, and she only stood before him crying.

"Good bye, my dear!" said Sleary. "You'll make your fortun, I hope, and none of our poor folkth will ever trouble you, I'll pound it. I with your father hadn't taken hith dog with him; ith a ill-conwenienth to have the dog out of the billth. But on thecond thoughth, he wouldn't have performed without hith mathter, tho ith ath broad ath ith long!"

With that, he regarded her attentively with his fixed eye, surveyed his company with the loose one, kissed her, shook his head, and handed her to Mr. Gradgrind as to a horse.

"There the ith, Thquire," he said, sweeping

her with a professional glance as if she were being adjusted in her seat, "and she'll do you juthtithe. Good bye, Thethilia!"

"Good bye Cecilia!" "Good bye Sissy!" "God bless you, dear!" In a variety of voices from all the room.

But the riding-master eye had observed the bottle of the nine oils in her bosom, and he now interposed with "Leave the bottle, my dear; ith large to carry; it will be of no uthe to you now. Give it to me!"

"No, no!" she said, in another burst of tears. "Oh no! Pray let me keep it for father till he comes back? He will want it, when he comes back. He had never thought of going away, when he sent me for it. I must keep it for him, if you please!"

"Tho be it, my dear. (You thee how it ith, Thquire!) Farewell, Thethilia! My latht wordth to you ith thith, Thtick to the termth of your engagement, be obedient to the Thquire, and forget uth. But if, when you're grown up and married and well off, you come upon any horthe-riding ever, don't be hard upon it, don't be croth with it, give it a Bethpeak if you can, and think you might do wurth. People mutht be amuthed, Thquire, thomehow," continued Sleary, rendered more pursy than ever, by so much talking; "they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they can't be alwayth a learning. Make the betht of uth: not the wurtht. I've got my living out of the horthe-riding all my life, I know; but I conthider that I lay down the philothophy of the thubject when I thay to you, Thquire, make the betht of uth: not the wurtht!"

The Sleary philosophy was propounded as they went down stairs; and the fixed eye of Philosophy—and its rolling eye, too—soon lost the three figures and the basket in the darkness of the street.

OUT IN THE DESERT.

There is no word which suggests more vague and horrible ideas than the Desert. We are prone, rather from the impressions left by classical writers and poets than from exact geographical study, to imagine it as a sea of sand, now stretching in level uniformity on every side to a circular horizon, now raised as it were into white billows by the wind. There are places to which such a description would apply; and the writer of this page has himself passed over limited expanses where he could discover no landmark,—nothing to guide his steps, and where it was easier to navigate, if that expression may be used, at night, when the stars had taken up their immutable stations, than by the dazzling light of day.

But, in general, the Desert is far less dreary and dismal than this. Even that broad belt of country, so long indicated by a cloud of dots in our maps, extending between the Barbary States and the Black Kingdoms of Central Africa, is full of resting-places, though small, and in this way only can we account for the fact, that as far as history or tradition takes us back, we hear of caravan routes crossing it in every direction, with regular stations and places of rendezvous. There are difficulties and dangers to be overcome certainly; but imagination is a great coward, and requires to be comforted by science. Wonderful was the story of the Simoom; but, although a recent traveller persuaded himself that he saw water boil beneath its influence, two-thirds of what we hear of it may be ranked with the marvels of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

Yet there is something fascinating in the way in which the Orientals tell of the perils of desert-travelling, especially when we know that however those perils may have been exaggerated, they have a real existence after all, that lives have been lost, that whole caravans have truly "foundered" in a sea of sand, and that every difficult traject is strewed with bones, not always of camels. Although, therefore, after some time spent in the Libyan waste, I had began to look upon it as a very comfortable sort of place indeed—the chances of dying by thirst or heat, or frays with robbers, not always suggesting themselves—yet, when I left a well announced as the last for four days, a slight feeling of awe seemed not inappropriate. Silence prevailed in the caravan for some time—all my companions being in the same mood of mind.

There are several sorts of caravans or Kafilas. Ours was composed simply of travellers; and it is worth while saying a word or two of its economy, in order that readers accustomed to a rather more expeditious mode of proceeding may be enabled to realise the slowness of our progress. We had with us nine camels to carry baggage, provisions, and water for nine men; whilst for "equestrian" purposes we had six animals which we rather vulgarly designated Jerusalem ponies. The four travellers walked or rode as they chose; their two servants generally walked; whilst the escort of three Bedouins shuffled along in their slippers or climbed up and sat between the water-skins or on the tent-gear. Our average rate of progress was two miles and a half per hour; for whatever was gained by pushing forward at a more rapid rate, was sure to be lost afterwards by idling on the way. When the country was absolutely arid we went steadily on in a compact body; but occasionally in the beds of valleys or in almost imperceptible hollows in the plain where expanses covered by a growth of dwarf plants with more weed than leaf, or even by spare thickets of rather lively green. Then the camels stretched down their long necks, now to one side, now to the other; not absolutely stopping but pausing to snatch mouthfuls, which they munched as they went. If they were denied the privilege, say the Bedouins, they would soon be exhausted and unable to

continue work. It is scarcely necessary to say that the camel carries water for others than itself; and that only at copious wells is it allowed to drink.

The donkeys by their nature claimed better treatment; and generally, when we halted about evening time, a tin tray of water was put under their noses. Sometimes, it is true, they had to be satisfied with no more than a draught once in forty-eight hours; and then, poor things, they drooped, and we were obliged to dismount and walk with their halters round our arms. The rate at which a donkey travels is about four miles to the hour; so that when our animals were well refreshed we used to ride on ahead and wait for the slow moving caravan, enjoying our pipes, and sometimes even making coffee, though rarely could a patch of shade be found.

We were in motion at all hours of the day and night. Whenever possible, we halted at twelve, and rested till the *assez*, or about three. Then we proceeded until sunset; and, halting again, waited one, two, or three hours for the rising of the moon, by favour of which we completed our task. For every day it was necessary to get over so much space, and any failure, we knew, might lead to disaster. There can be no dallying by the way in the Desert. Water is taken in only for a definite number of days; and the Bedouins are so chary of their camels, that they almost always miscalculate on the wrong side, and prepare for a short period of suffering before the end of the journey. On one occasion I remember that, in order to advance more rapidly, they actually emptied out a small supply we had left, so that we were compelled to toil on, beneath a sun that raised our thermometer to above a hundred in the tent, for eight hours without one single drop to wet our parched lips withal. There was a well ahead. What mattered a little suffering, if the camels were eased of a few pounds weight? We arrived, and were denied water by the Arabs during a tedious parley. But the warning was thrown away. The Desert has its routine; and on no single occasion, I believe, was a sufficient supply laid in.

On the particular occasion of which I speak a rather serious ground of alarm had been suggested. Some of the water-skins were not so solid as they might be; and it was possible that in the course of four or five days they might run dry. The danger was as great as that of a ship springing a leak a thousand miles from land. Should we be left without anything to drink in the midst of the rocky range we had to traverse, there were few chances of safety for even a remnant of the party. However, we were off; and it was best not to allow the mind to dwell on all possible dangers. In an hour or so we got rid of the seriousness, it could scarcely be called gloom, that had come over us; and regained the somewhat reckless confidence by which we had been, until then, upheld.

The aspect of the Desert in that particular spot was somewhat dreary. The ground over which we moved was nearly level; but on either hand were low stony ridges that opened here and there, and allowed us to see similar ridges beyond. Grey lady-birds, butterflies of small size and sombre colour, and lizards that darted to and fro, were the only living things that presented themselves; but as I have said, there were now and then patches of meagre vegetation. Night at length came on; but for some reason or other our guides, instead of as usual waiting for the moon, lighted a lantern and endeavoured to follow the track by its means. Presently they hesitated, stopped, went on again, laid their heads together, separated on either hand, shouted one to the other; and at last when we, uncertain and anxious, halted and called for an explanation, they admitted that they had lost their way and were perfectly unable to determine whether we ought to advance or to retreat, to turn to the right hand or to the left. Would it not be best to stop and wait for the moon? The position was exposed; and a cold bleak wind had begun to blow. We moved on a little further, and at length it was resolved to spread the mat—no one talked of setting up the tent—and watch or sleep until morning came.

The Bedouins did not then explain the reason of their unusual anxiety. We afterwards learned that there was only one pass through the range of rocks that lay between us and our place of destination, and that, once the marked track missed, there existed no means of making what seamen term "a good fall." However, we were quite certain that things had gone very wrong indeed; and those who had most gaily made light of the dangers of the desert—going to the extreme of representing them as no greater than those which may be encountered in an omnibus ride from Pimlico to the Bank—now began to feel penitent and humble. There is nothing we regret so much as the insults we have foolishly heaped on peril when it really presents itself. The French peasant who had threatened to take Satan by the nose, merely doffed his hat when that gentleman appeared. For my part, I tried to persuade myself that I had been more reasonable than my companions; and *did* continue to recollect that I had expostulated with —— when he audaciously sneered at the words of the poet—

> "Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
> When first from Shiraz walls I bent my way."

The real state of the case was this: we might utterly fail in falling into the track again, such things having occurred, however unlikely it might seem, seeing that we could not have diverged above a mile; or we might only succeed after we had exhausted a considerable portion of our supply of water, which might involve great privation towards the end of the journey, or the necessity of

falling back upon the well which we had drained, and near which we had met with rather a hostile reception. The mildest possibility was unpleasant; and we sat on our mat pensive and somewhat desponding.

It is on such occasions that man exhibits the wonderful power he possesses of self-torture. Instead of sleeping off his cares, one of our servants, huddling under a great basket of provisions, began to relate a terrible desert adventure. He said that a long time ago, a caravan of slaves, ivory, and gold-dust, left some distant country—no matter what, it was very far off—and journeyed towards the land of Egypt. After seventeen days it came to a well, which the perverse narrator described so graphically that I knew that he was drawing from his morning experience. Here the caravan halted to rest during the heat of the day; but when night came on, the guards lighted torches—he would have said lanterns if he dared—and moving ahead, led the long pile of camels and pedestrians into the Black Desert. On all sides rose hugh hills of ebony —pleasant things to hear of, for we were now in fairy-land, and no ominous application seemed possible. The red lights flared, the caravan steadily pursued its way. But suddenly there was confusion; and it was announced that the track could no longer be seen.

The merchants at once gave themselves up for lost; for tradition said that there were demons in those parts who were not permitted to touch travellers so long as they pursued the beaten path, but to whom all who strayed were devoted as victims. Abu Salah, the principal owner of the caravan, at once suggested that the whole party should prepare to meet death; and began to pronounce sentences of manumission to his slaves. Even Mussulmans have a secret consciousness that to keep a man in bondage is to sin. The other slave-owners followed his example; so that when morning dawned all that were in peril were at least free souls. What consolation this can have been to the wretched beings who had been taken there, in obedience to and in the service of their masters, who can say?

The entire company wandered on until they came to a plain of sand, beyond which, some who climed upon rocks said they beheld a lake, and trees, and houses. Upon this there was a wild cry and a general rush forward. The camels were urged on as fast as their drivers could induce them to move; and some of the slave-dealers began to cast covetous eyes on the slaves who had so lately been their property.

Now it happened that among the captives who had been manumitted was a young man named Hassan, and a girl named Zara. During captivity, they had suffered side by side, and had loved. When accordingly Hassan saw the caravan rushing heedlessly into the plain, he said to himself: "If it be true that there is safety yonder, our freedom may be taken from us again. It is better to perish." So he caught Zara by the skirt of her single garment, and told her to stay.

"And die?" she said.

"With me," he replied.

She sat down upon the ground—he sitting beside her—and began to braid her hair, which had become disordered during their long journey. In a little while the crowd of men and animals disappeared amidst the dust which they themselves had raised, and the murmur which they sent up gradually died away.

Hassan then bade Zara arise and follow him, trusting in God, who might perhaps lead them back to their own country. Almost immediately they found the track by which they had come; and, retracing their steps reached the well which they had quitted the previous day. Here they were received by some Bedouins; and here they changed their minds as to their destination. An Egyptian cannot understand that any one can by preference go to any country but to his own, and to Cairo accordingly Hassan and Zara repaired. After much toil and much suffering from thirst, they reached the city of the conference; and, being free, prospered.

But what of the caravan? Centuries afterwards, some merchants were passing along the same track. A steady wind had blown all night long; and they were fearful lest their land-mark might be covered. Suddenly they beheld what seemed a vast caravan moving to their right. They stopped; and the others stood still. They advanced; and lo! they beheld a caravan of skeletons. Some of the ghastly company—Arabs do not pause to explain such phenomena,—were on their camels; some on foot; but all exactly in the position they had occupied when the sand had been blown over them.

The merchants were at first awe-struck; but, soon recovering themselves, began to examine the wares of their deceased predecessors, and found them to be of inestimable value. They threw away all their own merchandise, and loaded their camels with gold and ivory, regretting that they had not a thousand camels more. Then they departed, determining to return from the nearest place of safety. They did so; but the wind had again blown; the skeleton caravan had been once more overwhelmed, and never since has any trace thereof been discovered.

Such was the story which regaled our ears before we slept that night. Next morning we looked eagerly for the track; and, by good fortune, found it in a few hours. Then we laughed at our doubts and fears; recovered the elasticity of spirits necessary on such a journey; and proceeded steadily towards the gloomy defile of which we were in search. No further accident hindered our march; and, on the morning of the fifth day, with empty water-skins, but cheerful faces, we

crowded up to the edge of the precipice from which we obtained our first view of the Oasis of Garah.

IDIOTS AGAIN.

People whose ancestors came in at the Conquest, are apt to have one idea overruling all others—that nobody is worthy of their alliance whose ancestors did not come in at the Conquest. Of course, this has been an idea ever since the Conquest began to be considered an old event; and, of course, there have been fewer and fewer families who had a right to it. Of course, also, those families have intermarried, and the intermarriage has been more and more restricted. Another "of course" follows, on which we need not enlarge. Everybody knows the consequences of prolonged intermarriages between any sort of people who are few enough to be almost all blood relations. The world was shocked and grieved, some years since, at the oldest baronage in England "going out at the ace of diamonds"—expiring in the disgrace of cheating at cards. The world ought to be quite as much shocked and grieved at seeing—what has been seen, and may be seen again—the honours of the same ancient birth being extinguished in a lunatic asylum.

It used to be thought a very religious and beautiful thing (it certainly was the easiest thing) to say that it pleased God to send idiots, and other defective or diseased children, to try and discipline their parents by affliction, and so on; but religious physicians now tell us (showing reason for what they say) that there is something very like blasphemy in talking so,—in imputing to Providence the sufferings which we bring upon ourselves, precisely by disobedience to the great natural laws which it is the best piety to obey. It is a common saying, that families who intermarry too often, die out; but no account is taken of the miseries which precede that dying out. Those miseries of disease of body and mind are ascribed to Providence, as if Providence had not given us abundant warning to avoid them! Dr. Howe, the wise and benevolent teacher of Laura Bridgman, says, in his Report on Idiotcy in Massachusetts, that "the law against the marriage of relatives is made out as clearly as though it were written on tables of stone." He gives his reasons for saying so; and of those reasons, the following sample will, we think, be enough. When the tables of health and disease were compiled for Massachusetts, a few years ago, the following was found to be the state of seventeen families, where the father and mother were related by blood.* Some of the parents were unhealthy, and some were intemperate—but to set against this disadvantage to begin with, there is the fact, that the evil consequences of such intermarriage very often do not appear until the second generation, or even later. However in these seventeen households there were ninety-five children. What were these children like? Imagine a school of ninety-five children, of all ages, or the children of a hamlet at play, and think what the little crowd would look like; and then read this! Of these ninety-five children, one was a dwarf. Well, that might easily be. One was deaf. Well, no great wonder in that. Twelve were scrofulous. That is a large number, certainly; but scrofula is sadly common, and especially in unhealthy situations. Well, but forty-four were idiots.

Of all the long and weary pains of mind to which the unselfish can be subject, we know of none so terrible as that of the mother attaining the certainty that her child is an idiot. Reviewing the whole case as we have ourselves observed it, it seems to us an affliction made tolerable only by its gradual growth, and the length of years over which it is spread. How sweet was the prospect of the little one coming—not only in the sacred anticipations of the parents, but when the elder children were told, in quiet, joyful moments of confidence, that there would be a baby in the house by-and-bye! And when it came, how amiable, and helpful, and happy everybody was—keeping the house quiet for the mother's sake, and wondering at the baby, and not minding any irregularity or little uncomfortableness while the mother was upstairs. Perhaps there was a wager that baby would "take notice," turn its eyes to a bright watch, or spoon, or looking-glass, at the end of ten days or a fortnight, and the wager was lost. Here, perhaps, was the first faint indication. But it would not be thought much of, the child was so very young! As the weeks pass, however, and still the child takes no notice, a sick misgiving sometimes enters the mother's mind—a dread of she does not know what, but it does not last long. You may trust a mother for finding out charms and promise of one sort or another in her baby—be it what it may. Time goes on; and the singularity is apparent that the baby makes *no response* to anything. He is not deaf. Very distant street music probably causes a kind of quiver through his whole frame. He sees very well. He certainly is aware of the flies which are performing minuets and reels between him and the ceiling. As for his other senses, there never was anything like his keenness of smell and taste. He is ravenous for food—even already unpleasantly so; but excessively difficult to please. The terrible thing is his still taking no notice. His mother longs to feel the clasp of his arms round her neck; but her fondlings receive no return. His arm hangs lax over her shoulder. She longs for a look from him, and lays him back on her lap, hoping that they may look into each other's eyes; but he looks at nobody. All his life long nobody will ever meet his eyes;

* Dr. Howe's Report on Idiotcy, 1848. P. 90.

and neither in that way nor any other way will his mind expressly meet that of anybody else. When he does at length look at anything, it is at his own hand. He spreads the fingers, and holds up the hand close before his face, and moves his head from side to side. At first, the mother and the rest laugh, and call it a baby trick; but after a time the laughter is rather forced, and they begin to wish he would not do so. We once saw a child on her mother's lap laughing at the spinning of a half-crown on the table, when, in an instant, the mother put the little creature down—almost threw her down on the carpet, with an expression of anguish in her face perfectly astonishing. The child had chanced to hold up her open hand before her face in her merry fidget; and the mother, who had watched over an idiot brother from her youth up, could not bear that terrible token, although in this case it was a mere accident.

The wearing uncertainty of many years succeeds the infancy. The ignorant notions of idiotcy that prevailed before we knew even the little that we yet know of the brain, prevent the parents recognising the real state of the case. The old legal accounts of idiotcy, and the old suppositions of what it is, are very unlike what they see. The child ought not, according to legal definition, to know his own name, but he certainly does; for when his own plate or cup is declared to be ready, he rushes to it. He ought not to be able, by law, "to know letters;" yet he can read, and even write, perhaps, although nobody can tell how he learned, for he never seemed to attend when taught. It was just as if his fingers and tongue went of themselves, while his mind was in the moon. Again, the law declared anybody an idiot "who could not count twenty pence;" whereas, this boy seems, in some unaccountable way, to know more about sums (of money and of everything else) than anybody in the family. He does not want to learn figures, his arithmetic is strong without them, and always instantaneously ready. Of course we do not mean that every idiot has these particular powers. Many cannot speak; more cannot read. But almost every one of the thousands of idiots in England has some power that the legal definition declares him not to have, and that popular prejudice will not believe. Thus does the mother go on from year to year, hardly admitting that her boy is "deficient," and quite sure that he is not an idiot—there being some things in which he is so very clever!

The great improvement in the treatment of idiots and lunatics since science began to throw light on the separate organisation of the human faculties, is one of the most striking instances in all human experience of the practical blessedness induced by knowledge. In a former paper of this journal an account was given* of the way in which, by beneficent training, the apparent faculties of idiots are made to bring out the latent ones, and the strong powers to exercise the weaker, until the whole class are found to be capable of a cultivation never dreamed of in the old days when the name Idiot swallowed up all the rights and all the chances of the unfortunate creature who was so described. In those days the mother might well deny the description, and refuse the term. She would point to the wonderful faculty her child had in some one direction, and admit no more than that he was "not like other children." Well, this is enough. She need not be driven further. If her Harry is "not like other children," that is enough for his own training, and that of the rest of the household.

A training it may be truly called for them all, from the father to the kitchen-maid. The house that has an idiot in it can never be like any other. The discipline is very painful, but, when well conducted and borne, it is wonderfully beautiful. Harry spoils things, probably: cuts with scissors whatever can be cut—the leaves of books, the daily newspaper, the new shirt his mother is making, the doll's arm, the rigging of the boat his brother has been fitting up for a week, the maid's cap ribbon, his father's silk purse. It would be barbarous to take scissors from him, and inconvenient too; for he spends hours in cutting out the oddest and prettiest things!—symmetrical figures, in paper; figures that seem to be fetched out of the kaleidoscope. Lapfuls of such shapes does he cut out in a week, wagging his head, and seeming not to look at the scissors; but never making a wrong snip. The same orderliness of faculty seems to prevail throughout his life. He must do precisely the same thing at precisely the same moment every day: must have always the same chair, wailing or pushing in great distress if anybody else is using it; and must wear the same clothes, so that it is a serious trouble to get any new clothes put on. However carefully they may be changed while he is asleep, there is no getting him dressed in the morning without sad distress. One such Harry, whom we knew very well, had a present one day of a plaything most happily chosen;—a pack of cards. There was symmetry in plenty! When he first took them into his hands, they happened to be all properly sorted, except that the court-cards were all in a batch at the top, and one other—the ten of spades—which had slipped out, and was put at the top of all. For all the rest of his life (he died at nineteen) the cards must be in that order and no other; and his fingers quivered nervously with haste to put them in that order if they were disarranged. One day while he was out walking, we took that top card away and shuffled the rest. On his return, he went to work as usual. When he could not find the ten of spades, he turned his head about in

* Vol. VI. pp. 313–317.

the way which was his sign of distress, gave that most pathetic sort of sigh,—that drawn-in, instead of breathed-out sight which is so common among his class,—and searched everywhere for the card. When obliged to give the matter up, he mournfully drew out the ten of clubs, and made that do instead. We could hold out no longer, and gave him his card: and he seized upon it as eagerly as any digger on any nugget, and chucked and chuckled, and wagged his head, and was perfectly happy. We once poured some comfits into his hand. They happened to be seven. At the same moment every day after, he would hold out his hand, as if by mechanism, while his head was turned another way. We poured six comfits into his palm. Still he did not look, but would not eat them, and was restless till we gave him one more. Next day, we gave him nine; and he would not touch them till he had thrust back two upon us.

In all matters of number, quantity, order and punctuality, Harry must be humoured. It is a harmless peculiarity, and there will be no peace if he is crossed. If he insists upon laying his little brother's tricks only in rows, or only in diamonds or squares, he must be coaxed into another room, unless the little brother be capable of the self-denial of giving up the point and taking to some other play. It is often a hard matter enough for the parents to do justice among the little ones: but we can testify because we have seen what wonders of magnanimity may be wrought among little children, servants and every body, by fine sense, and sweet and cheerful patience on the part of the governing powers of the household. They may have sudden occasion for patience on their own account too. Perhaps the father comes home very tired, needing his coffee. His coffee is made and ready. So they think: but lo! poor Harry, who has an irresistible propensity to pour into each other all things that can be poured, has turned the coffee into the brine that the hams have just come out of; and then the brine and the coffee and the cream all back again into the coffee-pot, and so on. Such things, happening every day, make a vast difference in the ease, cheerfulness and economy of a household. They are, in truth, a most serious and unintermitting trial. They make the discipline of the household: and they indicate what must be the blessing of such institutions for the care and training of idiots as were celebrated in the paper we have referred to.

As for the discipline of Harry himself, it must be discipline; for every consideration of humanity, and, of course, of parental affection, points out the sin of spoiling him. To humour, in the sense of spoiling, an idiot, is to level him with the brutes at once. One might as well do with him what used to be done with such beings,—consign him to the stye, to sleep with the pigs, or chain him up like the dog, as indulge the animal part of a being who does not possess the faculties that counteract animality in other people. Most idiots have a remarkable tendency to imitation: and this is an admirable means of domestic training,—for both the defective child and the rest. The youngest will smother its sobs at the soap in its eye, if appealed to, to let poor Harry see how cheerfully everybody ought to be washed every morning. The youngest will take the hint not to ask for more pudding, because Harry must take what is given him, and not see anybody cry for more. Crying is conquered—self-conquered—throughout the house, because Harry imitates everything; and it would be very sad if he got a habit of crying, because he could not be comforted like other people. As the other children learn self-conquest from motive, in this way Harry will be learning it from imitation. He will insist upon being properly washed and combed, and upon having no more than his plateful—or his two platesful—at dinner: and so on. The difficult thing to manage at home is the occupation: and this is where lies the great superiority of schools or asylums for his class. His father may perhaps get him taught basket-making, or spinning with a wheel, or cabinet-making, in a purely mechanical way; but this is less easily done at home than in a school. Done it must be, in the one place or the other, if the sufferer and his companions in life are to have any justice, and any domestic leisure and comfort. The strong faculty of imitation usually existing among the class, seems (as we said just now, in reference to the faculties of idiots in general,) a sort of miracle before the nature of the brain organization was truly conceived of. How many elderly people now remember how aghast they were, as children, at the story of the idiot youth, not being able to do without the mother, who had never left him while she lived; and how, when everybody supposed him asleep, and the neighbours were themselves asleep, he went out and got the body, and set it up in the fireside chair, and made a roaring fire, and heated some broth, and was found, restlessly moaning with distress, while trying to feed the corpse. And that other story,—a counterpart to which we know of our own knowledge,—of the idiot boy who had lived close under a church steeple, and had always struck the hours with the clock; and who, when removed into the country, far away from church, clock, and watch, still went on striking the hours, and quite correctly, without any visible means of knowing the time. What could we, in childhood, and the rest of the world in the ignorance of that day, make of such facts, but that they must be miraculous? The most marvellous, to our mind, is a trait which, again, we know of our own knowledge. An idiot, who died many years ago at the age of thirty, lost his mother when he was under two years old. His idiotcy had

been obvious from the earliest time that it could be manifested; and when the eldest sister took the mother's place, the child appeared to find no difference. From the mode of feeling of the family, the mother was never spoken of; and if she had been, such mention would have been nothing to the idiot son, who comprehended no conversation. He spent his life in scribbling on the slate, and hopping round the play-ground of the school kept by his brother-in-law, singing after his own fashion. He had one special piece of business besides, and one prodigious pleasure. The business was—going daily, after breakfast, to speak to the birds in the wood behind the house: and the supreme pleasure was turning the mangle. Most of us would have reversed the business and pleasure. When his last illness—consumption—came upon him at the age of thirty, the sister had been long dead; and there were none of his own family, we believe, living; certainly none had for many years had any intercourse with him. For some days before his death, when he ought to have been in bed, nothing but a too distressing force could keep him from going to the birds. On the last day, when his weakness was extreme, he tried to rise,—managed to sit up in bed, and said he must go,—the birds would wonder so! The brother-in-law offered to go and explain to the birds; and this must perforce do. The dying man lay, with his eyes closed, and breathing his life away in slower and slower gasps, when he suddenly turned his head, looked bright and sensible, and exclaimed in a tone never heard from him before, "Oh! my mother! how beautiful!" and sank round again—dead.

There are not a few instances of that action of the brain at the moment before death by which long-buried impressions rise again like ghosts or visions; but we have known none so striking as this, from the lapse of time, the peculiarity of the case, and the unquestionable blank between.

There are flashes of faculty now and then in the midst of the twilight of idiot existence —without waiting for the moment of death. One such, to the last degree impressive, is recorded by the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his account of the great Morayshire floods, about a quarter of a century since. An innkeeper, who, after a merry evening of dancing, turned out to help his neighbours in the rising of the Spey, carelessly got upon some planks which were floated apart, and was carried down the stream on one. He was driven against a tree, which he climbed, and his wife and neighbours saw him lodged in it before dark. As the floods rose, there began to be fears for the tree; and the shrill whistle which came from it, showed that the man felt himself in danger, and wanted help. Everybody concluded help to be out of the question, as no boats could get near; and they could only preach patience until morning, to the poor wife, or until the flood should go down. Hour after hour, the whistle grew wilder and shriller; and at last it was almost continuous. It suddenly ceased; and those who could hardly bear it before, longed to hear it again. Dawn showed that the tree was down. The body of the innkeeper was found far away—with the watch in his fob stopped at the hour that the tree must have fallen. The event being talked over in the presence of the village idiot, he laughed. Being noticed, he said he would have saved the man. Being humoured, he showed how a tub, fastened to a long rope would have been floated, as the plank with the man on it was floated, to the tree. If this poor creature had but spoken in time, his apparent inspiration would have gone some way to confirm the Scotch superstition, which holds —with that of the universal ancient world of theology—that "Innocents are favourites of Heaven."

It is for us to act upon the medium view sanctioned alike by science and morals—neither to cast out our idiots, like the savages who leave their helpless ones to perish; nor to worship them, as the pious Egyptians did, and other nations who believed that the gods dwelt in them, more or less, and made oracles of them;—a perfectly natural belief in the case of beings who manifest a very few faculties in extraordinary perfection, in the apparent absence of all others. Our business is, in the first place, to reduce the number of idiots to the utmost of our power, by attending to the conditions of sound life and health; and especially by discountenancing, as a crime, the marriage of blood-relations; and, in the next place, by trying to make the most and the best of such faculties as these imperfect beings possess. It is not enough to repeat the celebrated epitaph on an idiot, and to hope that his privations here will be made up to him hereafter. We must lessen those privations to the utmost, by the careful application of science in understanding his case; and of skill, and inexhaustible patience and love, in treating it. Happily, there are now institutions, by aiding which any of us may do something towards raising the lowest, and blessing the most afflicted, members of our race.

GRADATION.

Tell me not of insulations, of affinities distinct,
For all things with one another are indissolubly link'd:
Nature's work is in gradations, from the life-blood to the stone;
Oh, the infinite commingling! Nothing, nothing stands alone.

Know ye when the gates of morning close against the twilight gray,
And the setting sun's wet purple flushes out the glare of day?

Can ye mark the point of time when the star, before unseen,
Took its place in the high Heav'ns, trembling into light serene?
Noted ye with due exactness how it paled before the dawn,
Fainting back into the vault, beneath the steady eye of morn,
To carry on its burning, viewless, till another night be born?

Can ye tell when the small seedling push'd aside its parent flower,
And the beech-boughs intermingled in the wondrous leafy shower?
When the throstlecock sang loudest, and the fern was in its pride,
And the first flush of the heather crept o'er all the mountain side?
Did ye watch the dewdrop forming? Did ye see the snowdrop rise?
The up-breaking of the Seasons—is that done before your eyes?

Has thy mem'ry served thee truly? hast thou certainly defined
When the first ray of intelligence illumined thy crescent mind?
When thy childish thoughts went from thee; when thy boyhood ceased to be;
And the red sun of thy manhood rose in glory o'er the sea?
Canst thou tell when Love first whispered, low and softly at thine ear,
Thrilling all thy sense with rapture, and a faint delicious fear?
If thou canst not read this closely, how much less the outward sphere!

In this world can no beginning, nor end of aught be shown;
All things blend in one another; only GOD can stand alone!"

THE QUIET POOR.

I DO not mean the workhouse poor—I have seen plenty of workhouses and tasted many gruels. I do not mean the criminal poor, nor the poor who beg in the streets, but the Quiet Poor: the people who work in their own homes and are never to be seen in workhouses and prisons, who keep their sorrows, if they have any, quite sacred from the world, and do not exhibit them for pence. Though, to be sure, their shades may "glance and pass before us night and day," to such sorrows, if there be any, "we are blind as they are dumb." I thought, therefore, that I should like to know something about them. The last winter has been commonly said to be a very hard one, and I have heard many an old lady cry over the price of bread, "God help the poor!" What does a mere penny loaf matter? I have thought. A slice of bread less in the day, perhaps; a little hunger, and a little falling-in of cheek. Things not entirely unendurable.

Resolved to see about this for myself, and to find out perhaps what war prices will signify to loyal Britons, I obtained leave to visit the inhabitants of a parochial district in Bethnal Green, remarkable for its poverty, for the struggles made by its inhabitants to keep out of the workhouse, and for the small number of the offences brought home to their doors.

The little district of which I speak, small as it is, contains the population of a country town. To judge by the eye I should imagine that it covers ground about a quarter of a mile wide, and a quarter of a mile long. It is composed wholly of narrow courts and lanes, with a central High Street or Church Street of shops—itself a miserable lane. Although the houses are for the most part but cottages, with two floors and a cellar, there are crammed together in them fourteen thousand people. In the whole quarter there is not one resident whom the world would call respectable; there are not more than about half-a-dozen families able to keep a servant; and there is not one man I believe able to tenant a whole house. The shopkeepers who make a little outside show, fare indoors little better than their neighbours. As a general rule, each room in each house is occupied by a distinct family; they are comparatively wealthy who afford to rent two rooms; but, generally, as the families enlarge, the more they require space, the less they can afford that costly luxury. The natives of this parish chiefly subsist upon potatoes and cheap fish, buying sprats when they are to be had, and in default of them sitting down to dine on potatoes and a herring. They earn money as they can, and all are glad to work hard when there is work for them to do. The majority of the men are either weavers, or they are costermongers and hawkers. These two classes occupy, speaking generally, different portions of the neigbourhood; the weavers earn a trifle more, and hold their heads up better than their neighbours: they are the west end people of the district. The whole place is completely destitute of sewerage; one sewer has been made in a street which forms a part of its boundary; it has its share in that, but nothing more. The houses all stand over cesspools; and, before the windows, filth, dead cats, and putrid matter of all sorts run down or stagnate in the open gutters. How do people, who are quiet people, live in such a place?

From a wretched lane, an Egypt watered by a muddy Nile, I turned into a dark house like a catacomb, and after some hazardous climbing reached a chamber in which there were more people than things. Two women sat at work with painful earnestness before the latticed window, three children shivered round an empty grate. Except the broken chairs on which the women sat, there was no seat in the room but an old stool. There was no table, no bed. The larder was the windowsill, its store a couple of potatoes. In one corner was a confused heap of

many-coloured rags, in another corner were a few battered and broken jugs and pans; there was a little earthen teapot on the cold bars of the grate, and in the middle of the room there was a handsome toy. I saw a household and its home. The father had been some months dead, the mother expected in two or three days to receive from God another child. She had four, and "Have you lost any?" I asked, looking down into the Egypt out of doors. "I have lost nine!"

This woman and her sister were at work together on cloth-tops for boots; each woman could make one in about four hours, and would receive for it threepence, out of which sum she would have expended three farthings on trimming or binding, and a fraction of a farthing upon thread. She had parted with her furniture piece by piece during the last illness of her husband. I talked to the children, and began to pull the great toy by the string: a monkey riding on a cock. As the wheels rolled, it made music, and up scrambled the fourth child, a great baby boy. "His grandmother gave him that," the mother said. They had sold their bed, their clothes, but they had kept the plaything!

We traced the current of another Nile into another Egypt. These Niles have their inundations, but to their unhappy Egypt such floods only add another plague. In summer time the courts and lanes are rich with exhalation, and in autumn their atmosphere is deadly. When May comes round the poor creatures of this district, pent up as they are, feel the spring blood leaping faintly within them, and are not to be restrained from pressing out in crowds towards the green fields and the hawthorn blossoms. They may be found dancing in the tea-gardens of suburban public-houses, rambling together in suburban meadows, or crawling out to the Essex marshes. That is the stir made by the first warm sunshine of the year, and after that the work goes on; the warm weather is the harvest time of the hawkers and costermongers, who at the best suffer severely during winter.

The summer heat lifts out of the filthy courts a heavy vapour of death, the overcrowded rooms are scarcely tenantable, and the inhabitants, as much as time and weather will permit, turn out into the road before their doors. The air everywhere indeed is stifling, but within doors many of the cottages must be intolerable. I went into one containing four rooms and a cellar, and asked, "How many people live here?" They were counted up for me, and the number came to six and twenty! The present clergymen of this district—whose toil is unremitting in the midst of the vast mass of sorrow to which he is called to minister—dwells upon wholesome ground outside the district. Within it, there is not a parsonage or any house that could be used as one, and if there were—what man would carry a wife or children to a home in which they would drink poison daily? The pastor is very faithful in the performance of his duty; liberal of mind, unsparing of toil; and, although the reward of his office is as little as its toil is great, and he is forced to take new duties on himself to earn a living, yet I know that he pours out his energies, his health, and all the money he can earn beyond what suffices for a frugal maintenance, upon his miserable people. We have need to be thankful that the Church has such sons. The Reverend Theophilus Fitzmumble may be a cannon here, a master there, a rector elsewhere, and a vicar of Little Pogis, with a thousand a year for the care of a few hundred farmers and farm labourers, who rarely see his face. Fitzmumble may be a drone, the thousand a year paid for his ministration at Little Pogis might be better paid to a man who has daily to battle with, and to help such misery as that of which I speak in Bethnal Green. But let us, I repeat, be thankful that Fitzmumble is not the whole Church. It has sons content to labour as poor men among the poor, whose hearts ache daily at the sight of wretchedness they cannot help; whose wives fall sick of fevers caught at the sick beds of their unhappy sisters. Of such ministers the tables are luxurious, for they who sit at meat know that their fare is less by the portion that has been sent out to the hungry; such men go richly clad in threadbare cloth, of which the nap is perhaps represented by small shoes upon the feet of little children who trot to and fro in them to school.

But, though the incumbent of this parochial district about which I speak, is truly a Christian gentleman, he has his body to maintain alive, and dares not remain too long in the poison bath of his unsewered district during the hot summer days. He visits then only the dying, and they are not few. "I have seen," he said, "a dead child in a cellar, and its father dying by its side, a living daughter covered with a sack to hide her nakedness when I went in, the rest all hungry and wretched, furniture gone, and an open sewer streaming down into a pool upon the floor." Again he said, "I have seen in the sickly autumn months a ruined household opposite the back premises of a tripe and leather factory, which is a dreadful nuisance to its neighbours; it emits a frightful stench, and lays men, women, and children down upon sick beds right and left. In this room opposite the place, I have seen the father of the family and three children hopelessly ill with typhus fever, and the eldest daughter with malignant small pox, while the mother, the one person able to stir about, sat on a chair in the midst of them all deadened with misery. The place by which this household was being murdered has been several times indicted and fined as a nuisance. Every time this has occurred, the proprietors have paid the fine and gone

on as before: they regard such fine-paying as only a small item in their trade expenses."

The people in this black spot of London all strive to the last to keep out of the workhouse. The union workhouse planted in a region that is crammed with poor, must be managed strictly, or there will be fearful outcry about keeping down the rates. Are the poor people in the wrong for keeping their arms wound about each other? There is not a house, a room, —of all I visited the other day, I did not see one room—in which there was not sickness. Talk of the workhouse, and the mother says, in effect, "who would nurse Johnny like me? Oh, I could not bear to think that he might die, and strangers cover up his face!" Johnny again cries for his mother, or if he be a man, he says that he would die naked and in the streets, rather than not give his last words to his wife.

But, somebody may say, This is sentimentality. The poor have not such fine feelings. They get to be brutalised. Often it is so; but, quite as often certainly, they are refined by suffering, and have depths of feeling stirred up within them which the more fortunate are only now and then made conscious of in themselves. I went into one room in this unhappy place—this core of all the misery in Bethnal Green—and saw a woman in bed with a three weeks infant on her arm. She was still too weak to rise, and her husband had died when the baby was three days old. She had four other children, and she panted to get up and earn. It eased her heart to tell of her lost love, and the portion of her story that I here repeat was told by her, in the close narrow room, with a more touching emphasis then I can give it here; with tremblings of the voice and quiverings of the lip that went warm to the hearts of all who listened:—

"The morning before my husband died," she said, "he said to me, 'O Mary, I have had such a beautiful dream!'—'Have you, dear?' says I; 'do you think you feel strong enough to tell it me?'—'Yes,' says he, 'I dreamt that I was in a large place where there was a microscopic clock' (he meant a microscope), 'and I looked through it and saw the seven heavens all full of light and happiness, and straight before me, Mary, I saw a face that was like a face I knew.' 'And whose face was it, love?' says I.—'I do not know,' says he; 'but it was more beautiful than anything I ever saw, and bright and glorious, and I said to it, Shall I be glorified with the same glory that you are glorified with? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, Am I to die soon? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, Shall I die to-morrow? And the face fixed its eyes on me and went away. And now what do you think that means?'—'I do not know,' says I, 'but I think it must mean that God is going to call you away from this world where you have had so much trouble, and your suffering is going to be at an end, but you must wait His time, and that is why the head went away when you said, shall I die to-morrow?'—'I suppose you are right,' says he, 'and I don't mind dying, but O Mary, it goes to my heart to leave you and the young ones' (here the tears spread over the poor woman's eyes and her voice began to tremble). 'I am afraid to part with you, I am afraid for you after I am gone.'—'You must not think of that,' says I, 'you've been a good husband, and it's God's will you should go.' —'I won't go, Mary, without saying good bye to you,' says he. 'If I can't speak, I'll wave my hand to you,' says he, 'and you'll know when I'm going.' 'And so it was, for in his last hours he could not speak a word, and he went off so gently that I never should have known in what minute he died if I had not seen his hands moving and waving to me Good-bye before he went."

Such dreams and thoughts belong to quiet poverty. I have told this incident just as I heard it; and if I were a daily visitant in Bethnal Green, I should have many tales of the same kind to tell.

The people of this district are not criminal. A lady might walk unharmed at midnight through their wretched lanes. Crime demands a certain degree of energy; but if there were ever any harm in these well-disposed people, that has been tamed out of them by sheer want. They have been sinking for years. Ten years ago, or less, the men were politicians; now, they have sunk below that stage of discontent. They are generally very still and hopeless; cherishing each other; tender not only towards their own kin, but towards their neighbours; and they are subdued by sorrow to a manner strangely resembling the quiet and refined tone of the most polished circles.

By very different roads, Bethnal Green and St. James's have arrived at this result. But there are other elements than poverty that have in some degree assisted to produce it. Many of the weavers have French names, and are descended from French emigrants, who settled hereabouts, as many of their countrymen settled in other places up and down the world after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and at that time there were fields and market gardens near the green of Bethnal. There are here some runlets of the best French blood, and great names may be sometimes met with. The parish clerk, who seemed to have in him a touch of Spanish courtesy, claims to be a descendant from Cervantes. The literary spirit still works in him; for I found his table covered with papers and tickets relating to a penny lecture —twopence to the front seats—that he had been delivering on Nineveh, Palmyra, Babylon, and other ancient cities, illustrated with a little panorama that he had. His lecture had drawn crowds, seventy had been turned from the doors, and he was preparing to repeat it. Then there is a poor fellow in the

parish named Racine, who declares that he can prove his descent from Racine the dramatist. There is a Lesage too, to be met with, and many other men whose names are connected with ideas of noble race or noble intellect. The daughters of these handloom weavers dress their hair with care, and will not let themselves be seen in rags. The mothers of the last generation were often to be seen in the old French costumes, and to this day hundreds work in such glazed attics as were used by their forefathers across the sea. Little as they earn, the weaver-households struggle to preserve a decent poverty and hide their cares. They must have some pleasures too. In two or three parts of the parish, there are penny balls; there is a room also for penny concerts, and there is a penny circus, "with a complete change of riders." These places are all quietly and well conducted; but are chiefly supported by the surrounding localities.

The fathers of these families lived when their parents could afford to them the benefit of dame schools. How courteously and sensibly they often talk, and with what well chosen words, I was amazed to hear. A doll-maker, dying of consumption, who certainly believed in long words too devoutly but who never misapplied them, talked in periods well weighed and rounded, that were in admirable contrast to the slip-slop gossip of my dear friend Sir John Proaser. "One of the weavers," said the clergyman of the district (the Reverend Mr. Trivett), "asked me to lend him Calvin's Institutes, and when I told him that mine was a black letter copy, he said that he should not mind that in the least. Another asked once for the Colloquies of Erasmus, and one who was unmarried and working with his brother, so that he had some shillings to spare, wanted to know what it would cost to get a copy of Smith's Wealth of Nations."

I mentioned just now a doll-maker—him I found roasting himself by a large fire—a man wasted and powerless—discussing on what day he should go into Guy's Hospital. There was a heap of bran in a corner, used for doll-stuffing and for a children's bed also, no doubt. Here, as elswhere, however large the family collected in one room, I never saw more than a single bed. Sleeping places were made usually on the floor. One woman, rich in half-a-dozen chairs, showed me with triumph how she made a first-rate bedstead by putting them artfully together. Before the doll-maker's bran sat a boy at a stool, with a pile of broken tobacco-pipe at his side, and some paste and strips of paper. Each bit of paper as he pasted it he screwed round a fragment of tobacco-pipe. These were, perhaps, to be doll's bones, the basis of their arms and legs. At a deal table near the window a mother, who tottered with ill-health, and a daughter about seventeen years old, were measuring some lengths of calico. The calico was to be cut up for doll's bodies, or skins. The cutting out of bodies requires art and skill. The girl many days before had pricked her thumb, the result was that it had gathered, and was in a poultice. "She is the only one of us, except me, able to make the bodies," said the poor father, "and you see—" He pointed to the crippled thumb, and the mother looked down at it in a maze of sorrow. They looked to its recovery for bread.

In another house I saw a room swept of all furniture, through the distress that such a pricked thumb had occasioned, and two other homes I saw made wretched by the accidental wounding of the husband's hand.

In one of them, an empty room rented at half-a-crown a-week, there stood a woman all by herself. She stood because she did not possess a chair, and told us that they—she and her husband—had that morning got some work. They had been living on their furniture for twelve weeks, because her husband, who was a carpenter, had hurt his hand. She had failed to get work until the day before, when she obtained a pair of stays to make, a chance job, for which she would receive fourpence. She was a young woman who would have been pretty if she had been better fed. Alas, for the two young hearts failing there together, for the kisses of the thin and wasted lips that should be full with youth and pleasure! "You earn so little here, and could have a beautiful cottage in the country for the price of this room in Bethnal Green;—you scarcely could be worse off if you went into the country." They had done that, but the law of settlement had forced them back again on Bethnal Green.

Why should I make the readers' hearts as heavy as my own was made by the accumulation of these evidences of woe heaped up over woe? I saw families in cellars with walls absolutely wet; in dismantled rooms covered with dust and cobwebs, and containing nothing but a loom almost in ruins; or striving to be clean. One I found papering and whitewashing his home, having obtained means to do so from his landlord after seven years of neglect. In another house a neighbour had dropped in to tea in a company dress of old black satin with plenty of cherry-coloured ribbons. The daughter of that house made elaborate and very pretty fringe-tassels at fourteen pence for a hundred and forty-four of them. The father of that house had been two weeks dead. Everywhere I found present sickness, and in many places recent death. Only in one place I found sullen despair, and there the room was full of people—there was no fire in the hearth, and there was no furniture, except a bed from which a woman was roused who spoke hoarsely and looked stupidly wild with ragged dress and hair disordered. She may have been drunk, but she could have sat as

she was to Lebrun for a picture of despair. "Why," she was asked, "do none of your children come to school?"—"No money,"—"But you need pay nothing,—only wash and send them."—"I can't wash them;—no fire."

We went into a cellar shared by two families:—the rent of a room or cellar in this district is commonly two shillings a-week. One half of this room was occupied by a woman and four children, who had also a husband somewhere working for her; her division contained many bits of furniture and quite a fairy-land of ornaments upon the mantelpiece. The other woman was a widow with a son nineteen years old. They had nothing but a little deal table and two broken chairs; but there were hung up against the wall two coloured pictures in gilt frames, which her son, she said, had lately given her. Perhaps they were a birthday gift; certainly, cheap as they may have been, they were the fruit of a long course of saving; for the poor woman, trembling with ill-health, and supporting her body with both hands upon the little table, said, that her son was then out hawking, and that she expected him in every minute in hope that he might bring home three-halfpence to get their tea.

Account was made of the earnings of a whole lane, and they were found to average threepence farthing a day for the maintenance of each inhabitant, both great and small. There was, I think, one in about six positively disabled by sickness. The dearness of everything during the last winter had been preventing hawkers and others from making their small purchases and sales; the consequence was to be seen too plainly in many a dismantled room. The spring and summer are for all the harvest time, but some were already beginning to suspect that "the spring must have gone by," for their better times used to begin early in March, and there is still no sign of them. All were, however, trusting more or less that, in the summer, they would be able to recover some of the ground lost during a winter more severe than usual. None seemed to have a suspicion of the fate in store, of the war-prices and causes or privation that probably will make for them this whole year one long winter of distress. It is not only in the dead upon the battle-field, or among the widows and orphans of the fallen, that you may see the miseries of war. Let any one go, five months hence, among these poor people of St. Philip's, Shoreditch (that is the right name of this region of Bethnal Green), when they find that they have lost not their spring only, but their summer,—let them be seen fasting under an autumn sun in their close courts and empty rooms, starved by hundreds out of life as well as hope, and he will understand, with a new force, what is the meaning of a war to the poor man.

Something I have neglected to say concerning the dismantled rooms. The absent furniture and clothing has not been pawned, it has gone to a receiving-house. The district is full of miserable people preying upon misery who lend money on goods under the guise of taking care of them, and give no ticket or other surety. It is all made a matter of faith, and an enormous interest is charged for such accommodation in defiance of the law.

And another miserable truth has to be told. The one vice with which misery is too familiar is well-known also here; for on the borders of this wretched land, which they must give up hope who enter, there is a palace hung round outside with eight or ten huge gaslights—inside brilliantly illuminated. That is the house of the dragon at the gate—there lives the gin devil.

What is to be done? Private charity must look on hopelessly when set before an evil so gigantic. Here is but a little bit of London, scarcely a quarter of a mile square, we look at it aghast, but there is other misery around it and beyond it. What is to be done? So much drainage and sewerage is to be done, is very certain. All that can be done is to be done to change the character of a Bethnal-Green home. The Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor makes nearly five per cent. on its rooms for families, though it fails commercially when taking thought for single men. The Society professes pure benevolence, and no care about dividends. Let it abandon that profession, abide by it certainly as a guiding idea, but let it take purely commercial ground before the public, and let its arm be strengthened. They who are now paying from five to seven pounds a-year for a filthy room or cellar, will be eager enough to pay the same price for a clean and healthy lodging. Let model lodging houses for such families be multiplied, let them return a percentage to their shareholders; and since the society is properly protected by a charter, let all who would invest a little money wisely look into its plans. I see the need of this so strongly that I shall begin to inquire now very seriously into its affairs, and I exhort others to do the same, with a view to taking shares, if they be found a safe and fit investment.

Private and direct charity may relieve individuals, and console many a private sorrow in this part of London, but it cannot touch—such charity to the extent of thousands of pounds cannot remove—the public evil. Associations for providing any measure of relief are checked by the necessity for charters to protect themselves against the present unjust laws of partnership.

And, after all, the truth remains, that the people are crowded together in a stagnant corner of the world. They are all poor together; no tradesman or employer living among them finds them occupation; they ramble about and toil their lives away pain-

fully to earn threepence farthing a-day; while the same people shifted to other quarters in the country, would find men contending for the possession of their labour, glad to give two or three shillings daily for a pair of hands. The people of the parish hang together like a congealed lump in a solution that needs to be broken up and stirred in with the rest.

Half the men here would be hailed with chants of joy by the manufacturers were they to turn their back upon their handlooms and march to the aid of steam in Preston. I do not say, Send them to Preston, for in that town one misery can only be relieved because another has been made, but there are very many parts of England in which labour is wanted sorely, and would earn fair pay. Employers in those parts of England should be made fully aware of the existence of such parishes as this, in which hardworking, earnest, quiet people struggle in the dark. Such parishes are banks on which cheques may be drawn to any amount for the capital that can be made of honest labour.

There is room for many of these people in large provincial towns, and in small towns and rural districts. The abolition of the Law of Settlement—a horrible evil and an absolutely frightful cruelty, fully discussed last year in this journal—will remove the chief obstacle to such an attempt to break up little lumps of social misery. The abolition of that law is promised to the country, and whoever strives to make the promise null or to postpone its fulfilment, strives practically—whatever his intent may be—to perpetuate or to prolong some of the worst pains that vex both flesh and spirit of our labourers. When the migrations of the poor cease to be watched with narrow jealousy, as will be the case when this bad law is dead, no corner of our social life in London, or in England, need stagnate or putrify. There need be no longer six-and-twenty people in a cottage, upon ground that does not find fit work for six. Change will be then possible for Bethnal-Green. It may remain the home of poverty and toil, but it may cease to be the home of want.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FREE QUARTERS.

The religious establishments of foreign countries have one excellence in which they stand in honourable contrast to our own. It is, that important institutions of great public utility are often founded and supplied by their revenues. Many of the high dignitaries of the church abroad have incomes beside which even that of the Bishop of London would appear to a disadvantage; but nearly all have far other claims on them than our prelates; claims to which they are also compelled by law or usage to satisfy very strictly. I could give a dozen instances in point, easily; but, one will serve my purpose just now, and we will therefore confine ourselves to it; premising merely that it is one of many.

Let us not be too proud to learn. We have so often stood in the honourable relation of teachers to other nations that we can afford now and then to turn pupils with a better grace. If, in the present instance, the lesson comes from a long way off, and from a place whence we are not generally in the habit of receiving lessons of practical benefit, this is no reason why we should receive it less kindly or be especially surprised. Minerva's self might, I dare say, have learned something new in the poorest Spartan village.

Having now introduced my subject respectfully, I proceed to say that there is in the town of Castro, at the distant island of Mytilene in the Ægean Sea, a small establishment which I am sure no one would be sorry to see imitated in London upon a larger scale. It is a Traveller's Home, built and supported solely by the revenues of the Greek Archbishopric. I very much doubt if any part of them be better employed.

It is a very plain house, and is divided into a vast number of small rooms without furniture of any kind. Each room has a fire-place, several commodious cupboards, and a strong door with a strong padlock to fasten it: there is a common fire for all the inmates of these rooms, presided over by the solitary single gentleman who has charge of the building.

The object for which this place was first erected, was as a temporary resting-place for the more humble travellers who flock to the capital of the island, to take part in the solemn festivals of the Greek Church; but its advantages have since been extended to all travellers who have no home elsewhere. The only title to admission is decent apparel. The right to remain any reasonable time is acquired by quiet, orderly conduct, and an understanding, strictly enforced, that each traveller shall keep, and leave, the room allotted to him perfectly clean.

There is no charge for this entertainment. The traveller may give if he pleases, but nothing is required of him. The numerous respectable people who avail themselves of the establishment generally pay something towards a fund which is understood to go in part to the keeping of the building in good repair; but the contributions are very small, and by far the greater part of the visitors pay nothing.

It is impossible to think, without satisfaction, of the many people whose necessities while travelling are thus provided for; whether they bring an air mattrass and comfortable coverings with them, or whether they sleep on the hard floor; whether they purchase a comfortable dinner of the snug

elderly gentleman, or whether they bring a crust of dry bread in their pocket. Nobody knows how this may be, neither is it evident to any man whether his neighbour pays or does not pay. There is no apparent difference between the moneyed guest and the poor one; each has his own room and his own lock and key. It is the only place of public entertainment, I think, I ever saw where poverty is allowed to be quiet and decent in its own way.

It was on the serene afternoon of a grey day, late in the autumn, when I first visited this place. I had sent away my horses, for the wind blew chilly, and, lighting a cigar, had walked musingly among the mysterious streets of the little town of Castro, until chance led my steps to the traveller's home. Finding myself before a house of such size, I inquired what it was, and, having received an answer, I passed unquestioned through the open gate. The wind sighed heavily along the narrow street, and I remember that an involuntary awe came over me as I seemed to be led by some other power than curiosity up the spotless stairs of freshly planed wood, and along the silent corridor, until I stopped before a door, where there sat a woman wailing. There is something so august in sorrow that I should have passed on respectfully; but that her outstretched hand detained me.

"Oh, Frankish Lord!" cried the woman in accents of despair, "save him, for he is dying!" She pressed my hand to her quivering lips as she spoke, after the fashion of the East, and I knew that her simple heart was full of the popular belief that the Franks or Europeans all have a knowledge of the healing art.

"Alas! Mother," I answered in the simple idiom of the country, "I have no power to save him."

But she detained me in the strong spasm of her grasp, and the next minute I stood within the chamber of death, and was abashed before the nameless majesty of death.

I knelt beside the bed very gently and humbly, and took the hand of the sick lad. I dared not meet the mother's imploring look, for there was no mistaking the prophecy of the languid fluttering pulse, or the foam gathering on the lips, and the glassy eyes. But even as I knelt, a strange light seemed to pass over the boy's face changing its expression wholly. When it was gone, his head gently fell back, and I knew that all was over; for that light was the ray which comes through the gates of heaven when they open to receive a soul. A low continued moan only broke the stillness as I rose. Oh deal with her gently, this bereaved mother! for her last child is lying cold beside her; and though her darling is gone to the fields where the night comes not, neither is there shadow of darkness, yet she cannot follow him! Oh deal with her gently, for the hand of the Chastener is heavy upon her! As I turned to go from the last home of the boy traveller, a something which had before lain heavy on my heart was rebuked, and I felt how the little ills of life sink into nothing beside such a grief as this!

A SAINT'S BROTHER.

He was the brother of a saint, and his friends were rich; so they dressed him in his best, and they put his turban on his head (for he was of the old school), and they bore him to the tomb upon a bier, and coffinless, after the custom of the East. I joined the procession as it swept chanting along the narrow street; and we all entered the illuminated church together.

The Archbishop strode solemnly up the aisle, with the priests swinging censers before him; and with the odour of sanctity exhaling from his splendid robes. On went the procession, making its way through a stand-up fight, which was taking place in the church, on through weeping relatives and sobered friends, till at last the Archbishop was seated on his throne, and the dead man lay before him stiff and stark. Then the same unctuous individual whom I fancy I have observed taking a part in religious ceremonies all over the world, being yet neither priest nor deacon, bustles up and he places some savoury herbs on the breast of the corpse, chanting lustily as he does so to save time.

Then the Archbishop takes two waxen tapers in each hand; they are crossed and set in a splendid hand-candlestick. He extends it towards the crowd and seems to bless it mutely, for he does not speak. There is silence, only disturbed by a short sob which has broken from the over-burned heart of the dead man's son. Hush! it is the Archbishop giving out a psalm, and now it begins lowly, solemnly, mournfully; at first, the lusty lungs of the burly priest seem to be chanting a dirge; all at once they are joined by the glad voices of children—oh! so clear and so pure, sounding sweet and far-off, rejoicing for the bliss of the departed soul.

They cease, and there comes a priest dressed in black robes; he prostrates himself before the throne of the Archbishop, and carries the dust of the prelate's feet to his forehead. Then he kisses the Archbishop's hand and mounts the pulpit to deliver a funeral oration. I am sorry for this; he is evidently a beginner, and twice he breaks down, and gasps hopelessly at the congregation; but the Archbishop prompts him and gets him out of this difficulty. A rascally young Greek at my elbow nudges me to laugh, but I pay no attention to him.

Then the priests begin to swing their censers again, and their deep voices mingle chanting with the fresh song of the children, and again the Archbishop blesses the crowd. So now the relatives of the dead man approach him one by one crossing themselves

devoutly. They take the nosegay of savoury herbs from his breast, and they press it to their lips. Then they kiss the dead man's forehead. When the son approaches he sobs convulsively, and has afterwards to be removed by gentle force from the body.

So the relatives continue kissing the body, fearless of contagion, and the chant of the priests and choristers swells through the church and there lies the dead man, with the sickly glare of the lamps struggling with the daylight, and falling with a ghastly gleam upon his upturned face. Twice I thought he moved, but it was only fancy.

The Archbishop has left the church and the relatives of the dead man are bearing him to his last home without further ceremony. It is a narrow vault just outside the church, and the Greeks courteously make way for me —a stranger. A man jumps briskly into the grave ; it is scarcely three feet deep ; he arranges a pillow for the head of the corpse, then he springs out again, laughing at his own agility. The crowd laugh too. Joy and Grief elbow each other everywhere in life ; why not also at the gates of the tomb?

Then two stout men seize the corpse in their stalwart arms, and they lift it from the bier. They are lowering it now, quite dressed, but coffinless, into the vault. They brush me as they do so and the daylight falls full on the face of the dead. It is very peaceful and composed, but looking tired, weary of the world ; relieved that the journey is over!

Stay! for here comes a priest walking slowly from the church, with his mass-book and censer. He says a few more prayers over the body, and one of the deceased's kindred drops a stone into the grave. While the priest prays, he pours some consecrated oil upon the body and some more upon a spadeful of earth which is brought to him. This also is thrown into the grave. It is not filled up. A stone is merely fastened with clay roughly over the aperture, and at night there will be a lamp placed there, which will be replenished every night for a year. At the end of that time the body will be disinterred ; if the bones have not been thoroughly rotted away from the flesh and separated, the Archbishop will be called again to pray over the body ; for there is a superstition among Greeks, that a man whose body does not decay within a year, is accursed. When the bones have divided, they will be collected and tied up in a linen bag which will hang on a nail against the church wall. By and by, this will decay, and the bones which have swung about in the wind and rain will be shaken out one by one to make daylight ghastly where they lay. Years hence they may be swept into the charnel-house, or they may not, as chance directs.

I have said that he was the brother of a saint. It is well, therefore, that I should also say something of the saint himself. The saint was St. Theodore, one of the most recent martyrs of the Greek Church. St. Theodore was born about fifty years ago, of very humble parents, who lived at the village of Neo Chori, near Constantinople. He was brought up to the trade of a house-painter, an art of some pretension in Turkey, where it is often carried to very great perfection. The lad was clever, and soon attained such excellence in his craft that he was employed at the Palace of the Sultan. The splendour of the palace, and of the gorgeous dresses of some of the Sultan's servants, fired his imagination. He desired to remain among them : so he changed his faith for that of Islam, and was immediately appointed to a petty post about the palace.

Three years after his apostscy and circumcision a great plague broke out at Constantinople, sweeping away the Sultan's subjects by hundreds, with short warning. The future saint grew alarmed, a species of religious mania seized upon him. He tried to escape from the palace, but was brought back. At last, he got away, in the disguise of a water-carrier, and fled to the island of Scio.

Here he made the acquaintance of a priest, to whom he confided his intention of becoming a martyr. The priest is said warmly to have commended this view of the case ; for martyrs had been lately growing scarce. Instead of conveying the young man, therefore, to a lunatic asylum, he took him to the neighbouring island of Mitylene ; seeing, doubtless, sufficient reasons why the martyrdom should not take place at Scio ; where he might have been exposed to awkward remonstrances from his friends, for countenancing such a horror.

So the priest accompanied him to Mitylene, where the first act of the tragedy commenced by the martyr presenting himself before the Cadi or Turkish Judge. Before the Cadi he began to curse the Mussulman faith, and threw his turban at that magistrate's head. Taking from his bosom a green handkerchief, with which he had been provided, he trampled it under foot ; and green is a sacred colour with the Turks. The Cadi was desirous of getting rid of him quietly, considering him as mad, as doubtless he was. But he continued cursing the Turks so bitterly that at last an angry mob of fanatics bore him away to the Pasha. This functionary, a quiet, amiable man, tried also to get out of the disagreeable affair ; but the young man raved so violently that the Turks around began to beat him ; and he was put into a sort of stocks till he should be quiet. At last the Turks lost patience with him, and his martyrdom began in earnest. He was subjected (say the Greek chronicles from which this history is taken) to the cruel torture of having hot earthen plates bound to his temples, and his neck was then twisted by fanatic men till his eyes started from their sockets ; they also drew several of his teeth. He now said that he had returned to the Greek faith in consequence of the advice of an Englishman ; which so

appeased the Turks, that they offered him a pipe, and wanted to dismiss him. But he soon broke out again, and asked for the sacrament. He also asked for some soup. Both were given to him, the Turks offering no opposition to the administering of the former. When, however, he once more began to curse and revile the prophet, some fanatic proposed that he should be shortened by having an inch cut from his body every time he blasphemed, beginning at his feet. The Cadi shuddered, and interposed, saying, that such a proceeding would be contrary to the law; which provided that a renegade should be at once put to death, that the faith of Islam might not be insulted. Then the mob got a cord to hang him. Like many other things in Turkey, this cord does not seem to have been fit for the purpose to which it was applied; and the struggles of the maniac were so violent that it broke. But they *did* hang him at last; thus completing the title to martyrdom with which he has come down to us. For three days his hanging body offended the daylight, and the simple country folk cut off bits of his clothes for relics. After a while he was carried away, and buried with a great fuss; the Turks having too profound a contempt for the Greeks to interfere with their doings in any way. Then, after a while, application was made to the Patriarch of Constantinople to canonize the mad house-painter; and canonized he was. His body was disinterred and mummified with great care. It is wrapped up in cotton, and the head is inclosed in a silver case. Both are shown to the devout on the anniversary of his martyrdom. The cotton sells well, for it is said to have worked many miracles, and to be especially beneficial in cases of epilepsy.

The anniversary of the Martyrdom of St. Theodore occurred on the same day as his brother's funeral. I asked if the reputation of the saint had anything to do with the honours paid to his brother? "Yes," was the answer, "the relatives of the saint are naturally anxious to keep up his reputation; which is like a patent of nobility to them. None dare to offer them injury or wrong, for fear of the martyr's anger."

For the rest the Festival of St. Theodore was as pretty a sight as I would wish to see.

His body was enshrined in a neat temple of green leaves, and was placed in the centre of the church. The pilgrims arrived at dead of night, to pray there. They were mostly women, and seemed earnest enough in what they were about. I did not like to see them, however, buying those little bits of cotton which lay mouldering round the mummy, and putting them into their bosoms.

The church was well lighted; for Mitylene is an oil country. Innumerable lamps hung suspended from the roof everywhere, and some were decorated with very pretty transparencies. If you shut your eye for a minute, they seemed to open on fairy land rather than reality. The hushed scene, the stillness of which was only broken by the pattering feet of some religious maiden approaching the shrine, shawled and mysterious, even here, had something very quaint and fanciful in it. I could have stopped there all night watching them as they passed, dropping buttons (substitutes for small coin given in churches) into the salver of a dingy priest, who sat in the aisle, tablet in hand, to receive orders for masses to be said for the sick or the dead. I liked to watch the business manner in which he raised his reverend hand to get the light well upon his tablet, and adjusted his spectacles as he inscribed each new order from the pilgrims. At last, however, he gathered up his buttons and money, tying them in a bag; and glancing round once more in vain for customers, he went his way into the sacristy. I followed his waddling figure with my eyes till the last lock of his long hair, which caught in the brocaded curtain, had been disentangled, and he disappeared. Then, as the active individual in rusty black, whom I have mentioned as so busy in the ceremony of the morning, seemed desirous of having a few minutes' conversation with me, I indulged him. It was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his discourse, that he was desirous of receiving some token of my esteem in small change. It cost little to gratify him; and then, as the church was quite deserted, we marched off together.

LEGS.

It has always struck me that a great void exists in popular physiology, from the comparative neglect with which it has treated the legs of mankind. Many and heavy folios have been written on the subject of the heart, the brain, the nerves, and the lungs. Some men have thrown themselves on the kidneys with admirable spirit and perseverance; a very large section of medical and physiological writers have devoted themselves to the stomach with an ardour and erudition worthy of our sincerest admiration; while others have attacked blood with a keen gusto and relish that have been productive of the most gratifying results to the cause of science. Sir Charles Bell wrote an elaborate and delightful treatise on The Hand. Still we are lamentably deficient in our knowledge of The Leg. Satisfied with the possession of that indispensable member, our pathologists and physiologists seem to consider it as quite unworthy of attention; and, but for a few meagre treatises on the gout and on varicose veins, an occasional advertisement "To those with tender feet," emanating

from some commercially-minded shoemaker and the periodical recapitulation of the royal and noble cures of a great corn-cutter and his brother chiropodists, we might as well, for the mental attention we bestow upon our legs and feet, be so many Miss Biffins.

Fashion, even, that ubiquitous and capricious visitant of the human form divine, has looked coldly upon legs. While the shirt of man within the last few years has undergone as many improvements, annotations, emendations, illustrations, and transformations as the text of an Act of Parliament; while the human shirt-collar has enjoyed a perfect Ovidian series of metamorphoses; while each succeeding season has brought changes vast and radical into the constitution of ladies' sleeves and men's wristbands; while the collars of coats and the flounces of dresses have continually changed their shapes like the chimera, and their colours like the cameleon; while the bonnet of beauty has fallen from its cocked-up elevation on the frontal bone to its accumbent position on the dorsal vertebræ; while even that conservative institution, the hat of man, has fluctuated between the chimney-pot and the D'Orsay, the wide-awake and the Jim-Crow, the Guerilla and the Kossuth, and now seems to lean somewhat towards the Turkish Fez; while all these multifarious transitions of the other parts of our garb have taken place, the coverings of the leg and the foot have been untangible to the attacks of time, and fashion, and convenience. Shoe-strings have held their own since the Birmingham buckle-makers petitioned the Prince Regent against their introduction. The British Blucher has remained unchangeable for thirty-nine years; the Wellington is the same boot that spurred Copenhagen's sides o'er the field of Waterloo; the taselled Hessian, though it has seen its coeval pig-tail sink into the limbo of oblivion, is yet worshipped in secret by devout votaries; abbreviated continuations of black silk, kerseymere, plush, corduroy, cord and leather, yet shine in the court, the diplomatic service, the servants' hall, the hunting-field, and the charity-school. Prejudice has tried to banish shorts, and Invention to improve upon stockings; the whole results of centuries of trousers wearing (the ancient Gauls wore them: see Bracchæ) have been in the ridiculous items of straps and stripes down the sides; and, apparently despairing of the possibility of doing anything for legs in the improvment line, fashion has left legs alone. The world following, like an obedient slave as it is, upon fashion's heels, has quite neglected and forgotten legs. Philosophy has turned the cold shoulder upon them; and the dramatist has scouted them, and the epic poet has disdained them. Legs have fallen to the province of mountebanks, tight-rope dancers, acrobats, and ballet girls. From neglect they have even fallen into opprobrium; and we cannot find a baser term for a swindling gambler than to call him a "Leg."

Yet only consider the immense importance of legs! What should we be without them? Ask that infinitely poor and miserable person, a bedridden man. To be deprived of the blessed faculty of locomotion at will—not to possess that glorious privilege of riding "Shank's mare," or of taking the "Marrow-bone stage;" of bidding defiance to stage coaches, carriages, cabs and railway trains; of feeling the firm earth beneath our tread; of footing it over the daisies, or strolling over the velvetty sward, or climbing the hill, or descending the valley, or padling through the brook; to be unable to take a walk, in fact, is to be deprived of nine tithes of our pleasures here below, of half our capacity for enjoyment, of nearly all our faculty of observation. A man may learn with his legs very nearly as much as he can with his eyes; and he learns it more cheerfully, more genially, more naturally. It was a true word spoken in jest, that named the legs the understandings. A great walker is nearly always a contented, happy, and philosophically observant man. The free use of his legs makes the penny postman satisfied with his twenty five shillings a-week, reconciles the policeman to his weary night watch, solaces the sentinel on his guard; makes the ploughboy whistle as he follows his team, the milkmaid balance her pails merrily, and the pedlar carry his pack as if it were a pleasure. Legs are a consolation in trouble, and the grand remover of spleen, care, and evil humours. The first thing that a man does when he is immured in jail is to walk about (if so he be allowed) his prison yard. If you have been angry with your brother, or if your wife has vexed you, or your affairs are in gloomy case, or your periodical hatred of the world and those that are in it, come upon you, you cannot do better than "walk it off."

In infancy what intense interest is concentrated upon legs! We watch the first endeavours to walk of a little child with as much, if not more, interest and anxiety than its first attempts to speak. We seem to look upon articulation as upon one of Nature's spontaneous good gifts which will come in its own good time; but to teach the child the use of its legs, and to watch over the proper development of his paces—from the shaky ill-balanced toddle to the straight strong step—seem to require all our energies and caution and attention. Heavens! what tortures mothers must endure, what heroic sacrifices they would submit to, to avert the horrible possibility of baby being bandy! However remiss science and erudition may have been, the poorer classes appreciate legs. They know of what infinite service those extremities will be to the child—how absolutely indispensable they will one day become, in conjunction with the hands and bread-winners. They fondle and

admire their children's legs ; they recommend them passionately as objects for care and prudence to the child-nurses who carry the babies. It is only among the strongly feeling class, and not among the apathetic rich, that I have heard such a term applied to a child's extremities as "his blessed legs."

Consider of what huge importance legs are to high as well as low. Lord Viscount Protocol sitting down on the Treasury Bench, is but a mean little man with a broad-brimmed hat pulled over his eyes ; but, "on his legs," he is Cicero in eloquence, Demosthenes in delivery, Grattan in force of invective. The due management of the legs is the soul of military discipline : an army that did not keep step would be beaten by a Calmuck corporal. Legs carry the hod up ladders, with the mortar that cements the stones of our Victoria Tower. The agile use of our legs will remove us from within the deadly presence of the officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex, munished with a warrant for our arrest, and will convey us swiftly out of his bailiwick—a process of evasion denominated "leg bail."

The leg is the most honoured part of the body. It opens the ball with queens ; its foot treads the carpet of thrones ; without it Edward the Third could never have instituted the most honourable order of the garter. Do you think the Pope's Legate is so called because he is *legatus* sent ? No ! it is because of his legs clothed in his cardinal's red stockings. What would Louis the Fourteenth have been without the padding on his legs and the high heels to his shoes ? He would have been *le petit* Monarque. What would monumental brasses and Templars' tombs be without the crossed legs of the knights and barons ? Could our coats, our vests, our continuations, have been fashioned in all ages without the cross-legged tailors ? The gravity of the Turk, the wisdom of his beard, the splendour of his yataghan, the perfume of his chibouk and the aroma of his coffee, would be as naught without his papouche-fected legs folded under him on the cushioned divan.

Passing from honour to dishonour, we must not forget that to punish a man's legs and feet is the most dreadful infliction short of death in the East ; and to know the true value of legs you should be some miserable bastinadoed Turkish or Egyptian wretch crawling on your stomach from the court of justice, where the Cadi has just ordered you five hundred blows of the bastinado on your feet. The human legs have it in their power to confer the most grievous insult to human honour that is known. The hand can slap, the arm can strike, the head can butt, but it is the leg that directs the foot to confer the deadly kick ; and it is a retributory leg and foot that steps out the twelve paces when the kick is washed out in blood. The legs have it in their power to conduct us to the topmost rounds of Ambition's ladder ; to carry us, at the head of the forlorn hope, into the crumbling smoking breach ; with our legs we trample on the carcasses of our enemies ; and scamper over obstacles, and run that race of fortune which for all our legs is not always to the swift ; with our huge legs we "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus," and make petty men creep under them.

But, O! our legs often play us sorry tricks. Bad legs, wicked legs, untrustworthy legs, they lead us to sorrow and shame, and danger and death. Ensign Whitefellow would have been as brave a young officer as ever waved a pair of colours, but for those pusillanimous legs of his, which ran away with him so shamefully at the siege of Ticonderoga. It was Private Swabbin's knavish legs that caused him to abscond from barracks with his regimental necessaries ; it was those same legs that took him to a marine-store shop in Back-lane, Chatham, where he sold said necessaries ; and what but his legs enticed him to the beer-shop, where he spent his ill-gotten earnings? It was his legs that brought him to be tried by court-martial, and that conducted him to the military prison at Fortclarence. Those that have sinned by their legs suffer by the legs ; as the shameful stocks, and the galleries of the French bagnes, and the manacled convicts of our dockyards, and the leg-chained street-sweepers of the Italian towns can testify. Those likewise, who abuse their legs by running about to strange ale-houses, and standing at gin-shop bars, first get unsteady on their legs, and then their legs slide away from under them, and forsake them utterly, and they fall into the shame of the gutter and the ignominy of the mud. Badly disposed legs carry otherwise virtuously minded men into gambling-houses, broils and contentions ; they lead them in quarrels to interpose, by which they oft-times get an ensanguined nose ; finally, dissipation must have legs, else how would it enable its votaries to "run through their property" and "outrun the constable?"

The times have been when the legs have not been deemed unworthy of performing sacerdotal functions. Many were the choregraphic solemnities of the old temples of Eleusis and Ephesus and Memphis. The priests of Baal had sacerdotal orgies. The witches in Macbeth danced. The Fakirs of India leap, and the Dervishes of Stamboul whirl on the tips of their toes ; and there are Hindoo fanatics who hope to go to heaven by standing, flamingo-wise, upon one leg.

How many and what magnificent fortunes have been made by nothing but legs? Clad in pink tights, those extremities have gathered millions of golden pieces from the opera stage. Say, ye Anatoles, ye Vestrises, ye Carlotta Grisis ; ye Taglionis married to Russian princes, ye Cerritos, ye Elsslers

and ye Duvernays, what would you have been without your legs? Say ye English and continental managers how often have you escaped bankruptcy through the legs of your figurantes and the judicious selection of ballets, otherwise "leg pieces." Captain Barclay walked himself into a comfortable annuity; and I understand that more than one professional pedestrian has realized a handsome competency by moving their legs a thousand miles in a thousand hours, in the presence of thousands of spectators at a shilling a head.

Setting riches on one side, what numbers of industrious persons there are who earn their daily bread by their legs. At the very moment I write a company of acrobats are vaulting, leaping, tumbling, climbing, standing with their legs on each other's heads beneath my window. At an adjoining exhibition hall, Professor Squadaccini, and his three talented sons nightly tie their legs into knots, and raise them to a level with their shoulders for a living. Madame Saqui has supported herself on her legs (on the tight rope) since the days of the first French Revolution. Clowns, rope-dancers, tumblers and mountebanks of every description would starve were it not for their legs. Even the ragged little street Bedouin who tumbles cartwheels by the side of your cab as you come from the railway station; the brown-faced, ragged, scarlet-jacketed varlet who follows the hounds with bare feet; the Ethiopian Serenaders, who reverberate the tambourines on their knees, their shins, and the soles of their feet; the little Highland-dressed children who dance on the scrap of carpet in the muddy street, all look to their legs, as an auxiliary, if not a means, of subsistence. Nay, the piteous cripple of Italian extraction, who sits in the truck beside the barrel organ upon which the other exile grinds melancholy tunes; the stunted jack-in-the-water paddling about, without legs, in his little canoe; and the legless beggar on the little platform on rollers who pushes himself along by means of instruments, something between dumb-bells and railway buffers, support themselves indefinitely by their legs; for passers-by remember sympathisingly that they had legs once, and relieve their legless-ness with moneys.

If the heart be the stronghold of vitality, the legs are the outposts of life. The legs die first. The outposts are captured before the citadel is stormed. Mrs. Quickly put her hand upon poor dying Sir John Falstaff's legs, and they were "as cold as a stone." We speak of a man likely to die, that he will come out of the house "feet foremost." We say of one that is dead that he has "turned his toes up." No one can mistake a dead man's legs. Put them is fisherman's boots, swathe them in fifty yards of sheeting, and you could not mistake them. Not many days since, at my dear old Dumbledowndeary, a man fell from the topmast of a Dutch vessel in the river on to the deck. They brought him to the jetty in a boat, covering the body with a tarpaulin, while medical assistance was sent for. I can see now the cold, gloomy grey February day; the knot of idlers on the jetty, a solitary gull rising from the marshes opposite with dull flapping wings and swaying fitfully in the rising tide beneath, the wounded man lying at full length in the boat, and standing on the thwarts over him, one of his messmates, a clumsy tallow-faced Dutchman, with a huge fur cap and earrings, who was wringing his honest tarry hands and crying out that he loved him; all the while the tears trickling down his face and pattering sharply, like commencing rain, as they fell on the tarpaulin. But we needed not the verdict of the doctor, to know that the man in the boat was dead. None but a dead man could have had the legs, stark, stiff, awful, which we saw protruding from the tarpaulin as the boat rowed to shore.

I am not at all a believer in "graphiology," and have never been tempted to send specimens of my hand-writing, accompanied by a certain number of postage stamps, to Professor Anybody. Neither do I hold by those theorists who assert that all bald-headed men ill-treat their wives; neither do I swear by those who believe that all red-headed people are hypocrites. But I am a believer in the idea that a man's character can be tolerably well deciphered from his face; and I would advise all physiognomists who are of my opinion, to extend their scrutiny from a person's visage to his legs. The advantages to science would be incalculable. I have found it of prodigious service to me in my speculations upon the characters of mankind. There are as infinite varieties of expression in legs as in faces, and I wait with impatience for the day when some learned man shall give to the world an elaborate commentary on all the legs he has met with; the long and the short, the thick and the thin, the bandy and the bow, the in-kneed and the out-toed.

We are told that we can tell a man by the company he keeps; why not by the legs that take him into that company?

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BOUNDERBY being a bachelor, an elderly lady presided over his establishment, in consideration of a certain annual stipend. Mrs. Sparsit was this lady's name; and she was a prominent figure in attendance on Mr. Bounderby's car, as it rolled along in triumph with the Bully of humility inside.

For, Mrs. Sparsit had not only seen different days, but was highly connected. She had a great aunt living in these very times called Lady Scadgers. Mr. Sparsit, deceased, of whom she was the relict, had been by the mother's side what Mrs. Sparsit, still called "a Powler." Strangers of limited information and dull apprehension were sometimes observed not to know what a Powler was, and even to appear uncertain whether it might be a business, or a political party, or a profession of faith. The better class of minds, however, did not need to be informed that the Powlers were an ancient stock, who could trace themselves so exceedingly far back that it was not surprising if they sometimes lost themselves—which they had rather frequently done, as respected horse-flesh, blind-hookey, Hebrew monetary transactions, and the Insolvent Debtors Court.

The late Mr. Sparsit, being by the mother's side a Powler, married this lady, being by the father's side a Scadgers. Lady Scadgers (an immensely fat old woman, with an inordinate appetite for butcher's meat, and a mysterious leg, which had now refused to get out of bed for fourteen years) contrived the marriage, at a period when Sparsit was just of age, and chiefly noticeable for a slender body, weakly supported on two long slim props, and surmounted by no head worth mentioning. He inherited a fair fortune from his uncle, but owed it all before he came into it, and spent it twice over immediately afterwards. Thus, when he died, at twenty-four (the scene of his decease Calais, and the cause brandy), he did not leave his widow, from whom he had been separated soon after the honeymoon, in affluent circumstances. That bereaved lady, fifteen years older than he, fell presently at deadly feud with her only relative, Lady Scadgers; and, partly to spite her ladyship, and partly to maintain herself, went out at a salary. And here she was now, in her elderly days, with the Coriolanian style of nose and the dense black eyebrows which had captivated Sparsit, making Mr. Bounderby's tea as he took his breakfast.

If Bounderby had been a Conqueror, and Mrs. Sparsit a captive Princess whom he took about as a feature in his state-processions, he could not have made a greater flourish with her than he habitually did. Just as it belonged to his boastfulness to depreciate his own extraction, so it belonged to it to exalt Mrs. Sparsit's. In the measure that he would not allow his own youth to have been attended by a single favourable circumstance, he brightened Mrs. Sparsit's juvenile career with every possible advantage, and showered wagon-loads of early roses all over that lady's path. "And yet, sir," he would say, "how does it turn out after all? Why here she is at a hundred a year (I give her a hundred, which she is pleased to term handsome), keeping the house of Josiah Bounderby of Coketown!"

Nay, he made this foil of his so very widely known that third parties took it up, and handled it on some occasions with considerable briskness. It was one of the most exasperating attributes of Bounderby, that he not only sang his own praises but stimulated other men to sing them. There was a moral infection of claptrap in him. Strangers, modest enough elsewhere, started up at dinners in Coketown, and boasted, in quite a rampant way, of Bounderby. They made him out to be the Royal arms, the Union-Jack, Magna Charta, John Bull, Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, An Englishman's house is his castle, Church and State, and God save the Queen, all put together. And as often (and it was very often) as an orator of this kind brought into his peroration,

> "Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made:"

—it was, for certain, more or less understood among the company that he had heard of Mrs. Sparsit.

"Mr. Bounderby," said Mrs. Sparsit, "you are unusually slow, sir, with your breakfast this morning."

"Why, ma'am," he returned, "I am thinking about Tom Gradgrind's whim;" Tom Gradgrind, for a bluff independent manner of speaking—as if somebody were always endeavouring to bribe him with immense sums to say Thomas, and he wouldn't; "Tom Gradgrind's whim, ma'am, of bringing up the tumbling-girl."

"The girl is now waiting to know," said Mrs. Sparsit, "whether she is to go straight to the school, or up to the Lodge."

"She must wait, ma'am," answered Bounderby, "till I know myself. We shall have Tom Gradgrind down here presently, I suppose. If he should wish her to remain here a day or two longer, of course she can, ma'am."

"Of course she can if you wish it, Mr. Bounderby."

"I told him I would give her a shake-down here, last night, in order that he might sleep on it before he decided to let her have any association with Louisa."

"Indeed, Mr. Bounderby? Very thoughtful of you!"

Mrs. Sparsit's Coriolanian nose underwent a slight expansion of the nostrils, and her black eyebrows contracted as she took a sip of tea.

"It's tolerably clear to *me*," said Bounderby, "that the little puss can get small good out of such companionship."

"Are you speaking of young Miss Gradgrind, Mr. Bounderby?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am speaking of Louisa."

"Your observation being limited to 'little puss,'" said Mrs. Sparsit, "and there being two little girls in question, I did not know which might be indicated by that expression."

"Louisa," repeated Mr. Bounderby. "Louisa, Louisa."

"You are quite another father to Louisa, sir." Mrs. Sparsit took a little more tea; and, as she bent her again contracted eyebrows over her steaming cup, rather looked as if her classical countenance were invoking the infernal gods.

"If you had said I was another father to Tom—young Tom, I mean, not my friend Tom Gradgrind—you might have been nearer the mark. I am going to take young Tom into my office. Going to have him under my wing, ma'am."

"Indeed? Rather young for that, is he not, sir?" Mrs. Sparsit's "sir," in addressing Mr. Bounderby, was a word of ceremony, rather exacting consideration for herself in the use, than honouring him.

"I'm not going to take him at once; he is to finish his educational cramming before then," said Bounderby. "By the Lord Harry, he'll have enough of it, first and last! He'd open his eyes, that boy would, if he knew how empty of learning *my* young man was, at his time of life." Which, by the by, he probably did know, for he had heard of it often enough. "But it's extraordinary the difficulty I have on scores of such subjects, in speaking to any one on equal terms. Here, for example, I have been speaking to you this morning about Tumblers. Why, what do *you* know about tumblers? At the time when, to have been a tumbler in the mud of the streets, would have been a godsend to me, a prize in the lottery to me, you were at the Italian Opera. You were coming out of the Italian Opera, ma'am, in white satin and jewels, a blaze of splendor, when I hadn't a penny to buy a link to light you."

"I certainly, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a dignity serenely mournful, "was familiar with the Italian Opera at a very early age."

"Egad, ma'am, so was I," said Bounderby, "—with the wrong side of it. A hard bed the pavement of its Arcade used to make, I assure you. People like you, ma'am, accustomed from infancy to lie on Down feathers, have no idea *how* hard a paving stone is, without trying it. No no, it's of no use my talking to *you* about tumblers. I should speak of foreign dancers, and the West End of London, and May Fair, and lords and ladies and honourables."

"I trust, sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, with decent resignation, "it is not necessary that you should do anything of that kind. I hope I have learnt how to accommodate myself to the changes of life. If I have acquired an interest in hearing of your instructive experiences, and can scarcely hear enough of them, I claim no merit for that, since I believe it is a general sentiment."

"Well, ma'am," said her patron, "perhaps some people may be pleased to say that they do like to hear, in his own unpolished way, what Josiah Bounderby of Coketown has gone through. But you must confess that you were born in the lap of luxury, yourself. Come, ma'am, you know you were born in the lap of luxury."

"I do not, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit with a shake of her head, "deny it."

Mr. Bounderby was obliged to get up from table, and stand with his back to the fire, looking at her; she was such an enhancement of his merits.

"And you were in crack society. Devilish high society," he said, warming his legs.

"It is true, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an affectation of humility the very opposite of his, and therefore in no danger of jostling it.

"You were in the tiptop fashion, and all the rest of it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a kind of a social widowhood upon her. "It is unquestionably true."

Mr. Bounderby, bending himself at the knees, literally embraced his legs in his great satisfaction, and laughed aloud. Mr. and Miss Gradgrind being then announced, he received the former with a shake of the hand, and the latter with a kiss.

"Can Jupe be sent here, Bounderby?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

Certainly. So Jupe was sent there. On coming in, she curtseyed to Mr. Bounderby, and to his friend Tom Gradgrind, and also to Louisa; but in her confusion, unluckily omitted Mrs. Sparsit. Observing this, the blustrous Bounderby had the following remarks to make:

"Now, I tell you what, my girl. The name of that lady by the teapot, is Mrs. Sparsit. That lady acts as mistress of this house, and she is a highly connected lady. Consequently, if ever you come again into any room in this house, you will make a short stay in it if you don't behave towards that lady in your most respectful manner. Now, I don't care a button what you do to *me*, because I don't affect to be anybody. So far from having high connections, I have no connections at all, and I come of the scum of the earth. But towards that lady, I do care what you do; and you shall do what is deferential and respectful, or you shall not come here."

"I hope, Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, in a conciliatory voice, "that this was merely an oversight."

"My friend Tom Grardgind suggests, Mrs. Sparsit," said Bounderby, "that this was merely an oversight. Very likely. However, as you are aware, ma'am, I don't allow of even oversights towards you."

"You are very good indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head with her State humility. "It is not worth speaking of."

Sissy, who all this time had been faintly excusing herself with tears in her eyes, was now waved over by the master of the house to Mr. Gradgrind. She stood, looking intently at him, and Louisa stood coldly by, with her eyes upon the ground, while he proceeded thus:

"Jupe, I have made up my mind to take you into my house: and, when you are not in attendance at the school, to employ you about Mrs. Gradgrind, who is rather an invalid. I have explained to Miss Louisa—this is Miss Louisa—the miserable but natural end of your late career; and you are to expressly understand that the whole of that subject is passed, and is not to be referred to any more. From this time you begin your history. You are, at present, ignorant, I know."

"Yes, sir, very," she answered, curtseying.

"I shall have the satisfaction of causing you to be strictly educated; and you will be a living proof to all who come into communication with you, of the advantages of the training you will receive. You will be reclaimed and formed. You have been in the habit, now, of reading to your father, and those people I found you among, I dare say?" said Mr. Gradgrind, beckoning her nearer to him before he said so, and dropping his voice.

"Only to father and Merrylegs, sir. At least I mean to father, when Merrylegs was always there."

"Never mind Merrylegs, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, with a passing frown. "I don't ask about him. I understand you to have been in the habit of reading to your father?"

"O yes, sir, thousands of times. They were the happiest—O, of all the happy times we had together, sir!"

It was only now, when her grief broke out, that Louisa looked at her.

"And what," asked Mr. Gradgrind, in a still lower voice, "did you read to your father, Jupe?"

"About the Fairies, sir, and the Dwarf, and the Hunchback, and the Genies," she sobbed out.

"There!" said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is enough. Never breathe a word of such destructive nonsense any more. Bounderby, this is a case for rigid training, and I shall observe it with interest."

"Well," returned Mr. Bounderby, "I have given you my opinion already, and I shouldn't do as you do. But, very well, very well. Since you are bent upon it, *very* well!"

So, Mr. Gradgrind and his daughter took Cecilia Jupe off with them to Stone Lodge, and on the way Louisa never spoke one word, good or bad. And Mr. Bounderby went about his daily pursuits. And Mrs. Sparsit got behind her eyebrows and meditated in the gloom of that retreat, all the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

Let us strike the key note again, before pursuing the tune.

When she was half a dozen years younger, Louisa had been overheard to begin a conversation with her brother one day, by saying "Tom I wonder"—upon which Mr. Gradgrind, who was the person overhearing, stepped forth into the light, and said, "Louisa, never wonder!"

Herein lay the spring of the mechanical art and mystery of educating the reason without stooping to the cultivation of the sentiments and affections. Never wonder. By means of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, settle everything somehow, and never wonder. Bring to me, says M'Choakumchild, yonder baby just able to walk, and I will engage that it shall never wonder.

Now, besides very many babies just able to walk, there happened to be in Coketown a considerable population of babies who had been walking against time towards the infinite world, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years and more. These portentous infants being alarming creatures to stalk about in any human society, the eighteen denominations incessantly scratched one another's faces and pulled one another's hair, by way of agreeing on the steps to be taken for their improvement — which they never did; a surprising, circumstance, when the happy adaptation of the means to the end is considered. Still, although they differed in every other particular, conceivable and inconceivable (especially inconceivable), they were

pretty well united on the point that these unlucky infants were never to wonder. Body number one, said they must take everything on trust. Body number two, said they must take everything on political economy. Body number three, wrote leaden little books for them, showing how the good grown-up baby invariably got to the Savings Bank, and the bad grown-up baby invariably got transported. Body number four, under dreary pretences of being droll (when it was very melancholy indeed), made the shallowest pretences of concealing pitfalls of knowledge, into which it was the duty of these babies to be smuggled and inveigled. But, all the bodies agreed that they were never to wonder.

There was a library in Coketown, to which general access was easy. Mr. Gradgrind greatly tormented his mind about what the people read in this library: a point whereon little rivers of tabular statements periodically flowed into the howling ocean of tabular statements, which no diver ever got to any depth in and came up sane. It was a disheartening circumstance, but a melancholy fact, that even these readers persisted in wondering. They wondered about human nature, human passions, human hopes and fears, the struggles. triumphs, and defeats, the cares and joys and sorrows, the lives and deaths, of common men and women! They sometimes, after fifteen hours' work, sat down to read mere fables about men and women, more or less like themselves, and children, more or less like their own. They took De Foe to their bosoms, instead of Euclid, and seemed to be on the whole more comforted by Goldsmith than by Cocker. Mr. Gradgrind was for ever working, in print and out of print, at this eccentric sum, and he never could make out how it yielded this unaccountable product.

"I am sick of my life, Loo. I hate it altogether, and I hate everybody except you," said the unnatural young Thomas Gradgrind in the hair-cutting chamber at twilight.

"You don't hate Sissy, Tom."

"I hate to be obliged to call her Jupe. And she hates me," said Tom moodily.

"No she does not, Tom, I am sure."

"She must," said Tom. "She must just hate and detest the whole set-out of us. They'll bother her head off, I think, before they have done with her. Already she's getting as pale as wax, and as heavy as—I am."

Young Thomas expressed these sentiments, sitting astride of a chair before the fire, with his arms on the back, and his sulky face on his arms. His sister sat in the darker corner by the fireside, now looking at him, now looking at the bright sparks as they dropped upon the hearth.

"As to me," said Tom, tumbling his hair all manner of ways with his sulky hands, "I am a Donkey, that's what I am. I am as obstinate as one, I am more stupid than one, I get as much pleasure as one, and I should like to kick like one."

"Not me, I hope, Tom?"

"No, Loo; I wouldn't hurt *you*. I made an exception of you at first. I don't know what this jolly old—Jaundiced Jail—" Tom, had paused to find a sufficiently complimentary and expressive name for the parental roof, and seemed to relieve his mind for a moment by the strong alliteration of this one, "would be without you"

"Indeed, Tom? Do you really and truly say so?"

"Why, of course I do. What's the use of talking about it!" returned Tom, chafing his face on his coat-sleeve as if to mortify his flesh, and have it in unison with his spirit.

"Because, Tom," said his sister, after silently watching the sparks awhile, "as I get older, and nearer growing up, I often sit wondering here and think how unfortunate it is for me that I can't reconcile you to home better than I am able to do. I don't know what other girls know. I can't play to you, or sing to you. I can't talk to you so as to lighten your mind, for I never see any amusing sights or read any amusing books that it would be a pleasure or a relief to you to talk about, when you are tired."

"Well, no more do I. I am as bad as you in that respect; and I am a Mule too, which you're not. If father was determined to make me either a Prig or a Mule, and I am not a Prig, why, it stands to reason, I must be a Mule. And so I am," said Tom, desperately.

"It's a great pity," said Louisa, after another pause, and speaking thoughtfully out of her dark corner; "it's a great pity, Tom. It's very unfortunate for both of us."

"Oh! You," said Tom; "you are a girl, Loo, and a girl comes out of it better than a boy does. I don't miss anything in you. You are the only pleasure I have—you can brighten even this place—and you can always lead me as you like."

"You are a dear brother, Tom; and while you think I can do such things, I don't so much mind knowing better. Though I do know better, Tom, and am very sorry for it." She came and kissed him, and went back into her corner again.

"I wish I could collect all the Facts we hear so much about," said Tom, spitefully setting his teeth, "and all the Figures, and all the people who found them out; and I wish I could put a thousand barrels of gunpowder under them, and blow them all up together! However, when I go to live with old Bounderby, I'll have my revenge."

"Your revenge, Tom?"

"I mean, I'll enjoy myself a little, and go about and see something, and hear something. I'll recompense myself for the way in which I have been brought up."

"But don't disappoint yourself beforehand, Tom. Mr. Bounderby thinks as father thinks, and is a great deal rougher, and not half so kind."

"Oh!" said Tom, laughing; "I don't mind that. I shall very well know how to manage and smoothe old Bounderby!"

Their shadows were defined upon the wall, but those of the high presses in the room were all blended together on the wall and on the ceiling, as if the brother and sister were everhung by a dark cavern. Or, a fanciful imagination—if such treason could have been there—might have made it out to be the shadow of their subject, and of its lowering association with their future.

"What is your great mode of smoothing and managing, Tom? Is it a secret?"

"Oh!" said Tom, "if it is a secret, it's not far off. It's you. You are his little pet, you are his favourite; he'll do anything for you. When he says to me what I don't like, I shall say to him, 'My sister Loo will be hurt and disappointed, Mr. Bounderby. She always used to tell me she was sure you would be easier with me than this.' That'll bring him about, or nothing will."

After waiting for some answering remark, and getting none, Tom wearily relapsed into the present time, and twined himself yawning round and about the rails of his chair, and rumpled his head more and more, until he suddenly looked up, and asked:

"Have you gone to sleep, Loo?"

"No, Tom. I am looking at the fire."

"You seem to find more to look at in it than ever I could find," said Tom. "Another of the advantages, I suppose, of being a girl."

"Tom," enquired his sister, slowly, and in a curious tone, as if she were reading what she asked, in the fire, and it were not quite plainly written there, "do you look forward with any satisfaction to this change to Mr. Bounderby's?"

"Why, there's one thing to be said of it," returned Tom, pushing his chair from him, and standing up; "it will be getting away from home."

"There is one thing to be said of it," Louisa repeated in her former curious tone; "it will be getting away from home. Yes."

Not but what I shall be very unwilling, both to leave you, Loo, and to leave you here. But I must go, you know, whether I like it or not; and I had better go where I can take with me some advantage of your influence, than where I should lose it altogether. Don't you see?"

"Yes, Tom."

The answer was so long in coming, though there was no indecision in it, that Tom went and leaned on the back of her chair, to contemplate the fire which so engrossed her, from her point of view, and see what he could make of it.

"Except that it is a fire," said Tom, "it looks to me as stupid and blank as everything else looks. What do you see in it? Not the circus?"

"I don't see anything in it, Tom, particularly. But since I have been looking at it, I have been wondering about you and me, grown up."

"Wondering again!" said Tom.

"I have such unmanageable thoughts," returned his sister, "that they *will* wonder."

"Then I beg of you, Louisa," said Mrs. Gradgrind, who had opened the door without being heard, "to do nothing of that description, for goodness sake you inconsiderate girl, or I shall never hear the last of it from your father. And Thomas, it is really shameful, with my poor head continually wearing me out, that a boy brought up as you have been, and whose education has cost what yours has, should be found encouraging his sister to wonder, when he knows his father has expressly said that she is not to do it."

Louisa denied Tom's participation in the offence; but her mother stopped her with the conclusive answer, "Louisa, don't tell me, in my state of health; for unless you had been encouraged, it is morally and physically impossible that you could have done it."

"I was encouraged by nothing, mother, but by looking at the red sparks dropping out of the fire, and whitening and dying. It made me think, after all, how short my life would be, and how little I could hope to do in it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Gradgrind, rendered almost energetic. "Nonsense! Don't stand there and tell me such stuff, Louisa, to my face, when you know very well that if it was ever to reach your father's ears I should never hear the last of it. After all the trouble that has been taken with you! After the lectures you have attended, and the experiments you have seen! After I have heard you myself, when the whole of my right side has been benumbed, going on with your master about combustion, and calcination, and calorification, and I may say every kind of ation that could drive a poor invalid distracted, to hear you talking in this absurd way about sparks and ashes! I wish," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind, taking a chair, and discharging her strongest point before succumbing under these mere shadows of facts, "yes, I really *do* wish that I had never had a family, and then you would have known what it was to do without me!"

WIRE-DRAWING.

Wire was not always made by drawing. In early days metal-workers were wont to beat out their metal into thin plates or leaves, to cut the plates into narrow strips, and to round these strips by a hammer and a file until they assumed the form of wire. In the description of the sacerdotal garments prepared for Aaron, it is stated that the makers of the ephod, "did beat the gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires, to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the scarlet, and in the fine linen, with cunning work." In the regions of fable, Vulcan is declared to have forged a net of delicate wire-work to entrap Venus and Mars; and if that most

respectable of blacksmiths forged his wire we may presume that he did not draw it. It is supposed that wire-drawing first commenced at Nürnberg about five centuries ago; the wire-smiths then changing their designation to wire-drawers. The delicate gold-work of Nürnberg was probably the first to which the improvement was applied; but copper and brass, iron and steel, afterwards shared in the advantage; and the French and English wire-smiths became also in due time wire-drawers.

The making of wire is not only a simple but an instructive process; for it shows that cold iron is more like dough than we are in the habit of supposing. It can be squeezed and driven about, until that which was a thick rod becomes a thin wire; as a bulky lump of dough can be squeezed out into along roll. The iron is rolled hot into rods before it reaches the wire-drawer. He provides himself with hard steel plates, pierced with holes varying from the size of the original rod, down to that of the smallest wire. One end of a rod is tapered, pulled through a hole, and grasped by nippers on the other side; and then steam or any other power draws the whole rod forcibly through; necessarily reducing the thickness, and at the same time increasing the length. Then it is dragged through the next smaller hole, and through the next, and through the next, until it has attained the required degree of dainty tenuity; the same wire may decrease from one-third to one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness, but it requires many gradations in reduction, and many intermediate annealings to prevent it from becoming too brittle. It is not merely iron that is so treated; any metal possessing a moderate degree of ductility can be attenuated by drawing as well as by hammering or melting, varied in degree, and in the manner in which the process is conducted. Steel, we know, is made into wire for needles and fish-hooks, and a vast number of other articles; brass is made into wire for pins, among a countless host of other applications; copper is made into wire for electric telegraphs, bell-hanging and scientific apparatus; gold and silver are made into wire for ornaments; platinum is made into wire for philosophers and chemists.

A rare list of names and numbers is met with in relation to iron wire. There is in the first place, Iron Wire, plainly so called, varying in numerical designation according to its thickness, and sold in bundles weighing sixty-three pounds each. There is, in the second place, Best Best Iron Wire—a tautology which may be excused so long as we talk about Baden Baden; this has numbers similar to the former, and it is sold in bundles of the same weight, but is slightly higher in price. There is, in the next place, Best Selected Charcoal Wire, a little advanced again in price: and there is Card Annealed and Bright Iron Wire, of larger diameter, and much higher price; but we need not enter into these trade secrets. Let us be content to know that the wires of various metals, and of greatly varied sizes, find their way into the hands of artificers innumerable, who fashion them into needles, bodkins, pins, hooks and eyes, fish-hooks, button rings, hair pins, card-teeth, wire-brushes, brush-wires, spiral springs, bonnet stiffeners, and a greater number of articles that we can here afford enumerate.

As unity is strength, so do many wires bring their strength to bear upon one object when they are twisted; and thus will a rope of twenty wires often render braver service than twenty ropes working separately. This twisting of wires around each other is a work not differing much in principle from the making of hempen cables, hawsers, ropes, cords, lines, and twines; each wire is a component element of the group; and it is only because the metal wire is stiffer than the hempen yarn, that any more elaborate manufacturing machinery becomes necessary.

The useful purposes to which wire rope, and cord, and string, are now applied are surprisingly numerous. Window-sash lines, hothouse cords, lightning conductors, picture-frame cord, clock cord, tent ropes, clothes lines—all are gradually travelling from the hempen region to the wire region. The wire-workers stoutly assert that their favourite material is cheaper, more durable, little less flexible, and much less bulky than hempen cords. And, instead of a single wire for fences, railway signal cord, and the like, a much stronger line is produced by a strand or twisted cord of smaller wires. The makers tell us that a wire rope one inch in circumference, and weighing one pound per fathom, will bear as great a strain, and render as much useful service as a hempen rope two inches and three-quarters in circumference, and weighing two pounds per fathom: this being the ratio maintained up to greater sizes: a four inch wire-rope having as much strength as a ten-inch hempen rope. Is it not wonderful that a wire rope of four inches circumference, or only an inch and a quarter in thickness, will bear a weight of thirty tons, more than sixty thousand pounds, before it will break? On one occasion the artillery officers at Woolwich spliced an eight-inch hempen cable to a wire rope three inches and a half in circumference; they pulled and stretched, and pulled and stretched again, until one of the two broke, —it was the hempen cable that gave way, leaving the wire rope as sound as at first.

Landsmen know little of the difference between standing-rigging and running-rigging on shipboards; but it may be easily understood as referring—on the one hand, to ropes which are fixed in definite positions in a ship, and on the other to ropes which have to be hauled in, and hauled out, hauled up, and hauled down, during the daily working

of a ship. Now, wire ropes are coming extensively into use for standing-rigging, their strength presenting a favourable contrast to that of hempen ropes. The General Screw Company's ships Propontis, Bosphorus, and Hellespont, have wire-rope standing-rigging; and it is said that the Hellespont, on one of her voyages, put the wire-rope to a severe test; for, during a shattering and clattering of booms and sheet-cleets, the iron wire shrouds broke a boom, instead of the boom breaking the shrouds.

Wire is getting into public buildings, in positions and situations where one would scarcely look for it. For instance, an ingenious firm set themselves to consider whether wire might not fulfil the duty of lath and plaster for ceilings; and the Chester County Lunatic Asylum affords an answer in the affirmative. There are wires placed about a quarter of an inch apart, and connected by cross wires, at intervals of about eight inches, and this arrangement affords a holding-place for the plaster, with which the ceiling is afterwards coated. As wire bends so easily, it is considered that such a construction is is likely to be highly useful in domes and arched ceilings. And as wire gets among the plasterers, so does it find a reception among the cotton-spinners; for the cotton is carded, as a preparatory step towards spinning, by means of cylinders studded all over with fine wire teeth, springing out of strips of leather and arranged in scrupulous order by a beautiful machine, which does the work of a forest of fingers at once.

The grandest achievement, perhaps, of the world's wire-workers, is the formation of a bridge, or rather the support of a bridge made of other materials. This is really a great and important work. Engineers say that iron wire is stronger, weight for weight, than bar-iron; that cables of wire can be put together more readily than chains; and that wire cables are more easily lifted into their places than bar-chains. At least some engineers say this, and they have given proof of their belief in the construction of very remarkable bridges. Travellers in Switzerland speak with wonderment of the wire-bridge at Freyburg; in which the span from pier to pier is nearly nine hundred feet; in which the platform is nearly a hundred and seventy feet above the water; which platform is supported by four cables, each consisting of more than a thousand iron wires. They speak, too, of another wire bridge across the gorge of Gotterou. But these bridges have been outdone by others which have recently been thrown across the mighty Niagara, owing to the extraordinary nature of the falls, and rapids, and boiling eddies ruling beneath. With a span of eight hundred feet from shore to shore, and a height of two hundred and sixty feet above the water, a light and elegant bridge presents its delicate traccry of wire-work against the sky, near the great North American Falls, in an extraordinary manner.

There are sixteen wire cables to support the bridge; there are six hundred wires in each cable; and these wire cables less than an inch in thickness, support a foot-bridge which weighs altogether more than six hundred tons. The bridge is about a mile and a half below the widely-renowned Falls, and directly over the frightful rapids. It was finished about six years ago; but there has since been constructed another Niagara wire bridge, to be traversed by the locomotive, and intended to connect the railway system of the United States with that of Canada. In this remarkable bridge, the trains, instead of running through a tube, as in our Britannia Bridge, run along the top of a tube; the tube being supported by four wire cables, two above, and two below; and as these enormous cables are nine inches in diameter, and contain nearly three thousand four hundred wires each, we may perchance be prepared to expect that the weight of iron-wire employed exceeds half a million pounds. A wire bridge over the Ohio, at Wheeling, though not comprising so many wires in the cables, is longer than those at Niagara; it is indeed no trifling achievement to support a bridge a thousand feet long by wire; there are twelve cables of four inches diameter, each containing five hundred and fifty wires. If the good people of Quebec ever have the fortune to witness the completion of the proposed railway bridge over the mighty St. Lawrence, they will see a wire bridge that will throw all others into the shade. A bridge three thousand four hundred feet long, with the piers three hundred feet high, and sixteen hundred feet apart; a roadway wide enough both for horse-vehicles and for a railway, at a height of a hundred and sixty feet above the water, and all supported by wire ropes—will be a monument of skill, enterprise, and utility, which—with the grand trunk railway itself—will help the Canadians to a better character for perseverance and activity than they have hitherto enjoyed.

It is a brave affair to make an electrotelegraphic cable. We are accustomed to such things now; but two or three years ago they were wonders to be marvelled at. When Messrs. Newall produced the wire-work, and the Gutta Percha Company produced the gutta percha work, for the Anglo-French submarine telegraph in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the achievement was worthily recorded as an honour to our age. Many of those who now read this sheet will remember that the cable was twenty-four miles long; that it consisted essentially of four copper wires insulated in a bed of gutta percha; the strand or cord thus formed was bound round tightly with spun yarn; and round this strand, as a central core, were twisted ten galvanised iron wires. A hugh mass it was;

for when all completed, it formed a coil thirty feet in diameter on the outside, fifteen on the inside, five feet high, and weighing a hundred and eighty tons. A great work was the manufacture of this cable. In the first place, at the Gutta Percha Company's works, about a hundred miles of copper wire, in fair equal lengths, were coated and coated again with this singular gum; and then they were transferred to a cable-making factory at Wapping. The four coated wires were grouped, and were bound round with hempen yarn steeped in a solution of tar and tallow, by the aid of a machine. This rope, if it may be so called, was passed vertically up a tube, around which were ten large bobbins filled with galvanised iron wire; and while the rope was travelling upward, and the bobbins were busily rotating on their axes, the wire, unwinding from the bobbins, coiled itself in a hard twist around the rope, compassing the hemp and the gutta-percha closely, without allowing the all-important copper telegraphic wires in the centre to come in contact one with another.

And so again, in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when the still more remarkable "line of thought" was prepared to stretch from England to Belgium. The Calais cable has four copper telegraphic wires, but the Belgian cable has six; the Calais cable is encircled by ten twisted wires, but the Belgian cable is encircled by twelve; the length of the former is twenty-four miles, but of the latter the length is upwards of seventy miles; of the former the weight is a hundred and eighty tons, but of the latter not much less than five hundred tons. For aught that is yet known, the wire-drawers and wire-twisters could do their part towards the construction of a submarine telegraph across the very Atlantic itself, if the difficulties in other directions can be surmounted. The internal copper wires for these and other telegraphs are sometimes coated with gutta percha in a singular way. The engineers who, about six years ago, laid down four or five hundred miles of telegraph from Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main, thus coated their wire; they had a box or small chamber with eight small holes on one side, and eight larger holes on the opposite; they put eight copper wires in at the small holes and out again at the larger; they forced in hot gutta percha by a piston, and forced out the eight wires, each with a close wrapper of gutta percha.

He who would know all the forms into which wire is now twisted, and woven, and linked, must rise betimes and give a long day to it. He must look at the wire-netting fences, for excluding hares and rabbits from gardens, for enclosing poultry-yards and pheasantries, and for guarding tender young plants. He must see how this wire is galvanised for some purposes, to render it durable without painting or tarring. He must know something about the very strong wire-netting for confining sheep and dogs; and the various kinds used for aviaries, trellis-work, flower-training, window-guards, and sky-lights; and wire-fencing of a more ornate character for gardens and pleasure grounds; and wire-pheasantries, something like large bird cages; and pheasant or hen coops; and wire garden-borders, around flower-beds and parterres; and wire plant-guards, encircling the young plants and shielding them from all intruders; and stronger tree-guards made to open at the sides. There are, too, wire-fences, with or without wire-netting attached; wire arbours, niches, and summer-houses; wire umbrellas or canopies, around and over which roses may cluster in the middle of a flower-bed; wire flower-stands, for conservatory, or greenhouse, or hall; wire chairs and garden seats, wire gauze blinds; wire bird cages; wire fire guards and fenders; wire lamps and lanterns; wire meat covers and meat safes; wire lattice for bookcases and windows; wire sieves and strainers; wire cloth for flax-dressing and paper-making. The wire-gauze is a pretty material, woven in a loom as if it were some fibrous material. We have seen brass wire-gauze so exquisitely fine as to have sixty-seven thousand meshes in a square inch.

Our readers are not unfamiliar with the sad narratives of coal-pit explosions, Davy lamps, and fire-damp. Yet we may spare a dozen lines or so, to explain how it is that iron wire plays so important a part in the clever but neglected contrivances for lessening such disasters. In the great coal-fields of our northern counties, the seams of coal give forth large quantities of carburetted hydrogen, called by the miners fire-damp. This fire-damp mingles readily with common air, and a certain ratio between the two produces an explosive compound; and when a light approaches such a compound, an explosion ensues which produces the devastation so often recorded in the newspapers. Even while we now write, public attention is directed to a dread calamity whereby nearly a hundred human creatures in one pit have been destroyed by an explosion of fire-damp. It was to guard against these awful scenes that Sir Humphrey Davy invented his beautiful safety lamp. If a fine gauze be woven of iron wire, the iron cools a flame too much to allow it to pass through the gauze. Davy, therefore, said:—"if the miner's lamp be surrounded by iron-wire gauze, and the fire-damp passes through and becomes kindled, the flame cannot come out again, but becomes cooled and extinguished, and air-ignited gas passes out instead, thereby preventing the fire-damp in the rest of the mine from becoming ignited." He was right. In Dr. Clanny's improvement on Davy's lamp, the wire gauze has about thirteen hundred meshes in the square inch. The principle is sound and beautiful; but the practice is sadly overlaid with negligence and blunder.

The manufacture of gold-lace affords a pretty exemplification of the making and using of wire. Gold lace, however, is not gold-lace, for the gold is but a covering for silver lace; and indeed the silver lace is not silver lace, for the silver is but a covering for silk lace. A knotty enigma this, altogether. Gold-lace may be considered as a kind of ribbon, of which the coarse and weft threads are of silk coated with gilt silver. How the metal becomes gradually thinned and thinned, until fitted to perform its work, is curious to see. First, a good stout rod of solid silver is prepared, perhaps an inch in thickness by a couple of feet in length. The rod is heated; a layer of leaf-gold is placed upon it; this layer is burnished down; another layer is placed and burnished; and another, and another, and another—several layers of gold, but a trifle after all; for to a pound of silver there may perhaps be not more than a hundred grains of the more precious metal. Then is the gilt silver rod annealed, and drawn successively through many holes in a steel plate, until reduced to a slender rod about one-fifth of an inch in diameter: the gold, like the silver, becoming elongated as it becomes thinned. Then the wire-drawer takes it, and draws and draws until the slender rod becomes a minute wire —using holes pierced through rubies when the wire becomes very fine indeed. And then the wire is flattened and is wound or spun upon a silken thread, and the threads so made are woven or braided into a ribbon. But of what thickness is the silver wire with which the silk is encased? It seldom exceeds the size of a delicate hair. And of what thickness is the gold with which the silver is encased? Arithmeticians and manufacturers have laid their heads together, and have come to a conclusion, that the gold on the finest gilt-silver wire does not exceed in thickness one-third of a millionth part of an inch; and yet it is uniform and homogenous, without breaks even when viewed under the power of a moderate microscope. A little slate-and-pencil work will show that, if a coined sovereign could be beaten or drawn out to this almost inconceivable degree of thinness, it would form a ribbon an inch in width, and long enough completely to engirdle the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, wings, and towers, and all!

Filagree is another pretty kind of wire-work. Silver wire, or gold wire, or gilt silver wire, is here twisted into fantastic and artistic forms, partly by the fingers and partly by small tools and machines. Some of the productions in this art, especially those produced in Italy and in India, are wonderful for the patience bestowed upon them. It is scarcely English art: we seem to be busy and bustling to bestow time on these prettinesses. The wire is very thin, but of course much exceeding the thickness of the film of gold on the silver wire for gold lace. Perhaps the thinnest bit of wire ever actually made and isolated was that produced by Dr. Wollaston, a philosopher who had an extraordinary knack of doing things which no one else could do. He procured a small rod of silver; he bored a little hole through it from end to end; he inserted into this hole the smallest platinum wire he could procure; he subjected the silver rod to wire-drawing processes, until it became the finest of silver-wires with a platinum filament running along its centre; he dissolved the silver in warm nitrous acid—and there remained an exquisite little platinum wire, one thirty-thousandth of an inch in thickness!

MODERN ANCIENTS.

Although they are, upon the whole, rude dirty, and superstitious, I like no peasantry better than that among which I am in the habit of wandering in Brittany. They all seem to me picturesque in their minds, partly by reason of their sense of poetry, and partly because they retain so much of what was striking in the old customs and notions of their ancestors and ours. I make my head quarters at Nantes, and consider myself very happily surrounded.

Nantes itself is, to my mind, a magnificent city, clasped in the many arms of the great river Loire; a city of smiling islands and gay flat meadows full of flowers; a place of bridges, antique towers, and broad quays, bristling with masts from all nations. The towers and walls of the old Château de l'Hermine, once the seat of the Dukes of Brittany, though now serving as a powder-magazine, speak to me of days when gunpowder was not. So does the Cathedral; and there is no lack of stone sermons in the statues of the famous Duchess Anne, and her lineage, and those of the great captains De Clisson and Dugueslin which are scattered about in the thirty or forty public squares that give air to the town.

It is worth the while of any man of leisure to come over and pass three or four weeks at Nantes; making excursions from thence to and fro by diligence, and establishing some sort of acquaintance with the country people.

Tracts have not superseded their legendry song; and many ballads, quite as touching and as tender as the ancient lays of Scotland, may be heard at this day from the lips of wandering bards, who sing, without a harp, matter familiar and dear to all the crowd that listens.

The Bretons are all born to song. Field-labourers in the villages, and workmen in the small towns, receive in Brittany little instruction beyond what the priests, who generally spring from their own ranks, afford. As they are imaginative and excitable, they supply their want of other knowledge by

remembering long poems which they recite to one another, and thus hand down to their children. They are themselves rude improvvisatori, and make songs on every event of which they hear, turning the metre with considerable skill.

The most eminent of their poets in this kind are millers, tailors, and a class of men called Pillaoners, in fact rag-men, gaberlunzie men. These last, wandering from town to town in pursuance of their calling, collect all the small talk, as well as all the political information that they pick up on the road, and have in all houses a sure welcome for their songs and sayings. Autolycus who reads to us now like a fiction of the poet continues to be a real person in Brittany.

As Autolycus is always supposed to be poor, and indeed almost comes under the denomination of beggar, he is looked upon with a certain reverential pity that his conduct does not always merit. When he arrives at a village, he does not enter cottages unbidden, but observes a certain form that has been long established, and is at no time departed from. Pausing at a house-door, he says, "God bless you, people of this house; God bless you, little and big." The invariable answer of those who expect a song and do not grudge their pancakes is, "God bless you also, traveller, whoever you may be."

Those pancakes, by the by, deserve a word of notice, since they are the staple diet of the people. They are made in large quantities at a time, placed one upon the other, pressed closely together, and the pile is cut as wanted like a cheese. When a fresh batch of pancakes is turned out, the event is hailed in a Breton household as something to be glad over; and that is not surprising considering the difference that there must be between stale and new pancakes.

Besides Autolycus the gaberlunzie-man, there is a set of singers of the better class, equally popular. These singers are the poor students or clerks who are young peasants destined for the church. They are called Kloer in the Breton language, and travel from one episcopal town to another, meeting in bands at Tréguier, Léon, Kemper, and Vannes. To see them arrive in the costumes in which they left their villages, is a quaint sight. They still have their long hair floating down over their shoulders; and when they have but lately joined are remarkable for their wild eyes full of enthusiasm. The great ambition of a Breton peasant is to have a son a priest; and the free life of a Kloer, candidate for future honours in the church, attracts youths of eighteen or twenty, quite as much as the glory promised to a soldier. These young men are all poets and singers. They live together in the suburbs of cathedral towns—to all appearance miserably enough, as their funds are very scanty, and possessed in common; however, they do live, and study properly for the career that they have chosen By degrees they lose their extreme rusticity, in consequence of being received into what, to them, is good society; and it often naturally happens that, treated with great familiarity in many families, a devotee of nineteen years old meets with bright eyes that tell him to think twice before he makes himself a solitary priest. Perhaps he mistrusts the reality of his vocation, and abandons it. But since to do this is considered a disgrace, sad conflicts arise often between duty and inclination, and the poor young clerk fights a hard battle with himself, perplexing terribly his unripe judgment.

If "Heaven has all," he solaces his heart with verse, and his lays gain by the real feeling that his regret or his resolution puts into them. The Kloers never print their compositions, but nevertheless they have to bear the brunt of a severe criticism. Critics are always ready in the tailors and the millers, who are envious of the superior knowledge of the clerks. The ragmen. too, if they must be outshone as bards, have their revenge as judges. When once the Kloer is an actual priest, his business is to decry and anathematise his former life; he therefore takes advantage of his liberty, while yet the sun is shining for him. But in his maturity the Breton preacher I think very eloquent, and the poetry of his old Kloer days often plays with a mild light over his religious exhortations.

The Breton instrument of music is a rebec with three cords, which serves to accompany the chanting of these rustic minstrels. Sometimes the air is composed at the moment, according to necessity and taste, and the same themes are constantly repeated, as well as the same chorus, which is generally something popular, well-known, and liked by the whole auditory. There is a strange charm about these songs, which puts new thoughts into old diction,—for the Breton used by the peasants is the same language as that of the early bards, although the language of the educated classes in the province has been greatly modified. When the people sing the old ballads of the country, words and language fit together. No doubt centuries of oral tradition have worked change in the original traditions. Some of these are remarkable. Merlin, of course, figures in many, as in the old stories of Wales; but a favourite heroine is no other than Héloïse, she of the "deep solitudes and awful cells." She is here transformed into a sorceress of the very worst description, who, under the name of Loïza, is repeatedly apostrophised. The people listen with awe when she is named, and when they hear the words, "Loïza! Loïza, take heed for your soul! if this world is yours, the next belongs to God!" a shudder runs through the whole crowd. On days of *Pardon*, as the religious fairs are called, these crowds assemble in the squares

of the great towns, and will listen, not for hours only, but for days together, to a drama that is being made while it is being acted. If a Breton singer happens to be a man of conscience as well as of talent, he can do much good. This was the case with a lame peasant of Basse-Cornouaille, who was exercising, a few years ago, a great influence over the people. He was nicknamed Loïz-Kam, or Louis the Lame, and looked like one of the dwarfs kept at a king's court of old; he was full of sense, and wit, and quick perception. He had no objection to be thought a conjuror, and was not offended at the strange stories that were current on the subject of his powers; such a belief gave him an advantage over his uneducated hearers, which he did not use for an ill purpose. Drunkenness prevails amongst the lower order of the Bretons, and, at their grand Pardons, it is seldom that the solemnity passes away without scenes of distressing brutality. Louis Kam always took occasion in his own parish, to attract an immense crowd round him, and by persuasive eloquence and vivid pictures, drawn in songs, upon the horror of this beastly vice, he achieved throughout his own district a triumph similar to that of Father Mathew.

Quite lately I happened to be a witness of a scene at St. Pol de Léon, which was very striking and characteristic. There had been a frightful murder in the district, which, being the newest and most fascinating event, was chosen for his theme by a blind minstrel at the fair. A large crowd had assembled round him, and he had already named his subject, and prefaced his poem by an exordium, when he paused suddenly and addressed the auditors:

"Christians," said he, "before we go further let us all say a Pater and a De profundis for the assassin and his victim."

At these words he took off his hat, a movement which was generally followed. All made the sign of the cross; he then recited several expiatory prayers, to which the rest responded; having done that he resumed his ballad, and so went on to relate his story.

When cholera prevailed in Brittany, the wandering singers took that as their theme, and, instructed by the doctors and the authorities, put into song the proper remedies which should be used in the treatment of the malady. Thus people were taught readily to take those precautions which their indolence or ignorance would in no other way have cared to study.

I have alluded to the great religious meetings of the Bretons, called their Pardons. They are quite peculiar to the province, and they date their origin back to the early ages after Druidism had disappeared. In fact they are remnants of the ceremonies of the ancient pagans, of which a great number of vestiges occur in Brittany.

Every great Pardon last at leasts three days. On the eve of the first day, all the bells of all the churches are set ringing; all the chapels are adorned with garlands and vases of fresh flowers; the saints in their niches, and over their altars, are dressed in the national costume; and, in particular, the saint who is the patron of the district, is dressed like a bride or bridegroom, as the case may be. If the saint be a female, she has a white coif put upon her head, ornamented with a multitude of little mirrors, such as earthly brides in Brittany wear on the wedding-day. If the saint be a gentleman, he wears in his breast the customary bouquet, gay with floating ribbons, which distinguishes a bridegroom in his glory.

Towards evening the chapel is swept, and it is customary to throw chapel dust up into the air, in order that the wind may be favourable to those who are coming in from the adjacent islands on the morrow. Immediately afterwards all the gifts that are to be offered to the holy patron of the place, are spread out in a conspicuous part of the nave. These gifts are generally sacks of corn, hanks of flax, fleeces of young lambs or ewes, new hives of honey, and such rustic treasures. Less than a century ago it was usual at this time to dance in the chapel; but at present the dance takes place on the green in front, where there is sure to be a fountain dedicated to a saint.

Formerly the bonfire never was omitted late at night, but of late years even the bonfire has fallen a good deal into disuse. In some hamlets, however, it is still abided by, with all the rites thereto belonging. A high pole adorned with a garland is set up in the midst of light wood shavings and heather. To the light shavings fire is set, and the whole company, with wild cries, songs, and prayers, watches until the flame shall have leaped up high enough to catch the garland at the top. Directly after this has happened, all dance twelve times round the pole, and then the old men place a circle of stones round the fire, in the midst of which there is a cauldron fixed. Formerly meat for the priests used to be cooked in that pot, but now people content themselves by filling it with water. Children throw into the water, as it boils, pieces of metal, and then fixing bits of reed to the two handles, they cause the whole machine to discourse excellent music.

By daybreak the next morning visitors come in bands to the Pardon, from all parts of Brittany, singing and shouting prayers. As soon as each band gets within sight of the church spire, all the people in it go down on their knees, and make the sign of the cross. If the Pardon be held in a town near the sea, the water is at this time covered with vessels, from every one of which proceeds the same chorus or prayer.

Sometimes whole cantons arrive at once, bringing the banners of their parishes, and

headed by their priests. The clergy of the Pardon always advance to receive and welcome them.

After vespers there takes place a grand procession. The young men and the maids, in all the pomp of costume, walk in long close lines, with infinite devotion, followed by bands of sailors, who go barefooted and sometimes almost unclad, if they happen to have made vows when in fear of shipwreck. The procession pauses at the cemetery of the town, where prayers are said, and in these prayers it is usual for the lord of the manor and his family to join.

The whole level plain is covered by this time with tents, under which pilgrims pass the night in vigils, and in listening to the religious songs. The minstrels go from one part to another of the whole encampment, singing no songs that are not of a serious kind, because the whole of the first day of the Pardon must be spent in holy thoughts. Worldly amusements are to follow.

At dawn on the second day worldly thoughts and pleasures are permitted to rush in; then begin all the amusements of a fair, and its excesses. The Kloers may then sing their love-songs for the last time, if they mean to hold by their choice of the priestly calling. Then it is that those famous dramas are performed, which last several days, and which are the last existing remnants of the Mysteries and Moralities that were the delight of our forefathers in almost all countries.

The Pardon here described I saw at Rosporden in Finistère.

GROUND IN THE MILL.

"It is good when it happens," say the children,—"that we die before our time." Poetry may be right or wrong in making little operatives who are ignorant of cowslips say any thing like that. We mean here to speak prose. There are many ways of dying. Perhaps it is not good when a factory girl, who has not the whole spirit of play spun out of her for want of meadows, gambols upon bags of wool, a little too near the exposed machinery that is to work it up, and is immediately seized, and punished by the merciless machine that digs its shaft into her pinafore and hoists her up, tears out her left arm at the shoulder joint, breaks her right arm, and beats her on the head. No, that is not good; but it is not a case in point, the girl lives, and may be one of those who think that it would have been good for her if she had died before her time.

She had her chance of dying, and she lost it. Possibly it was better for the boy whom his stern master, the machine, caught as he stood on a stool wickedly looking out of window at the sunlight and the flying clouds. These were no business of his, and he was fully punished when the machine he served caught him by one arm and whirled him round and round till he was thrown down dead. There is no lack of such warnings to idle boys and girls. What right has a gamesome youth to display levity before the supreme engine. "Watch me do a trick!" cried such a youth to his fellow, and put his arm familiarly within the arm of the great iron hearted chief. "*I'll* show you a trick" gnashed the pitiless monster. A coil of strap fastened his arm to the shaft, and round he went. His leg was cut off, and fell into the room, his arm was broken in three or four places, his ankle was broken, his head was battered; he was not released alive.

Why do we talk about such horrible things? Because they exist, and their existence should be clearly known. Because there have occurred during the last three years, more than a hundred such deaths, and more than ten thousand (indeed, nearly twelve thousand) such accidents in our factories, and they are all or nearly all, preventible.

These few thousands of catastrophes are the results of the administrative kindness so abundant in this country. They are all the fruits of mercy. A man was limewashing the ceiling of an engine-room; he was seized by a horizontal shaft and killed immediately. A boy was brushing the dust from such a ceiling before whitewashing; he had a cloth over his head to keep the dirt from falling on him; by that cloth the engine seized and held him to administer a chastisement with rods of iron. A youth while talking thoughtlessly took hold of a strap that hung over the shaft; his hand was wrenched off at the wrist. A man climbed to the top of his machine to put the strap on the drum; he wore a smock which the shaft caught; both of his arms were then torn out of the shoulder-joints, both legs were broken, and his head was severely bruised; in the end, of course, he died. What he suffered was all suffered in mercy. He was rent asunder, not perhaps for his own good; but, as a sacrifice to the commercial prosperity of Great Britain. There are few amongst us—even among the masters who share most largely in that prosperity—who are willling, we will hope and believe, to pay such a price as all this blood for any good or any gain that can acrue to them.

These accidents have arisen in the manner following. By the Factory Act, passed in the seventh year of Her Majesty's reign, it was enacted, among other things that all parts of the mill gearing in a factory should be securely fenced. There were no buts and ifs in the Act itself; these were allowed to step in and limit its powers of preventing accidents out of a merciful respect, not for the blood of the operatives, but for the gold of the mill owners. It was strongly represented

that to fence those parts of machinery that were higher than the heads of workmen—more than seven feet above the ground—would be to incur an expense wholly unnecessary. Kind-hearted interpreters of the law, therefore, agreed with mill-owners that seven feet of fencing should be held sufficient. The result of this accommodation—taking only the accounts of the last three years—has been to credit mercy with some pounds and shillings in the books of English manufacturers; we cannot say how many, but we hope they are enough to balance the account against mercy made out on behalf of the English factory workers thus:—Mercy debtor to justice, of poor men, women, and children, one hundred and six lives, one hundred and forty-two hands or arms, one thousand two hundred and eighty-seven (or, in bulk, how many bushels of) fingers, for the breaking of one thousand three hundred and forty bones, for five hundred and fifty-nine damaged heads, and for eight thousand two hundred and eighty-two miscellaneous injuries. It remains to be settled how much cash saved to the purses of the manufacturers is a satisfactory and proper off-set to this expenditure of life and limb and this crushing of bone in the persons of their work-people.

For, be it strictly observed, this expenditure of life is the direct result of that good-natured determination not to carry out the full provision of the Factory Act, but to consider enough done if the boxing-off of machinery be made compulsory in each room to the height of seven feet from the floor. Neglect as to the rest, of which we have given the sum of a three years' account, could lead, it was said, only to a few accidents that would not matter—that would really not be worth much cost of prevention. As kings do no wrong, so machines never stop; and what great harm is done, if A, putting a strap on a driving pulley, is caught by the legs and whirled round at the rate of ninety revolutions in a minute?—what if B, adjusting gear, gets one arm and two thighs broken, an elbow dislocated and a temple cracked?—what if C, picking some cotton from the lathe strips, should become entangled, have an arm torn off, and be dashed up and down, now against the floor, and now against the ceiling?—what if D, sewing a belt, should be dragged up by the neckerchief and bruised by steam-power as if he were oats?—what if the boy E, holding a belt which the master had been sewing, be suddenly snapped up by it, whirled round a hundred and twenty times in a minute, and at each revolution knocked against the ceiling till his bones are almost reduced to powder?—what if F, oiling a shaft, be caught first by the neckerchief, then by the clothes, and have his lungs broken, his arm crushed, and his body torn?—what if G, packing yarn into a cart, and stretching out his hand for a corner of the cart-cover blown across a horizontal shaft, be caught up, partly dismembered, and thrown down a corpse?—what if H, caught by a strap, should die with a broken back-bone, and I die crushed against a beam in the ceiling, and little K, carrying waste tow from one part to another, be caught up by it and have his throat cut, and L die after one arm had been torn off and his two feet crushed, and M die of a fractured skull, and N die with his left leg and right arm wrenched from their sockets, and O, not killed, have the hair of his head torn away, and P be scalped and slain, and Q be beaten to death against a joist of the ceiling, and R, coming down a ladder, be caught by his wrapper, and bruised, broken, and torn till he is dead, and S have his bones all broken against a wall, and all the rest of the alphabet be killed by boiler explosions or destroyed in ways as horrible, and many more men be killed than there are letters in the alphabet to call them by? *Every case here instanced has happened, and so have many others, in the last three years.* Granted, but what can all this matter, in the face of the succeeding facts?—that to enclose all horizontal shafs in mills would put the mill-owners to great expense; that little danger is to be apprehended from such shafts to prudent persons, and that mill-owners have a most anxious desire to protect the lives and limbs of their work people. These are the facts urged by a deputation of manufacturers that has been deprecating any attempt to make this anxiety more lively than it has hitherto been.

They found such deprecation necessary. When it became very evident that, in addition to a large list of most serious accidents, there were but forty lives offered up annually to save mill-owners a little trouble and expense, a circular was issued by the factory-inspectors on the last day of January in the present year, expressing their determination to enforce the whole Factory Act to the utmost after the first of June next, and so to compel every shaft of machinery, at whatever cost and whatever kind, to be fenced off. Thereupon London beheld a deputation, asking mercy from the Government for the aggrieved and threatened manufacturers. We have, more than once, in discussing other topics of this kind, dwelt upon the necessity of the most strict repression of all misplaced tenderness like that for which this committee seem to have petitioned. Preventible accidents must be sternly prevented.

> "Let Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
> For, lo! our mercy is become our crime."

The result of the deputation is not wholly satisfactory. There follows so much interference by the Home Office in favour of the mill-owners, as to absolve them from the necessity of absolutely boxing up all their machines, and

to require only that they use any precautions that occur to them for the prevention of the accidents now so deplorably frequent. Machinery might, for example, be adjusted when the shafts are not in motion; ceilings white-washed only when all the machinery is standing still; men working near shafts should wear closely-fitting dresses, and so forth. Manufacturers are to do as they please, and cut down in their own way the matter furnished for their annual of horrors. Only of this they are warned, that they must reduce it; and that, hereafter, the friends of injured operatives will be encouraged to sue for compensation upon death or loss of limb, and Government will sometimes act as prosecutor. What do we find now in the reports? For severe injury to a young person, caused by gross and cognisable neglect to fence a shaft, the punishment awarded to a wealthy firm is a fine of ten pounds twelve shillings costs. For killing a woman by the same act of indifference to life and limb, another large firm is fined ten pounds, and has to pay one guinea costs. A fine of a thousand pounds and twelve months at the treadmill would, in the last case, have been an award much nearer the mark of honesty, and have indicated something like a civilised sense of the sacredness of human life. If the same firm had, by an illegal act of negligence, caused the death of a neighbour's horse, they would have had forty, fifty, sixty pounds to pay for it. Ten pounds was the expense of picking a man's wife, a child's mother, limb from limb.

We have not spoken too strongly on this subject. We are indignant against no class, but discuss only one section of a topic that concerns, in some form, almost every division of society. Since, however, we now find ourselves speaking about factories, and turning over leaves of the reports of Factory Inspectors, we may as well have our grumble out, or, at any rate, so far prolong it as to make room for one more subject of dissatisfaction. It is important that Factory management should be watched by the public; in a friendly spirit indeed—for it is no small part of our whole English mind and body—but with the strictness which every man who means well should exercise in judgment on himself, in scrutiny of his own actions. We are told that in one Inspector's district—only in one district—mills and engines have so multiplied, during the last three years, in number and power, that additional work has, in that period, been created for the employment of another forty thousand hands. Every reporter has the same kind of tale to tell. During the last year, in our manufacturing districts, additions to the steam power found employment for an additional army of operatives, nearly thirty thousand strong. The Factory system, therefore, is developing itself most rapidly. It grows too fast, perhaps; at present the mills are, for a short time, in excess of the work required, and in many cases lie idle for two days in the week, or for one or two hours in the day. The succession of strikes, too, in Preston, Wigan, Hindley, Burnley, Padiham, and Bacup and the other places, have left a large number of men out of employ, and caused, for a long time, a total sacrifice of wages, to the extent of some twenty thousand pounds a week. These, however, are all temporary difficulties: the great extension of the Factory system is a permanent fact, and it must be made to bring good with it, not evil.

The law wisely requires that mill-owners, who employ children, shall also teach them, and a minimum, as to time, of schooling is assigned. Before this regulation was compulsory, there were some good schools kept as show-places by certain persons; but, when the maintenance of them became a necessity, and schools were no longer exceptional curiosities, these show-places often fell into complete neglect; they were no longer goods that would attract the public. In Scotland this part of the Factory Law seems to be well worked; and, for its own sake, as a beneficial requirement. That does not, however, seem to be the case in England. All the Inspectors tell us of the lamentable state of the Factory schools in this country; allowance being, of course, made for a few worthy exceptions. It is doubtful whether much good will come out of them, unless they be themselves organised by men determined that they shall fulfil their purpose. English Factory children have yet to be really taught.

"Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, and all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark."

Here they are left spinning in the dark. Let Mr. Redgrave's account of a factory school visited by him, near Leeds, suffice to show:—

"It was held in a large room, and the Inspector visiting it at twenty minutes before twelve, found the children at play in the yard, and the master at work in the school-room, sawing up the black board to make fittings of a house to which he proposed transferring his business. The children being summoned, came in carelessly, their disorderly habits evidently not repressed by their master, but checked slightly by the appearance of a strange gentleman. Two girls lolling in the porch were summoned in, and the teacher then triumphantly drew out of his pocket a whistle, whereupon to blow the order for attention. It was the only whole thing that he had to teach with. There were the twenty children ranged along the wall of a room able to contain seven times the number; there were the bits of black board, the master's arms, with a hand-saw, and a hammer for apparatus, and

there were the books, namely, six dilapidated Bibles, some copy books, one slate, and half-a-dozen ragged and odd leaves of a 'Reading made Easy.' To such a school factory children were being sent to get the hours of education which the law makes necessary. Doubtless, that sample is a very bad one, but too many resemble it."

"They know the grief of man but not the wisdom." these poor childish hearts. They are now rescued from day-long ache and toil: we have given them some leisure for learning, though, as yet but little more than the old lesson to learn.

MISSING, A MARRIED GENTLEMAN.

The readers of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales will remember a very curious speculative essay on the subject of a gentleman who took the strange whim of suddenly absenting himself from his wife and family, and remaining concealed for many years in the neighbourhood of his own home, for the purpose of observing their conduct after his supposed death. It is an old newspaper story, and was found, I believe, by Mr. Hawthorne, in an American Journal. A year or two ago it was also related in a London weekly paper; the scene being then laid in the suburbs of the metropolis: and I remember a few years back to have met with it in a French paper, wherein the circumstances were stated to be of recent occurrence—the mysterious husband being no other than our old friend the Sieur X., pro hac vice, a draper in the Rue St. Honoré. The various versions are evidently taken from one another; but the original story, from which they differ scarcely in anything, but in names and places, is found in Dr. William King's "Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times." Dr. King was a well-known scholar and a busy literary man, in the early part of the last century. His anecdotes were discovered by accident, in manuscript, about forty years ago only; but they were well ascertained to be genuine. The story referred to appears to be authentic, and to those who have not yet met with it, it may be found an interesting addition to the stories of "Disappearances" in earlier numbers of Household Words.

About the year seventeen hundred and six, I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man possessed of an estate of seven or eight hundred pounds per annum. He married a young lady of a good family in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife that he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business. The same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. . . . He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him, or of him. The evening before he returned, while she was at supper, and with her some of her friends and relations—particularly one Dr. Rose, a Physician—who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting in the Bird-cage Walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read the billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and said, laughing, 'you see, brother, as old as I am, I have got a gallant.' Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting. This surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe that she fainted away. However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were there at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Bird-cage Walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them; and after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death.

But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. London is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat, or remain, if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays constantly for his lodging, for his provisions, and for whatsoever else he wants, nobody will ask a question concerning him, or inquire whence he comes, or whither he goes. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn Street, near St. James's Church. He went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a-week; and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he separated from her, who were both living at that time; but they both died young, in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead, This act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodging, which he frequented.

Upon his quitting his house and family, in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement,

that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures and executions. But nothing of this kind happened; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and upon examining his papers in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions, or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her housekeeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn Street to a little house in Brewer Street, near Golden Square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after his disappearance, Mr. Howe contrived to make acquaintance with Salt; and at length acquired such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt (who believed Howe to be a bachelor) frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of Howe's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her.

After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct. Apparently there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me that he believed his brother Howe would never have returned to his wife, if the money he took with him, which was supposed to have been one or two thousand pounds, had not been all spent; and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarcely have held out: for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him (I mean what he carried away with him), in money or bank bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in Gil Blas, what was sufficient for his expenses. Yet I have seen him, after his return, addressing his wife in the language of a bridegroom. And I have been assured by some of his most intimate friends that he treated her, during the rest of their lives, with the greatest kindness and affection.

Dr. King adds in a note that he was well acquainted with Dr. Rose, and also with Salt; that he often met them at King's Coffee-house, near Golden Square (Dr. King was an active Jacobite and Rose was of French connexions); and that they frequently entertained him with this remarkable story: relating these and many other particulars which had escaped his memory.

A MARVELLOUS JOURNEY WITH THE OLD GEOGRAPHER.

We recently performed a journey over a large part of Europe, in company with Master Peter Heylyn, clerk, of the reigns of Charles the First and Second. We parted company with that worthy gentleman on the inhospitable shores of the great North Sea; but, being aware of his intention of travelling over Asia, Africa, and America, we hereby rejoin him, in a sort of aërial flight, and shall take the opportunity of dropping down upon any province, town, mountain, valley, or desert, which we may desire to inspect. So, away over the Bosphorus into the oriental lands!

Of Asia in general, Peter tells us, among other note-worthy things, that it "is the common mother of us all, from whence, *as from the Trojan horse*, innumerable troops of men issued to people the other parts of the uninhabited world." The lively and opposite character of this similitude gives us an admirable idea of that great scattering of nations, by which the waste places of the earth are supposed to have been filled: the total absence of bathos, and the exact equality in the magnitude and probability of the two facts compared are worthy of observation. In a little time, travelling eastward, we arrive over the region of this same Troy; and here Peter bids us take notice that the beauty of that famous city "may be (as some write) yet seene in the ruines which, with a kind of majestie entertaine the beholder: the wals of large circuit, consisting of a black hard stone, cut four-square; some remnants of the turrets which stood on the wals; and the fragments of great marble tombes and monuments of curious workmanship." In the like manner, laborious inquirers have discovered in Wales gigantic evidences of King Arthur's City, "towered Camelotte;"—"great stones, and marvellous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now have seen," as Caxton, in his prologue to the old romance of "King Arthur," affirmeth. But Heylyn is sceptical as regards the Trojan relics, which he says are 'certainly not the ruines of that Ilium which was destroyed by the Grecians, but another of the same name, built some four miles from the situation of the old, by Lysimachus, one of Alexander's Captaines, who peopled it from the neighbouring cities." It is worthy of remark (though Peter does not allude to it) that Julius Cæsar contemplated making this comparatively insignificant town the capital of the Roman Empire, because of the supposed descent of the Romans from the people of Troy.

Passing over Phrygia Major, Peter takes occasion to remind us of Midas, who, for pre-

ferring the music of Pan to that of Apollo, had his head "*adorned* with a comely paire of asses' ears." This same "adornment" is still better hit off by Bacon in his Wisdom of the Ancients, where he says (or at least is made to say by his English translator, for the original is in Latin) that that "wise judge," Midas, "had a pair of asses' ears privily chopt to his noddle for his sentence." Concerning the town called Pesinus, we are informed that the Goddess Cibele was here worshipped; and that, the Romans, being told by an oracle that they would become the masters of the whole world, if they could obtain the exclusive possession of that deity, they sent to the Phrygians to demand it. "The Phrygians, willing to please a potent neighbour, especially the Romans, being their countrymen, as descended from Æneas and his Trojans, granted their request, and the goddesse is shipt for Rome. But behold the unluckiness of fortune! The ship, goddesse and all, made a stand in Tiber; neither could it be againe moved forward by force or slight. It hapned that one Claudia, a vestall virgin, being suspected [of breaking her vows], tied her girdle unto it; praying the goddesse that, if shee were causelessly suspected, shee would suffer the ship to goe forward; which was no sooner said than granted: Claudia by her girdle drawing the ship up the streame to Rome, where I leave the people wondring at the miracle, as they well might." The Roman trade in miracles has passed into different hands since those days; but, according to the dates of the last despatches, it was still as flourishing as ever.

Presently we float over the delicious city and region of Damascus, the very name of which is a romance, stately with visions of Greek Emperors and Arabian Caliphs, the Mamelukes of Egypt, and the Sultans of Turkey. "Damascus," says Heylyn, "is so pleasantly situate that the impostor Mahomet would never enter into it; fearing (as himself used to say) lest, being ravished with the ineffable pleasures of the place, he should forget the businesse about which he was sent, and make this towne his Paradise. For it is seated in a very fruitful soyle, bearing grapes all the yeare, and girt round about with most curious and odoriferous gardens."

Heylyn has much to say about Armenia—the cradle, as most inquirers suppose, of the human race. This country—or at least the chief division of it, called Turcomania—appears to have been the first place of settlement of the Turks, after they had passed out of their aboriginal home among the wilds of Scythia. It may therefore be regarded as Turkey Proper; and in connexion with this province Heylyn tells us all that he has to tell about the Ottomans. Events now passing beneath our eyes have attached more than usual interest to the history of Turkey; and we may in consequence be allowed to tarry longer than we might otherwise have done in the land at which we have just arrived.

Heylyn's account of the people in many respects singularly coincides with charges which we have recently heard brought against the Turks of the present day. He represents them as enervated with ease and luxury, idle, servile, and depressed by the cruel tyranny of their local governors. "Walking up and downe they never use, and much wonder at the often walking of Christians. Biddulph relateth that, being at his ambulatory exercise with his companions, a Turke demanded them whether they were out of their way or their wits. 'If your way,' quoth the Turke, 'lay toward the upper end of the cloister, why come you downwards? If to the nether end, why goe you backe againe?' Shooting is their chiefe recreation, which they also follow with much lazinesse, sitting on carpets in the shadow, and sending some of their slaves for their arrows." Referring to the despotic rule, both of the Sultans themselves, and of their Pashas and Bassas, Heylyn says, that the ordinary revenue of the Empire is but small; "the chief reason whereof is the tyrannicall government of the Turke, which dehorteth men from tillage, merchandise, and other improvements of their estates, as knowing all their gettings to lye in the Grand Signieur's mercy. His extraordinary revenue is incredible; for no man is master of his own wealth farther than stands with the Emperour's liking. So that his great Bassas are but as spunges to suck up riches till their coffers swell, and then to be squeezed into his treasury. Such riches as they gaine, if they hap to die naturally, returne to the Emperour's coffers, who giveth only what hee pleaseth to the children of the deceased." It is curious to see Heylyn, who in his own country was the staunch supporter of as dishonest and grinding a despotism, especially in the way of taxation, as that which he denounces, becoming the advocate of the cause of the people as against their masters, when another country and religion have to bear the brunt. But it was not until long after his time that Englishmen discovered that their own country possessed faults as well as virtues, and that foreign countries had virtues as well as faults. Not that Peter invariably forgot this rule; but he did so too often, and especially, it must be added, where a different faith was concerned. No doubt, however, his charge of tyranny against the Turkish Sultans and Pashas was no more than they deserved; for the same state of things existed until recently, when the reforms of the late and of the present monarch have in a great degree swept away the rubbish of past ages, and opened a new future to the Ottoman race.

Prophets were not wanting in Heylyn's time, any more than in our own, to proclaim loudly and confidently that the Turkish empire was staggering, and on the eve of

dissolution; that, in fact, it could not possibly last in its integrity much longer. Heylyn is himself of this opinion, for which he states the reasons at large. These are, mainly, that "the body is growne too monstrous for the head —the Sultans, never since the death of Solyman, accompanying their armies in person, but rioting and wasting their bodies and treasures at home:" that the Janizaries (a sort of Prætorian guard and imperial police, one of the main strengths of the country, though often more the masters than the servants of the Sultans) had become enfeebled by licentiousness; that rebellions were of frequent occurrence; that the sons of the monarchs were always bred up in effeminacy; that the Ottoman power had recently met with great reverses abroad; and that, "by the avarice and corruption in the Court now raigning, all peace and warre, all councels and informations, all wrongs and favours, are made saleable." An ominous catalogue truly; and yet Turkey has lasted for two centuries and a quarter since that period! But Heylyn sees still further reasons for passing sentence of doom against the Porte, and even for mapping out the exact way in which its fate is to be brought about. Let us see how near he has hit the mark. A few years previously, Mustaphe, brother of Achmet I., was placed on the throne by the Janizaries; shortly afterwards deposed by the same power; again placed there, and again deposed; his nephew, Amurath IV. being chosen in his stead. The new prince was a mere youth; and Heylyn argues that Mustaphe, having learnt a lesson from his previous changes of fortune, and finding his life in continual danger, "will secure himselfe from the like after-claps which may happen unto him when this young boy shall be a little older, by the taking of him away, if it bee (as no question but it is) possible. And so," oracularly concludes our prophet, "wee have the end of the Ottoman race." It is not quite clear to us why the whole race is to fail because one member murders another; but Heylyn is so confident of the result, that he proceeds to assign the empire to the sundry claimants whom he conceives will arise. The Crim Tartars are to base their claim upon the fact of their supplying a large part of the Turkish army, and they are to be succoured by the Great Cham. The Bassas will seek to divide the territories among themselves, after the manner of Alexander's captains upon the death of their chief. The Janizaries, being the best soldiers of the Empire, and having already Constantinople in their grasp, will put in their claim, and will have the best chance of all; "unlesse," adds Peter, "the princes of Christendom, laying aside private malice, joine all in armes to strip this proud peacock of her feathers, and (upon so blessed an advantage) to breake in pieces, with a rodde of iron, this insolent and burdensome monarchy.—A thing rather to bee desired than expected."

See how Time disdains to follow the forecastings of men! Mustaphe, instead of murdering Amurath, was himself murdered by Amurath. The Crim Tartars, instead of being the masters of Turkey, are the slaves of Russia. The Pashas are still nothing more than Pashas, having, indeed, much less power than before. The Janizaries have not destroyed the Sultans, but were themselves destroyed in the horrible but perhaps necessary massacre of eighteen hundred and twenty-five. And the chief powers of Europe, rather than unite for the partition of Turkey, have formed themselves into a league for its defence. The prophets of our own day may, perhaps, find a lesson in these disappointed vaticinations.

In treating of Arabia, Heylyn, as we may expect, speaks for the most part of Mahomet and his religion. Hard and bitter words are the only expressions he can find for them; calling the latter "an irreligious religion," "a heathenish superstition," a mass of absurdities, superstitions, and fopperies, and Mahomet himself a man tempted by the devil. He has a keen eye and a sharp tongue for all the many faults of that faith; but he will not, if he can help it, recognise its principles, or consider it with a reference to the sanguinary and debasing idolatry which it displaced. But he is obliged to acknowledge the charity of the Mahometans, and the noble fact that "you shall hardly find any beggars among them;" and the opportunity of giving a side blow at the Pope, lured him into this great admission in their favour —"I have heard many say, that it is better for a man that would injoy liberty of conscience to live in the countries professing Mahometanisme than Papistrie; for in the one hee shall never bee free from the bloody Inquisition; in the other hee is never molested if hee meddle not with the law, their women, or their slaves."—We are all well acquainted, in imagination, with the chant of the Muezzin from the minarets, summoning the people to prayer in the grey early dawn, in the burning blue of the noon-day, and under the dying light and new-born stars of evening—that remote disembodied, spiritual voice somewhere between heaven and earth, which enchanted a recent French traveller; but, perhaps, it was never alluded to with so little reverence as by Peter. He says that at the proper times "the cryers *keepe a-bauling* in the steeples for the people to come to church." After this, we will fly away into Tartary.

Here, in this district called Cathay (that golden land of old Italian romance and poetry) we come across the cities of Cambalu, where there are fifty thousand astrologers, and of Xaindu—the "Xanadu" of Coleridge's magnificent dream-poem. In this latter is "the palace of the Emperour, of a four-square figure, every side extending eight miles in length. Within this quadrant is another,

whose sides are six miles long; and within that another of foure miles square, which is the palace it selfe. Betweene these severall wals, are walkes, gardens, orchards, fishponds, places for all manner of exercise, and parkes, forrests, chases for all manner of game." Here we have the "stately pleasure-dome" which Kubla Khan "decreed," as Coleridge says:

So, twice five miles of fertile ground,
With walls and towers well girdled round;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The Great Cham, or Khan, of Tartary, is called by the simple vulgar, "the Shadow of Spirits, and Sonne of the Immortall God; and by himselfe is reputed to be the monarch of the whole world. For this cause every day, as soone as hee hath dined, hee causeth his trumpets to be sounded: by that signe giving leave to the other kings and princes of the earth to goe to dinner. A fine dreame of universall monarchie." Cathay, it may be remarked, has been discovered by modern geographers to be a part of China, and not of Tartary; but at present we are travelling with an old geographer, and therefore shall not heed the impertinences of later scribes.

India, which has now become almost another England, and has had all its mystery and romance rubbed off by its connection with mercantile speculation and shop interests, was in Heylyn's time an inscrutable and little-known land, where Fable had it nearly all her own way, with small fear of being dispossessed by Reality. "There have bin attributed to this India," says Heylin, "the tales of men with dogge's heads; of men with one legge onely, yet of great swiftnesse; of such as live by sent; of men that had but one eye, and that in their forheads; and of others whose eares did reach unto the ground. It is reported also that this people, by eating a dragon's heart and liver, attaine to the understanding of the languages of beasts; that they can make themselves, when they list, invisible; that they have two tubbes, whereof the one opened yeelds winde, the other raine; and the like. But of these relations and the rest of this straine I doubt not but the understanding reader knoweth how to judge and what to beleeve." All who please are at liberty to assent to the above, and also to the assertion that "Bacchus was the first that entred and conquered this country; as indeed," adds Peter, "what regions first or last hath he not brought under his *winie empire?*" At Moltan, "the women ride booted and spurred: a fashion lately imitated by some mimicke dames of England;" and at Ulna, "if I remember aright, the women, in a foolish pride, blacke their teeth: because dogge's teeth (forsooth) are white."

We have now got into the region of wonders, and of stately and majestic visions. The metropolis called Quinsay, in China, is like a city out of the Arabian Nights—a city of the Genii, or of the Pre-Adamite sultans. It "containeth in circuite one hundred miles, having in the midst of it a lake of thirty miles compasse, in which are two goodly ilands, and in them two magnificent palaces, adorned with all necessaries either for majestie or convenience, in which are celebrated the publike feasts and the marriages of the better sort. The lake is nourished with divers rivers, the chief being Polysango and Cacamacan; on which rivers *twelve thousand bridges lift up their stately heads*, and under whose immense arches great ships with sails spread abroad, and top and top gallant may and doe usually passe. This citty, partly by the fury of warres, and partly by the violence of earthquakes, hath now lost no small part of her ancient beauty and renowne." Heylyn's account of this city appears to be derived from Marco Polo. Of the diet of the Chinese our geographer says: "They eate thrice in a day, but sparingly: their drinke they drinke hot," [an allusion to tea, perhaps] "and eate their meate with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like: *not touching their meat with their hands*, and therefore no great filers of linnen. The use of silver forks in eating, with us, which our sprucer gallants so much used of late, was no doubt an imitation of this." The above allusion to the Chinese "not touching their meat with their hands," as if it were something strange and note-worthy, gives us a vivid idea of the dirty habits of our ancestors, no very long time ago.

For a few more Eastern wonders, which will remind the reader of some of the marvels of Sindbad the Sailor, we will drop down upon the Moluccas, and other oriental islands. In the former it is asserted "that there is a river, plentifully stored with fish, whose water is yet so hot that it doth immediately scald off the skin of any beast that is cast into it; that some of the men have tayles, and most of their swine have hornes; that they have oysters, which they call *Bras*, the shels whereof are of so large compasse that they christen children in them; that in the sea there are stones which grow and increase like fish, of which the best lime is made; that there is a bird called Monicodiata, which, having no feet, is in continuall motion; and that there is a hole in the backe of the cock, in which the henne doth lay her eggs and hatch her young ones." These statements are made on the authority of Galvano; but Heylyn entirely disbelieves them. In some other Indian and Chinese Islands, travellers relate that there is "a tree whose westerne part is ranke poyson, and the easterne parte an excellent preservative against it. They tell us also of a fruit that whosoever eateth shall for the space of twelve hours be out of his wits;

and of a stone on which whosoever sitteth shall suddenly have a rupture in his body." [An awkward land, this, to travel in!] "We are told also that hereabouts are taken tortoises of that bignesse that ten men might sit and dine within one of the shells; and that here is a tree which all the day time hath not floure on it, but within half an houre after sunne-set is full of them. *All huge and monstrous lies.*"

Nevertheless, when Peter gets into Africa, he entertains us with similar relations. Africa, by the way, he calls a country, instead of a quarter of the globe; and speaks of the Vandal kings thereof, as though they had ruled over the whole region from sea to sea. In speaking of an expedition by the Goths of Spain against the Romans in Italy, which was defeated on account of the former refusing to fight on a Sunday, while the latter had no such scruples, and consequently massacred their unresisting enemies, he makes a remark which we commend to all over strict Sabbatarians. "Works of necessity," he observes, "are allowed by the best divines, as consonant to God's word, to bee done on that day." He appends an anecdote of a Jew, who, "being at Alexandria, and refusing to take shippe, when the winde served very happily, to saile into Palestine, because it was Saturday,—the better to cousen his conscience, hired a Janizary to beate him aboard: which task the Janizary, partly in love to knavery, and partly in hate to the nation, performed not by halfes, and in jest, but lashed him sorely, and to the purpose."

The women of Barbary, Peter quaintly pourtrays in a few words; describing them as "sumptuous in jewels, *beautifull in blacknesse*, having delicate soft skinnes." But the people of Negroland provoke his contempt in the highest degree. Of this nation he says: "The very nobles (if so noble a name may without offence bee given to so blockish a people) are so stupid that when they are in presence of their king they never looke him in the face, but sit flat with their elbowes on their knees, and their hands on their faces: and, *for their greater gallantry*, they annoint their haire with the fat of fishes, which maketh them stinke abominably." In the more civilised parts of Africa wonders come crowding in upon us in every direction; as, for instance, at the city of Morocco, where it appears that on a tower of the castle are three globes of pure gold, weighing one hundred and thirty thousand Barbary ducats, and that several kings have essayed to take them down, in order to use them for the benefit of their exchequer, but have invariably suffered some calamity in consequence, so that the vulgar believe they are guarded by spirits. We hear also of the Psylli, a people of Lybia, so venomous in themselves that they could poison a snake; and we are told that the inhabitants of Ethiopia Superior are of an olive-tawny complexion, "excepting only their king himself, who is alwaies of a white complexion: a wonderful prerogative, if true." At the island of Pharos, Peter does not forget to inform us that here Ptolemy built a tower of glass (a sort of ante-type of the Crystal Palace), "which, being by reason of magicke enchantments impregnable, was by him laid levell to the ground with a handfull of beanes." Of the last cataract of the Nile, we read that "the hideousnesse of the noyse which it maketh not only deafeth all the by-dwellers, but the hills also *are torne with the sound.*" This is very grand, and is perhaps not far from the truth; but we cannot say as much for a tradition concerning the island of Teneriffe, "the inhabitants of which never heard of a showre or river, but receive all their fresh waters from a most high mountaine, wherein there is a tree covered continually with a moist cloud, which every noone dissolveth into water, and is by cisterns conveighed into divers parts of the iland." The same story has been told of another of the Canary Islands.

America in the time of Heylyn was a very different place from the America of the present day. The red man still held possession of a large part of his ancestral earth; the primeval forests had been but slightly encroached upon by modern cities; and the great republic of the north-west had not even been dreamt of as a possibility. In the south the Spaniards had made some progress; but the Pilgrim Fathers had not long crossed the Atlantic, and only a nucleus or so of English society existed in the north. Peru was the California of those days, from which such large quantities of gold were poured into Europe that, according to Heylyn, they were supposed by many to have created a "dearth of all things in respect of former times;" we suppose, by putting a stop to production. A story which he tells touching this subject may be perused with advantage by many of our fellow-countrymen in Australia at the present day. "Two merchants, departing from Spaine to get gold, touched upon part of Barbary, where the one buyeth Moores to dig and delve with, the other fraughteth his vessell with sheep; and, being come to the Indies (America), the one, finding mines, set his slaves to worke, and the other, hapning in grassie ground, put his sheepe to grasing. The slaves, growne cold and hungry, call for food and cloathing, which the sheep-master by the increase of his cattle had in abundance: so that what the one got in gold, with toyle, charges, and hazard, hee gladly gave unto the other for continuall supplies of victuals and rayments for himselfe and his servants. In the end, the mines being exhausted, and all the gold thence arising being exchanged with the sheepheard for such necessaries as nature required, home returned the sheepheard in triumph; his companion having nothing to shew for the improvement of his stock." Schemes for cutting through the Isthmus of

Darien were rife in Heylyn's time as well as now; only that in those days Spain, and not England, was the enterprising nation; but see how Peter frowns upon such things as being impious. "I have read," said he, "of many the like attempts begaune, but never of any finished. God, it seemeth, being not pleased at such proud and haughty enterprises. And yet," he adds cautiously, "perhaps the want of treasure hath not beene the least cause why the like projects have not proceeded; besides the dreadfull noyses and apparitions which continually affrighted the workmen." The present speculators had best look to this last-mentioned danger.

The remote is always allied to the wonderful; and the distant lands of the earth are filled with monstrosities and marvels, until repeated inter-communication has destroyed the charm. We have already seen this in connexion with Asia and Africa; and America is no exception to the rule. A few instances, before we close our book, and end our discursive flight, will give the reader a further specimen of this strange faculty of the human mind; though it should be remembered that some of the stories here quoted may have a root in fact. One of the chief towns in Guiana, says Heylyn, is El Dorado, "the greatest city of America, and, as some relate, of the world, too. For Deigo Ordas, one of the companions of Cortez, is sayd to have entered into this citty at noone. and to have travelled all that day, and the next also untill night, through the streetes hereof, before he came to the King's pallace. It is situate on a lake of salt water two hundred leagues in length, and is by the Spaniards called El Dorado (or the Guilded Citty) from the abundance of gold, both in coyne, plate, armour, and other furniture, which the sayd Deigo Ordas there saw." Near to another city, "report telleth us of a christall mountain." Cusco, in Peru, is "the seat of the ancient kings of this nation; who, the more to beautifie this citty, commanded every one of the nobility to build a pallace here for his continuall residence. It hath a faire market-place, in the midst of which two high wayes thwart one another, which are two thousand miles long, straight and levell." At Portoveio, there are graves in which are found human teeth of three fingers' breadth. The Strait of Magalhaens is "a place of that nature that which way soever a man bend his course, he shall be sure to have the winde against him, * * * On both sides are the high mountains continually covered with snow, from whence proceede those dangerous counter-windes that beat on all sides of it: a place certainly unpleasiug to view, and hazardous to passe." Peter also talks to us of a fig-tree, the north part of which, looking towards mountains, produces fruit only in the summer, while the south part, facing the sea, is fruitfull only in the winter; of a little animal which cannot go a stone's throw in less than fifteen days; of "an hearbe, called Sentida or Viva which, if one touch it, will shut its leaves, and not open them till the man which did *displease* it be gone out of sight" (this is the sensitive plant); of flying fishes, ("but," says he "I binde you not to believe it"); and of some high, craggy, and barren hills—namely, the Andes—so full of wild beasts and serpents that a whole army of one of the Peruvian kings was destroyed by them in passing that way.

Thus we see that Tradition divides the world with History, and Fable with Fact. But we must not stay too long in these fantastic regions, lest our brains be moon-struck. So we dismiss the magician who has been showing us these sights, and return to the realities of the nineteenth century.

A SYRIAN LEGEND.

Koja, the son of a shipwright of Beyrout, became the hero of story simply from the excessive constancy of his attachment to Lisa, the daughter of a Maronite merchant. No one knows to what nation Koja belonged, or is quite sure of the epoch of his existence. But as mountains in a misty atmosphere seem far off as soon as you recede a little from them, so in the East, where history sheds no steady light on the past, popular personages who have only just died are often removed to an indefinite distance back in time. This point, however, is of no moment. Men who become famous from the mere display of the affections are always near neighbours. We feel for Petrarch, whose house has left no ruins at Vaucluse, just as if he were living in the next street. More so, perhaps; because time flowing over his story, has washed away everything but the sparkling gold. So is it with Koja. There were men who hated and persecuted him in his life; but they are gone, and all now join in lamenting his long separation from Lisa.

The meeting of the two lovers was accidental. One morning, Lisa, who began to find the women's apartment, to which she had been confined during her father's absence at Damascus, somewhat dreary, asked Margota, her aunt, to take her forth, that she might wander on the borders of the sea. The good old lady was well-nigh struck dumb by the request. "All the saints bless thee!" cried she; "has a Marid (evil spirit) been whispering in thy ear? Why, here am I, at this respectable age. I have lived all my life long at Beyrout, and never once have I desired to go down to the water's edge." Upon this Lisa laughed, and told to her aunt the story of the dove who lived with the tortoise, and who one day expressed a desire to go and eat olives on a hill that was almost out of sight. The tortoise objected, and made a long speech to show the impropriety of such a step; but the dove flashed round and round in the sunlight, and replied, "My friend, you mean to say that you have no wings." So, off she flew.

Margota understood from this that her charge would steal out alone, or with one of the slave girls, to satisfy her wish; and with many grumblings began to get ready, first putting on a veil as thick as a towel, then an ample gown of yellow silk, and then a black cloak like a domino. Afterwards she wanted to take all off again to don her yellow boots in greater comfort; but Lisa, who had disguised herself in five minutes, would not allow such delay, and calling to Zarifeh, the slave girl, went down into the court. Margota followed, grumbling at her wilfulness; and so they went forth into the narrow streets, and proceeded in the direction of the sea.

Instead of going down to the port, always full of noisy Greek and Arab sailors, they took a circuitous direction, and reached the water's edge about a mile outside the town. "It is a beautiful evening," said Lisa. "Very cold," quoth Margota, shivering; and indeed a sea-breeze was blowing gently in their faces, and making their silk garments flutter as it passed. The water, however, far out, seemed as placid as the blue heavens above; whilst near at hand small waves, or rather ripples, came creeping up the sandy beach a few inches, and then retreating to return again with a rustling sound. Lisa took off her shoes—she had no stockings—and ran out to try and catch what seemed to her floating diamonds—star-fish that were poising themselves near the surface, now expanding, now contracting, and ever leaping out of reach of her hand.

Thus they proceeded slowly until they came to a ledge of rock that jutted some hundred feet into the sea. By this time the wind had freshened a little, and a cloud of spray occasionally played about the extreme end of the point. Margota voted for a return, and tried to force a cough; but Lisa insisted on running out along the ledge, and away she went. Her guardian, tired and annoyed, sat down on the sand to wait for her return with Zarifeh; both remained looking lazily at the sun, which, with vastly enlarged circumference, was just poising itself near the cloudless horizon—a globe of fire in a sea of light.

The time seemed long, and Margota at last said to Zarifeh, "My sight is weak, and I do not descry Lisa on the rock." The slave girl turned her sharp eyes in that direction, and rousing from her apathy, cried: "She is not there!" So, she ran forward, while Margota, whose boots were full of sand, followed slowly. The black girl arrived soon, and standing on the rock, shaded her eyes from the sun and looked around. "Where is the child?" cried Margota. "Out on the sea," was the reply. "She is going away!"

On reaching with much difficulty the summit of the rock, Margota to her dismay saw at some distance out on the purple waters, moving towards the golden wake of the sun, a boat impelled by a small sail, and thought she distinguished two persons in it. "Ha!" exclaimed Zarifeh, with a meaning smile, "Lisa has a boatman friend, and he is taking her away. See how the sail swells and bends. But she is not afraid. She stands up clapping her hands; her veil is fluttering; and the stranger is worshipping her face."

Margota could see nothing of all this; but began wringing her hands, for she knew how terrible would be the anger of the father when he heard of what had taken place. The matter, however, was not so serious as she and Zerifeh had at first feared. Lisa, on going out along the rocks, had seen a boat floating near the other side, with a young man seated in it. In the East, when once the formal rules of propriety are disregarded, nature shows itself in its utmost simplicity. Without meaning any harm, Lisa called out, "O, young boatman! this is the first time that I have seen the sea; and I long to ride for one half-hour on its bosom. Take me with thee."

Koja—for it was he—looked up listlessly. He had been sailing about all day, endeavouring to divert his thoughts from themes which trouble youth, and when the wind had fallen, had suffered his boat to float where it listed, just giving now and then a sweep with the oar, more from habit than design. Thus he found himself in that place; and was brought face to face with Lisa. He complied mechanically with her request, wondering who this maiden might be who was thus out by herself, against all the customs of the country. His fancy suggested that it might be a spirit. She stepped lightly on board when the boat floated up to a projecting ledge; and when the little mast was shipped, and she began to feel the tiny craft glide away from shore, everything was forgotten but the delight of the moment—Margota, and Zarifeh, and prudence, and her father's displeasure—everything was forgotten but the delight of thus passing along like a shadow over the purple waters in the light of the setting sun. Perhaps, too, company so new to her, a handsome youth, who gazed upon her with a bewildered look of admiration, and who seemed silently to entreat her not to notice that the breeze had unveiled her, and that she, whom no strange man ever beheld, was pouring love into his heart—perhaps this was the chief cause of her forgetfulness. Love at first sight is common in the East—where beauty can rarely be marked for a longer space of time than a falling star takes to shoot across one quarter of the heavens. Before the shrill cry of Zarifeh came from the shore, Koja loved Lisa, and Lisa loved Koja, and the destiny of the one became indissolubly united with that of the other.

When Zarifeh called out in the strange wailing voice common to her people, Lisa said to her lover, "We must return; and we must part. This is the flowertime of our lives; afterwards will come the withering sun of adversity." Koja took her hand and placed in it a ring, and said, "If we must part, keep

this token. We may never meet again; but it will be a means of communion. If good fortune is with me, it will retain its brightness; if evil, it will dim. If I cease to love, and the grave opens for me, it will become black." Lisa wept at the thought of her lover's death, and took the ring. They exchanged no more words; and presently afterwards the young girl leaped from the boat upon the extreme point of the rock and listened to the approach of her guardian. She did not reply to them, for her eyes and her mind were following Koja, who was sailing on towards the open sea—out, out, towards the place where the sun had gone down—moving to and fro like a shadow, for light was gradually fading, the sail growing gradually dimmer and dimmer until the eye confounded it sometimes with the great white birds that were coming landward, flying low and wearily along the waters. At length it faded altogether, because night began to come rapidly on; then Lisa said: "I came down to the sea-side with a soul; now it is gone. This is only the form of Lisa. My soul is floating over the waters. Let us go home; the wind is chill, and life's heat has departed from me."

"Woe! woe!" murmured Margota. "The master of that boat was a magician; and he hath cast a spell upon the girl. What have I done?"

So they returned to the house; and Lisa remained day after day lamenting the loss of her soul. She knew that love, such as hers, was destined in this world to bring unhappiness to those who suffered it. Marriages among her people are not based on affection. A husband is chosen by the father, and the daughter is not even asked if she can hope for happiness with him. There was no chance that Koja would be selected; for she knew he was of a different race, a race who worshipped God in a different manner, made bows and prostrations in the Church according to another ritual, kissed the palm of the priest's hand instead of the tips of his fingers, and was altogether, therefore, an alien and an enemy. She also knew that the merchant, her father, had quarrelled with the father of Koja for the possession of a ship, so that there was a feud between them. The idea of struggling against law and custom never occurred to her; and she sat down in the chamber, which had appeared in the morning so bright and cheerful, to nurse the young love that had been born, as sadly, as if the grave was already open to receive it.

In the meanwhile, Koja, who equally understood that a fatal passion had taken possession of him, continued sailing out, long after the sun had set and darkness had come on—heavy at first, but then partly dissipated by the moon, which rose over the distant mountains of Lebanon. He felt that in the idle life which he had hitherto led by his father's indulgence, the great love which he had conceived would prove poison to him; and he resolved at once to dissipate his energies in adventure. No thought of relations or friends troubled him; and the narrator does not take the trouble to form a justification. Passion is always selfish; and all poets or romancers in the East identify themselves with those who yield to it, and never dream that any other duties have a claim. Away sailed Koja, until he saw a ship with many sails moving slowly along in the moonlight. He hailed it, and went on board, and voyaged with it to the Grecian islands, and then to the Frank countries, and back to Egypt. He went on shore, and, pursuing his travels for many years, visited Habesh and the Hejaz, and El Hind, and Ajern, and many other countries. In all these places many beautiful women became enamoured of him, and sent to him flowers which they had perfumed with their sighs; but he listened to none, and when they remonstrated with him by messengers he departed from that city and went to another. His heart was wholly occupied with Lisa, whom it seemed impossible he should meet again.

The young girl was equally constant, and spent the chief part of her time in watching the ring which Koja had given her, to know whether it retained its brightness. Sometimes it dulled a little; and as she was unwilling to believe in misfortune, she reproached herself with want of care, and took soft linen and rubbed it; but it changed not by her efforts, obeying all the varied fortunes of the departed one. This ring is not supposed to have been originally endowed with any miraculous powers, but derived its marvellous quality simply from the intensity with which Koja had wished for a means of communion with his beloved one.

When the merchant returned from Damascus his first talk was of a husband for Lisa; but the young girl, knowing there was but one means of escape, feigned madness, and went about the house with flowers and straw in her hair, singing wildly. Margota and Zarifeh knew the cause of this, but they dared not reveal it; and so the merchant grieved, and Lisa remained a maiden, pitied by the whole city. Koja was forgotten, except by his father, who set up a cenotaph for him, and mourned over it for a whole day once a year—the anniversary of the day on which the youth had disappeared, floating away in his boat towards the setting sun.

Time passed on; and Lisa was no longer a young girl, but a full-grown woman, still beautiful; yet no longer sought in marriage. She remained in her father's house; while her sisters, who were mere children when the meeting with Koja took place, all found husbands, and soon brought pretty babies for her to admire and nurse. One night, after seven years had gone to the past, the merchant, happening to be sleepless, heard a voice raised in lamentation. So, he got up

and went in its direction, and found that it proceeded from his eldest daughter's room. He listened, and heard her saying: "Oh, Koja! and art thou near the gates of death? Has this sorrow overtaken me? Is my bridegroom about to be taken away?" The old man marvelled at these words, and quietly raising the curtain that closed the room, beheld Lisa sitting on the carpet with a lamp beside her, holding a ring in the bright light, and shedding tears. "What is the sorrow of my daughter?" said he, gently. She looked up, without any expression of alarm or surprise, and replied: "The last hour is approaching, and I know not where he is or what are the means of protection." Then she showed the ring, which had lost all its brightness, and seemed as if made of old copper. The merchant understood that she had nourished some secret affection, and repented that he had not sought to learn the reason of her madness. He was not very aged—his passions were less strong than of yore—his ambition weaker—his prejudices almost worn away; and therefore, when Lisa told her story, he sympathised with her, and said: "Perchance the young man may yet live, for the ring is not yet black; and there is no limit to the power and mercy of God." As he spoke, the gold assumed a still darker hue; and Lisa shrieked and fell senseless on the carpet.

Now, it happened that at this time Koja was returning with a caravan across the desert that separated Arabia from Syria. The simoom blew, and obliterated all signs of the track. The caravan wandered—water failed—death began its work. Koja, though hardened by much travel, suffered the extreme of thirst. Making a last effort, he left the caravan, and wandered away through the sand. Weakness came over him—he sank down, and there seemed no means of escape. He thought of Lisa; and as he felt death coming on, prayed to be united to her in heaven. Then he lost all memory and consciousness; and the ring darkened almost to an ebony-colour. Death had indeed just stretched its hand over him when a troop of maidens from an encampment near at hand, which had been concealed by a hill, came by, on their way to search for some camels that had strayed. One of them saw the dying man and revived him at first by pressing her moist lips to his. Then she called to one of her companions who had a gourd, and sprinkled his face with water. Afterwards she made him drink. Then they took him up as if he had been a child, and carried him to the tents, where he was tended all night by the women, while the men went out to save the remnants of the caravan. It is needless to add that, before morning, the ring had almost resumed its brightness, and that the heart of Lisa was glad again.

A fresh peril awaited Koja. The Bedouin girl who had saved him, loved him, and with rude simplicity, claimed from him, first, the sacrifice of his faith; and then, when he had told his story of his long-abiding passion, she could not understand that engrossing kind of attachment, urged her youth, her attractions, her wealth, her services, and even uttered threats. Koja remained unmoved; and at last Fatmeh said, "I will go with you to that distant city, leaving my father, and my friends, and my country, and learn if there be a woman who can love the absent for seven years. If it be true, she shall be thy wife, and I will be thy wife also." Koja smiled, and explained that people of his faith could marry but one: a principle which Fatmeh approved, though it disarranged her plans. They escaped together; for the girl said she was determined to view this marvel of fidelity, and perhaps secretly hoped that death might have made the way clear for herself. Wonderful adventures happened to them on the road. But at length Beyroot was reached, and Koja and Fatmeh stood before the gate of the mansion in which Lisa lived: both disguised as beggars. They asked for shelter, and it was granted. Lisa wondered at the marvellous brightness of the ring; it shone more like a diamond than a piece of gold. She went out into the court-yard, and beheld Koja. Neither time nor altered dress could conceal him from her; rushing forward she seized his hand and covered it with tears and kisses, saying, "Oh! my master! and hast thou at length returned to gladden me?" Koja embraced her and then turned towards the spot where Fatmeh had stood. But the Bedouin girl had disappeared, and was no more heard of in Beyrout.

The merchant father of Lisa exacted but one condition, before he would consent to the marriage of the constant lovers,—that Koja should join the Maronite communion. He easily acquiesced, having, no doubt, learned wisdom from travel. So, after a long period of suffering came a longer period of joy.

Were men less divided into sects and classes, there might have been no materials for this legend. We must take the world as it is, however. Half our miseries are of our own making; and some of the finest qualities of humanity are expended in overcoming obstacles to happiness, which nature has not created.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IX.

SISSY JUPE had not an easy time of it, between Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mrs. Gradgrind; and was not without strong impulses, in the first months of her probation, to run away. It hailed facts all day long so very hard, and life in general was opened to her as such a closely-ruled cyphering-book, that assuredly she would have run away, but for only one restraint.

It is lamentable to think of; but this restraint was the result of no arithmetical process, was self-imposed in defiance of all calculation, and went dead against any table of probabilities that any Actuary would have drawn up from the premises. The girl believed that her father had not deserted her; she lived in the hope that he would come back, and in the faith that he would be made the happier by her remaining where she was.

The wretched ignorance with which Jupe clung to this consolation, rejecting the superior comfort of knowing, on a sound arithmetical basis, that her father was an unnatural vagabond, filled Mr. Gradgrind with pity. Yet, what was to be done? M'Choakumchild reported that she had a very dense head for figures; that, once possessed with a general idea of the globe, she took the smallest conceivable interest in its exact measurements; that she was extremely slow in the acquisition of dates, unless some pitiful incident happened to be connected therewith; that she would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteen pence halfpenny; that she was as low down, in the school, as low could be; that after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy, she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high. for returning to the question, "What is the first principle of this science?" the absurd answer, "To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me."

Mr. Gradgrind observed, shaking his head, that all this was very bad; that it showed the necessity of infinite grinding at the mill of knowledge, as per system, schedule, blue book, report, and tabular statements A to Z; and that Jupe "must be kept to it." So Jupe was kept to it, and became very low-spirited, but no wiser.

"It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!" she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavoured to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.

"Do you think so?"

"I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then."

"You might not be the better for it, Sissy."

Sissy submitted, after a little hesitation, "I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa." To which Miss Louisa answered, "I don't know that."

There had been so little communication between these two—both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career—that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

"You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be," Louisa resumed. "You are pleasanter to yourself, than *I* am to *my*self."

"But, if you please, Miss Louisa," Sissy pleaded, "I am—O so stupid!"

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by and by.

"You don't know," said Sissy, half crying, "what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me."

"Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?"

"O no!" she eagerly returned. "They know everything."

"Tell me some of your mistakes."

"I am almost ashamed," said Sissy, with reluctance. "But to-day, for instance, Mr. M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity."

"National, I think it must have been," observed Louisa.

"Yes, it was.—But isn't it the same?" she timidly asked.

"You had better say National, as he said so," returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.

"National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and a'n't you in a thriving state?"

"What did you say?" asked Louisa.

"Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I knew who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all," said Sissy, wiping her eyes.

"That was a great mistake of yours," observed Louisa.

"Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was now. Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, this schoolroom is an immense town, and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that proportion? And my remark was—for I couldn't think of a better one—that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong too."

"Of course it was."

"Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutterings——"

"Statistics," said Louisa.

"Yes, Miss Louisa—they always remind me of stutterings, and that's another of my mistakes—of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr. M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the percentage? And I said, Miss;" here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; "I said it was nothing."

"Nothing, Sissy?"

"Nothing, Miss—to the relations and friends of the people who were killed. I shall never learn," said Sissy. "And the worst of all is, that although my poor father wished me so much to learn, and although I am so anxious to learn because he wished me to, I am afraid I don't like it."

Louisa stood looking at the pretty modest head, as it drooped abashed before her, until it was raised again to glance at her face. Then she asked:

"Did your father know so much himself, that he wished you to be well taught too, Sissy?"

Sissy hesitated before replying, and so plainly showed her sense that they were entering on forbidden ground, that Louisa added, "No one hears us; and if any one did, I am sure no harm could be found in such an innocent question."

"No, Miss Louisa," answered Sissy, upon this encouragement, shaking her head: "father knows very little indeed. It's as much as he can do to write; and it's more than people in general can do to read his writing. Though it's plain to *me*."

"Your mother?"

"Father says she was quite a scholar. She died when I was born. She was;" Sissy made the terrible communication nervously; "she was a dancer."

"Did your father love her?" Louisa asked these questions with a strong, wild, wandering interest peculiar to her; an interest gone astray like a banished creature, and hiding in solitary places.

"O yes! as dearly as he loves me. Father loved me, first, for her sake. He carried me about with him when I was quite a baby. We have never been asunder from that time."

"Yet he leaves you now, Sissy?"

"Only for my good. Nobody understands him as I do; nobody knows him as I do. When he left me for my good—he never would have left me for his own—I know he was almost broken-hearted with the trial. He will not be happy for a single minute, till he comes back."

"Tell me more about him," said Louisa. "I will never ask you again. Where did you live?"

"We travelled about the country, and had no fixed place to live in. Father's a"; Sissy whispered the awful word; "a clown."

"To make the people laugh?" said Louisa, with a nod of intelligence.

"Yes. But they wouldn't laugh and then father cried. Lately, they very often wouldn't laugh, and he used to come home despairing. Father's not like most. Those who didn't know him as well as I do, and didn't love him as dearly as I do, might believe he was not quite right. Sometimes they played tricks upon him; but they never knew how he felt them, and shrunk up, when he was alone with me. He was far, far timider than they thought!"

"And you were his comfort through everything?"

She nodded, with the tears rolling down her face. "I hope so, and father said I was. It was because he grew so scared and trembling, and because he felt himself to be a poor, weak, ignorant, helpless man (those used to be his words), that he wanted me so much to know a great deal and be different from him. I used to read to him to cheer his courage, and he was very fond of that. They were wrong books—I am never to speak of them here—but we didn't know there was any harm in them."

"And he liked them?" said Louisa, with her searching gaze on Sissy all this time.

"O very much! They kept him, many times, from what did him real harm. And often and often of a night, he used to forget all his troubles in wondering whether the Sultan would let the lady go on with the story, or would have her head cut off before it was finished."

"And your father was always kind? To the last?" asked Louisa; contravening the great principle, and wondering very much.

"Always, always!" returned Sissy, clasping her hands. "Kinder and kinder than I can tell. He was angry only one night, and that was not to me, but Merrylegs. Merrylegs;" she whispered the awful fact; "is his performing dog."

"Why was he angry with the dog?" Louisa demanded.

"Father, soon after they came home from performing, told Merrylegs to jump up on the backs of the two chairs and stand across them—which is one of his tricks. He looked at father, and didn't do it at once. Everything of father's had gone wrong that night, and he hadn't pleased the public at all. He cried out that the very dog knew he was failing, and had no compassion on him. Then he beat the dog, and I was frightened, and said, 'Father, father! Pray don't hurt the creature who is so fond of you! O Heaven forgive you, father, stop!' And he stopped, and the dog was bloody, and father lay down crying on the floor with the dog in his arms, and the dog licked his face."

Louisa saw that she was sobbing; and going to her, kissed her, took her hand, and sat down beside her.

"Finish by telling me how your father left you, Sissy. Now that I have asked you so much, tell me the end. The blame, if there is any blame, is mine: not yours."

"Dear Miss Louisa," said Sissy, covering her eyes, and sobbing yet; "I came home from the school that afternoon, and found poor father just come home too, from the booth. And he sat rocking himself over the fire, as if he was in pain. And I said, 'Have you hurt yourself, father?' (as he did sometimes, like they all did), and he said, 'A little, my darling.' And when I came to stoop down and look up at his face, I saw that he was crying. The more I spoke to him, the more he hid his face; and at first he shook all over, and said nothing but 'My darling!' and 'My love!'"

Here Tom came lounging in, and stared at the two with a coolness not particularly savouring of interest in anything but himself, and not much of that at present.

"I am asking Sissy a few questions, Tom," observed his sister. "You have no occasion to go away; but don't interrupt us for a moment, Tom dear."

"Oh! very well!" returned Tom. "Only father has brought old Bounderby home, and I want you to come into the drawing-room. Because if you come, there's a good chance of old Bounderby's asking me to dinner; and if you don't, there's none."

"I'll come directly."

"I'll wait for you," said Tom, "to make sure."

Sissy resumed in a lower voice. "At last poor father said that he had given no satisfaction again, and never did give any satisfaction now, and that he was a shame and disgrace, and I should have done better without him all along. I said all the affectionate things to him that came into my heart, and presently he was quiet, and I sat down by him, and told him all about the school and everything that had been said and done there. When I had no more left to tell, he put his arms around my neck, and kissed me a great many times. Then he asked me to fetch some of the stuff he used, for the little hurt he had had, and to get it at the best place, which was at the other end of town from there; and then, after kissing me again, he let me go. When I had gone down stairs, I turned back that I might be a little bit more company to him yet, and looked in at the door, and said, 'Father dear, shall I take Merrylegs?' Father shook his head and said, 'No, Sissy, no; take nothing that's known to be mine, my darling;' and I left him sitting by the fire. Then the thought must have come upon him, poor poor father! of going away to try something for my sake; for when I came back, he was gone."

"I say! Look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!" Tom remonstrated.

"There's no more to tell, Miss Louisa. I keep the nine oils ready for him, and I know he will come back. Every letter that I see in Mr. Gradgrind's hand takes my breath away and blinds my eyes, for I think it comes from father, or from Mr. Sleary about father. Mr. Sleary promised to write as soon as ever father should be heard of, and I trust to him to keep his word."

"Do look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!" said Tom, with an impatient whistle. "He'll be off, if you don't look sharp!"

After this, whenever Sissy dropped a curtsey to Mr. Gradgrind in the presence of his family, and said in a faltering way,—"I beg your pardon, sir, for being troublesome—but—have you had any letter yet about me?" Louisa would suspend the occupation of the moment, whatever it was, and look for the reply as earnestly as Sissy did. And when Mr. Gradgrind regularly answered, "No, Jupe, nothing of the sort," the trembling of Sissy's lip would be repeated in Louisa's face, and her eyes would follow Sissy with compassion to the door. Mr. Gradgrind usually improved these occasions by remarking, when she was gone, that if Jupe had been properly trained from an early age she would have demonstrated to herself on sound principles the baselessness of these fantastic hopes. Yet it did seem (though not to him, for he

saw nothing of it) as if fantastic hope could take as strong a hold as Facts.

This observation must be limited exclusively to his daughter. As to Tom, he was becoming that not unprecedented triumph of calculation which is usually at work on number one. As to Mrs. Gradgrind, if she said anything on the subject, she would come a little way out of her wrappers like a feminine dormouse, and say:

"Good gracious bless me, how my poor head is vexed and worried by that girl Jupe's so perseveringly asking, over and over again, about her tiresome letters! Upon my word and honour I seem to be fated, and destined, and ordained, to live in the midst of things that I am never to hear the last of. It really is a most extraordinary circumstance that it appears as if I never was to hear the last of anything!"

At about this point, Mr. Gradgrind's eye would fall upon her; and under the influence of that wintry piece of fact, she would become torpid again.

CHAPTER X.

I ENTERTAIN a weak idea that the English people are as hard-worked as any people upon whom the sun shines. I acknowledge to this ridiculous idiosyncrasy as a reason why I would give them a little more play.

In the hardest working part of Coketown; in the innermost fortifications of that ugly citadel, where Nature was as strongly bricked out as killing airs and gases were bricked in; at the heart of the labyrinth of narrow courts upon courts, and close streets upon streets, which had come into existence piecemeal, every piece in a violent hurry for some one man's purpose, and the whole an unnatural family, shouldering, and trampling, and pressing one another to death; in the last close nook of this great exhausted receiver, where the chimneys, for want of air to make a draught, were built in an immense variety of stunted and crooked shapes, as though every house put out a sign of the kind of people who might be expected to be born in it; among the multitude of Coketown, generically called "the Hands,"—a race who would have found more favour with some people, if Providence had seen fit to make them only hands, or, like the lower creatures of the sea-shore, only hands and stomachs—lived a certain Stephen Blackpool, forty years of age.

Stephen looked older, but he had had a hard life. It is said that every life has its roses and thorns; there seemed, however, to have been a misadventure or mistake in Stephen's case, whereby somebody else had become possessed of his roses, and he had become possessed of the same somebody else's thorns in addition to his own. He had known, to use his words, a peck of trouble. He was usually called Old Stephen, in a kind of rough homage to the fact.

A rather stooping man, with a knitted brow, a pondering expression of face, and a hard-looking head sufficiently capacious, on which his iron-grey hair lay long and thin,—Old Stephen might have passed for a particularly intelligent man in his condition. Yet he was not. He took no place among those remarkable "hands," who, piecing together their broken intervals of leisure through many years, had mastered difficult sciences, and acquired a knowledge of most unlikely things. He held no station among the hands who could make speeches and carry on debates. Thousands of his compeers could talk much better than he, at any time. He was a good power-loom weaver, and a man of perfect integrity. What more he was, or what else he had in him, if anything, let him show for himself.

The lights in the great factories, which looked, when they were illuminated, like Fairy palaces—or the travellers by express-train said so—were all extinguished; and the bells had rung for knocking off for the night, and had ceased again; and the hands, men and women, boy and girl, were clattering home. Old Stephen was standing in the street, with the odd sensation upon him which the stoppage of the machinery always produced—the sensation of its having worked and stopped in his own head.

"Yet I don't see Rachael, still!" said he.

It was a wet night, and many groups of young women passed him, with their shawls drawn over their bare heads and held close under their chins to keep the rain out. He knew Rachael well, for a glance at any one of these groups was sufficient to show him that she was not there. At last there were no more to come; and then he turned away, saying in a tone of disappointment, "Why, then, I ha' missed her!"

But he had not gone the length of three streets, when he saw another of the shawled figures in advance of him, at which he looked so keenly that perhaps its mere shadow indistinctly reflected on the wet pavement, if he could have seen it without the figure itself moving along from lamp to lamp, brightening and fading as it went, would have been enough to tell him who was there. Making his pace at once much quicker and much softer, he darted on until he was very near this figure, then fell into his former walk, and called "Rachael!"

She turned, being then in the brightness of a lamp; and raising her hood a little, showed a quiet oval face, dark and rather delicate, irradiated by a pair of very gentle eyes, and further set off by the perfect order of her shining black hair. It was not a face in its first bloom; she was a woman five and thirty years of age.

"Ah, lad! 'Tis thou?" when she had said this, with a smile which would have been quite expressed, though nothing of her had been seen but her pleasant eyes, she replaced her hood again, and they went on together.

"I thought thou wast ahind me, Rachael?"

"No."

"Early t'night, lass?"

"'Times I 'm a little early, Stephen; 'times a little late. I 'm never to be counted on, going home."

"Nor going t'other way, neither, 't seems to me, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen."

He looked at her with some disappointment in his face, but with a respectful and patient conviction that she must be right in whatever she did. The expression was not lost upon her; she laid her hand lightly on his arm a moment, as if to thank him for it.

"We are such true friends, lad, and such old friends, and getting to be such old folk, now."

"No, Rachael, thou'rt as yoong as ever thou wast."

"One of us would be puzzled how to get old, Stephen, without t' other getting so too, both being alive," she answered, laughing; "but, any ways, we 're such old friends, that t'hide a word of honest truth fra 'one another would be a sin and a pity. 'Tis better not to walk too much together. 'Times, yes! 'Twould be hard, indeed, if 'twas not to be at all, she said, with a cheerfulness she sought to communicate to him.

"'Tis hard, anyways, Rachael."

"Try to think not; and 'twill seem better."

"I 've tried a long time, and 't a'nt got better. But thou'rt right; 'tmight make folk talk, even of thee. Thou hast been that to me, Rachael, through so many year: thou hast done me so much good, and heartened of me in that cheering way: that thy word is a law to me. Ah lass, and a bright good law! Better than some real ones."

"Never fret about them, Stephen," she answered quickly, and not without an anxious glance at his face. "Let the laws be."

"Yes," he said, with a slow nod or two. "Let 'em be. Let everything be. Let all sorts alone. 'Tis a muddle, and that 's all."

"Always a muddle?" said Rachael, with another gentle touch upon his arm, as if to recall him out of the thoughtfulness, in which he was biting the long ends of his loose neckerchief as he walked along. The touch had its instantaneous effect. He let them fall, turned a smiling face upon her, and said, as he broke into a good-humoured laugh, "Ay, Rachael, lass, always a muddle. That's where I stick. I come to the muddle many times and agen, and I never get beyond it."

They had walked some distance, and were near their own homes. The woman's was the first reached. It was in one of the many small streets for which the favourite undertaker (who turned a handsome sum out of the one poor ghastly pomp of the neighbourhood) kept a black ladder, in order that those who had done their daily groping up and down the narrow stairs might slide out of this working world by the windows. She stopped at the corner, and putting her hand in his, wished him good night.

"Good night, dear lass; good night!"

She went, with her neat figure and her sober womanly step, down the dark street, and he stood looking after her until she turned into one of the small houses. There was not a flutter of her coarse shawl, perhaps, but had its interest in this man's eyes; not a tone of her voice but had its echo in his innermost heart.

When she was lost to his eyes, he pursued his homeward way, glancing up sometimes at the sky, where the clouds were sailing fast and wildly. But they were broken now, and the rain had ceased, and the moon shone—looking down the high chimneys of Coketown on the deep furnaces below, and casting Titanic shadows of the steam engines at rest, upon the walls where they were lodged. The man seemed to have brightened with the night, as he went on.

His home, in such another street as the first, saving that it was narrower, was over a little shop. How it came to pass that any people found it worth their while to sell or buy the wretched little toys, mixed up in its window with cheap newspapers and pork (there was a leg to be raffled for to morrow night), matters not here. He took his end of candle from a shelf, lighted it at another end of candle on the counter, without disturbing the mistress of the shop who was asleep in her little room, and went up stairs into his lodging.

It was a room, not unacquainted with the black ladder under various tenants; but as neat, at present, as such a room could be. A few books and writings were on an old bureau in a corner, the furniture was decent and sufficient, and, though the atmosphere was tainted, the room was clean.

Going to the hearth to set the candle down upon a round three-legged table standing there, he stumbled upon something. As he recoiled, looking down at it, it raised itself up into the form of a woman in a sitting attitude.

"Heaven's mercy, woman!" he cried, falling farther off from the figure. "Hast thou come back again!"

Such a woman! A disabled, drunken creature, barely able to preserve the sitting posture by steadying herself with one begrimed hand on the floor, while the other was so purposeless in trying to push away her tangled hair from her face, that it only blinded her the more with the dirt upon it. A creature so foul to look at, in her tatters, stains, and splashes, but so much fouler than that in her moral infamy, that it was a shameful thing even to see her.

After an impatient oath or two, and some stupid clawing of herself with the hand not necessary to her support, she got her hair

away from her eyes sufficiently to obtain a sight of him. Then she sat swaying her body to and fro, and making gestures with her unnerved arm, which seemed intended as the accompaniment to a fit of laughter, though her face was stolid and drowsy.

"Eigh lad? What, yo'r there?" Some hoarse sounds meant for this, came mockingly out of her at last; and her head dropped forward on her breast.

"Back again?" she screeched, after some minutes, as if he had that moment said it. "Yes! And back again. Back again, ever and ever so often. Back? Yes, back. Why not?"

Roused by the unmeaning violence with which she cried it out, she scrambled up, and stood supporting herself with her shoulders against the wall: dangling in one hand by the string, a dunghill-fragment of a bonnet, and trying to look scornfully at him.

"I'll sell thee off again, and I'll sell thee off again, and I'll sell thee off a score of times!" she cried, with something between a furious menace and an effort at a defiant dance. "Come awa' from th' bed!" He was sitting on the side of it, with his face hidden in his hands. "Come away from 't. 'Tis mine, and I've a right to 't!"

As she staggered to it, he avoided her with a shudder, and passed—his face still hidden—to the opposite end of the room. She threw herself upon the bed heavily, and soon was snoring hard. He sunk into a chair, and moved but once all that night. It was to throw a covering over her; as if his hands were not enough to hide her, even in the darkness.

BUSY WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH.

It may be as well, just now, to "take stock," in respect to our photographic and stereoscopic knowledge; to see how far the photograph and the stereoscope, up to the present time, have been rendered available for useful purposes. The principles involved in the processes and apparatus, with an account of explanatory details, occupied two papers in former volumes.* The present article may be considered, in some sense, supplementary to those. Let us first say a little concerning these beautiful arts in their artistic applications.

How astonishing that the sun's light should be made to engrave a steel plate! We know that electricity can do something of this kind, on copper if not on steel; but really it seems even yet more marvellous and beautiful that such deeds can be achieved by the agency of light. Attempts have been made, during many years, to complete the photographic process by engraving the plate impressed with the image; that is, by causing the photograpic image to engrave itself, by chemical aid alone, without requiring it to be touched in any way by the hand of artist or engraver. It was a bold thing to hope, but seemingly not too bold; for just about a year ago Mr. Talbot announced that he had actually succeeded in the attempt. To understand the mode of proceeding, it may be necessary to bear in mind that Mr. Talbot gives the name of positive etching to an etching of such a kind that the impressions struck off from it represent the objects positively, or as they are in nature. Well, then; the objects most successfully engraved are said to be such as can be placed in contact with the metallic plate—the leaf of a fern, the light, feathery flowers of a grass, a piece of lace, and so forth. Objects which cast a broad and uniform shadow, such as the opaque leaf of a fern or other plant, produce an etching, which, when printed off, delineates the original in a manner something between an aquatint engraving and an Indian ink drawing. Even a photograph on paper can be made to engrave itself on steel. The minute chemistry of the matter we need say nothing about; but the processes are somewhat as follows:—A salt of potash is dissolved in a solution of isinglass, and is spread over the steel plate; it is dried by artificial warmth; the selected object is laid on the prepared plate and is pressed down close to it by a piece of plate glass; the sun's rays are allowed to act through the glass upon the object and upon the steel plate. The part of the steel plate covered by the object is protected from the action of the solar rays, and remains yellow and unaltered; but those portions which are not covered by the object become to some extent chemically acted upon, and assume a brownish hue. The glass and the object being removed, the plate is steeped in water by which most of the unchanged layer or film of potash and isinglass is washed off, leaving the metallic steel more nearly exposed than in the other parts. Another chemical solution prepared from platinum, then has the effect of etching the plate in these exposed parts. Mr. Talbot describes the etching as being so complete, that it appears almost as if the shadow of the object had itself corroded the metal. If a veil of black crape be laid upon the metal plate, every thread of it becomes engraved or etched with wonderful precision and distinctness; and if two thicknesses of the crape are placed upon the metal, obliquely to each other, the resulting engraving offers us confusion, but with the help of a lens the lines belonging to each of the folds can be distinguished from those of the other. An analogous process was discovered by some French photographers; and there can hardly be a doubt that great results will be produced by and by, in the production of engraved copies by these means.

Mighty Sol, portrait painter and artist in general, seems to be pretty nearly indifferent to the material on which he works, provided

* Vol. vii. p. 54, vol. viii. p. 37.

it be coated with certain chemical preparations. Silvered copper, plain paper, waxed paper, glass—all will serve as "panels" or "canvases" for this universal genius. And now he has adopted a new ground-work; he produces his pictures on wood. A process has lately been devised, whereby portraits, landscapes, and other subjects, can be produced on any smooth piece of wood. Once let this art surmount a few practical difficulties, and we may soon see wooden snuff-boxes and hand-screens, and other minor elegancies decorated with portraits, or scenes from nature, or copies from celebrated pictures, by photographic aid. Nay, a suggestion has been thrown out, whether photography might be applied to wood blocks for wood engravers, for certain purposes, making the drawings by light instead of by hand.

There is a battle going on between the high-toned artists and the practical men, as to the extent to which photography can justifiably be used in art. The æsthetic advocates view the optical stranger with some distrust, and fear that the power of taking dozens of copies of works of art with very little trouble will disentitle those copies to be designated works of art at all. Some of our eminent men, however—eminent as true artists—declare they are ready to avail themselves of the art of photography, in certain tedious details of their art. A story is told of a noble peeress, whose portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; both the peeress and the artist became tired and cross during the imitation of a satin dress; the impatience of stillness in the one, and the requirement of stillness insisted on by the other, nearly occasioned a collision of tempers. Now it has been urged that the photograph might render admirable aid to an artist, in hundreds of instances such as this. Mechanical exactness the photograph can realise, beyond the power of the eye or the pencil to imitate; and there is ample reason to believe that after accepting aid of this kind in mechanical details, there will always be abundant scope left for the genius of the true artist.

The publication of photographic prints has not yet extended far in England; but in Paris copies of celebrated buildings are sold in large numbers and at low prices. From one negative, many positives may be obtained; as the processes become more and more familiar, the price at which such articles may be sold will become lessened. We have had an example of this kind of art in relation to the Great Exhibition. The Commissioners caused to be prepared, for presentation to the foreign courts, and to a few distinguished bodies, magnificent copies of the Illustrated Catalogue and the Jury Reports, adorned with a large number of photographs relating to exhibited articles; of these photographs there were as many of each taken as there were presentation copies of the whole work; and thus there was a reduplication, or publication, equivalent to that whereby prints of the ordinary kind are diffused among the nations of the world. The great power of multiplication is one secret of the importance of the more recent photographic processes. Daguerre and Talbot, the two chief discoverers in this beautiful art, differed widely in this respect. Daguerre's process gives inverted or reverted pictures, without any power of reproduction or multiplication; but in Talbot's process there is a "negative" produced, whence dozens, or scores, or hundreds of "positives" may be obtained—all cast in the same mould, so to speak.

The power of seeing things when out of sight, as Don Whiskerandos might have said, is given by the aid of photographic pictures. Thus an English engineer has been constructing, over the Dnieper at Kieff, the most magnificent suspension bridge, perhaps, which the world possesses. The puissant Emperor, far away from Kieff, but impatiently longing to know how the work progressed, caused photographs to be sent to him periodically, showing the exact state of the bridge at a given time. Two thousand miles of distance were thus practically annihilated; the Czar could know all that was going on, without stirring from his palace at St. Petersburg, by comparing the photographs successively forwarded to him. Stages of progress, in numerous works of art and of ingenuity, can thus be easily registered, as it were; for each photograph tells a true tale concerning a particular spot at a particular time.

Let us now go from art to literature, and see how photography speeds there.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries, in the early part of the present year, asks whether photography might not be well employed in making fac-similes of valuable and rare ancient manuscripts? He suggests that if copies of such manuscripts could be multiplied at a moderate price, there are many proprietors of libraries who would be glad to obtain such copies, which, for all purposes of reference, would answer equally well with the original. The editor of the journal in question coincides with this view, and adds, "We have now before us a photographic copy of a folio page of a manuscript of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, on which are inscribed a number of characters; and although the copy is reduced so as to be but about two inches high and one and a half broad, it is perfectly legible, and the whole of the contractions are as distinct as if the original vellum was before us." There has been an announcement that a catalogue of the National Library (perhaps now the Imperial Library) of Paris is in preparation, in which a photographic fac-simile of the title-page of each work, in miniature, will be registered—one of the most remarkable means of obtaining rigorous accuracy in catalogues that could possibly be conceived. A bibliopolist could

then tell at a single glance which edition of a celebrated work he would select, by looking at the miniature photographic portrait of its title page. An Antiquarian Photographic Society has just been started, in which each member is to give to all the others copies in photograph of any objects interesting to all—a gift too costly by any other mode of engraving or drawing.

In science, too, photography has done strange things. It is one among the many unexpected ties of union in natural agencies and processes, that that very sun which has so much to do with temperature, and atmospheric pressure, and dew, and rain, and terrestrial magnetism, should now be called upon to assist in registering all these phenomena—he achieves the great results of his own natural powers, and he then makes a record of his results at the bidding of man. This is no exaggeration of what has been developed by the ingenuity of Mr. Brooke. Every one will at once see, that to obtain a perfect record of the indications of the barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, the anemometer, the dipping needle, the declination needle, and other meteorological instruments, so that the whole state of the atmosphere at any one time might be compared with that at any other time, it would be requisite that an observer should be stationed at each instrument night and day continually, to note down the frequent and often unexpected changes. It is the purport of Mr. Brooke's invention to save all this trouble; to make the phenomena register themselves; and moreover to do this more accurately than any observer could accomplish this. A delicate piece of mechanism it is.

If we are ever to know what the Man in the Moon is doing, how he lives, what sort of a house he possesses, what kind of weather he meets with, whether he has any dogs and cats and hares around him, and armies to fight, and steam-engines to work for him,—if we are destined ever to know these things, assuredly the photograph will take a great part in eliciting the information. Even now the photographic portraits of the moon are wonderful achievements. A careful astronomer thought that if, for the nonce, he converted the object glass of his magnificent telescope into a camera, he might, perhaps, procure a photograph of the moon's visible surface. A lens, three inches in diameter, catches a hundred and fifty times more light than the pupil of the eye; and one fifteen inches in diameter catches twenty or thirty times as much as the smaller lens; so that the moon, which yields to the naked eye too small a quantity of light to photograph its own image, may yield amply sufficient by aid of a large and powerful lens. This is the secret of what has been effected. The astronomer placed a prepared silver plate in the focus of a large telescope; he directed the telescope towards the moon, and made it follow the moon's course in its daily arc: he left the moon's light to do the rest. There was produced an exquisite miniature of the moon, about as large as a crown piece; with the peaks, and ring-shaped elevations, and round and oval patches, and dark and light spots, and serrated shadows, and mountain peaks separated by cavities and craters; and the more closely this little miniature was examined by a microscope, the more clearly did the minute details of the lunar surface become developed. Other astronomers may have done this also; but the honour is due to an American, Professor Bond, of having been the first to surmount the difficulties of this delicate experiment.

Nay, the photograph itself may be an astronomical discoverer; it may tell us something of asteroids and distant planets which we wot not of. When the astronomers of England and France were busily searching the heavens for the far distant planet, which two bold mathematicians had predicted, one of them actually saw the wished-for stranger, but without knowing that it was a stranger. It has been suggested, that if there had existed photographic maps of the stars, taken at a few evenings apart, there might have been something to show that one of these stars was the remote Neptune. And it is also considered that, as the stars emit different kinds of light, and as different kinds of light affect photographic surfaces differently, we may by and by obtain some new and highly curious information concerning stars and planets and their light. One of the stars in the constellation Lyra has already presented a photographic portrait of itself: and it has been calculated from the supposed, but almost inexpressible distance of that star, that the light took more than twenty years in travelling from the star to the prepared silver or paper surface. If so, this is perhaps the slowest example of portrait-painting on record. But let us now say a little concerning commerce and manufactures, in connection with photography.

The commercial world becomes every now and then a little alarmed, and not unreasonably so at the startling strides made by science: fearful least the necessary caution observed in trading matters should be occasionally over-dazzled by the brilliancy of modern discoveries. Thus, as photography is copying all sorts of productions, why not copy a Bank of England note? In the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty-three, there was a little stir in this matter. Certain paragraphs appeared in the London newspapers, stating that fraud had been practised on the Bank by means of photographic counterfeits of bank-notes. The alarm elicited many suggestions: among which, one was that the notes should be printed on white paper, as usual, but that the paper should be covered with a tasteful design, printed in colours, and so beyond

the reach of the photograph to imitate. Others, however, deemed the alarm quite uncalled for. One of the members of the Photographic Society, writing to the Times, stated that the detection of photographic fraud would be easy; that the water-mark of a bank-note results from a difference in the substance or thickness of the paper, and is visible only by transmitted light; that an imitated water-mark would be on the surface only, and would present merely a slight darkening of the front of the note: that it would be visible by reflected as well as by transmitted light; that it would be on the surface only; that by doubling a fraudulent note, so as to see at the same time part of the front and part of the back, the fraud would be at once detected. So the matter ended.

Whoever would have thought of the bagman, the commercial traveller, lightening his pack by means of the photograph? Yet such seems actually to be the case, in a mode in which it is not very difficult to understand. Certain large and important firms manufacture solid objects of design in the fine arts: and they furnish their travellers with specimens of their best and most novel productions. These specimens are carried from shop to shop, and from town to town, and are given away at last to the best customers. Now the carriage of such specimens is troublesome; they are either bulky, or they require much care, or both. By stereoscopic photographs, two pictures are produced of one object, each under such an angle or aspect as it would present to one eye only; and when the two pictures are viewed by the two eyes through a stereoscope, the effect of solidity, of length and breadth and depth is produced, and the observer's visual organs are affected very much in the same way as they would be by the actual solid objects which those pictures represent. The notion is, therefore, that the manufactured article will be sent, when finished, to a photographer, who will prepare by the camera the two perspectives for the best view of it; and will provide any number of copies of the photographic couplet (this would perhaps be a convenient name for them) thus produced. The traveller would take these pictures or couplets with him; he would also take a stereoscope, in one of the neat and convenient forms now adopted; he would produce his pictures and his stereoscope to his customer, and by their means convey to him a notion of the appearance of the choice wares of his firms. If further improvements enable the opticians to manufacture good stereoscopes at a cheap price, the system may witness a still more remarkable extension; the shopkeepers or purchasers may have, each his own stereoscope; the manufacturer may send photographic couplets by post; these couplets may be looked at through the stereoscope; and a judgment may thus be formed of the merits of the article submitted for sale.

There are evidently attempts now being made to print ornamental designs on silks and woolen stuffs by means of photography. Hints and short paragraphs meet the eye occasionally, sufficient to show that, either by means of Mr. Talbot's steel engraving process, or by some new development of the art, manufacturers both at home and abroad are trying their hands in this direction. The subject is just in that stage, that any week or any day we may be prepared to hear of photographic novelties, which will produce wonderful results in manufactures.

Railway accidents and war—both bad—are both proposed to be brought under photographic supervision. When a "collision" takes place, the witnesses before a coroner's jury often differ greatly in their accounts of the relative position of the trains or the locomotives on a railway, but it is urged that if a photograph were taken on the spot, this photograph might perhaps be the best witness of all. Such things have been talked about in England; we believe they have actually been accomplished on one or two occasions in Austria. Of war, we must speak in the future tense. The positions of a fleet, of an army, of a bridge of boats, of a besieging party, of a bastioned and parapetted wall, of a redoubt, of a reconnoitering party, are often of the highest moment to a commander, since those positions may determine his course of proceeding. His aides-de-camp and reconnoitering officers give him the most correct information they can furnish on these parts; but what if they could give him faithful pictures, actually showing the state of things at any given moment? The idea is considered so feasible and so valuable, that photographers have actually been sent out with some of the expeditions that have lately left our shores. Strange, scientific, mournful, all at once!

PARIS WITH A MASK ON!

Every spring the people of Paris enjoy three days of the most hilarious madness. The general love of extravagance displays itself fearlessly; and most extraordinary combinations of the elegant and the grotesque is the result. The eve of the carnival is the fête day of the washerwomen. On this day these ladies parade through the capital in elegant carriages, and dressed in the gayest costumes. As illustrations of perfect washing they are without fault. In the evening they have a very grand ball, from which their partners return to prepare for the morrow's revelry. A stranger who has read vivid pictures of carnival gaieties, who has realised the happy custom of throwing splendid bonbons from elegant balconies of Rome—in short, with a mask on—will naturally be in a state of some excitement on the eve of a Parisian carnival. And the shops will have prepared him for a grotesque sight, and

extravagancies of humour to be found only on the banks of the Seine. He has already observed many kinds of horrible masks lying in heaps in shop windows, false noses with a huge bunch of carrots marked upon them, noses turned about like a corkscrew, and suggestive of the indecision of the owner, on the relative merits of the Roman and the pug; noses of proportions altogether irreconcilable with any human face. Then there are terrible Gorgons' heads, faces with livid green eyes, countenances of ghastly hue, physiognomies displaying the Parisian turn for horrible practical jokes upon the regular features of an ordinary man's head. The extravagant caricature of the masks is only equalled by the wild imagination displayed in the fancy costumes. These dangle about you as you pass through the narrow streets, and arrest your attention by their bright colours. The arcades are filled with elegant dominoes; the Rue de Seine exhibits disguises at once effective and cheap. The stranger who has watched all these preparations, who has read the glowing words printed upon gay posters, who has heard the rapturous anticipations of "charmants" balls, and who has heard from the waiter of the hotel, that he, on one night of the carnival, will figure in a princely suit, will inevitably rise on the first carnival morning with some haste. He will be awoke, probably, by the loud voice of the Parisian patterer, crying the authentic account of the route to be followed by the great procession of the "Bœuf Gras!"

The day is very bright: the streets swarm with holiday people. The omnibuses are crowded; blouses are to be seen in cabs very frequently; the open places are gay with snow-white caps and bright shawls; children may be counted by thousands. But where are the masks? You are directed to the Boulevards, or to the Champs Elysées: besides, the day is young. A stroll for two or three hours, relieved by a demi-tasse at the Rotonde, gives proper age to the festival. It is now quite the afternoon. Every Parisian has had his breakfast: in other words, it is three o'clock. The Boulevards are certainly crowded; but again comes the question—where are the masks? Let us confess to a decided disappointment. We stroll about dicontentedly. Presently, however, we hear a great uproar in the distance. People shout, press forward, laugh, and gesticulate, as a large open cart approaches, crammed with nine or ten young fellows dressed in indescribable costumes. Each mask is addressing the crowd from his point of the vehicle, and occasionally throwing sweetmeats amongst them to enjoy the confusion of the scramble. The wild fun passes rapidly on, surrounded by a shouting crowd; and, by degrees, the noise dies away. The maskers look very like a group of supernumeraries dragged from the burlesque of a third-class theatre. We still stroll. We meet little children in all kinds of fancy costumes. Little girls with powdered hair, and white three-cornered hats; boys, by hundreds, in regimentals. The Champs Elysées are crowded—but the fancy dresses are almost without exception upon children. Everybody looks happy—anticipating the fun of the carnival:—but where is the fun? It is true that, amid the yells of a crowd of boys, a couple of maskers have passed, consisting of a woman dressed in man's clothes, and a man in petticoats; but surely there is nothing very funny or very commendable, or even harmless in that! The Luxembourg gardens are crowded, but the masks are very few even here—where the decorum of stiff people is replaced by the free and easy habits of students. After all, the procession of the fat ox is the great event of the carnival—that is, of the carnival seen in the streets. Accordingly, crowds of people assemble at the great points where this wonderful procession is to halt, and the crowding is nowhere, perhaps, more severe than before the entrance to the Luxembourg Palace. The official paper has announced that the procession will reach the Palace gates between two and three o'clock; but the Parisians appear to know, from experience, that an hour and a half's grace is not too much consideration for the corpulency of the ox. At about half-past three, therefore, people begin to cluster near the gateway, and soldiers are posted with their bayonets fixed along the approaches. Nurses come pouring from the stately gardens of the palace, with their gaily dressed charges; soldiers of every regiment stroll—their hands deep in the pockets of their wide trousers—to the attractive spot; blouses appear in groups fourteen or fifteen strong; boys climb into the recesses of the palace windows, and shut out the light from the orange trees within; vendors of gingerbread and liquorice-water advance noisily upon the scene, and the gay equipages of Napoleon's senators dash, at intervals, into the courtyard of the senate house.

Drums in the distance proclaim the approach of the great procession. At the extreme end of the Rue Vaugirard the gleaming spears and helmets of the cavaliers are distinctly visible. The peppery little soldiers near the palace gates push the people back most energetically, as two very gay footmen—one in sky blue satin edged with lace—walk forward, with a stately step, heralding the coming splendour. Of course the next personage of importance who approaches the gateway is a most formidable drum-major, with his enormous stick—about the size and shape of an ordinary curtain pole! Thirty or forty drummers obey the waving of this impressive baton. These are all dressed in the regimentals of drummers of the last century. Behind them follow cavaliers of all ages—well dressed, and well mounted. Next on the list are men bearing banners; these are followed by Druids—one Druid, by the way, with a short pipe

tucked in his belt. Behind the Druids is the fat ox, gaily decorated, and led by three attendants, one of whom is a butcher in his working dress. The procession is closed by a grand car, in which a number of ladies and gentlemen are seated, dressed to represent Industry and other virtues, followed by some cavalry, to keep the crowd off.

This procession is marshalled in the court-yard of the palace; a lively air is played by its band: a present is made or expected,—and then it files off, amid the cries of the crowd, down the Rue de Tournon, on its way through the Champs Elysées to the slaughter-house, near the Barrière de Roule. Yes, to the slaughter-house! For, after all, those noble cavaliers with their dancing plumes; those classic Druids with their solemn looks; those representatives of virtues, in the car, are butchers and butchers' daughters! The procession consists entirely of butchers—and starts from and returns to a slaughter-house. The pageant owes its existence to the spirit of advertising, even at this expensive rate, shown by a famous butcher in the Rue St. Honoré. It is he who generally bids the highest for the prize ox; and the fact that it is *his* ox which is generally paraded through the streets during the carnival days, is said to bring him considerable custom. It is also reported that he generally presents the choice parts of this famous animal to his important customers.

The fun of the old carnival, however, has now retired from the open streets. The police still annually issue stringent regulations, prohibiting all manner of indecorum, and restraining the old humourists who used to throw their yearly bag of flour from their window upon the crowd below. Men will not mask in the streets with a policeman at their heels. But, give them free way in a dancing hall, and it soon becomes obvious that the old spirit of masked revelry exists still in great vigour. From the Empress at the Tuileries to the dame de la halle—free for the day from the cares of her stall near the fountain—the people of Paris array themselves in fancy dresses for the evening dance. This year, for instance, the Empress wore a Greek costume; the hotel waiter was, for the night, Richelieu at least. And thus, when night has fairly closed in, Paris presents a remarkable aspect. People of all degrees are flitting about quickly, in every conceivable variety of costume. The better classes are seen only through citadine windows; the poorest, in their white calico trimmed with red ditto, trudge rapidly on foot. Balls are going on everywhere, and the morrow's sunrise will reveal hundreds of dukes and princes returning to their apartments on the fifth story with pale faces and wild hair. The French understand masks. They generally act well. They take a joke good-humouredly, and even enjoy it. We have to add that they are thoroughly accustomed to masks—and nowhere is life more wildly burlesqued behind them than in one of those out-of-the-way balls frequented by the poorer and less conventional classes.

The room in which the ball is held, has been described as a curious combination of the style disinterred from Herculaneum, of the cave of Ali Baba, the accessories of Paul Veronese and the cheap dining salons of the Palais Royal. On all sides, are flags and curtains of different colours—on all sides ludicrous devices, associating the classic with the modern—an umbrella and a sword being gracefully hung across a shield, for instance! In this ball-room are assembled crowds of people, dressed in costumes the most incongruous—in caricatures the most absurd. Here is a pair of cavalry trousers walking gravely about, surmounted by a helmet; the hands of the wag inside protruding through the pocket-holes. This figure is named Colonel of Carbineers in Lapland. The crowd presents so many ridiculous figures that it is difficult to select illustrations. But here is a man who has confined his attention solely to his hat. Certainly it is a wonderful affair. Worked upon it, the student may trace a rich course of philosophy. Here, as a central design, are the Death's head and cross bones, and around are grouped the four aces, knuckle-bones, a pipe culottée, and a portrait of Henry the Fourth. In the neighbourhood of this remarkable hat, wanders one of the many Mesdames de Genlis figuring about Paris on these festive nights, with her hands in her trousers pockets. The Hospodar of Wallachia approaches (almost buried under the folds of his enormous turban) the Bride of Lammermoor, who repulses his advances with becoming dignity. The pale bride is dressed in black velvet. A young Albanian goes quietly about with a pair of false moustaches, to judge of the effect of the natural pair he hopes to enjoy some day. He jostles the Mameluke, who is troubled with a huge pair of gendarme's boots. This masker growls, then presses his way forwards through the dense throng of pierrots, hussars, Knights of Malta in formidable numbers, Trojan warriors, troubadours without voices, and statesmen of all ages without places! The ladies, however, do not offer that variety of costume which their cavaliers present. With the exception of a stray milkmaid or two, and the discreet dominoes, the fair ladies are generally pierrettes or débardeurs. The reader may imagine this wonderful carnival company forming the first cold quadrille. Here is the Hospodar of Wallachia leading off the Bride of Lammermoor; and Count d'Aubusson arm in arm with the Domino Noir, and Madame de Genlis takes her hands out of her pockets to enjoy a quadrille with the Mameluke.

The first quadrille is a quiet affair; the gentlemen confine their attention to a few heavy steps by way of testing the floor;—but wait for the third or fourth quadrille, when carnival humour is at its height. The pas seul is then the great opportunity. One gentleman throws

himself deliberately on his stomach—his vis-à-vis jumps over his body, and throws himself down in the same position by his side, and then the humourous pair twirl rapidly round to the time of the orchestra, and at the proper moment return to their feet with a spring. But the performances of this ingenious couple are outdone by the two gentlemen on the right. While one absolutely stands upon his head during his solo time, his opposite neighbour brings him the two ladies, holding each in the air at arm's length. The carnival humours have now fairly begun. The hussars throw aside their shakos, the Hospodar relieves himself from the weight of his turban, the Roman takes his helmet off, and with it his dignity. Barley-water and other sweet drinks are consumed in great quantities. The whirl—the madness—becomes absolutely terrific before supper-time. Supper is served as wildly as the dances have been danced. Galantine. soup, wine, at once sour and abundant, Savoy biscuits, grouped in twenty different ways, and with various sweetening essences, and bearing most dignified names, and bits of poultry in curious sauces, make up the supper. As the wine is imbibed; as the consumption of punch becomes general: as the champagne corks keep time to the rising songs; and as the daylight breaks upon the revellers, the scene becomes a most extravagant one. Anybody is talking, and nobody is listening. Twenty distinct songs are being sung at the same time, until one singer with a tremendous voice obtains a hearing. He shouts some popular song; the revellers form in lines and singing the well-known air, make a triumphal march round the ball-room. The proceedings terminate usually with a tremendous galop.

And then the Hospodar may be seen looking mournfully out of a cab window at the good country-people who are going with their loads of vegetables to the Halle; at the milk-women sitting under the great gateways, serving their customers (for the Paris milkwomen do not call upon their consumers); at the hungry crowds of men and women, holding all kinds of utensils, and pressing about the doorways of the great restaurants, waiting for the hour when the broken fragments of the great dinners of yesterday shall be distributed to the poor; at the crowds of men who are removing the little heaps of rubbish from the doorway of every house. The Hospodar is happily in time for the opening of his patron's shop, so he puts away his heavy turban, smoothes his moustaches, and prepares for the business of the day. He may however, be a tradesman on his own account: in this case he saunters off to the nearest café to dominoes and absinthe.

The reader has to imagine a hundred balls—all on the model of that described, and all going on at the same time; also balls of more pretensions, and more splendid dresses, in the fashionable quarters; with the great ball at the Tulieries at the head of the list—and he may have a faint picture of the gaiety of a carnival night in Paris. The street display has dwindled to a mere melancholy pretence. Paris has ceased to wear a mask out of doors, but in the salons—in the great assembly rooms—on the ball nights at the Italian Opera—then, people in various disguises, give way to their mirthful spirit, and, from a privacy which is safe from invasion, flirt and laugh to their heart's content.

In the streets, the butchers with their prize ox enjoy a monopoly of public favours; but the stranger must not think that Paris no longer wears a mask, because the mask is not worn on the Boulevards, or in the fashionable walk of the Champs Elysées.

AT THY PERIL.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Awake from dreams to-day!
Arouse thee. careless sleeper,
Cast not the thought away.
Thou from a golden chalice,
Dost drink the ruby wine,
Thine home a stately palace.
Where wealth and splendour shine.

"Art though thy brother's keeper?"
Life's page to thee reads fair,
But gaze a little deeper,
And other tales lie there.
With sullen look and stolid,
'Mid wretchedness and strife,
Beneath yon roof-tree squalid,
How drags thy brother's life?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"
Swift as the viewless wind,
Speeds on one mighty Reaper,
His harvest sheaves to bind;
His earliest prey finds shelter
These sordid roofs beneath,
Where vice and misery swelter
In hot beds ripe for Death.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"
Such homes abut on thine,
The dim eyes of the weeper
Mocked by thy banquet's shine.
Say'st thou, "Such ills are nameless,
They touch not such as we!"
Alas! canst Thou be blameless,
That things like This should be?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"
One course the foe doth run,
Nor Volga's stream Dnieper
Bars out this ruthless Hun.
Who shall the myriads number,
This "Scourge of God" may kill?
While sunk in selfish slumber
Securely dream ye still?

Thou art thy brother's keeper,
This charge thou canst not flee,
The path of right grows steeper
Daily to him, to thee.
A reckoning shall be taken,
A reckoning stern and deep.
Woe! unto those who waken
Then first from careless sleep!

Thou art thy brother's keeper,
War, pestilence, and dearth,
These besoms of the Sweeper
Invade the homes of earth.
A blackened path and sterile
Conducts them to thy door,
And at thy proper peril,
Dost thou neglect the poor!

A CANNY BOOK.

Wars, rumors of wars, plagues, famines, fires, civil commotions, and human wickedness, notwithstanding, this dear old island we live in has done much, in each successive age of its history to merit and maintain its name, of "merry England." There is in the English character, a rich vein of dry, quietly chuckling humour and merriment—a sober satire—a business-like jocoseness, very different from the uneasy though sparkling, elaborated though facund wit of the French. Old and young women, and even little children, are witty in France; valets-de-chambre shine in epigram, and chambermaids in repartee; French caricatures are pointed and stinging, French comedies and vaudevilles spiritual and epigrammatic; but they are seldom humorous and never funny. The substitute for fun in France is coarseness; and a "chanson grivois" is far less comic than untranslatable.

I have heard of "farceurs" and "spruchsprechers" zanies, buffoons, and court-fools, on the continent in all ages; but I can claim for England an almost entire monopoly of the "merry men," "waggish fellows," "droll knaves," "pleasant jests," "diverting histories of one that did such and such a thing," "humorous ballads," "new joké books," "comical relations," and "laughable anecdotes," of this and of preceding ages. Some of Messer Boccaccio's heroes and stories were in truth merry enough, but of what order of merriment are they? There must have been a "merry man" in Verona, sometime husband to a respectable elderly female that was nurse to the Lady Juliet; his widow vouched for his merriment, but that is all we know of him. For aught we can tell he might have been the ancestor of the Signor N.N. (or non nominato) who plays the small parts in the Italian Operas; and after all he was but a creation of our Shakspeare's brain—a fictitious merry man transplanted for the nonce to the soil of Italy, but of English origin and antecedents.

Long may the "merry men" of England live. There is scarcely a family in London without a funny uncle or a brother-in-law who is a confirmed wag; no dinner-table is complete without a funny story-teller, no evening party properly framed without a guest essentially facetious. There is always one abnormally funny man in the pit of every theatre, who is a pleasant pestilence, and makes laughter contagious. In every crowd waiting for a procession, watching a fire, hearing an election speech, your wag is unfailingly present; even the stern board of parish officials has its jocular guardian; the county jail has its one turnkey, at least, "fond of a joke;" and Mr. Tressels, the undertaker, has, I will be bound, more than one "comical chap" among his gentlemen in black.

More than this, there is not a dull, ignorant, clodhopping little village in England without its merry fellow, and traditions of waggish men and sayings. Not later than last Thursday, sitting on a knoll in a green churchyard in Kent, and entertaining myself with quiet talk with the gravedigger (who must either have read Hamlet, and so "made up" for the part, or else have been a direct descendant of Shakspeare's gravedigger, for he was all waistcoats and sententious witticisms), I had pointed out to me a tombstone, which as my informant averred, "parties had come to see," as far as from the East Injies. Perusing it, I found a comfortable inscription "to the pleasant memory of Peter Isnell, clerk of this parish." He was a merry man, was Peter, for a prodigious number of years, the inscription went on to say, and dropped down dead, "going to a wedding," at a ripe old age. A punning rhyming stanza on the word "Amen," which Peter had passed so many years of his life in chanting, followed this annoucement; but I have forgotten it, and neglected to transcribe it. I know the epitaph concluded with a statement that the inhabitants of the parish had liberally subscribed to raise this stone in perpetuation of Peter's "pleasant memory." I should like to have known Peter. There are many more village churchyards in England, where similar pleasant fellows repose, undisturbed by the pattering of the laughing children's feet, and the hoofs of the clergyman's cob, browsing amongst the graves. And there are many alive too, I am glad to say, in quiet little out of the way hamlets—merry fellows who come with hot faces, in their shirt sleeves into the village alehouse on summer afternoons, and season the cool ale with jests and pleasant sayings. And there are plenty more of country people to appreciate these facetious villagers living, and epitaphise them dead: cotton, cog-wheels, strikes and lock-outs notwithstanding.

I have lately been dawdling through an old book (it is impossible to read one through with the fierce thirsty earnestness with which you attack a new volume)—a little old, weazen, yellow-leaved book, commemorating the pleasantries of the remarkably business-like and money-making waggish town of "canny Newcastle." Incompatible as the two first qualities would seem with the last, "canny" Newcastle possesses them all. Those who have the pleasure of numbering among their friends some of those worthy fellows with the stalwart forms, the gruff voices, the cool

heads, the warm hearts, the at first almost incomprehensible but afterwards sonorous and colloquial dialect, hight Newcastle or Newcassel men, will remember what prodigious wags these big Northcountrymen were (and are). They will call to mind the droll songs delivered in a patois which to the Southerner would be Sanscrit; the jokes of the pitmen, the facetious stories of Jemmy this, and daft Andrew that. Who has not read that delicious yearling of barbarous humour, the Bairnsla Fouk's Annual? I have a great respect for Tim Bobbin, for the illustrious Pattie Natt, of Manchester, and for the Lancashire humorists generally; but for a pre-eminence in sober facetiæ, and sly waggishness, I will decidedly back the children of that coaly, merry town of the high level bridge.

Histories and merriments, as the droll contents of my little book are called by the binder, for want of a better title, seem to have been favourites in Newcastle, from time immemorial. To the dozen or two of little duodecimo pamphlets of which the volume is composed, there is not one to which a date is affixed. They are all printed at Newcastle, "in this present year;" but from internal evidence, they would seem to have been published at uncertain periods during the last century. Moreover, they are all decorated with *wood-cut* frontispieces, most hideously barbarous in design and execution, but entitled to reverence and respect, I think, as the forerunners of that glorious revival of the art of wood-engraving of which William Bewick, of Newcastle, (and for *his* dry humour see his vignettes and tail-pieces) was the pioneer and champion.

Let us see what the merry men of Newcastle have to say to us in the "Whetstone for Dull Wits; a Posie of New and Ingenious Riddles, to promote innocent mirth among friends:"

QUESTION:

"Into this world I came hanging,
And when from the same I was 'ganging' (Very canny this!)
I was bitterly battered and squeezed,
And then with my blood they were pleased."

A most villainous wood-cut, in black and white blotches, is appended to this mysterious question, representing a battlemented tower on one side, a public-house and sign-post on the other, and in the centre two men in cocked hats, holding a long pole athwart a machine strongly resembling a guillotine; but the key to the "Whetstone" is as oil to it, and refreshes our dull wits. *Answer:* "It is a pippin pounded into cyder."

Another wood-cut, representing a blazing sun, perfectly black, but supposed by its coruscating rays to be blazing like anything; in the left-hand top corner a lattice window, detached from any house or other edifice whatsoever. Centre, a splodge of shovel form, supposed to be a tree. Left centre, a lady-costume of the period. Right centre, a gentleman "toujours" with a cocked hat, which is flying off towards the blazing sun.

QUERY:

"Two calves and an ape
They made their escape
From one that is worse than a spright,
They travelled together
In all sorts of weather,
But often were put a flight."

The answer is somewhat adumbrated: "Tis a man flying from a scolding wife. The calves and the ape signifiying the calves of his legs, and the nape of his neck, which, by travelling, were exposed to the weather."

"A man and no man
Like Fury laid on
Sir, Green that was drowned in sour
With Sir, white and black
He stood to the tack
Till all of them he did devour."

To this follows a wood-cut, three latticed windows "à l'ordinaire" our old friend in the cocked hat, seemingly bewailing over a clothes-basket, and on either side of him, and considerably larger than his own person, a pair of shears and a pair of empty galligaskins. Then comes this most libellous solution to the query. Answer: "'Tis a taylor at dinner, with one dish of cucumbers served up with pepper, salt and vinegar."

The unhandsome allusion to the sartorial profession, and the mean insinuation that he could not afford *white* pepper, are unworthy of our otherwise genial friend.

"It hath many eyes
But never a Nose,
When down from the Skies
Wind bitterly blows
And likewise do fall
Abundance of rain
It faces them all
And scorns to complain."

Curiously enough, our intimate acquaintance the window is omitted in the illustration, for the triumphant answer to the query is, "a lattice window."

Many other queries are to be found in our Whetstone. The querist is remarkably hard in every convenient instance upon our useful allies the tailors; he puts subtle queries as to those whilom Newcastle favourites the fighting cocks, men pelted in the pillory, horncombs, weavers' shuttles, the "feenix which is held to live six hundred years," and a "little beast in India, called a cameleon." The accomplished engraver too is always up to the scratch with his little man with the cocked hat; in one case where he with that tricornered article of dress is beating violently two other little men (without cocked hats) who are lying on the ground, all along in one piece, he is made to stand for Samson wielding the jaw-bone of the ass. We will conclude with two more queries which are Newcastle all over, strong, active, and determined.

"I did see a fight tother day
A damsel did begin the fray
She with her daily friend did meet,
Then standing in the open street :
She gave such hard and sturdy blows
He bled ten gallons at the nose
Yet neither seemed to faint or fall
Nor gave her no abuse at all."

Answer : "It is a Pump."
Again—

"Ralph Trundle was a jovial blade
Of mighty courage stout and free,
And many a worthy match he made
At once to fight with three times three
A gets himself within a throng
And kicks and cuffs 'em by the ears
And fairly lays 'em all along
Though he be short and he be tall
As often fairly throws 'em all."

Answer : "It is a bowl at ninepins." No doubt, the description is accurate enough ; but there is a hidden meaning in this. The little stout man kicking and cuffing the big Goliaths of Gath by the ears and laying them "all along" is quite Epic. Some doughty little champion must be sub-understood, the cock of Newcastle and the terror of the adjoining pitmen.

The "Poet's Jests" form another section of my canny book ; "a collection of pleasant and merry conceits : some of which (as is ingenuously observed) are known to be true and the rest may be the like. Newcastle, printed in this year."

"A poet meeting with some Sergeants of the Counter whom he knew, they asked him to drink, which he accepted. Then one of them asked him if he would eat? He thankfully said yes. So they sent for some roast beef for him, which he ate heartily of, heartily crying that they were the pillars of the nation ; and when he had satisfied himself they desired him to explain his meaning. Truly, said he, I did say you were the pillars of the nation, but I did mean the catterpillars. At which they were greatly amazed."

I should say they were.

"II. Another poet having the sole of his shoe flat loose, went into a house to borrow a knife to cut it off, where he met with one of his acquaintance, who asked him how his body did. Truly, said the poet, my body is in a good condition but I am afraid I shall lose my sole. At which his friend was amazed and wished him not to despair. With these words the poet held up his foot and showed him his sole, at which he laughed heartily and made him drink for his gest's sake."

This is all very melancholy. The ragged poet and the careless friend who makes him drink for his jest's sake. How could you relieve so diverting a vagabond but by making him drink. Who was the poet, I wonder ! Johnson perhaps, Savage very likely.

"XXI. A gentleman was once committed to the Tower, being again enlarged, was walking along and a beggar that knew him followed him and begged heartily of him, saying, Sir, you know that you and I have been in all the prisons in London. You are an impudent lying rogue, says the gentleman, for I have never been in any but the Tower. O, Sir, says he, and I have been in all the rest."

It is not stated whether the gentleman relieved the beggar or not. Perhaps like the poet's friend he made him drink for his jest.

Here is a very knotty jest :

"A moneyless man who was almost choked with thirst, went into a cookshop and called for twelve penny loaves, which were brought him, but he wanted drink more than victuals and called for a penny pot of drink, and gave the drawer a penny loaf for it, and so he did fill his thirst with twelve pennyworth of drink, was fully satisfied, and gave for every pennyworth of drink a pennyworth of bread ; so being pretty well filled, up he gets and is going away. Nay, stay, says the cook, who pays for your drink? Why, says he, did I not give you a pennyworth of bread for every pennyworth of drink. Ay ! but who pays for the bread then? Why, says he, have you not your bread again?"

There are many other excellent jests told of a "crafty fellow over head and ears in debt," a "gentleman that used to be smart in repartees," a "drunkard having but one of his eyes left with drinking," a soldier whose chance it was to be travelling through Cambridgeshire on a dark night," a "certain country justice," and other facetious characters. I notice, however, that the Editor rather unhandsomely abandons the poets at the very outset of the volume—probably thinking his readers might be disgusted with the two first samples of the children of Parnassus. He devotes himself instead to a record of the waggeries committed by, or more frequently committed upon, "a gentleman from Scotland," a "Scots Lord," an "honest Highlander walking along Holborn with a broadsword," or the much saying and suffering "Teague," or Irishman. There is also a notable story of a "parson and a clerk having a mind for a whet before service," which, inasmuch as it is a very old Joe indeed, the writer of this has heard frequently told at decorous dinner tables as applied to parsons of the present day.

"Cambridge Jests, being Wit's recreation, printed at Newcastle in this present year," unknown,—I wish sincerely I could produce the marvellous frontispiece, representing the town of Cambridge—is full of stories about "merry young Cambridge Gentlemen," who appear at that time to have far surpassed their Oxonian brethren in waggishness. The compilation, however, is not consistent, for the jests diverge from Alma Mater to a "young fellow in Flanders," a "priest in Catalonia" a "rich vintner in London," and a "country fellow praying devoutly before an image of St. Lop" (?)

We must enter our protest, too, against the introduction into a selection professing to treat of Cantabrigian jests, of anecdotes of a "condemned person riding up Holbourn Hill in a cart," a "gentleman in Burgundy, and that excellent poet Virgil." On Cambridge jests follow "the puzzle : a short collec-

tion of five hundred conundrums, necessary to devote the spleen and melancholy with young and old people." In the puzzle we are asked why "quartering of places and pensions is so unsatisfactory;" "How B. W. came to ride in a chariot," and "Why the people smoak the fresh boughs that are put into the chimney."

A collection of choice cookery receipts, toujours printed at Newcastle in this present year, diversifies the more facetious contents of the "histories and merriments;" but the gem of this Newcastle coronal of canniness is the "Pleasant and delightful history of the unfortunate Daughter, set forth in two parts." The prologue to this humorous yet tragical poem is succinct, but eloquent:

"The unfortunate son you have had before,
Accept the daughter and then no more."

The unfortunate daughter's name was Gillian, frequently abbreviated in the progress of the poem into Jill, and a near relative, we suspect, of the Jill who went up the hill with Jack to procure a pail of water. However, this Gillian was the daughter of a man to whom, being both bold and coy, she caused much annoy; she called her father "Sawcy Jack," and "bad names to his face," though so young (four years of age) she was "bold enough to call her mistress fool."

"Her father went down the cellar trim
His fortune was so bad,
She cast the cellar door on him,
And almost killed her dad."

She burned her schoolfellows' books, if their looks displeased her. She ran away from home after her father's cellar misadventure, justly thinking, if he should revive, that she would be "banged." As she was running through the park she fell into the well, and would have been drowned, as Gillian "herself can testify." The keeper took her home to her father.

"Her father with a cudgel great
Beheld her with a frown,
He thought his daughter for to keep,
But knocked the keeper down."

Thinking that he had killed the keeper, Gillian's papa was constrained to "run away with might and main." Gillian thought to revive the keeper with aquavitæ, but gave him aquafortis instead, which very nearly poisoned him, but though he did not die, the undutiful conduct of Gillian grieved her father to the heart. As for that young lady, the fear of punishment had induced her to commit suicide:

"By this time Gill herself had hanged
Upon a rafter high
To save herself from being 'banged'
For all her villany.
Her father saved her life, 'tis said
He cut her down in haste,"

"Before that Gillian was quite well,
And her did soundly baste,
Oh! had the old man longer staid
Till she had quite been hanged
She then had saved herself 'tis said
From being soundly 'banged.'"

Gillian's career appears after this to have been one dismal course of villany and "banging." She was "banged" for baking the children's clothes in the oven, when at service with a farmer's wife. She was "banged piteously" for frying pancakes at unseemly times; she was "banged," and thrown down stairs by her master for an accident which happened to her while cutting the children's meat on a trencher, and which is thus apologetically related,

"Now they shall understand
What happened suddenly
Let none at Gillian scoff
For sure 'twas not her will
To cut the boy's two fingers off
Her humour to fulfil."

Thus ends the first canto of the Unfortunate Daughter; in the second part Gillian is spoken of as "Gillian, that fine girl, the glory of the land, daughter unto William Pearl." Her glory and her fineness, however, only brought her into shame and sorrow. Wearied with her home,

"She then resolved to seek her fortune
Did ask her father leave,
And every day did importune
And nothing else did crave
To make her fortune she must go
To range the world all round
Her father willing was thereto
And gave her twenty pound."

We cannot sufficiently praise the liberality of the venerable William Pearl; but we must be pardoned if we entertain a suspicion that William was actuated by a strong desire to get rid of Gillian for good and all, and it was that caused him to open his purse so widely.

The unfortunate daughter was speedily knocked down, and robbed of her little all; she was subsequently accused of stealing gold and silver plate, and cast into jail, and as "'size and sessions did draw near," was in great fear of being hanged. She was however liberated, and married a worthy shepherd who had been left by his uncles the liberal provision of five hundred pounds a year. It is now recorded of Gillian that she was

"———in her silk gown
And many to her sends
She never is without a crown
To spend among her friends."

Alas! she had soon to say, "Dum felix eris multos numerabis amicos;" the shepherd happens to ascertain some particulars of her former misconduct, and being a shepherd of strict morality, forthwith turned her out of

doors. She now turned pedlar, selling "points and pins," and occasionally crying "Maids, have you any coney-skins." The end of her career was fast approaching. She turned fortune-teller;

"And something leaned to cutpurse of quick hand."

For one "Sim," whose surname is not stated, she undertook to secure the affections of "Mistress Annis Low." Failing in this, the ungallant Sim called her witch, "beat her then with all his might," (a reminiscence of her early bangings) and tore her hair out by handsful. After kicking her piteously in addition, the ruffian took his departure. And now comes the catastrophe of this most moving of epics. It is sudden, it is terrible, but it is not very clear;

"Ashame of all such arts, quoth Gill,
In vain I make my moan,
Shall I be fortune teller still
And cannot tell my own.
With that she stepped aside
Not thinking any ill,
And there came one in height of pride
And did poor Gillian kill."

Who was "one in height of pride?" Why and how did he kill Gillian?

In the "Northern Garland," printed at Newcastle in this present year, we have "The life and death of Sir Hugh of the Grime," the "Blythesome Wedding," the "Sporting Haymakers," "Sawney and Teague," and half-a-score more old ballads which you may hear roared forth to this day in North Country alehouses. Sir Hugh of the Grime was a great character.

"As it befel upon a time
About Midsummer of the year
Every man was tart of his crime
For stealing the Lord Bishop's mare
The Good Lord Screw saddled a horse
And rid after him for some time
Before he got over the Moss
There he was aware of Sir Hugh of the Grime."

The knightly horse-stealer, as some of our readers may have heard before, was vanquished to the good Lord Screw, and with the assistance of ten yeomen, who came through the moss, captured and conveyed to "Garland Town," where the good Lord Bishop, sitting as judge in his own cause, condemned him to be hanged; and, notwithstanding the intercession of "Lord Bowles," and good "Lady Ward," hanged was Sir Hugh accordingly. This fine old border ballad was otherwise known as Johnny Armstrong.

Newcastle, and this "present year," are yet rich in "Histories and Merriments," but I can do little else than enumerate them. There is the "merry piper," being the second part of the "Friar and the Boy"—the further progress of Jack's frolicsome intrigues, full of mirth and reception. Jack's exploits were principally devoted to the annoyance of his step-mother, who had used him cruelly. There is a gorgeous history of Jack Horner, containing not only the Christmas pie-eating performances of that young gentleman, but also his "witty tricks and pleasant pranks which he played from his youth to his riper years;" how he "frightened the poor taylor for cabbaging cloth out of his livery coat;" how he "served six fidlers;" how he "slew a monstrous giant," and at last came to marry a knight's daughter.

There, in this "canny" book, is to be found the "Welsh Traveller," or the unfortunate Welshman; the "History of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesdale;" the curious old story of "Ambrose Gwynnett," and finally, a "Relation of the Surprising Adventures of Houran Banow, a Turkish Merchant, as related by himself before the Great Mogul." From one of Houran Banow's adventures I find has been taken the plot and incidents of the farce of the "Illustrious Stranger," in which we all remember the inimitably humorous performance of Mr. Harley.

With the surprising adventures of Houran Banow, I shut up my canny little Newcastle book.

CHIPS.

PRIMOGUET.

The departure of the French fleet from the harbour of Brest has been nearly as interesting an event to the English as the sailing of our own fleet from Spithead. Several magnificent vessels of war were towed out into the open sea by a steamer named the Primoguet. Among them were the ninety-gun ship, the Jean Bart, and afterwards the glorious ninety-gun ship, the Duguesclin. Almost every one knows who Jean Bart, the famous sailor of Dunkirk, was, and most people who have crossed the Channel in that direction have seen the gallant French hero's bust set up in the principal square of that somewhat dull, but very important maritime town; and as for the Breton hero Duguesclin, he is as well known as the Black Prince himself; but in England, very few, when they read the name given to the steamer of four hundred horse-power which has done so much useful service, can tell who Primoguet was.

Primoguet was a gallant captain of Brittany, who defended the fleet from the attacks of the English, at the time when Henry the Eighth of England, joined with the Emperor Maximilian of Austria, was on bad terms with Louis the Twelfth of France, who had united the province of Brittany to the mother-country, by his marriage with the Duchess Anne, widow of his predecessor, Charles the Eighth.

Anne, Duchess of Brittany, came into possession of her sovereignty at the age of fourteen; she was full of spirit, courage, and

dignity, as well as beauty and accomplishments, and had a firm will and dauntless mind, but she was too weak to contend against France, and was forced to become twice the queen of the country to which she brought Brittany as her dower. She adored her Breton home and her Breton people, and was proud of the power of her navy: to her may be ascribed the honour of having first furnished a navy to France; and she it was who, at her own expense, built some of the finest ships which had ever appeared in the French seas, her husband, Louis the Twelfth, being straitened in his means in consequence of the expenses of his Italian wars, for he was busy at this time in conquests over the Venetians, the Milanese, and the Pope.

The Queen had instituted an order for ladies called the Cordelière, which was famous in her time, for several reasons: the chief was, that no lady could be admitted into it whose character did not stand on the very highest pinnacle of female excellence, for Anne of Brittany had so purified the court during her two reigns, that such virtue and propriety was never before known in France as during her time; and to be one of her maids of honour was enough to prove that lions, according to an ancient belief, would at once lie down tame at the feet of these Unas. All the nobles of the period strove, and clamoured, and petitioned to be allowed to choose wives from amongst this band of beautiful perfections, and it was Queen Anne who regulated all the marriages of her ladies of the Cordelière.

The word was a talisman throughout France; and even now, carved on many a palace wall at Amboise, at Tours, at Loches, and elsewhere, may be seen the Queen's cognisance, as famous in its way as the salamander of Francis the First. When, therefore, Anne commanded one of the most magnificent and powerful vessels that had ever been built in the docks of Brest, to be sent forth to aid her husband's navy, she christened it "La Cordelière," and gave the command of it to one of her chief captains, the bold and gallant Breton, Herué Primoguet.

The English had been committing many wanton ravages on the coast, and hitherto the French fleet, commanded by a celebrated captain named Prégent, had vainly sought to chastise them, although they had ventured far into the English seas with the hope and intention of doing so. The English admiral, and his ships—elated with success—came boldly down upon his adversaries, and it was then that Captain Primoguet and his gallant Cordelière first encountered him: a desperate engagement ensued, but the English vessels were numerous, and the Cordelière and her companions could not stand against so many, and were unwillingly obliged to sail away, pursued hotly by the English admiral to the very entrance of the bay of Brest.

Primoguet was deeply mortified at this, and swore that, as soon as his vessels were repaired, he would lead them forth again, and either bring the English admiral's ship, the Regent, prisoner into port, or perish in the attempt.

It was on St. Laurence's day, in the year fifteen hundred and thirteen, that Primoguet sailed out of port, directing his course to where he hoped to find the Regent, which he was not long in doing. No sooner did the two fleets come in sight of each other, than they prepared for a desperate affray. There was, however, a great inequality in the forces; for the French had but twenty vessels, all small, except the Cordelière; and the English had no less than eighty, most of them of infinitely larger size. This, however, did not deter the French from attacking; and it soon became known that the English admiral was so severely wounded that he was carried away and landed on the English coast, where he shortly afterwards died of the injuries he had received. The combat went on more furiously than ever, and several English vessels were disabled or sunk; at length the Regent, and the Cordelière approached each other near enough to grapple. The crews of both vessels fought with the utmost fury, but at length that of the Regent, finding that there was no other hope of saving their ship, from their topmast cast fire into the Cordelière, which almost instantly burst into flames.

The French sailors, seeing that there was no possibility of extinguishing the fire, and aware that there was no other chance for life, threw themselves into the sea in the hope of escaping by swimming; but Captain Primoguet, resolving that, if his gallant Cordelière must be destroyed, the Regent should share her fate,—turned the burning side of his vessel to the wind in such a manner that the flames must reach the enemy. This terrific manœuvre took effect, and both ships were enveloped in the same conflagration.

In sight of the rest of the fleet, whose hostilities were suspended as they gazed in agonised commiseration on this terrible catastrophe, the vessels burnt on to the water's edge. Primoguet lingered as long as possible on the topmast head, till, finding it giving way, he cast himself, "all armed as he was," says the historian, D'Argentré, "into the boiling sea, and was drowned in spite of all efforts to save him, his heavy armour preventing his swimming."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE CADI.

The Cadi is an august apparition, and I sit in a kiosch or summer-house, which overlooks the sea, conversing with him. We are having one of those dear dreamy conversations that I used to love in old time, when I

lived among the quaint and simple scholars of pleasant Germany. But I think the conversation of the Cadi is still more quaint and simple. There is a delightful and child-like gravity about it which refreshes and improves me as I listen.

Let me describe the Cadi. He is a tall fair man, beautiful as the hero of an Eastern tale. He wears a snow-white turban on his head, and flowing robes, of a texture at once rich and delicate. I am sorry, upon the whole, that the Cadi wears the British shoe, because I think he would look better in Turkish slippers. I would rather not look at his feet therefore; my eyes repose with much greater pleasure on the chaplet of amber beads which he is playing with; and on his dignified and manly beard. His face wears an expression of habitual good humour, and there is that general sunny openness about it which bespeaks a clear conscience. If I were a prisoner I should like to be judged by the Cadi, for I am sure that his judgment would be tempered with mercy. I think you might believe in the Cadi's word as implicitly as in that of the best gentleman in Europe. I feel instinctively that he is incapable of anything tricky or vulgar. There is something at once simple and grand about the man. He commands immediate friendship and respect from all who know him.

One of the Cadi's attendants has refilled our pipes, and he presents them silently with his hand upon his heart. He presents the Cadi his pipe first, according to the custom of the East; but the Turkish gentleman smiles a mute apology to me as he takes it, and does not place it to his lips until I am served. Then as we sink back luxuriously in our cushions, and the westerly breezes come trooping in through the open window, the Cadi requests that I will "be at large." This is a Turkish manner of telling me to make myself at home, and I take it as such.

I now inform the Cadi that I called on him a few days since, and was so unlucky as not to find him at home. I merely say this by way of commencing the conversation. But the open brow of the Cadi looks quite troubled, and he tells me that when he returned and found I had called in his absence, the circumstance had the same effect upon him as "a second deluge;" for the Cadi, like all Turks of the higher class is as grand in his language as in his person. I am not quite prepared for this view of the case on the part of my host, and I assure him that the regret should be on my side, but he stoutly adheres to his former opinion, and repeats it several times with the utmost gravity.

So we sit silent for a few minutes, looking out towards the sea, which is spread beneath us; for the Turks do not love idle prattlers. Discourse with them is too grave an affair to be entered on lightly. I know this, and inhale my pipe with great dignity; though I am aware that my utmost efforts in this particular are put utterly to shame by my august companion. The silence is not awkward or unpleasant: it is merely Turkish. There is the utmost good will and desire to prolong the interview by all polite means on both sides; and the Cadi is merely thinking how he shall make himself most agreeable.

At last we see a little boat tossed rather roughly on the waves out at sea; but it is pulled by a stout fisherman, and makes its way gallantly. This leads to a discourse on Turkish caiques in general; and I ask the Cadi if he does not think them dangerous in rough weather. The Cadi says that they are indeed dangerous, and to support this opinion he tells me one of those sententious stories in which all Orientals more or less delight.

"Once upon a time," says the Cadi, settling himself in his cushions, and laying down his jewelled pipe, "one of our sultans was crossing that very sea in a bark as frail as yonder one. A storm arose, and his Highness growing frightened nearly overturned the boat by the abruptness of his movements. 'Peace, fool!' said the boatman at last, and addressing the sultan with a stern countenance, 'seest thou not I have three kings to wrestle with; the winds, the waves, and thee?—but thou hast ears, and therefore I bid thee to be still.'" The Cadi assured me that the Sultan was so delighted with the fearless wit of the boatman, that he immediately made him Capitan Pasha or High Admiral—and he was beheaded shortly afterwards in due course.

Then we are again at peace until after a fragrant cup of unsweetened coffee, when I ask the Cadi if he has had much professional business lately. He says yes, and adds that it has been chiefly with the Greeks, who have grown very troublesome. He shakes his head doubtingly, when he speaks of that people, and he fears that there is nothing good to be done with them. "I am like a certain father," says the Cadi, again illustrating his opinion by an anecdote, "who had three sons. My eldest always tells me the truth: he is the Osmanli. My second always tells me falsehoods: he is the Zingari, or the Bulgarian; and when I have to deal with either of these I know how to act, but my third son tells me sometimes truth and sometimes falsehood: he is made up of cunning, and deceives me always. He is the Greek, and I never know how to treat him."

I am anxious to know the opinion of an honest Turk about the Tanzimat, and I take the present opportunity of putting the question fairly to the Cadi. I am glad when he answers unhesitatingly that it has done good. He says that there is nothing new in the Tanzimat; it merely provides that those laws to which violent men had not attended sufficiently, shall be carried out—nothing more. It merely enforces the spirit of the true law of the Prophet, which was that all men should do unto others as they would be done

by. I tell the Cadi that this is also briefly the spirit of the Christian law and then we doze away in the same passive state of good-will as before, until the Cadi sends for some sherbet, which freshens us up again.

I mention in a cursory manner that we do not appreciate sherbet properly in Britain; and the Cadi smiles as he pronounces the word "Wine?" in an interrogative form. "No," I answer; "beer is I think, upon the whole, our national drink." The Cadi grows suddenly expansive: he has tasted it—it fizzes, and has a pungent, pleasant taste. He would like to have some more, but vulgar people would think it a scandal if he were to send to Smyrna for some, though bottled beer was by no means forbidden in the Koran. Perhaps I think inwardly, because it had not been invented; but I do not communicate this reflection to the Cadi. On the contrary I resolve privately to send him half my stock of bitter ale that evening. I am not sure that he does not divine this intention, for he turns the conversation on tobacco, and says that he has lately received some of a very fine sort from Constantinople, and he would like my opinion upon its merits. The Cadi, in his smiling way, I see, has been making a bargain; so I shall find a small leather bag waiting for me when I get home, and its fragrance will fill the house. This will be the Cadi's tobacco.

Now I must think about going, and I make a preliminary observation to this effect. The Cadi says that "he hopes to see me with grey moustaches." He means that he wishes me long life. But, seeing me look puzzled, he adds—sliding again into one of those dear sententious stories—"This is a Turkish compliment. But there was once a wit, who, seeing a certain sultan go forth to prayer, cried out, May your Highness and I live to see your brother's son a greybeard. The sultan inquired what he meant, and the fool replied: Your brother has yet to be born. He must be twenty years old before he has a son, and that son must be fifty before he is grey; therefore I am wishing you Highness a reign of seventy years, and that I may live to witness it." The Cadi's story had the good old eastern conclusion; and he assured me that the sultan immediately raised his ingenious subject to the highest offices in the state. I wish there were more Turks like the Cadi.

BRITONS IN TURKEY.

I am in Mytilene, a small European colony; the principal occupation of my few companions and myself, is waiting for the boats which touch here on their way between Smyrna and Constantinople. We are great politicians; but have been lately much surprised at the conduct of several of the European potentates, to whom we believe that we could furnish much useful advice. Like all small communities we have a notable talent for prophesying the events which never happen, and we are obliged to console ourselves with the reflection that the events which we foresaw might have occurred—had things turned out as we expected. We are also fond of the marvellous, and love to relate circumstances which did never happen. We seem to me to live in a strange far-away atmosphere, which is now rapidly passing from the whole world like the dim misty vapours which fly at the approach of morning. We are in an enchanted sleep, and dwell in the world of dreams rather than in the waking life of the busy times over the water. We are but a few hours from the quick world of Smyrna and Constantinople, and if ever they send us a newspaper or a printing-press, or a lawyer, our repose will be broken. Even three young doctors who have just finished their education in France have begun to trouble us; but their efforts have been hitherto received with so much disfavour that it is generally hoped they will be put down. Thus far, the Hojas and Greek chanters of charms effectually exclude them from all practice; so that there is reason for a belief that they may be even starved out, if we preserve our ancient institutions a little longer.

We love to congregate around the bright Mangal in winter time, or on our pleasant balconies in the soft evenings of summer. There, we tell each other tales of pirates, which adventurous travellers have brought us from the other Greek islands: pirates who have even perhaps ventured to plunder the barques of a few poor fishermen on our own coast. Yanni Catirgi, the famous robber of Smyrna, was long the chief theme of our discourse, and we have been sometimes so dismayed by the tales of his achievements as to be afraid to go to bed. We keep each other in heart, however, by the assurance that each of us would be prepared with some formidable weapon of defence in case of need; also by relating fearful stories of our former prowess in other places. The doctor of the quarantine assures us that, on one occasion, he took such a signal vengeance on a small boy whom he caught in the act of abstracting his pocket-handkerchief, as caused him to exhibit the most extraordinary signs of fear and dismay. He assures us also that a peculiar manner which he has acquired of looking at people, has often been sufficient to dismay the boldest of his patients, and that he has no doubt it would be found equally effectual against an enemy. But, notwithstanding these satisfactory appearances, there are not wanting some of the more prudent among us, who have proposed to pay a person to go about industriously circulating the rumour that we have been very poor ever since our olives were destroyed by the cold of eighteen hundred and fifty. He is to pretend even to be in want of small sums of money on our behalf, but in no case to contract a loan, on account of the heavy interest which clings to all borrowed money in these countries.

There is a pleasant elderly gentleman, a

Greek with whom I chiefly pass my evenings when not engaged in these councils. He is one of the forgotten celebrities of a far different world, and in his youth took a gallant part in the Greek War of Independence. Cast down by the ungenerous forgetfulness of his countrymen and too proud to reproach them, he talks to me of the old times of Capo D'Istrias and General Church. He remembers Lord Byron and Mr. Stanhope, as if he had parted from them yesterday. When once fairly warmed by these memories—and I love to set him on his noble old hobby-horse—he smokes away at his chibouque with such enthusiasm, and I at mine so thoughtfully, that we often seem to fall into a sort of cloudy trance. At the end of an hour or two the old gentleman appears to fade away. Then, clearly from out the mist, are marshalled names which will be remembered long, the patriot bands of modern Greece; and Byron is again dying, amid the poisonous swamps of Missolonghi. Thus do I seem to know, as if I had dwelt among them, the men who thought and fought, and wrought—for what?

We have our wise men and our reprobates. There is Kyrios Bamba, who is supposed to possess many extraordinary attainments, and a wisdom altogether remarkable; who says nothing with such dignity as will cause the most indifferent beholder to be impressed with respect and awe. If, after the example of most sages in small places, he keeps his wisdom very much to himself, we are not at all disposed to disparage it on that account. Like the rest of mankind we are always ready to admire what we do not know; for, with the best will in the world, it is perhaps impossible to admire what we do know.

On the other hand, among the chief of the good-for-nothings on whom our little society is disposed to look severely, is the carpenter, who has been, twice during the past year, observed publicly in such a state of emotion, from the effects of liquor, as even to be unsteady on his legs while walking along the street. It is true that he has exhibited many signs of contrition, and that he several times took refuge in flight rather than meet the scrutinising glance of Miss Peabody, a lady with a swift and arrowy sharpness of tongue, lately on a visit from Smyrna to a relative who has married and settled in our little colony. I remember, however—for it was not more than nine days ago, and at about the hour when I am now writing these lines—that is, in the dusk of the evening—that, the carpenter being ill, I discerned Miss Peabody coming stealthily up the street with something hidden under her cloak. She stopped at the carpenter's door and knocked softly; but before it was half opened she took the something from under her cloak and thrust it through the aperture, after which she disappeared with great precipitation lest she should be observed. At first I was disposed to apprehend that she had translated one of Dr. Thwackcushion's (Dr. T. is our Chaplain at Smyrna) sermons into Greek for his edification, and had chosen the present occasion as a favourable opportunity of effecting the carpenter's reform by those means: but going out in the evening to fulfil my duties towards society (which is our phrase for taking tea in these parts) I learned indirectly that Miss Peabody had been informed of the carpenter's illness, and had carried him a dish of arrowroot of her own making. I afterwards learned also that the carpenter, not knowing what to do with it, and yet having a great belief in Miss Peabody, had supposed that the arrowroot was intended to fix together the parts of a little work-box which he was making for her, and had applied it to this purpose; but finding the composition did not hold as he expected, was much confounded.

I do not know that there is anything else about us by which we differ from the great family of mankind. I have seen something of the world, and I have found men nearly alike in all places and conditions. The scene and dresses may be different, in a court and in a village, but the actors are very much the same.

ONE OF OUR LEGAL FICTIONS.

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interests, one in life. No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but, united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible for ever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself, in the larger being of her husband: while he, in the vanguard of life, protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger, and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protection; and what sacrilege to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honour them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper; and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bound epic was written in letters of gold, and blazoned in the brightest colours of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke, like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love, certainly; but of a love whose passion, when it was burnt out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart-union wove fresh ties in place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent, and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organisation, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect, or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side: she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some, resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure, and now resolved to resist. So, things went on in a sad unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults, and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the Ecclesiastical law calls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of protection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They had now three children who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble, boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes and eager love made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sake she endeavoured to be patient. Her love for

them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood; and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials now coming fast and thick upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But, matters came at last to a climax; though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results: a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining home with the father. The day after she left, she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for, the children had been taken away, with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding-place. But without any good result. The woman who had received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her, and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return, widowed and childless, to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that she did not return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for, her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house door only with the chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box, gave a verdict in favour of the defendant: a gentleman of known honour and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the peculiar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge; a dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household gods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended, and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister, a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her"! The yet younger was stripped naked and chastised with a riding-whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed, and still the quarrel and the separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshipped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privilege to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—which no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond its strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom God has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonour if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she,—a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel,—had no right to those who had

lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer laboured hard to show its cruelty. The misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principal of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust fund for her husband's sole advantage. She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from the father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not now continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefiting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of a reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife were one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law suit, where judgment was given in open court, to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the marriage idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year—but that her husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sums paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by *her*. For, she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the laws.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throw a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape and build no cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and allowed by our laws—and men stand by and say, "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws."

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women, and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them, it is very noteworthy, indeed, in this country of Great Britain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed and reforms to be made that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder cries.

Justice to women. No fanciful rights, no unreal advantages, no preposterous escape from womanly duty, for the restless, loud, and vain; no mingling of women with the broils of political life, nor opening to them of careers which nature herself has pronounced them incapable of following; but high-flown assertion of equality in kind; no simple justice. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honourable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral Wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strawed. Justice to women. This is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great Injustice done to them, and of their maltreatment under the eyes of a whole nation, by the Law.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Fairy palaces, burst out into illumination, before pale morning, showed the monstrous serpents of smoke trailing themselves over Coketown. A clattering of clogs upon the pavement; a rapid ringing of bells; and all the melancholy mad elephants, polished and oiled up for the day's monotony, were at their heavy exercise again.

Stephen bent over his loom, quiet, watchful, and steady. A special contrast, as every man was in the forest of looms where Stephen worked, to the crashing, smashing, tearing piece of mechanism at which he laboured. Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign Nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of GOD and the work of man; and the former, even though it be a troop of Hands of very small account, will gain in solemn dignity from the comparison.

Four hundred and more Hands in this Mill; Two hundred and fifty horse Steam Power. It is known, to the force of a single pound weight, what the engine will do; but, not all the calculators of the National Debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it; there is an unfathomalbe mystery in the meanest of them, for ever. Supposing we were to reserve our arithmetic for material objects, and to govern these awful unknown quantities by other means!

The day grew strong, and showed itself outside, even against the flaming lights within. The lights were turned out, and the work went on. The rain fell, and the Smoke-serpents, submissive to the curse of all that tribe, trailed themselves upon the earth. In the waste-yard outside, the steam from the escape-pipe, the litter of barrels and old iron, the shining heaps of coals, the ashes everywhere, were shrouded in a veil of mist and rain.

The work went on, until the noon-bell rang. More clattering upon the pavements. The looms, and wheels, and Hands, all out of gear for an hour.

Stephen came out of the hot mill into the damp wind and the cold wet streets, haggard and worn. He turned from his own class and his own quarter, taking nothing but a little bread as he walked along, towards the hill on which his principal employer lived, in a red house with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door, up two white steps, BOUNDERBY (in letters very like himself) upon a brazen plate, and a round brazen door-handle underneath it like a brazen full-stop.

Mr. Bounderby was at his lunch. So Stephen had expected. Would his servant say that one of the Hands begged leave to speak to him? Message in return, requiring name of such Hand. Stephen Blackpool. There was nothing troublesome against Stephen Blackpool; yes, he might come in.

Stephen Blackpool in the parlour. Mr. Bounderby (whom he just knew by sight), at lunch on chop and sherry. Mrs. Sparsit netting at the fireside, in a side-saddle attitude, with one foot in a cotton stirrup. It was a part, at once of Mrs. Sparsit's dignity and service, not to lunch. She supervised the meal officially, but implied that in her own stately person she considered lunch a weakness.

"Now, Stephen," said Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter with *you?*"

Stephen made a bow. Not a servile one—these Hands will never do that! Lord bless you, sir, you'll never catch them at that, if they have been with you twenty years!—and, as a complimentary toilet for Mrs. Sparsit, tucked his neckerchief ends into his waistcoat.

"Now, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, taking some sherry, "we have never had any difficulty with you, and you have never been one of the unreasonable ones. You don't expect to be set up in a coach and six, and to be fed on turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, as a good many of 'em do;" Mr. Bounderby always represented this to be the sole, immediate, and direct object of any Hand who was not entirely satisfied; "and therefore I know already that you have not come here to make a complaint. Now, you know, I am certain of that, beforehand."

"No, sir, sure I ha' not coom for nowt o' th' kind."

Mr. Bounderby seemed agreeably surprised, notwithstanding his previous strong conviction. "Very well," he returned. "You're a steady Hand, and I was not mistaken. Now, let me hear what it's all about. As it's not that, let me hear what it is. What have you got to say? Out with it, lad!"

Stephen happened to glance towards Mrs. Sparsit. "I can go, Mr. Bounderby, if you wish it," said that self-sacrificing lady, making a feint of taking her foot out of the stirrup.

Mr. Bounderby stayed her, by holding a mouthful of chop in suspension before swallowing it, and putting out his left hand. Then, withdrawing his hand and swallowing his mouthful of chop, he said to Stephen:

"Now, you know, this good lady is a born lady, a high lady. You are not to suppose because she keeps my house for me, that she hasn't been very high up the tree—ah, up at the top of the tree! Now, if you have got anything to say that can't be said before a born lady, this lady will leave the room. If what you have got to say, *can* be said before a born lady, this lady will stay where she is."

"Sir, I hope I never had nowt to say, not fitten for a born lady to hear, sin' I were born mysen'," was the reply, accompanied with a slight flush.

"Very well," said Mr. Bounderby, pushing away his plate, and leaning back. "Fire away!"

"I ha' coom," Stephen began, raising his eyes from the floor, after a moment's consideration, "to ask yo yor advice. I need 't overmuch. I were married on a Eas'r Monday nineteen year sin, long and dree. She were a young lass—pretty enow—wi' good accounts of hersen'. Well! She went bad—soon. Not along of me. Gonnows I were not a unkind husband to her."

"I have heard all this before," said Mr. Bounderby. "She found other companions, took to drinking, left off working, sold the furniture, pawned the clothes, and played old Gooseberry."

"I were patient wi' her."

("The more fool you, I think," said Mr. Bounderby, in confidence to his wine-glass.)

"I were very patient wi' her. I tried to wean her fra't, ower and ower agen. I tried this, I tried that, I tried t'other. I ha' gone home, many's the time, and found all vanished as I had in the world, and her without a sense left to bless hersen' lying on bare ground. I ha' dun't not once, not twice—twenty time!"

Every line in his face deepened as he said it, and put in its affecting evidence of the suffering he had undergone.

"From bad to worse, from worse to worsen. She left me. She disgraced hersen' everyways, bitter and bad. She coom back, she coom back, she coom back. What could I do t' hinder her? I ha' walked the streets nights long, ere ever I'd go home. I ha' gone t' th' brigg, minded to fling mysen' ower, and ha' no more on 't. I ha' bore that much, that I were owd when I were young."

Mrs. Sparsit, easily ambling along with her netting-needles, raised the Coriolanian eyebrows and shook her head, as much as to say, "The great know trouble as well as the small. Please to turn your humble eye in My direction."

"I ha' paid her to keep awa' fra' me. These five year I ha' paid her. I ha' gotten some decent fewtrils about me agen. I ha' lived hard and sad, but not ashamed and fearfo' a' the minnits o' my life. Last night, I went home. There she lay upon my harston! There she is!"

In the strength of his misfortune, and the energy of his distress, he fired for the moment like a proud man. In another moment, he stood as he had stood all the time—his usual stoop upon him; his pondering face addressed to Mr. Bounderby, with a curious expression on it, half-shrewd, half-perplexed, as if his mind were set upon unravelling something very difficult; his hat held tight in his left hand, which rested on his hip; his right arm, with a rugged propriety and force of action, very earnestly emphasising what he said: not least so when it always paused, a little bent, but not withdrawn as he paused.

"I was acquainted with all this, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, "except the last clause, long ago. It's a bad job; that's what it is. You had better have been satisfied as you were, and not have got married. However, it's too late to say that."

"Was it an unequal marriage, sir, in point of years?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"You hear what this lady asks. Was it an unequal marriage in point of years, this unlucky job of yours?" said Mr. Bounderby.

"Not e'en so. I were one-and-twenty mysen'; she were twenty nighbut."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mrs. Sparsit to her Chief, with great placidity. "I inferred from its being so miserable a marriage, that it was probably an unequal one in point of years."

Mr. Bounderby looked very hard at the good lady in a sidelong way that had an odd sheepishness about it. He fortified himself with a little more sherry.

"Well? Why don't you go on?" he then asked, turning rather irritably on Stephen Blackpool.

"I ha' coom to ask yo, sir, how I am to be ridded o' this woman." Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. Mrs. Sparsit uttered a gentle ejaculation, as having received a moral shock.

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chim-

ney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her, for better for worse."

"I mun' be ridded o' her. I connot bear't nommore. I ha' lived under't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and the comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone hottering mad."

"He wishes to be free to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit in an under-tone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great folks (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worse so fast, but that they can be set free fra' *their* misfortnet marriages, and marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they have rooms of one kind an' another in their houses, and they can live asunders. We folk ha' only one room, and we can't. When that won't do, they ha' gowd and other cash, and they can say 'This for yo, and that for me,' and they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than is suffered by hundreds an' hundreds of us—by women fur more than men—they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridded o' this wife o' mine, and I want t' know how?"

"No how," returned Mr. Bounderby.

"If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I marry t'other dear lass, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I was to live wi' her an' not marry her—saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an' her so good—there's a law to punish me, in every innocent child belonging to me?"

"Of course there is."

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "show me the law to help me!"

"There's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and—and—it must be kept up."

"No no, dunnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' up that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a factory when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to hear wi'. I read in th' papers every 'Sizes, every Sessions—and you read too—I know it!—with dismay—how th' unpossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married folk (agen I say, women fur of'ener than men) to battle, murder and sudden death. Let us ha' this, right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an' I want—if you will be so good—t' know the law that helps me."

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. "There *is* such a law."

Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.

"But it's not for you at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money."

"How much might that be:" Stephen calmly asked.

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain-sailing), I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred pound," said Mr. Bounderby. "Perhaps twice the money."

"There's no other law?"

"Certainly not.'

"Why then, sir," said Stephen, turning white, and motioning with that right hand of his, as if he gave everything to the four winds, "*'tis* a muddle. 'Tis just a muddle a'together, an' the sooner I am dead, the better."

(Mrs. Sparsit again dejected by the impiety of the people.)

"Pooh, pooh! Don't you talk nonsense, my good fellow," said Mr. Bounderby, "about things you don't understand; and don't you call the Institutions of your country a muddle, or you'll get yourself into a real muddle one of these fine mornings. The institutions of your country are not your piece-work, and the only thing you have got to do, is, to mind your piece-work. You didn't take your wife for fast and for loose; but for better for worse. If she has turned out worse—why, all we have got to say is, she might have turned out better."

"'Tis a muddle," said Stephen, shaking his head as he moved to the door. "'Tis a' a muddle!"

"Now, I'll tell you what!" Mr. Bounderby resumed, as a valedictory address. "With what I shall call your unhallowed opinions, you have been quite shocking this lady: who, as I have already told you is a born lady, and who, as I have not already told you, has had her own marriage misfortunes to the tune of tens of thousands of pounds—tens of Thou-sands of Pounds!" (he repeated it with great relish). "Now, you have always been a steady Hand hitherto; but my opinion is, and so I tell you plainly, that you are turning into the wrong road. You have been listening to some mischievous stranger or other—they're always about—and the best thing you can do is, to come out of that. Now you understand;" here his countenance expressed marvellous acuteness; "I can see as far into a grindstone as another man; farther than a

good many, perhaps, because I had my nose well kept to it when I was young. I see traces of the turtle soup, and venison, and gold spoon in this. Yes, I do!" cried Mr. Bounderby, shaking his head with obstinate cunning. "By the Lord Harry, I do!"

With a very different shake of the head and a deep sigh, Stephen said, "Thank you, sir, I wish you good day." So he left Mr. Bounderby swelling at his own portrait on the wall, as if he were going to explode himself into it; and Mrs. Sparsit still ambling on with her foot in her stirrup, looking quite cast down by the popular vices.

CHAPTER XII.

Old Stephen descended the two white steps, shutting the black door with the brazen door-plate, by the aid of the brazen full-stop, to which he gave a parting polish with the sleeve of his coat, observing that his hot hand clouded it. He crossed the street with his eyes bent upon the ground, and thus was walking sorrowfully away, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

It was not the touch he needed most at such a moment—the touch that could calm the wild waters of his soul, as the uplifted hand of the sublimest love and patience could abate the raging of the sea—yet it was a woman's hand too. It was an old woman, tall and shapely still, though withered by Time, on whom his eyes fell when he stopped and turned. She was very cleanly and plainly dressed, had country mud upon her shoes, and was newly come from a journey. The flutter of her manner, in the unwonted noise of the streets; the spare shawl, carried unfolded on her arm; the heavy umbrella, and little basket; the loose long-fingered gloves, to which her hands were unused; all bespoke an old woman from the country, in her plain holiday clothes, come into Coketown on an expedition of rare occurrence. Remarking this at a glance, with the quick observation of his class, Stephen Blackpool bent his attentive face—his face, which, like the faces of many of his order, by dint of long working with eyes and hands in the midst of a prodigious noise, had acquired the concentrated look with which we are familiar in the countenances of the deaf—the better to hear what she asked him.

"Pray, sir," said the old woman, "didn't I see you come out of that gentleman's house?" pointing back to Mr. Bounderby's. "I believe it was you, unless I have had the bad luck to mistake the person in following?"

"Yes, missus," returned Stephen, "it were me."

"Have you—you'll excuse an old woman's curiosity—have you seen the gentleman?"

"Yes, missus."

"And how did he look, sir? Was he portly, bold, outspoken, hearty?" As she straightened her own figure, and held up her head in adapting her action to her words, the idea crossed Stephen that he had seen this old woman before, and had not quite liked her.

"O yes," he returned, observing her more attentively, "he were all that."

"And healthy," said the old woman, "as the fresh wind?"

"Yes," returned Stephen. "He were ett'n and drinking—as large and as loud as a Hummobee."

"Thank you!" said the old woman with infinite content. "Thank you!"

He certainly never had seen this old woman before. Yet there was a vague remembrance in his mind, as if he had more than once dreamed of some old woman like her.

She walked along at his side, and, gently accommodating himself to her humour, he said Coketown was a busy place, was it not? To which she answered "Eigh sure! Dreadful busy!" Then he said, she came from the country, he saw? To which she answered in the affirmative.

"By Parliamentary, this morning. I came forty mile by Parliamentary this morning, and I'm going back the same forty mile this afternoon. I walked nine mile to the station this morning, and if I find nobody on the road to give me a lift, I shall walk the nine mile back to night. That's pretty well, sir, at my age!" said the chatty old woman, her eyes brightening with exultation.

"'Deed' tis. Don't do't too often, missus."

"No, no. Once a year," she answered, shaking her head. "I spend my savings so, once every year. I come regular, to tramp about the streets, and see the gentlemen."

"Only to see 'em?" returned Stephen.

"That's enough for me," she replied, with great earnestness and interest of manner. "I ask no more! I have been standing about, on this side of the way, to see that gentleman," turning her head back towards Mr. Bounderby's again, "come out. But, he's late this year, and I have not seen him. You came out, instead. Now, if I am obliged to go back without a glimpse of him—I only want a glimpse—well! I have seen you, and you have seen him, and I must make that do." Saying this, she looked at Stephen as if to fix his features in her mind, and her eyes were not so bright as they had been.

With a large allowance for difference of tastes, and with all submission to the patricians of Coketown, this seemed so extraordinary a source of interest to take so much trouble about, that it perplexed him. But they were passing the church now, and as his eye caught the clock, he quickened his pace.

He was going to his work? the old woman said, quickening hers, too, quite easily. Yes, time was nearly out. On his telling her where he worked, the old woman became a more singular old woman than before.

"An't you happy?" she asked him.

"Why—there's—awmost nobbody but has their troubles, missus." He answered evasively, because the old woman appeared to take it for granted that he would be very happy indeed, and he had not the heart to disappoint her. He knew that there was trouble enough in the world; and if the old woman had lived so long, and could count upon his having so little, why so much the better for her, and none the worse for him.

"Ay, ay! You have your troubles at home, you mean?" she said.

"Times. Just now and then," he answered slightly.

"But, working under such a gentleman, they don't follow you to the Factory?"

No, no, they didn't follow him there, said Stephen. All correct there. Everything accordant there. (He did not go so far as to say, for her pleasure, that there was a sort of Divine Right there; but, I have heard claims almost as magnificent of late years.)

They were now in the black bye-road near the place, and the Hands were crowding in. The bell was ringing, and the Serpent was a Serpent of many coils, and the Elephant was getting ready. The strange old woman was delighted with the very bell. It was the beautifullest bell she had ever heard, she sa'd, and sounded grand!

She asked him, when he stopped good-naturedly to shake hands with her before going in, how long he had worked there?

"A dozen year," he told her.

"I must kiss the hand," said she, "that has worked in this fine factory for a dozen year!" And she lifted it, though he would have prevented her, and put it to her lips. What harmony, besides her age and her simplicity, surrounded her, he did not know, but even in this fantastic action there was a something neither out of time nor place: a something which it seemed as if nobody else could have made as serious, or done with such a natural and touching air.

He had been at his loom full half an hour, thinking about this old woman, when, having occasion to move round the loom for its adjustment, he glanced through a window which was in his corner, and saw her still looking up at the pile of building, lost in admiration. Heedless of the smoke and mud and wet, and of her two long journeys, she was gazing at it, as if the heavy thrum that issued from its many stories were proud music to her.

She was gone by and by, and the day went after her, and the lights sprung up again, and the Express whirled in full sight of the Fairy Palace over the arches near: little felt amid the jarring of the machinery, and scarcely heard above its crash and rattle. Long before then, his thoughts had gone back to the dreary room above the little shop, and to the shameful figure heavy on the bed, but heavier on his heart.

Machinery slackened; throbbing feebly like a fainting pulse; stopped. The bell again; the glare of light and heat dispelled; the factories, looming heavy in the black wet night; their tall chimneys rising up into the air like competing Towers of Babel.

He had spoken to Rachael only last night, it was true, and had walked with her a little way; but, he had his new misfortune on him in which no one else could give him a moment's relief, and, for the sake of it, and because he knew himself to want that softening of his anger which no voice but hers could effect, he felt he might so far disregard what she had said as to wait for her again. He waited, but she had eluded him. She was gone. On no other night in the year, could he so ill have spared her patient face.

O! Better to have no home in which to lay his head, than to have a home and dread to go to it, through such a cause. He ate and drank, for he was exhausted—but, he little knew or cared what; and he wandered about in the chill rain, thinking and thinking, and brooding and brooding.

No word of a new marriage had ever passed between them; but Rachael had taken great pity on him years ago, and to her alone he had opened his closed heart all this time, on the subject of his miseries; and he knew very well that if he were free to ask her, she would take him. He thought of the home he might at that moment have been seeking with pleasure and pride; of the different man he might have been that night; of the lightness then in his now heavy-laden breast; of the then restored honor, self-respect, and tranquillity, now all torn to pieces. He thought of the waste of the best part of his life, of the change it made in his character for the worse every way, of the dreadful nature of his existence, bound hand and foot to a dead woman, and tormented by a demon in her shape. He thought of Rachael, how young when they were first brought together in these circumstances, how mature now, how soon to grow old. He thought of the number of girls and women she had seen marry, how many homes with children in them she had seen grow up around her, how she had contentedly pursued her own lone quiet path—for him—and how he had sometimes seen a shade of melancholy on her blessed face, that smote him with remorse and despair. He set the picture of her up, beside the infamous image of last night; and thought, Could it be, that the whole earthly course of one so gentle, good, and self-denying, was subjugate to such a wretch as that!

Filled with these thoughts—so filled that he had an unwholesome sense of growing larger, of being placed in some new and diseased relation towards the objects among

which he passed, of seeing the iris round every misty light turn red—he went home for shelter.

TROOPS AND JOBS IN MALTA.

At anchor in the harbour of Valetta! Awake in my berth, missing the usual lullaby, the roaring of the waves, and thumping of the engine, I heard the rain as it came pattering down on the deck. There was clear sky in the morning and a brilliant sun. The harbour was astir; Coldstream and Grenadier Guards crowded the windows of the houses, and the veranda of the Lazaretto, the decks of the troop-ships recently arrived, were red, black, and white with soldiers, in every state of dress and undress; gay boats were at work, dancing about upon the surf between the shore and ships, carrying to land soldiers, who stepped out in full parade dress, boat-load after boat-load, from among the motley crowds of their companions. There was much cheering and laughter floating fitfully about. I meant to make myself at home in Malta for at least a fortnight, and was very much disposed to do so. It was then Sunday morning, in March, and I said to myself, I will put on my boots and go ashore to breakfast.

Let the geographer describe Valetta; to do that is not my task. I went up the Strada St. Lucia to look for the Imperial Hotel—a caravanserai beloved by midshipmen, and therefore methought a very good place for a gentleman unattached. Thither, accordingly, I went, and there had breakfast in the coffee-room, with a half-a-dozen guardsmen and sea-captains. All were possessed by a most eager curiosity for news; and, as our vessel brought none of importance, there was great disappointment. Nobody knew when the Russians were to be attacked. That being settled, all joined in a general assault upon the trenchers of eggs, fowls, ham, and legs of mutton, served in London style, at London prices. The Imperial Hotel might, for anything that I saw foreign about it, be the Cock in Fleet Street.

I made haste out, therefore, into the streets, and soon saw that it was not England when I got into the bustle of the Strada Reale. The whole pavement, and portions of the road as well, were occupied with people; the inhabitants of Valletta and of the surrounding villages were there in Sunday dress, going to mass, coming from mass, or killing the time between one mass and another; walking about, standing about, leaning against walls or closed shop shutters, very many of them busily engaged—women especially—in looking at and talking about, the blue-coated, red-coated, and gold-laced strangers. Broad-brimmed priests walked to and fro like kings, parting the crowds before them as they went, and as indignant at the tokens which surrounded them of a crusade in favour of the infidels, as the old knights of Malta would themselves have been, if they could have broken through the mosaic floors of the churches in which they lie, and have come out to see what was afloat under the sun. The female population of the town and neighbourhood had turned out, to a woman, for a good Sunday inspection of the newly-arrived troops. Maltese ladies of rank generally dress in ordinary European style, only with more decided preference for warm and sombre colours. Natives belonging to the middle and the lower classes commonly adhere to the old island costume, wearing black dresses, white collars, and large black shawls, gathered into a great many folds at one side, and drawn so far over the head, as to throw the face into shadow. The old women are quite interesting for their ugliness, the young ones for their beauty, and for exposing the English forces to considerable peril; many of our soldiers will, I fear, leave Malta vanquished men.

I have fairly fulfilled my design of spending fourteen days in Malta, and at the end of them I now set down my notes of Maltese experience, and of the talk that I have heard commonly among the people. I may repeat much that is incorrect, for I am no more than a reporter of opinions and tales that I found current in the place. But, as they are opinions and tales that I found universally accredited, I think it proper to make them known.

Though the Maltese air seemed to me—coming as I did from the smoke of London—genial and bracing, the weather sunny and most delightful, the Maltese themselves were grumbling about cold. The winter had been severe, and the spring they said was late; then again, prices were so high that they thought a famine was impending. I need give no details about the climate, for I am not describing Malta. I did find the nights extremely cold and damp; and, granting it to be true as everybody said, that there was no necessity for such exposure, I did think it a wrong thing that any of our soldiers should be sleeping under canvas. They will have plenty of unavoidable hardships to endure, time enough hereafter for "roughing it." Why not let them be well lodged, if good lodging exist? The fears of famine are now over. An advance in the prices soon allured to Malta, fowls and vegetables from Sicily, and beef from Tunis. Some fragments of the beef from Tunis are, I believe, to this hour clinging between my teeth. It was good wholesome beef, and there was plenty of it, but its prime joints had the texture of the toughest gristle. The soldiers in Malta must take what provisions they can get; but as to lodging accommodation. people want to know why the demand does not produce a sufficient supply. The material, it is said, exists. On a former occasion, when a concentration of troops took place at Malta, house-room was

found in the town and forts, for twenty-five thousand men. Since that period, government has spent much money on spacious public buildings, and yet when there were only twelve thousand soldiers in the island during the present spring, house-room was declared to be exhausted. Will any one account for this? Every private person in Valetta seemed to be quite able to account for it. It is thought better that the soldiers should sleep out of doors than that petty clerk A, who would be well lodged in two rooms, should be deprived of any of his twelve, or that superior clerk B. should not have ample stabling. The civil service has nine-tenths of the law:—possession. Large buildings are let out at absurd and nominal rents to favourites and clients of the local government; or, so the little world of Malta said they were. Even the troops lodged under canvas, says this world, are lodged in many cases on a shameful principle. The civil government has impounded schools and hospitals to make room for the troops, has stopped the course of religion, of education, and charity, rather than encroach an inch upon the overgrown borders of its own members and friends.

Nearly one-half of Valetta is government property, and yet the government has not borrowed the use of a single house from one of its own favourites, I mean, of course, the local government at Malta. The same government that is letting a palace to a friend for about fifty pounds a year, pays for a small house twenty-five pounds a month, in order to get quarters for the officers. Schools and hospitals are broken up, but the Union Club, which is not much better than a gaming-house, retains the full use of its spacious premises. A good many years ago, there was a commission of inquiry into Maltese abuses. It did good, but there is already need for another, unless the doings of the civil government are very much belied. I have heard enough to make me think that there is due to our soldiers here a severe and uncompromising scrutiny into the alleged jobbery of placemen, with especial reference to the practice of making buildings that are public property, subservient to private purposes. One building, I know—a palace in itself—is let at a nominal rent to a club; another is used by a subordinate functionary, who contrives so to magnify himself that he fills up the whole. His work used to be done by his predecessor in two little rooms over the shop of the librarian; the business of the office under its present holder has very much decreased, but how much has the required space been amplified?

I will tell two or three stories as I heard them, not vouching for their accuracy, since my stay in Malta was so short that I have no right to speak positively on such matters. I tell them because they show what sort of stories I found current, and because even if they be exaggerated, as I think they are—though it is vowed to me that they are literally true,—I have seen enough to make me sure they are not wholly without foundation.

Some years ago, and within common memory, there lived in Valetta, as government architect, surveyor of roads, &c., a gentleman much respected, who modestly and faithfully performed his duties for a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. He died, and the home government had to send out a successor. There was then an assistant in the shop of a London house-decorator, say of a Mr. Fletcher, of Bond Street, a young man, say James Mutton, who was said by the scandalous to be the natural son of a cabinet minister. Certainly James Mutton, when the little vacancy occurred in Malta, was discovered by the English government to have a genius for architecture, and was sent out accordingly to Valetta as a member of the civil service of one of her Majesty's colonies. Ashamed of his own plebeian name he borrowed help from that of his own master, and arrived at Malta as James Mutton Fletcher, Esquire, government architect, surveyor of roads, and so forth. He at once displayed considerable genius for spending money, and discovered very soon that he had not salary enough to maintain him properly in the position of a gentleman.

Representations having been made at home to that effect, his salary was increased by two hundred pounds. This addition to his income increased his responsibilities. Though he built nothing to speak of, but his own fortunes, still, as builder of *them*, he found his old offices too small, and therefore obtained a large government building in town as official residence, and another as a country villa. He also obtained certain allotments of land for the nominal rent of three pounds six shillings a year, upon which he erected his first buildings, stables of his own. The land being near the town these stables were let out at rents that further added one hundred and fifty pounds to Mr. James Mutton Fletcher's income. The success of this official thus became so great that it was presently proposed to make him a present of a thousand pounds out of the public funds. Then, however, there arose out of doors the strongest opposition. Government desired to make the grant, and Government commanded the decision of the council, but the determined nature of the opposition to the job made it necessary to appoint a committee of inquiry. It had been said that the architect was entitled to a per-centage on all money spent on public works. It was replied that all his money had been spent only on private maintenance and profit, that there were no public works to show, and that the report of the committee favoured this opinion. The local government reported to the home government all these proceedings, and asked

whether they should nevertheless give Mr. James Mutton Fletcher the money. The reply was in effect, Yes; give Mr. James Mutton Fletcher the money. So Mr. Fletcher had it. Then a fresh storm arose, and there were petitions sent to England, which resulted in the retirement of Mr. James Mutton Fletcher for two years on sick leave from his very arduous duties. I know no more of the tale.

Tom Log came to Valetta, mysteriously, on board ship: young, fat, and stupid: with a letter for a high official, which he omitted to deliver for some time. He began by spending what money he had, at an hotel, then he ran into debt, then sank into distress and tears, and was a Valetta mystery until somebody discovered that he had a letter of introduction undelivered. When the high official read it, Tom Log's debts were paid, and Tom was appointed to a clerkship. The head clerk in less than a week wrote to the high official indignantly protesting that his new subordinate could neither read nor write. The reply was, "Teach him!" Tom was taught, and Tom was helped, and Tom has prospered. Tom married two rich women, (in succession, I hope), and is now one of our consuls somewhere.

Doctor Basket was a doctor's boy, who picked up no more than a few sweepings of physic. His master was an Examiner, who used to boast that he could pass his house-dog if he liked to have him for a colleague, and he wished so to befriend young Basket. Nevertheless, Basket was rejected—his ignorance being too actively gross—and so, as nothing could be done with him on shore, he was sent out as a ship surgeon. Afloat he proved himself so unqualified, even for the rudest kind of ship surgery, that he was held prisoner on board his vessel in the harbour of Valetta, and condemned to ride the boom. Appeals were made on his behalf; the high official inquired whether he knew anything of anything; and it was found that he could speak Maltese and English. Then he was the very man his Excellency required to go about with him as interpreter! As such, he was installed, and he became very useful in the house; he went to market for the high official's lady, cheapened provisions, served sometimes in the capacity of courier, and made himself so generally useful and agreeable that it was determined to do something for him under Government. Accordingly, one morning Dr. Basket was appointed Medical President; Chief Medical Officer on the Island! Uprose the profession, and resisted the insult. The decree was cancelled; a new place was expressly made for the favourite; a salary of three hundred a year was attached to it; he was to be "Head of all the Charities." But, it was said every charity has its own Board of Guardians, and the Bishop presides over them all. His Excellency replied, "Never mind. If the charities are provided for, let him look after the prisoners." But. it was said again, the Superintendent of Police gets five hundred a year for doing that. It did not matter. Dr. Basket had his salary, and was supposed to look after the prisoners.

Now, I found the people in all directions telling me in Malta that this is the sort of civil government to which they are accustomed. Lazy dogs keep the mangers and the stables too, while there are your horses with a hard day's work before them made to lie down in the road. Ought anybody to look into the matter?

A MANCHESTER WAREHOUSE.

A Manchester warehouse. Why a Manchester warehouse? Why not a Liverpool, or a Bristol warehouse? Simply because they are distinct species of the genus; because the Manchester warehouse is a warehouse per se, distinguishable from the seven-storied red-brick piles which line the quays of our great seaports, and are merely the storehouses of that comprehensive article, raw material. The Manchester warehouse is an affair of infinitely greater complexity and interest than these homelier compeers.

The Manchester warehouse is a striking exemplification of the influence which railways and the other appliances for rapid transit have brought to bear upon the commerce of the country, and especially upon the operations of its external trade. In the olden time (blest age of romance!) when the journey from Yorkshire to the metropolis was performed (D. V.) within the miraculously short space of six days, before the steam horse began to fly across the country, bearing some hundreds of tons at its back, the mode in which the manufacturers and the retail dealers transacted their business together differed widely from the present system. Each manufacturer kept his stud of travellers—gentlemen who saw a great deal of the world, and exercised their experience upon the simplicity of rural haberdashers. Studying mankind from the point of view afforded by a gig; waging unflinching war with knavish ostlers; ogling buxom chamber-maids; eloquent in praise of full-bodied port,—more eloquent in eulogy of their master's wares; great in whisker and loud in voice; good-natured, vulgar, jocular, overwhelming, persevering, and industrious to the last degree; the commercial traveller of old was a very different personage to his easy-going, locomotive successor. His journeys were long and his visits infrequent. Say that he came out of Nottingham, with lace and stockings, and in a gig well stocked with samples and patterns, perambulated the length and breadth of the land during six long months. Making some great commercial Inn his head-quarters, he would drive about from village to village, until all the district was exhausted of its orders

and enough goods were sold to supply the vicinity with hosiery and lace for years to come; this done, he would move off to some other centre, driving, drinking, swearing, puffing his wares, and making love as only a bagman could.

How different the mode of the modern "commercial!" A clerk, or possibly a partner in the house which he represents, he travels about with nothing but a black leather portmanteau, well strapped down, and filled with patterns of his wares. With this, a railway-rug, a small carpet-bag, and a Bradshaw, he contrives to be everywhere, and whips off what used to be a six months' circuit, within the space of a single day. Breakfasting at home in London, he lunches in Manchester, and, after doing a good stroke of business there, passes on to York, whence after a cozy dinner and a satisfactory interview with his principal customers, he is whisked back by the night train to London, where he arrives in good time for the morning-meal. He is the only man who knows Bradshaw. He is great upon three-fifties, four-tens, and one-forty-five. He takes his seat with his back to the engine, by instinct. He is tolerably well-read; thanks to the railway literature. He has no time for driving or drinking, or swearing, or puffing, or even for making love. He has not, in fact, one single characteristic for which the commercial traveller used to be distinguished.

Some few relics there are;—men who will not be run down even by locomotives—who preserve the old habits of the race. We see the old fellows in their old gigs, driving their old mares from old hostel to new-fangled inn. They drink the old port in the old manner, and feebly crow as they chuck elderly chambermaids under the chin; but their day is gone, they are out of fashion, and the sight of them makes us melancholy. They are but the ghosts and shadows of the roaring bagman of their youth. Reader! would'st thou study the commercial traveller in his richest and primest state? Get thee into France? travel over departments into the soul of which the iron hath not entered; and study the Commis-voyageur at the ordinary of the Trois Couronnes, or the Boule d'Or, and if you are fond of large men with ragged whiskers—if you can stand a little swearing, and have no objection to a strong flavour of garlic and stale tobacco—it is just possible that you may like him. But, in England, the old traveller has passed away, and even his successor is fast being supplanted by more convenient expedients. One of these, is the Manchester Warehouse.

Who first conceived the notion of assembling beneath one roof stores of every article which a haberdasher can stand in need of?—an omnium gatherum of haberdashery? Fame gives the palm to Tod.

Then sprang up princely dealers who made London the centre of their operations, and turned over fabulous sums of money in stockings, silks, dresses, and calicoes. The foundations of colossal fortunes were then laid, which now surpass the treasuries of the Esterhazys, the Sutherlands, or the Westmorlands. Marvellous were the commercial operations which these great haberdashers performed. One of them having obtained, by dint of court influence, certain information that the death of the Fourth George was imminent, posted off northward in hot haste, and bought up all the black cloth, and all the crape and bombazine in the land, before the occasion for a general mourning was known. The railway and the electric telegraph have rendered a similar coup impossible; but that astute haberdasher now enjoys the fruits of his ability, and calls lands and mansions his, which are the spolia opima of a race that counts the name of Plantagenet among its prefixes.

In the later days of the slow coaches—in the days of Tod—in the days when the great mourning operation was performed—London was the centre of attraction for the country dealers. In Cheapside, and its tributary arteries, arose those warehouses which still form the characteristic feature of that quarter; and thither came the country drapers to replenish their stocks and buy up the latest braveries of London. But the railway has made other centres more convenient and attainable; chiefest among which is Manchester. So Manchester has now come to be the reservoir into which the greatest proportion of our cotton, flax, silk, and woollen manufactures find their way, and from which the drapers and haberdashers of the North of England are supplied.

The Manchester warehouse which we lately visited, was a building fit for the Town Hall of any respectable municipality; a stately, spacious, and tasteful edifice; rich and substantial as its respectable proprietors, the well-known firm of Banneret and Co. There are nearly a hundred such buildings in Manchester;—not so large, perhaps, for this is of the largest; but all in their degree worthy of Cottonopolis. After some preliminary chat with Mr. Gilliflower, a member of the firm, we proceed to take a survey of the building; Gilliflower accompanying us the while, expatiating and illustrating, as the choruses did for the heroes of Sophocles and Æschylus. We found in this great storehouse that there was, as Gilliflower expressed it, a little of everything; and everything was arranged in such a convenient order that it could be found as soon as it was wanted. "We buy," said Gilliflower, "of the manufacturers, and then we sell to the retail trade; the drapers from the country towns and even from Canada, come to us. The value of the stock we keep on hand varies from one to two hundred thousand pounds. Here is a list of what we have—not exactly all we

have, but just the heads." And Gilliflower thrust into our hands two considerable pamphlets.

When we had leisure to examine these lists of heads, we find that one volume purported to be the General Stock List, and comprised eighteen closely printed pages. These pages told of linens, diapers, cambrics, and all varieties of sheetings, shirtings, towellings, and canvassings. There were flannels of Lancashire and flannels of Wales, Galways, and Swanskins, serges, baizes, blankets, rugs, druggets, lindseys, and kerseys. There were calicoes and cotton fabrics, in all their countless and unaccountable nomenclature;—domestics, Croydons, Wigans, twills, ticks, drills, jeans, satteens, checks, Derries, cantoons, and moleskins, muslins, lawns, jacconets, hair cords, dimities, muslinets. There were Hutchinson's books (not literary productions from the pen of Hutchinson, but book-muslins woven at his looms) and Swiss books, and pale hard books, and strange fabrics called by such names as nainsooks and lenos, and smooth, soft lappings, all purity, and comfort, and sanctity, not inappropriately called bishop's lawn. There, too, we read of fustians, and moleskins, velveteens and drabbets, broadcloths, beavers, pilots, Whitneys, Petershams, friezes, mohairs, and unnumbered cloakings; nor were doeskins and cassimeres, or even paddings (to give men an athletic muscular appearance) forgotten. For the first time, we heard of vestings, called baratheas, Valentias, velvettas, sealetts and gambroons; Coventry plushes, too, of a colour which might lead us to infer that they took their name from the appearance of Lady Godiva's cheeks during her celebrated illustration of the "haute école." Then there were alpacas, and Coburgs, and Osnaburgs, and brocardelts (in a parenthesis delicately stated to be available for ladies' skirts), and merinos, and moreens, and princettas—types of an endless list of names celebrated in Bradford and its purlieus—tammies, too, which are better known as glazed linings for curtains, and in whose history it is recorded that soon after their invention they were made into fashionable ball-dresses, and displayed at a great festivity by the great ladies of York.

Then, of dyed goods, came Silesias, Casbans, constitutions, and permanents, and endless hosieries, and untold gloves, and nondescript articles ranging between stay-laces and carpet-bags. Then, there was the Scotch Department, and the Print Department, and the Ribbon Department (subdivided into French and Coventry ribbons; one class among the latter bearing the suggestive title of *love-ribbons*); and all the endless varieties of silks, gros, glacé, rads-de-mère, shot, and moire; and delicate laces, and bonnets, and rich furs.

But astonishing as all this was, the other volume was to be marvelled at even more; for, although it professed to contain a list of only the small-ware department, it was thirty-four good pages long. Bootless were it to tell of the countless articles included in this list; of twenty-two varieties of umbrellas; of ten classes of tapes; of braids and ferrets, bobbins and galloons, bindings, cords, trimmings, and worsted lace; of threads, cottons, silks, webs, window-lines, and tassels: of buckrams, sampler canvas, foundation muslins, gimps, linings, filletings, wire-piping and dress-fasteners. Who shall number the varieties of stay-laces and bootlaces, or unveil the particulars of such mysterious articles as stiffening or petticoat cord? What are vause fringes, and wherein do they differ from toilet fringe: And what on earth is the meaning of heavy white cotton bullion fringe? If it be cotton, how can it be bullion? and vice versâ? Then, as to hooks and eyes; what are the patent swan bills? And in needles: how shall we distinguish the super drilled-eyed sharps from the groundowns? Or what distinguishes the round head country pins from the heavy London ditto? Or what are Lillekins? Shall we penetrate the mysteries of stays, or peep into carpet bags, or enter into the question of braces, or stiffeners, or stocks, or ties, or purses, or thimbles, or trouser-straps, or busks, or gaiters, or above all, of sundries? Here are manufactured shirts, and engravings of various collars (the Paxton, the Jullien, the Universal, and the like); here are dickeys of fanciful variety; Shakespeare collars, for ladies; and buttons. Why, the buttons are a study in themselves for variety of price, size, pattern, and material! We shut up the voluminous pamphlets in hopeless confusion, and begin to look upon Gilliflower as an eccentric millionnaire, who has taken an odd fancy to have a little Great Exhibition of his own.

But we not only see the names of these things; we see the things themselves; we handle them. They lie around in every possible variety of shape, and pattern, and colour, displaying antagonism in taste,—elegance for the elegant, and ugliness for the gross. And in the middle of all these wonders, walk matter-of-fact-looking men, examining and handling them as if they were accustomed to such things every day of their lives: apparently buying them, too. Customers (so Gilliflower whispers), drapers, and so forth, selecting goods to make up their parcels. That man looking over the velvets, is a great Canadian haberdasher; he comes over every six months, and seldom buys less than forty thousand pounds worth of goods. The man next to him is from Wigan, and probably won't spend more than a ten-pound note.

So we wander amid splended draperies for robes, and brush against shawls, and look over stores of stuffs for the tailor, destined for the clothing of mankind. Here are beau-

tiful Bradford goods—lustrous as silk—soft as wool;—and wool it is—wool of the alpaca. Here is west of England broad-cloth;—nothing beats west of England cloth, says Gilliflower. How perfect its texture!—how rich its surface! This particular piece is worth nineteen shillings the yard. Guess what your tailor would charge if ever *he* sold such stuff.

We pass on through fustians, and leave them with great expedition, and a strong conviction that the word *fusty* takes its name from that useful but odorous material; and, as we pass along, assistant sprites draw themselves erect, washing their hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water the while, as those who deal in haberdashery are wont to do.

We inquire if they sell to none but the trade. Gilliflower smiles, and says, that now and then, people come there under pretence of "just seeing the place," and try to pick up a bargain, "just to remind them of their visit." Under these circumstances, it is the custom to pass a word well understood by the assistants. "Mr. Jones: has Smith's parcel been sent?" "Yes, sir;" with an anticipatory smile. "Very well; then take the Reverend Mr. Haggle, and show him some shawls; and let him have a cheap one to take home to his wife." Whereupon the reverend purchaser is marched up to the shawl-department, and is permitted, as a special favour, to purchase a shawl for about ten shillings *more* than he would have paid for the same, had he purchased it of Lutestring the village draper: and, as he only wanted it for a memento, it will serve all the better for that, when he finds how dearly he has paid for it.

By this time we are in a large room, where the packing is being briskly carried on. A "hoist" conveys the purchased goods from the various floors of the warehouse, and men are engaged in piling up the articles within hydraulic presses, which squeeze them with mighty power into bales of remarkable neatness and compactness. In one corner of this room we observe a desk, at which a man is busily engaged in continually opening and shutting a little cupboard, into which little scraps of paper come fluttering down as if by magic, and then the man writes their contents in a ponderous tome. Gilliflower explains that this is a contrivance for ascertaining "how far the customers are going." The customers wander from department to department, ordering as it may seem good to them. As soon as a purchase is made, a notification of the fact flutters down the communication-pipe to the man at the desk; so that, before each customer leaves the house, an account of his orders has been submitted to a member of the firm, whose fiat determines their execution, or otherwise. When a customer has been ordering a little too speculatively (an event of not unfrequent occurrence), he is a little startled by being requested to step aside into the parlour, just as he is about to leave the warehouse. There, he is confronted by our matter-of-fact friend, Gilliflower, who tells him straightforwardly that his introduction, being so-and-so, and his references so-and-so, they have no objection to trust him to a certain amount; but that, if he goes beyond it, he must give security. And what means, say we, have you, O Gilliflower, for ascertaining the solvency of your customers? Gilliflower smiles meaningly, and taking down one of a series of ledger-like volumes, opens it for our inspection. "Here," says he, "is a list of all our customers. Beneath each man's name, you will find entered, all we know about him; we spare no trouble in obtaining this information; our travellers and others in our employ collect it as they are able; and we make confidential exchanges of such information with four or five of the leading houses in the trade."

The information stored in this strange treasury of knowledge is comprehensive and available; rather suggestive than conveying direct information either way.

SARSNET, JAMES.—Draper at Spindleton. Introduced to us by Goodchilds and Co. Phipps's say that they have had dealings with him up to £500; that he was always punctual, and availed himself of discount [Very suggestive]. Griggs says that he has £2,000 in the funds. Ports says that he had £1500 with his wife.

Sometimes the note is pithy, but pregnant.

HEARTWELL, FRANK.—Introduced by Silver and Co.

In this case the introduction is enough to secure any amount of credit without further inquiry.

But it occasionally happens that the remarks appended are not so flattering:

FLIGHTY, THOMAS.—Haberdasher at Plasterton. Introduced by Grogram, who says that he will not be answerable, but believes the young man to be honest and well-meaning. Phipps's say that he has bought up to £50, and paid pretty regularly. Jones says that he has not saved money, but married, when one-and-twenty, a young woman of showy habits. Plays billiards, and occasionally drinks.

And across this character is written in the handwriting of Gilliflower, "I don't think this young man will succeed."

Against some of the names, we observe large black crosses. On requesting to know their significance, Gilliflower replies, "Well, the fact is these persons are—" and here his voice drops to a whisper.

"You don't mean to say so?"

"I do. We can't trust them; and when they take to preaching, we—" and here Gilliflower dashes his hand very expressively across the page.

In taking leave of this splendid and highly respectable establishment, let us observe that the method of business at some of the second-rate houses is not always so straightforward. Many descend to the

petty expedient of employing touters (hookers in, they are called), who frequent the railway stations and the coffee-rooms of inns, and hook in the unwary draper to their employers' dens. If we are to credit these very active gentlemen, no house comes up, for liberality, honesty, and respectability, to that of Noils, Shoddy, and Co. Or, perhaps, Messrs. Devil's-dust and Fent are the objects of their disinterested eulogy. When the honest country-draper meets with a hooker in, when he is hooked by the button-hole on the railway platform, he had better beware. And should the tempter lure him to inspect the stocks of the afore-mentioned houses, let him be careful in his purchases. Above all don't let him accept the invitation to dinner, which he will very probably receive; for, such is the extreme liberality of these firms, that they generally have a good dinner, and plenty of champagne provided for their customers. It is surprising how speculative some men will become (so say the hookers-in) after dinner.

WORDS UPON THE WATERS.

Far away fond hearts are beating,
Out upon the stormy sea;
Let us hear if no kind greeting
In the noisy waves may be.
Each in hurrying after each,
(For the sea is loud and high)
Will bear it to the pebbly beach,
And cast it at our feet and die.

Hark! a low farewell of sorrow,
And foreboding of despair,
Fearful of the hard to-morrow,
Loaded with its freight of care:
Tender words of hope and comfort,
For the loved and the forlorn,
Left alone to toil and suffer,
On the rushing waves are borne.

Tender thoughts of home far distant,
Seen through mists of childish tears,
Mixed with brightest dreams of glory,
And the hopes of childish years;
Honours and renown, and victory,
Ere the strife is yet begun,
And the conquered to be pardoned,
Ere the day is fought or won.

Vows and words of trust and promise,
Murmured tenderly and low,
Given to the midnight breezes,
Where the northern waters flow;
Hope, regret, and joy and sorrow,
Mingled in the water's roar,
As the crested waves are rushing
Onward to the pebbly shore.

Hush! amid the din of waters
Let us hold our breath, and hear,
If the thunder of the cannon
Be not borne towards us here;
If the deadly sound of battle
Come across the waters free,
And the English cry of "Victory!"
Be not echoed by the sea!

THE GREEN RING AND THE GOLD RING.

The story I have to tell, occurred less than eighty years ago, in the days of powder and pomade; of high heads and high heels; when beaux in pea-green coats lined with rose-colour, attended on belles who steadied their dainty steps with jewel-headed canes; and when lettres-de-cachet lay like sachets-à-gants on toilet tables among patches and rouge. Less than eighty years ago, when the fair Queen of France and her ladies of honour wielded these same lettres-de-cachet with much of the ease with which they fluttered their fans. Less than eighty years ago, when the iron old Marquis de Mirabeau was writing to his brother the Commandeur de Malte those fearful letters wherein the reader of the present day may trace, as in a map, the despotic powers then exercised by the seigneurs of France over their sons and daughters, as well as over their tenants and vassals. Hard, short-sighted Marquis de Mirabeau! Little did he reckon when he wrote those letters, or when he consigned his son, in the flush of youth, and hope, and love, to a prison-cell and to exile—that the family name was to be indebted to the fame of that vituperated son for its salvation from obscurity, or that the arbitrary powers he used so wildly were soon to be swept away for ever.

Less than eighty years ago, then, before the Revolution was dreamed of in that part of France, there stood, in a long, straggling, picturesque village of one of the southern provinces, a stone-and-mud cottage, less dirty and uninviting than those by which it was surrounded. There was no dirt-heap under the solitary window, no puddle before the door; which, unlike every other house in the village, possessed the luxury of an unfractured door-step. No tidy cottage-gardens gave cheerful evidence of the leisure or taste of the inmates; for in those days the labouring population of France were too thoroughly beaten down by arbitrary exactions to have spare hours to devote to their own pursuits; but round the window of this particular cottage a nasturtium had been trained by strings: and, through its yellow and orange flowers one could, now and then, catch a glimpse of a pair of lustrous eyes.

The superior cleanliness of this little dwelling, the flowers, the decency of the family, were the work of one pair of hands, belonging to a young girl named Alix Laroux, whose industry was the support of a younger brother and sister, and of a blear-eyed grandmother.

Now, Alix was a pretty, as well as a hard-working girl, yet it was neither to her

beauty nor to her industry that she was indebted for becoming the heroine of our tale, although her success in finding work, when others could find none, had made envious tongues gossip about her. Village scandal is very like town scandal; as like as a silken masquerade costume is to its linsey-woolsey original; the form is the same, the texture alone is different; and at the well of Beauregard, from which water was fetched and where the salad for supper was washed, it was whispered that Alix was a coquette, and that the remote cause of her prosperity was the influence which her bright eyes had obtained over the strong heart of the Bailiff of Beauregard. Every one wished that good might come of it, but——

But, in the meanwhile, good did come of it; for, thanks to the large black eyes that looked so frankly into his, and to the merry smile of the village beauty, Monsieur Reboul had come to the knowledge of Alix's cheerful steady activity; and a feeling of respect had mingled with his early admiration when he discovered that, while no one was more particular in the payment of lawful dues than the hard-working girl, no one resisted more strenuously any illegal exactions. At length the stricken bailiff—who, by-the-by, was double Alix's age—testified the sincerity of his feelings towards her by taking her brother Jean into the household at the castle, and even offered to have Alix herself admitted among the personal attendants of one of the young ladies of Beauregard; whose marriage had lately been celebrated with great magnificence in Paris.

But Alix shook her pretty head, and said, "No, she thanked him all the same," with a smile that showed her pearly teeth: and what man in love—though a bailiff—could resent a denial so sweetly accompanied? Monsieur Reboul was, indeed, for a moment cast down, but his spirits were soon revived by some of those wonderful explanations which men in his predicament generally have at their command; so he left the cottage with a friendly adieu to the smiling girl, and without a suspicion that Alix had any private reasons for her dislike to leave the village, or that the daily greeting of François the stone-cutter was a matter of more moment to her than the prettiest compliments of the Bailiff of Beauregard.

The next day was market-day at Maillot, a town about two leagues distant from the village, whither, for four years, Alix had been accustomed to go once a week with poultry and eggs; her great resource for the rent of her grand-dame's hut. It was a matter of rivalry among the young women of the neighbourhood to be first at market; and Alix, who greatly enjoyed supremacy in everything, had endeavoured in this, as in all else, to surpass her companions. This, however, was not very easy, for others could rise betimes, as she did herself. A few months before, an accidental discovery of her brother Jean had at length secured for her the envied privilege. Jean, like other idle lads of his class, was necessarily a poacher, and, on one of his secret expeditions into the forest which lay between Beauregard and Maillot had chanced to fall upon a path by which the distance between the two places was shortened by at least a third. This discovery he confided to Alix; and ever since, under his guidance and escort, she had availed herself of it to reach Maillot earlier and with less fatigue than her companions. She had found the walk very pleasant when Jean was with her to carry her basket, and with his boyish sallies to prevent her from dwelling on the superstitious terrors with which tradition had invested the forest; but now that she must tread its tangled paths alone, she hesitated, and was half tempted to relinquish the daring project. Still she felt unwilling to yield the honour of being first, without a struggle. Besides, her companions had always given her a reputation for courage, and although she had a secret conviction that she owed it solely to her young brother's reflected bravery, it is a reputation which young girls prize so highly, that, rather than forfeit it, they will rush recklessly into real dangers, from which, if they escape, it is by their good fortune, and not by their boasted courage.

Alix could not endure to allow to others that she was afraid. No, no, she must not permit that to be said, nor must she expose herself to the jeers and laughter of those who would delight to hear that she was not first at market. She must go by the wood-path, and must go early. And so thinking, she laid her down to rest.

The part of France in which Alix was born and brought up is full of historical remains, and therefore abounds with traditions, the more mystical and terrible from the dash of paganism with which they are mixed up. Not a forest, ruin, or grotto, is without some picturesque legend, which the young listen to from the lips of the aged with shuddering delight; and all that Alix had ever heard of the forest of Beauregard, or of any other haunted wood in the province, rose with disagreeable tenacity to her memory on this particular night. She remembered the darkness and gloom of the old trees, the thickness of the brushwood, and shudderred as she thought of the possibility of meeting the Couleuvre-Fée—the Melusina of Provence—or the Chèvre d'Or, who confides the secret resting-place of hidden treasures to the wandering traveller, only to afflict him with incurable melancholy if he prove himself unworthy of riches. As the dread of these supernatural creatures increased upon her with the silence and darkness of night, she hid her head beneath the counterpane, and wisely resolved to dare all

that human beings could do to vex her, rather than encounter the tricks and temptations of those unearthly ones,—and then she slept.

Light to see, however, is nearly allied to courage to dare; and when Alix arose at early dawn, her perturbations and tremblings had vanished, and her midnight decision was overturned by the impulse of the morning. She dressed herself, quickly, but carefully, in her most becoming attire; and a very fine specimen of the women of the province she looked —noted though they are for the regal style of their beauty—when equipped in her plaited petticoat; her bright fichu, not pinned tightly down, but crossing the bosom in graceful folds, and fastened in a knot at the back; her thick glossy bands of black hair contrasting well with the rich glow of her cheek, and with the Madras silk handkerchief which covered without concealing the luxuriance of her long hair. Holding in her hand her large market-basket, not unlike in shape to a coal-scuttle or a gipsey bonnet, with a majestic rather than a tripping step, Alix began her walk; looking more like one of the Roman matrons from whom tradition tells that her race was descended than a poor peasant girl.

As she reached the turn from the high-road to the wood, she quickened her steps, and resolutely took the forest path; while, as if determined to prove to herself that she was not afraid, she ever and anon gave forth a snatch of song, in a voice as clear and shrill as that of the birds twittering in the branches overhead to join the common hymn of praise with which the denizens of earth and sky salute the new-born day.

The morning was unusually sultry and oppressive, although the sun was but newly risen. Alix felt herself overcome with fatigue when scarcely half-way through the forest. She was so fatigued that she found it necessary to sit down; but, just as she had selected a seat in a quiet shady nook which promised to be a pleasant resting-place, she discovered that it abutted closely on the opening to one of the grottos that tradition had marked out as the former habitation of hermits or saints whose spirits were still believed to haunt their old dwelling-places. She no sooner became aware of the grotto's vicinity than she rose hastily; and, snatching up her basket, set off down one of the alleys of the forest, without taking time to consider where she was going; when forced to pause to recover her breath, she found herself in a spot she had never seen before, but one so lovely that she looked around with surprise and admiration.

It was a little glade, in form almost an amphitheatre, carpeted with turf as soft and elastic as velvet; its bright green, enamelled with flowers; and on each petal, each tiny blade of grass, dew-drops were sparkling like tears of happinesss, in welcome to the sun's returning rays. Around this little circle, mighty old trees, gnarled and rugged, the fathers of the forest, were so regularly ranged as to seem the work of art rather than of nature, and this impression was strengthened by the avenue-like alley that spread from it towards the north. Immediately opposite to this opening, on the southern side of the amphitheatre, rose a rampart of grey rocks, marbled with golden veins, from whose hoary side sprung forth the rock rose or pink cystus, and under whose moist shade the blue aster, one of the fairest of earth's stars, flourished luxuriantly. As Alix's eye fell on the trees, and grass, and flowers, she set her basket down carefully at the foot of a fine old oak, and, forgetting fatigue, heat, and superstitious terrors, busied herself in gathering the dew-gemmed flowers, until her apron was quite full.

Then, seating herself under the oak, she began with pretty fastidiousness to choose the most perfect of her treasures to arrange into a bouquet for her bosom, and one for her hair. While thus engaged she half-chanted, half-recited her Salve Regina :—

> Hail to the Queen who reigns above,
> Mother of Clemency and Love!
> We, from this wretched world of tears
> Send sighs and groans unto thine ears.
> Oh, thou sweet advocate, bestow
> One pitying look on us below!

The hymn and toilet were concluded together; and then, but not till then, Alix remembered that there was a market at Maillot, at which she must be present, instead of spending the day in such joyous idleness. She sighed and wished she were a lady—the young lady of Beauregard, of whose marriage Monsieur Reboul had told her such fine things—and, as she thought thus, association of ideas awoke the recollection that this day was the twenty-third of June, the vigil of St. John; a season said to be very fatal to the females of the house of Beauregard. She shuddered as the terrors of that tradition recurred to her memory, and wished she were not alone in the haunted forest on so unlucky a day. Many and strange were the superstitions she had heard regarding St. John's Eve, and many the observances of which she hah been the terrified witness; but, that which had always affected her imagination the most, was the ancient belief that any one who has courage to hold a lonely vigil in a church on St. John's Eve, beholds passing in procession all those who are fated to die within the year. It was with this superstition that the legend of Beauregard was associated; for it was said that in old times a certain lady of the family had, for reasons of her own—bad reasons of course—held such a vigil, had seen her own spirit among the doomed, and had indeed died that year. Tradition further averred, that since then, the twenty-third of June had been always more or less fatal to the females of her house; and as

Alix remembered this, she was content to be only Alix Leroux, who, though possessed neither of Châteaux nor forests, and forced to work hard and attend weekly markets, had no ancestral doom hanging over her, but could look forward to a bright future, as the beloved mistress of a certain stonecutter's comfortable home; of which stonecutter's existence Monsieur Reboul was quite unconscious.

Her thoughts of François, her young warm-hearted lover, and of the two strong arms ready at a word from her to do unheard-of miracles, dimpled her cheeks with smiles, and entirely banished the uncomfortable cogitations which had preceded them; taking up her basket, she arose; and, looking around her, began to consider which path she ought to follow, to find the most direct road to Maillot.

She was still undecided, when a whole herd of deer dashed down the north alley towards her, and broke forcibly through the thick covert beyond, as if driven forward by intense fear. She was startled by the sudden apparition, for a moment's consideration convinced her that what had terrified them might terrify her also, and that the part of the forest from which they had been driven was that which she must cross to reach Maillot. Timid as a deer herself, at this thought she strained her eyes in the direction whence they had come, but could see nothing. She listened: all was still again, not a leaf stirred,—and yet, was it fancy, or was it her sense of hearing excited by fear to a painful degree of acuteness, that made her imagine that she heard, at an immense distance, a muffled sound of wheels and of the tramp of horses' feet? She wrung her hands in terror; for, satisfied that no earthly carriage could force its way through the tangled forest paths, she could only suppose that something supernatural and terrible was about to blast her sight; still, as if fascinated, she gazed in the direction of the gradually increasing sounds. Not a wink of her eyes distracted her sight as she peered through the intervening branches. Presently, a huge body, preceded by something which caught and reflected the straggling rays of sunshine that penetrated between the trees, was seen crushing through the brushwood. Nearer and nearer it came with a curiously undulating movement, and accompanied by the same strange, dull, inexplicable sound, until, as it paused at a few hundred paces from her place of concealment, she perceived to her intense relief that the object of her terror was nothing more than an earthly vehicle of wood and iron, in the form of one of the unwieldy coaches of the day, drawn by a team of strong Flanders horses; and that the strange muffled sounds which had accompanied it, arose solely from the elasticity of the turf over which it rolled having deadened the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The relief from supernatural terrors, however, rendered Alix only the more exposed to earthly fears; and, when a second glance at the carriage showed her that the glistening objects which had caught her eye at a distance were the polished barrels of mousquetons, or heavy carbines, carried by two men who occupied the driving seat, she slipped from her hiding-place behind a large oak tree, and carefully ensconced herself among the thick bushes that overshadowed the rocks.

Scarcely had she done this, before one of the armed men got down from the box, and walked round the circular glade, scanning it with a curious and penetrating glance. For a moment, he paused before the old oak, as if attracted by some flowers Alix had dropped; but another quick searching look seeming to satisfy him, he returned to the carriage and stood by the door, as if in conference with some one inside.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Alix, "he sees that the carriage cannot pass further in this direction; I shall not, therefore, be kept here long;" and her curiosity as to what was next to be done, gaining predominance over her fears, she again peered eagerly between the branches. A gentleman got out of the carriage, and examined the little glade as carefully as his servant had done.

"What a handsome man!" thought Alix. "What a grand dress he has; all silk and velvet!" She fixed an admiring glance on the tall, noble-looking figure that stood for a moment, silent and still, in the centre of the amphitheatre.

"It will do Pierre," he said at length, as he turned on his steps; "begin your work."

Pierre bowed, and without speaking, pointed to a little plot of ground, of peculiarly bright green, with a dark ring round it—a fairy-ring, in short, so named in all countries—which lay almost directly opposite to Alix's hiding-place.

"Yes," was the brief answer. "Call Joseph to help; we are at least an hour too late."

The strong rigidity of the speaker's countenance caused Alix to tremble, although she did not know why, unless it were in her dread of falling into his hands as a spy of his secret actions, whatever they might be; for he was evidently not a man to be trifled with.

Pierre went back to the carriage, from which the other man had already descended, and together they took from the hind boot, a couple of pickaxes and spades, with which they speedily began to cut away the turf of the green-ring, for a space of some six or eight feet in length, and as many in breadth.

She could distinctly see Pierre's face, and perceived it was not one that she had ever seen before. That of Joseph was concealed from her, as he worked with his back towards her; but there was something about his dress and appearance that seemed familiar to

her, and which was very different from that of Pierre. But what strange kind of hole was that they were digging?

"Holy Mother of mercy, it is a grave!"

As this idea occurred to her, her blood ran cold; but the sudden thought underwent as sudden a change, when, the second man turning his face towards her, she recognised to her amazement, the countenance of her admirer, the old bailiff.

The sight of his familiar face dissipated her gloomy suspicions, and she speedily persuaded herself that instead of a grave to hide some dreadful deed, they were digging for some of the concealed treasures which everybody knew were buried in the forest. Monsieur Reboul had often told her that he had heard of them from his grandmother, so it was natural enough he should be ready to seek them. How she would torment him with the secret thus strangely acquired!

From her merry speculations she was roused at length by the re-appearance of the tall man carrying in his arms something wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and followed by another and younger figure, bearing, like himself, all the outward signs belonging to the highest class of the nobility, though on his features was stamped an expression of cruelty and harshness.

"Going to bury a treasure, rather than seek one," thought Alix. "Very well, Monsieur Reboul, I have you still!"

The tall man, meanwhile, had placed his burden on the ground. Removing the cloak that covered it, he now displayed to Alix's astonished eyes a young and very lovely lady. For a moment, the fair creature stood motionless where she was placed, as if dazzled by the sudden light; but it was for a moment only, and then she flung herself on the ground at the feet of the elder man, beseeching him to have mercy upon her, to remember that she was young, and that life, any life, was dear to her!

The man moved not a muscle, uttered not a word save these, "I have sworn it."

The girl—for she looked little more than sixteen—pressed her hands on her bosom, as if to still the suffocating beating of her heart, and was silent. Such silence! Such anguish! Alix trembled as if she herself were under the sentence of that cold cruel man. But, now the grave was finished; for grave it seemed to be, and one too, destined to enclose that living, panting, beautiful creature. The old man laid his hand upon her arm and drew her forcibly to the edge of the gaping hole.

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp; and, with a wild and thrilling shriek rushed to the young man, clung to him, kissed his hands, his feet, raised her wild tearless eyes to his, and implored for mercy, with such an agony of terror in her hoarse broken voice, that the young man's powerful frame shook as if struck by ague. Involuntarily, unconsciously he clasped her in his arms. What he might have said or done, God knows, had the old man allowed him time; but already he was upon them, and snatched the girl from his embrace. The young man turned away with a look so terrible that Alix never recalled it, never spoke of it afterwards, without an invocation to Heaven.

"Kill me first," shrieked the poor girl, as her executioner dragged her a second time to that living grave. "Not alive, not alive! Oh my father, not alive!"

"I have no child, you no father!" was the stern reply. The young man hid his face in his hands, and Alix saw them thrust their victim into the grave; but she saw no more, for, with a cry almost as startling as that which the murdered lady had uttered, she fled from her concealment back to the village. Panting, she rushed on without pause, without hesitation, through unknown paths; her short quick cries for "Help! help! help!" showing the one idea that possessed her; but she met no one until she stopped exhausted and breathless at the first house in the village, that of the curé.

"Come, come at once; they will have killed her!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter my poor girl?" he asked in amazement, as, pushing back his spectacles, he raised his head from his breviary.

"Oh come, sir! I will tell you as we go. Where is François! He would help me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Come, do come!"

There was no mistaking the look of agitation in her face; the curé yielded to her entreaties and followed her. As they quitted the house, they met some labourers with spades in their hands, going to their daily work.

"Make these men come with us," Alix said, "and bring their spades!"

The curé did so, and in an incredibly short space of time the little party reached the green ring. The spot was vacant now, as formerly—carriage, horses, servants, executioners, and victim, all had disappeared as if by magic; and, in the quiet sylvan solitude, not a trace save the newly-turned soil was perceptible of the tragedy enacted there so lately. But Alix staid not to glance around her; going directly up to the fatal spot, she gasped out, "Dig, dig!"

No one knew why the order was given, nor what they were expected to find; but her eagerness had extended itself to the whole party, and they at once set to work, while she herself, prostrate on the ground, tried to aid them by tearing up the sods with her hands. At length the turf was removed, and a universal cry of horror was heard, when the body of the unhappy girl was discovered.

"Take her out; she is not dead! Monsieur le Curé, save her; tell us how to save her!"

The labourers gently raised the body, and placed it in Alix's arms, as she still sat on the ground. They chafed the cold hands, loosened the rich dress—the poor girl's only shroud—but she gave no sign of life.

"Water, water!" cried Alix.

No fountain was near, but the rough men gathered the dead leaves strewed around, and sprinkled the pale face with the dew they still held. For a second they all hoped; the eyelids quivered slightly, and a faint pulsation of the heart was clearly perceptible.

But that was all. They had come too late.

The curé bent over the dead and repeated the solemn "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine," and then all joined in the hymn of death, "Dies iræ, dies illa!" as they gently bore the corpse from the place of its savage sepulture, to holy ground. For several days, the body was exposed in an open coffin in the little village church of Beauregard, and every effort was made to track the perpetrators of the dreadful deed. But in vain; no traces of them could be found. An innate dread of some personal misfortune sealed Alix's lips with respect to her recognition of the Bailiff, and all inquiries as to the passing of a carriage such as she had described, between Maillot and Novelle, were made unsuccessfully.

The dress of the young lady was carefully examined, in hopes of the discovery of her name by means of cyphers or initials on her linen; but there were none. The satin robe, the jewels she had worn on her neck and arms, and the delicate flowers twined in her hair, gave evidence that she had been carried away from some gay fête. From the ring on her marriage finger they augured she was a wife; but there all conjecture ended. After her burial in holy ground her gold ring and other ornaments were hung up in the church, in the hope that some day a claimant might arise who could unravel the strange mystery; and close by them was suspended an ex voto offering by Alix, in gratitude for her own escape.

The story was never cleared up. Monsieur Reboul was never seen again, and Alix had so lost her boasted courage that she never afterwards dared to take a solitary walk, especially near the fatal green ring in the forest. Perhaps it was this dread of being alone, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance of Monsieur Reboul, which tempted her soon afterwards, to follow the advice of her neighbours, and become the wife of François, the stonecutter. The marriage was a happy one, and a time came when the remembrance of that fatal Eve of St. John was recalled more as a strange legend to be told to her children and grandchildren than as a fearful drama in which she had herself taken part.

In the revolutionary struggles which followed, the ornaments of the murdered girl were, with other relics of the old régime, lost or removed from the little village church. Yet the story lingers there still, and, like many another strange story, it is a true one.

LAST MOMENTS OF AN ENGLISH KING.

An opportunity has been afforded us of examining, at our leisure, a curious collection of papers of the age of Charles the Second, recently discovered at Draycot House, near Chippenham, in Wiltshire: the seat of the ancient family of the Longs, of Draycot, in that county. The collection is very miscellaneous, consisting of printed broadsides, manuscript satires, not very decent, and, in some cases, too well known; newsletters, chiefly relating to matters of little general or even local interest, and other very miscellaneous sheets of handwriting, now and then containing facts of importance to the student of English manners and customs. The Jew's-eye of the whole (as an enthusiastic collector would call it), is a letter adding new points of consequence to the accounts we possess of the death-bed of Charles the Second. It is, unfortunately, without signature or address; but the air of truth throughout is so great, the known facts and details are so supported by other testimony, and the new facts it reveals are so consistent with what was passing around, and with the known character of the individuals to whom they relate, that the discovery of the letter must be considered an accession of consequence to the stock of materials illustrative of English history.

It is certainly remarkable that the death-beds of King Charles the Second and his two great favourites, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, are among the best known recorded by poets, historians, or biographers. Burnet has given us an account of the last hours of Lord Rochester, which a great moralist (Dr. Johnson) has recommended to all classes and conditions of readers. Pope has made an enduring picture of the worst inn's worst room in which Villiers breathed his last; and Mr. Macaulay has devoted fourteen pages of his History (and among the finest even in his volumes), to the last moments of King Charles the Second. The picture which Mr. Macaulay has drawn with so much fidelity and skill, has been compiled from printed and from manuscript sources. Every incident has been worked up, and given its proper place and proportion. One would have thought that no more was to be done to it. Our letter, however, throws much supplementary light upon the scene. Here it is, with the spelling modernised. The writer is a lady, the wife of a person about the Court at Whitehall, with ample opportunities of obtaining information from the best-informed persons:—

"Methinks I owe my dearest a particular relation of his late Majesty's sickness and

death, with the intervening accidents which escape one's memory, if they are not written in the instant. On Sunday, the First of February, 1684–5, he found himself not well, which he did not confess, but thought it might pass away, as doubtless many other of his distempers had done. On Sunday night he sent to my Lord Chamberlain to send for his doctors to attend him the next morning to consult about his leg, in which he would not own a touch of the gout, but had favoured it about three weeks, and wore a plaster on it of his own prescription, but was returned to some degree of walking again. The doctors came according to his order, and Dr. Scarborough finding his speech falter, he ran and told the Duke. Dr. King, who was, I think called, though no sworn physician, perceived it too; and he went and told my Lord Peterborough, who advised him to return, and be near at hand if any accident should happen. Whilst this passed, he rose out of his bed. and as he was deploring the death of my Lord Allington, could not pronounce his name, but stuttered 'All—All.' Tom Ho: who was on his knees, buckling his garters, turns quick, and looking him in the face, saw it strangely altered, and asked him—'Sir, how-d'ye-do?' He puffed, as when he is vexed, and would not answer, but rose hastily out of his chair, and went through two rooms into his closet, shutting the door against Tom Ho: who, in care would have pressed in after him. There he stayed, some say one, some two hours; but when Mr. H. heard him walk, he ran to W. C. [Will Chiffinch] and bid him go round and persuade him out, which he did with some difficulty. As he opened the door, H. looked again, and seeing him much changed, he ran to the next room and drew in Dr. K. by the arm, not having time to speak. When he returned, his Majesty was sunk down in his chair, with his head to one side, and gave the dreadfullest shriek was ever heard. In the moment, Dr. K. stripped up the sleeve of his waistcoat (for he was not dressed), held the vein with his thumb, and opened a vein; but he not bleeding, he took a bottle out of bis pocket, and dropped into his nose, then took it by the end, and shook it so as shook his whole head, which brought him out of his convulsion fit, so that he bled freely eighteen ounces. By this time Dr. Wetherly and others were assembled, and they approved of what was done, and applied a warming pan of coals to his head, and applied blisters to his back, arms, and thighs; in the meantime, seeing him foam much at mouth, they wished a vomit, and the noise having drawn down James Chace, who was going to Temple Bar, to a patient, chanced to have one of Wetherly's prescriptions in his pocket, which otherwise could not have been prepared under four hours. He took it, and it brought much phlegm off his stomach. When they opened the blisters, they wrought admirably. He was very sensible, and told Dr. Short that, but now he could not speak, and asked what ailed him. In the night, he was taken with something like a return, between eleven and one, but it passed easily. The next day he talked and rallied; and the doctors forbidding him, he said that order would have killed Harry Killigrew, but he would obey it."

Here we must break off to call the reader's attention to the new points about Lord Allington and Thomas Howard (Tom Howard was one of the Grooms of the Chamber—a *John* Chase was apothecary to the King's person), and to the King's good-humoured allusion to Harry Killigrew. The writer continues thus:—

"I should have told you, in his fit his feet were cold as ice, and were kept rubbing with hot cloths, which were difficult to get. Some say the Queen rubbed one, and washed it in tears. Pillows were brought from the Duchess of Portsmouth's by Mrs. Roche. His Highness [the Duke of York] was first there, then I think the Queen (he sent for her); the Duchess of Portsmouth swooned in the chamber, and was carried out for air; Nelly roared to a disturbance, and was led out and lay roaring behind the door; the Duchess wept and returned; the Princess [afterwards Queen Anne] was not admitted, he was so ghastly a sight (his eye-balls turned that none of the blacks were seen, and his mouth drawn up to one eye), so they feared it might affect the child she goes with. None came in at the common door, but by an odd side-door to prevent a crowd, but enough at convenient times to satisfy all. The grief of the Duchess of Portsmouth did not hinder packing and sending many strong boxes to the French Ambassador's; and the second day of the King's sickness, the chamber being kept dark (you know)—one who comes out of the light does not see very soon, and much less one who is between them and the light there is—so she came and went of the inside of the bed, and sat down o 't, and taking the King's hand in hers, felt his two great diamond rings; and, thinking herself alone, asked him what he did with them on, and said she would take them off, and did it at the same time, and looking up saw the Duke of the other side, stedfastly looking on her, at which she blushed much, and held them towards him, and said 'Here, Sir, will you take them?' 'No, Madam,' said he, 'they are as safe in your hands as mine. I will not touch them till I see how things will go.' But since the King's death she has forgot to restore them, though he has not that she took them, for he told the story."

Let the reader particularly observe the picture which the writer gives us for the first time, of Nelly's lying "roaring behind the door" (an incident unknown to Mr. Cunningham) and the fearful scene (new to Mr. Macaulay), of the Duchess of Portsmouth taking the rings from the fingers of the

dying monarch. Hogarth has a ring incident nearly as terrible. The letter continues:—

"Since this, every night, about the hours of twelve or one, he found an alteration, something of a cold sweat, and some shivering; on Thursday the doctor thought it would conclude in an intermitting fever, and gave him the Jesuit's powder four times; afterwards he found his nose stopped, that he could not breathe at it, nor scarce at his throat, yet fell asleep and slept two hours at least, and waked and asked what o'clock, and said he was much refreshed with that sleep. It was either that day or Wednesday that he was let blood in one jugular vein; and Pierce missed (for the King's are not the best chirurgeons), then he struck the other, which bled well,—they had done it there the first day, but the convulsions were so strong and sudden that they could not; yet then they gave him, after his vomit had wrought, a purge or two, which worked mighty well, and the second day he prescribed himself a purge or erapiora, which did the best in the world, as did everything he took, so that it was a wonder he died; but it was abundance of blood, and a transport of it to his head, and it discharged itself as it could, partly on his lungs, which were full of it, and partly, as I guess, at the ends of the arteries (if any are in the head), for it fell down between the thick skin and the flesh, on his right shoulder and arm, in which he complained of pain two days before his death, and after the settling of the blood was there even in the fore-part of his shoulder, which is only usual in the hips, and that behind. Doubtless many things were prejudicial that were done, had his disease been known, but he had ever laughed at physicians, and would never come under their hands; so none knew his constitution since Fraiser died, who told him, the last time he saw him, that if he would be let blood spring and fall, and take a purge or two in those seasons, he might live to a great age; but he never would do it."

Pearse, or Pierce, was Chirurgeon-General to the King's person, and is the Pearse so often mentioned by Pepys. Fraiser had been Physician to the King: of his Court skill, Pepys has given an amusing account. The letter-writer now says something about herself, or rather her husband:—

"My husband being there, with many others, he said, 'Gentlemen, I have suffered very much and more than any of you can imagine,' but not with impatience. At eleven o'clock a Thursday night he asked the hour, and when they told him, he answered, 'Then, at half-an-hour after twelve, I shall depart;' but lived till Friday, about that time in the morning. My husband was there with a sad heart, and heard him say, 'I have waited for this change, and desire to be dissolved.' He was then let blood by order of Council, though the physician despaired of life; he then died as peaceable as a lamb, and had his sense, though not his speech, to the very last. He had with him, waiting without (when he was not well enough to pray), the Bishops of London and Durham, Deans of the Closet and Chapel, and was visited by his Grace of Canterbury, but none took so much pains as Bath and Wells [Ken,] nor were so well versed in that sort of Divinity; but, oh! I tremble to tell you, would never be persuaded to receive the Communion, though he seemed to join in prayer, and audibly said 'Amen.' I have heard he was once private, with only three in the room (except some one waited privately in another hard by till that vacancy). What passed then, none can tell that will. He recommended all his relations that he considered to his brother. When he saw he should die, he first asked his pardon for all he had done to him which looked unkind, and said he was forced to it; then desired him to be kind to the Queen, and to his four children by the Duchess of Cleveland, and made them kneel down, and desired him to embrace them; the like he did to the rest; and the King named them, but could not bring out Bur.'s name, but put him into his hand, and desired him to take care of his education, for he will be spoiled else; he desired him to be well to Portsmouth, and not let poor Nelly starve. The King that now is repeated over all the children except Monmouth, whom his father had not named. He recommended neither Church, nor State, nor servants, nor debts. This King [James the Second] behaved himself from the beginning to the end the best in the world; he wept bitterly, and without affectation; he watched and kneeled by him till he could scarce rise or stand, and paid duty and respect to the very last moment. They left the corpse in bed, covered with a sheet, till next day, that he was opened—I think it was till Sunday—and in that time any one might see him. They say he looked then as in health; his blisters having made him raw, and the covering made him stink without, but his inwards were all good and sound, and might have lasted many years, though one little part of one side of his lungs was tainted or perished. The twelfth he will be removed to the painted chamber, and then the Lords ordered to attend his funeral, which will be performed without cost; the whole family to be dismissed; and the King will live as privately as when he was Duke till he sees what the Parliament will do to establish his house; so that there will not be such a thing as a Green Cloth, though established by Act of Parliament. Some talk of resuming Crown lands, &c."

The name contracted by the writer, and which the King could not "bring out," is supposed to be Burford, the King's son, by Eleanor Gwyn.

"Sir Scroop How made his peace for desperate words of scandal against the Duke of York, sworn by two witnesses two days before

the King fell ill; but Sir Walter Young was not so fortunate, who would have kissed the present King's hand, and was refused, though his cousin my Lord Churchill, was his mediator, but he was told a time was near in which his reality would appear, and after that he should. My wise Lord Max. is, I believe, at the same pass; for he confesses he had employed a friend, but had not heard from him since. * * * * * no mortal knows, nor is it very material; my Lord Devon refused to appear at Council when the first proclamation was signed, not as a whig, for he is much otherways, but thinks the death of a King dissolves the Privy Council, and it would be a lessening to his quality to obey a summons from men out of commission. Dartmouth is Master of the Horse, at which Portsmouth storms in her own lodgings; but when she desired to speak with his Majesty she could not come within three rooms of him, without sending for the Groom of the Stole (my Lord Peterborough) to get her admitted (as other people now do). He brought her through the rooms, and she went into her closet, but nobody heard what passed there, though it is said the King said he would take care of her son (the Duke of Richmond) if she would leave him to him, but that he would have a master of the Horse who was able to execute the office. He received Colonel Strang. and Wad. very kindly, acknowledging their constant fidelity, and promising to do them good, and continued him Colonel; in fine you will see rewards and punishments come mightily in fashion, and a more active prince than has been since Queen Elizabeth. The King has given the regiment he was colonel of when Duke, to the Prince. Col. Werden is Cofferer, the Lord Lieutenant and Deputies of Surrey dined together two days to consult about knights of the shire. Some proposed S. R. M.; but he declined, and three were named, Sr. A. Bm., Sr. J. V., and Sr. E. E., so they are to agree which of the two shall stand, but should Onslow, E. E., or Sr. N. Ca. stand, I doubt them much.

"It is said there is a written or printed order for mourning, but I have not seen it. Earls' coaches are wholly in mourning; officers must have a colored cloak; in fine, I do not know very well, but Earls must wear long cloaks; all must wear cloth waistcoats and little cuffs. The Queen Dowager's court wears cambric, all others muslin. The Queen Dowager puts off her maids,—Mrs. Swan and Villiers go to the young Queen, the rest to their friends, and pages of honour must go home too; every part lessens to an atom, so there will be great frugality in fashion. The King says he will keep no more servants than he can pay quarterly. Have you heard how concerned the common people were for the King's sickness? they cried as they walked the streets, and great sadness in all faces, and great crowds at all the gates, which were kept shut to keep out the rabble; yet to all the extravagant reports they have made they fancy this King in his speech at Council declared he would be of the Protestant religion, and that he had promised his brother so much, and had taken the sacrament on't, so they came thick and threefold to see him at chapel, but they said they could not see him because he was gone to the Abbey, and that next Sunday he would be at St. Martin's."

We have deciphered several of the initials, and further research might explain all. The historical interest of the letter is not to be doubted.

DOCTOR PABLO.

A YOUNG ship-surgeon who had made several voyages, set out about thirty-five years ago, on board a rotten old three-master, commanded by a worn-out captain. The ship was named Le Cultivateur, and the young surgeon was named Paul de la Gironière. He came of Breton race; feared nothing, and loved adventure.

After touching in sundry ports, the old three-master reached the Philippine Islands, and anchored near the little town of Cavita, in the bay of Manilla. There, the young doctor obtained leave to live ashore until the vessel sailed again; and having found lodgings in the town, he began to amuse himself in the open air with his gun. He mixed with the natives, and picked up what he could of their language, increasing at the same time his knowledge of Spanish.

At the end of four months—in September, eighteen hundred and twenty—cholera broke out at Manilla, and soon spread over the island. Mortality was terrible among the Indians; and, as often happens with Indians, and used to happen often among Europeans when people were more ignorant than they are now, the belief arose that somebody was poisoning the wells. No suspicion fell upon the Spanish masters of the island, who were dying with the rest; but there were several French ships in the harbour, and it was therefore settled that the wells were poisoned by the French.

On the ninth of October a horrible massacre began at Manilla and Cavita. The old captain of the Cultivateur was one of the first victims. Almost all the French residents in Manilla were assassinated, and their houses pillaged and destroyed.

Monsieur Paul the doctor, who was known on shore as Doctor Pablo, contrived to escape in good time to his ship. As soon as he was on board, his services were wanted by the mate of an American vessel, who had received a poniard wound. That having been dressed, the doctor next heard from several French captains that one of their number,

Captain Drouant from Marseilles, was still on shore. There remained but an hour of twilight; he might possibly be saved. The bold young Breton therefore went ashore again in a canoe, and, when he landed, bade the sailors abide by the boat until he or Captain Drouant should come to them. He then began his search; and, at a little place called Puesta Baga, perceived a group of three or four hundred Indians. Among them they had the unlucky captain, pale as a ghost; whom a wild Indian with a kris in his hand held by the shoulder. Down rushed Doctor Pablo on the group, thrust the wild Indian to the right and Captain Drouant to the left, and pointing out where the boat was, bade the captain run and save himself. The captain ran, and the Indians were too much surprised at the presumption of his rescuer to take immediate heed of the departure of their victim; so the captain reached the boat, and pulled away from shore.

But, how was Doctor Pablo to escape? The Indian whom he had thrust aside, ran at him with uplifted arm.; him the young surgeon met by a blow on the head with a little cane. The man ran back to his companions, amazed and wrathful. Knives were drawn on all sides, and a circle was formed about the mad white man; one would not strike alone, but a score or two would strike together. The circle was closing, when an Indian soldier, armed with a musket, jumped into the midst. Holding his musket by the muzzle, he swung it violently round at arm's length, and the revolving butt-end soon cleared a wide space. "Fly, sir!" the soldier said; "nobody will touch a hair of you while I am here."

In truth a way was opened, by which the young man was quietly permitted to depart; as he went, the soldier cried after him, "You cared for my wife when she was ill, and refused money; now you are paid."

Captain Drouant having taken the canoe, Monsieur Paul had no course left him but to go to his old home in Cavita. On the way, he met a crowd of workers from the arsenal, who had set out with hatchets to attack the ships. Among these, too, there was a friend who pinned him to a wall, concealed his person until his companions were gone by, and then urged him to promise that he would not go on board the ships, but hide on shore.

The Doctor's case was little improved when he reached home. There came a knocking at the door, and a whispering outside, of "Doctor Pablo." It was the friendly voice of a Chinese storekeeper.

"What have you to say, Yang-Po?"

"Doctor Pablo, save yourself. The Indians intend attacking you this night."

Doctor Pablo would not save himself by flight; he thought it best to barricade his doors with furniture, to load his pistols, and to abide the issue.

Wearied by a day of anxiety, excitement, and severe physical labour, the beleaguered Frenchman found it difficult to keep awake and watchful, through the first hours of the night. At eleven o'clock there came again a knocking, hurriedly repeated.

"Who is there?"

"We are friends. The Indians are behind us. Escape through the roof at the back, and you will find us in the street of the Companario."

He took this good advice, and, had not long escaped before the house was searched and pillaged. His new friends sheltered him for the night, and were about to convey him to his ship on the succeeding morning, when one of them brought him a letter signed by all the captains in harbour, saying that being in momentary fear of attack, they had determined to heave anchor, and stand out to sea; but that two of them, Drouant and Perroux, would have to leave on land part of their provisions, their sails, and their water, unless he would send those stores off by means of a canoe which was sent with the letter, and was subject to his orders.

"The safety of two ships," said the young surgeon, "depends on sending off this water and these stores."

"Your own safety," his friends replied, "depends on getting off yourself, and that immediately."

"I am resolved to see after the stores."

"Then go alone, for we will not escort you to destruction."

Doctor Pablo did go alone, and found upon the shore a crowd of Indians watching the ships. He believed that by not fearing them he would remove nearly all cause for fear, and therefore went boldly up to them, saying, "Which of you would like to earn some money? I will give any man a piastre for a day's work." There was a silence. Presently one said, "You do not seem to be afraid of us." "Why, no," he replied, drawing his two pistols; "you see I stake only one life against two." The men were at his service in a minute; two hundred were chosen; a note was pencilled and sent off by the canoe to summon all the ship's boats to convey the stores. A quantity of money belonging to Captain Drouant was taken to the beach secretly by the pocketful, and deposited in a corner of one of the boats. All went well; there was only one unlucky accident. When Captain Perroux's sails were being repaired, one of the men engaged in the work had died of cholera, and the rest fearing infection, had wrapped him up hurriedly in a small sail and run away. The Indians, in moving the sailcloths, uncovered the body, and were at once in an uproar. This was, they said a French plot for poisoning the air and spreading the infection. "Nonsense, men," said Pablo. "Afraid of a poor devil dead of cholera? So be it. I'll soon relieve you of him." Then, with a great display of coolness which he did not altogether feel, he wrapped

the body again in a piece of the sail-cloth, and, lifting it up in his arms, he carried it down to the shore. He caused a hole to be dug, and laid the body in the grave himself. When it was covered up, he erected a rude cross over the spot. After that, the loading went on without further hindrance.

Having paid the Indians, and given them a cask of brandy, Doctor Pablo went to the ship with the last cargo of water, and there—as he had taken little or no refreshment during the last twenty-four hours—his work being now done, he began to feel exhausted. He was exhausted in more senses than one, for he was near the end of his worldly as well as of his bodily resources. All his goods and the small hoards that he had made, were either destroyed or stolen; he owned nothing but what he had upon him—a check shirt, canvas trousers, and a calico waistcoat, with a small fortune of thirty-two piastres in his pockets. When he had recovered from his faintness and had taken a little food, he bethought him of an English captain in the Bay who owed him a hundred piastres; as the vessels were all on the point of departure, he must set off in a small boat at once to get them. Now this captain, one of the perfidious sons of Albion I am sorry to say, replied to the young doctor's demand that he owed him nothing, and threatened to throw him overboard. So, in sooth he was obliged to tumble back into his boat, and return to the Cultivateur as he could. But then, how could he?—for the night was become pitch dark, and a violent contrary wind had arisen.

The night was spent in idly tossing on the waves; but, when morning came, and he got on board his ship, other difficulties disappeared. The Spanish authorities had quelled the riots, and the priests in the suburbs of Civita had threatened excommunication against any one who attempted Doctor Pablo's life; for as a son of Æsculapius, his life was to be particularly cherished. The French ships remained at anchor; and when, soon afterwards, an Indian came on board the Cultivateur to invite the doctor to his home near the mountains of Marigondon, ten leagues off, he had leisure to go, and went.

For three weeks, he lived happily as this Indian's guest, and then an express messenger came with a letter from the mate of his ship, who had commanded it since the death of the old captain, informing him that the Cultivateur was about to sail for France, and that he must make haste to come on board. The letter had been some days written, and when Doctor Pablo reached Manilla, there was his vessel to be seen, with its outspread sails, almost a speck on the horizon! His first thought was to give chace in a canoe, the Indians saying that if the breeze did not freshen they might overtake the ship. But they demanded twelve piastres on the spot, and only twenty-five were then lying in the doctor's pockets. What was to be done? If they failed to overtake the vessel, what figure was he to make in a town where he knew nobody, with nothing but a check shirt, canvas trousers, calico waistcoat, and thirteen piastres? Suddenly, he resolved to let the Cultivateur go, and keep what money he had, to set himself up as a practitioner of physic in Manilla.

But Manilla, as the world knows, is a gay place in which there is much display of wealth and carriages, and of Spanish colonial frippery and fashion. How should he begin? His stars provided for him in the first instance. Before he left the shore on his way back into Manilla, he met a young European, with whom he exchanged confidences. This young European was another ship doctor, who had himself thought of settling in the Philippines, but was called home by family affairs; he confirmed Monsieur de la Gironière in his purpose. There was a difficulty about his dress; it was not quite the costume in which to pay a physician's visits. "Never mind that, my dear fellow," said his friend. "I can furnish you with all you want: a new suit of clothes and six magnificent lancets. You shall have them at cost price." The bargain was settled; the departing doctor turned back to his inn, out of which Doctor Pablo presently issued fully equipped. He had a most respectable and professional set of clothes; only they were too long for him in every respect, and everywhere too wide. He had six lancets in his pocket, and his little calico waistcoat packed up in his hat. He had paid for his equipment twenty-four piastres, so he came out into the streets of Manilla with just one piastre in his hand, and the whole world of the Philippines before him.

A triumphant idea presently occurred to him. There was a Spanish captain, Juan Porras, known to be almost blind. He would go and offer him his services. Where did he live? A hundred people in the streets were asked in vain. At last an Indian shopkeeper observed, "If Señor Don Juan is a captain, he will be known at any guard-house." To a guard-house Doctor Pablo went, and thence was at once conducted by a soldier to the captain's dwelling. Night was then closing.

Don Juan Porras was an Andalusian, and a jolly fellow. He was in the act of covering his eyes with enormous poultices.

"Señor capitan," said the young Breton, "I am a doctor and a learned oculist. I am come to take care of you, and I am sure that I know how to cure you."

"Quite enough," he replied; "every physician in Manilla is an ape."

"That is just my opinion," said Doctor Pablo; "and for that reason I have resolved to come myself and practice in the Philippines."

"What countryman are you?"

"I am from France."

"A French physician? I am at your service. Take my eyes; do what you will with them."

"Your eyes, señor captain, are very bad. If they are to be healed soon, they ought not to be left a minute."

"Would you mind making a short stay with me?"

"I consent, on condition that you let me pay you for my board and lodging."

"Do as you will," replied Don Juan; "the thing is settled at once. Send for your luggage."

Doctor Pablo's canvas trousers had been thrown aside as too ragged to be worth preserving, and his whole luggage was the little white waistcoat packed up in his hat, and his hat was all the box he had. He adopted, the straightforward course, which is at all times the sensible and right course; he told the captain the plain truth about himself, and that his lodging could be paid for only out of his earnings, say from month to month. The captain was on his part delighted. "If you are poor," he said, "it will be the making of you to cure me. You are sure to do your best."

Doctor Pablo and the captain got on very well together. An examination of the eyes next morning showed that the right eye was not only lost, but enveloped in a mass of cancerous disease that would ere long have destroyed his patient's life. Of the other eye there was still hope. "Your right eye," the doctor said, "and all this growth about it has to be removed by an operation, or you must die." The operation was undergone. The wounds healed, the flesh became sound, and, after about six weeks, the use of the left eye was recovered. During this time Doctor Pablo met with a few other patients; so, at the end of the first month, he was able to pay punctually for his board and lodging.

The captain was cured, but nobody knew that, for he still refused to stir out of doors.

"I won't go out," he said, "to be called Captain One-eye. You must get me a glass eye from France before I'll stir abroad."

"But that will make a delay of eighteen months."

"You must wait eighteen months, then, before you get the credit of my cure. Worry me, and I'll keep my shutters closed, and make the people believe that I can't bear the light, and am as bad as ever."

If Captain Juan Porras would but show himself, then Doctor Pablo's fortune would be made. Was Doctor Pablo to wait eighteen months, until a false eye could be received from France? Certainly not. He would turn mechanician, and get up an eye at Manilla under his own superintendence. He did so, and the captain (though it did not feel as if it were a clever fit) found it not unsatisfactory. He put on spectacles, looked at himself in the glass, and consented to go out.

But what, somebody may ask, is all this story about? Is it true? I only know that it is all seriously vouched for, by the person chiefly concerned: to wit, the doctor himself. Monsieur Alexandre Dumas having included the adventures of Monsieur de la Gironière in a romance of "A Thousand and one Phantoms," Monsieur de la Gironiere considered that it was time for him to tell the naked truth concerning himself and his adventures. This he now does in a little book called Twenty Years in the Philippines; of which, as we understand from a notice prefixed by the author, an English translation is to appear, or perhaps by this time has appeared.

The return of Don Juan caused a great sensation in Manilla. Every one talked of Señor Don Pablo, the great French physician. Patients came from all parts; and, young as he was, he leaped from indigence to opulence. He kept a carriage and four, but still lodged in the captain's house.

At that time it happened that a young American friend pointed out to him a lady dressed in deep mourning, who was occasionally to be seen upon the promenades—one of the most beautiful women in the town. She was the Marchioness of Salinas, eighteen or nineteen years old, and already a widow. Doctor Pablo fell in love.

Vain attempts were made to meet this charming señora in private circles; but she was not to be seen within doors anywhere. One morning an Indian came to fetch the French physician to a boy, his master. He drove to the house indicated—one of the best in the suburb of Santa Cruz—saw the patient, and was writing a prescription in the sick room, when he heard the rustle of a dress behind him, turned his head and saw the lady of his dreams. He dropped his pen and began talking incoherently; she smiled, asked what he thought of her nephew, and went away. This made Doctor Pablo very diligent in his attendance on the boy; and six months afterwards Madame de las Salinas —Anna—was his wife. She had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, expected daily in galleons from Mexico.

One evening while they were at tea, news came that the galleons were in the offing. Husband and wife had agreed that when this money came, they would retire to France. Don Pablo had then a splendid practice at Manilla, and held several official situations, kept two carriages and eight horses; also a fine table, at which all Europeans were welcome guests. It was not ruin, therefore, when the tidings came next day that his wife's money was lost! It had been seized on its way through Mexico by Colonel Yturbide, and paid to the credit of the independent cause, in a civil war then and there in progress. The only difference to Doctor Pablo was, that he could not quit the Philippines.

Among other situations Doctor Pablo held the post of surgeon-major to the first light battalion of the line, and was a warm friend to its captain, Novales. Novales one night revolted, the regiment began an insurrection, and the surgeon-major rushed out at three o'clock in the morning, not exactly knowing

what to do. Tumult and cannonading followed. Pablo did not return to his wife for twenty-one hours; he had given his service to the Spaniards, and returned safe. He found his wife upon her knees; she rose to receive him, but her wits were gone. The terror she had suffered cost her an illness that deprived her, for a time, of reason. He watched over her, and she recovered. A month afterwards she relapsed, and it soon appeared that she was subject to monthly relapses of insanity.

He took her in search of health to the Tierra Alta, a district much infested by bandits; but he did not mind bandits. He had sundry adventures with them, and the result of them all was that these people thought Doctor Pablo a fine fellow, and liked him. With much care, Anna's health was at last perfectly restored.

Then the young couple, devoted to each other, returned into Manilla, where, soon afterwards, Doctor Pablo considered that he had been insulted by the governor; who had refused to discharge a soldier on account of ill-health on his recommendation. Pablo suddenly resigned every office that he held under the state, and asked his wife how she would like to go and live at Iala-Iala? Anywhere, she replied, with Doctor Pablo. He bought, therefore, with his savings, the peninsula of Iala-Iala; and, although the governor behaved courteously, refused his resignation, and appeased his wrath, he held to his purpose firmly, and set out to inspect his new theatre of action.

It proved to be a peninsula divided by a chain of mountains which subsided in a series of hills towards the lake. It was covered with forests and thick grassy pasturage, and was full of game; Doctor Pablo held himself to be a mighty hunter, great in the chace of the pheasant or the buffalo. There were no animals on the domain more noxious than civet cats and monkeys—men excepted. The peninsula was a noted haunt of pirates and bandits. Doctor Pablo went to the cabin of the person who was pointed out to him as the most desperate pirate, a fellow who would do his half-a-dozen murders in a day, and said to him, "Mabutin-Tajo," —that was his name—"you are a great villain. I am the lord of Iala-Iala, I wish you to change your mode of life. If you refuse, I'll punish you. I want a guard, give me your word of honour that you'll be an honest man, and I will make you my lieutenant." The man, after a pause, vowed that he would be faithful to the death, and showed the way to the house of another desperado who would be his serjeant. From these, and with these, the doctor went to others of their stamp, raised a little army, and by evening had, in cavalry and infantry, a force of ten men, which was as large as he required. He was captain, Mabutin-Tajo was lieutenant, and the business of the men was thenceforward not to break order but to keep it. He got the people of the place together, caused them to consent to assemble in a village, marked the line of a street, planned sites for a church and for his own mansion, set the people at work, and masons and master workmen to help them, from Manilla.

The people of Manilla thought the great French physician had gone mad, but his faithful wife heartily entered into his scheme; and, after eight months of constant passing to and fro, he at last informed her that her castle at Iala was erected, and conveyed her to her domain.

Doctor Pablo begged from the governor the post which we should call in London, that of Police Magistrate of the Province of the Lagune. This made him the supreme judge of his own domain, and secured more perfectly his influence over the people. From the Archbishop Hilarion, he begged Father Miguel de San Francisco as a curate. This priest was denied to him, as a person with whom no one could live in peace. Doctor Pablo persisted and obtained his wish. Father Miguel came. He was a fiery, energetic man, a Malay, who got on very well with his new patron, and was appreciated by his flock: not the less because he laboured much among them as a teacher and in other ways, and preached only once a year, and then it was always the same sermon—a short one in two parts—half Spanish for the gentlefolks, half Tagaloc for the Indians.

In this way, Monsieur Paul de la Gironière settled at Iala. There, he lived many years. He reformed the natives, taught them, and humanised them. Without a cannon-shot, he put an end to piracy. He cleared woods, and covered the soil with plantations of indigo and sugar-cane, rice and coffee. The end of his history was that he left Iala-Iala when its church contained the graves of his dear wife and of his two infant children, of a favourite brother who had quitted France to dwell with him, of his wife's sister, and of other friends. Doctor Pablo went back, a lonely man, to his old mother, in France, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, after having passed twenty years in the Philippines.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CANDLE faintly burned in the window to which the black ladder had often been raised for the sliding away of all that was most precious in this world to a striving wife and a brood of hungry babies; and Stephen added to his other thoughts the stern reflection that of all the casualties of this existence upon earth, not one was dealt out with so unequal a hand as Death. The inequality of Birth was nothing to it. For, say that the child of a King and the child of a Weaver were born to-night in the same moment, what was that disparity to the death of any human creature who was serviceable to, or beloved by, another, while this abandoned woman lived on!

From the outside of his home he gloomily passed to the inside, with suspended breath and with a slow footstep. He went up to his door, opened it, and so into the room.

Quiet and peace were there. Rachael was there, sitting by the bed.

She turned her head, and the light of her face shone in upon the midnight of his mind. She sat by the bed, watching and tending his wife. That is to say, he saw that some one lay there, and he knew too well it must be she; but Rachael's hands had put a curtain up, so that she was screened from his eyes. Her disgraceful garments were removed, and some of Rachael's were in the room. Everything was in its place and order as he had always kept it, the little fire was newly trimmed, and the hearth was freshly swept. It appeared to him that he saw all this in Rachael's face, and looked at nothing besides. While looking at it, it was shut out from his view by the softened tears that filled his eyes; but not before he had seen how earnestly she looked at him, and how her own eyes were filled too.

She turned again towards the bed, and satisfying herself that all was quiet there, spoke in a low, calm, cheerful voice.

"I am glad you have come at last, Stephen, You are very late."

"I ha' been walking up an' down."

"I thought so. But 'tis too bad a night for that. The rain falls very heavy, and the wind has risen.

The wind? True. It was blowing hard. Hark to the thundering in the chimney, and the surging noise! To have been out in such a wind and not to have known it was blowing!

"I have been here once before, to-day, Stephen. Landlady came round for me at dinner-time. There was some one here that needed looking to she said. And 'deed she was right. All wandering and lost, Stephen. Wounded too, and bruised."

He slowly moved to a chair and sat down, drooping his head before her.

"I came to do what little I could, Stephen; first, for that she worked with me when we were girls both, and for that you courted her and married her when I was her friend—"

He laid his furrowed forehead on his hand with a low groan.

"And next, for that I know your heart, and am right sure and certain that 'tis far too merciful to let her die, or even so much as suffer, for want of aid. Thou knowest who said, 'Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone at her!' There have been plenty to do that. Thou art not the man to cast the last stone, Stephen, when she is brought so low."

"O Rachael, Rachael!"

"Thou hast been a cruel sufferer. Heaven reward thee!" she said, in compassionate accents. "I am thy poor friend with all my heart and mind."

The wounds of which she had spoken, seemed to be about the neck of the self-made outcast. She dressed them now, still without showing her. She steeped a piece of linen in a basin, into which she poured some liquid from a bottle, and laid it with a gentle hand upon the sore. The three-legged table had been drawn close to the bedside, and on it there were two bottles. This was one.

It was not so far off, but that Stephen, following her hands with his eyes, could read what was printed on it, in large letters. He turned of a deadly hue, and a sudden horror seemed to fall upon him.

"I will stay here, Stephen," said Rachael, quietly resuming her seat, "till the bells go Three. 'Tis to be done again at three, and then she may be left till morning."

"But thy rest agen to-morrow's work, my dear."

"I slept sound last night. I can wake many nights when I am put to it. 'Tis thou who art in need of rest—so white and tired. Try to sleep in the chair there, while I watch. Thou hadst no sleep last night, I can well believe. To-morrow's work is far harder for thee than for me."

He heard the thundering and surging out of doors, and it seemed to him as if his late angry mood were going about trying to get at him. She had cast it out; she would keep it out; he trusted to her to defend him from himself.

"She don't know me, Stephen; she just drowsily mutters and stares. I have spoken to her times and again, but she don't notice! 'Tis as well so. When she comes to her right mind once more, I shall have done what I can, and she never the wiser."

"How long, Rachael, is't looked for, that she'll be so?"

"Doctor said she would haply come to her mind to-morrow."

His eyes again fell on the bottle, and a tremble passed over him, causing him to shiver in every limb She thought he was chilled with the wet. "No," he said; "it was not that. He had had a fright."

"A fright!"

"Ay, ay! coming in. When I were walking. When I were thinking. When I—" It seized him again, and he stood up, holding by the mantel-shelf, as he pressed his dank cold hair down with a hand that shook as if it were palsied.

"Stephen!"

She was coming to him, but he stretched out his arm to stop her.

"No! Don't, please; don't! Let me see thee setten by the bed. Let me see thee, a' so good, and so forgiving. Let me see thee as I see thee when I come in. I can never see thee better than so. Never, never, never!"

He had a violent fit of trembling, and then sunk into his chair. After a time he controuled himself, and, resting with an elbow on one knee, and his head upon that hand, could look towards Rachael. Seen across the dim candle with his moistened eyes, she looked as if she had a glory shining round her head. He could have believed she had. He did believe it, as the noise without shook the window, rattled at the door below, and went about the house clamouring and lamenting.

"When she gets better, Stephen, 'tis to be hoped she'll leave thee to thyself again, and do thee no more hurt. Anyways we will hope so now. And now I shall keep silence, for I want thee to sleep."

He closed his eyes, more to please her than to rest his weary head; but by slow degrees as he listened to the great noise of the wind, he ceased to hear it, or it changed into the working of his loom, or even into the voices of the day (his own included) saying what had been really said. Even this imperfect consciousness faded away at last, and he dreamed a long, troubled dream.

He thought that he and some one on whom his heart had long been set—but she was not Rachael, and that surprised him, even in the midst of his imaginary happiness—stood in the church being married. While the ceremony was performing, and while he recognised among the witnesses some whom he knew to be living, and many whom he knew to be dead, darkness came on, succeeded by the shining of a tremendous light. It broke from one line in the table of commandments at the altar, and illuminated the building with the words. They were sounded through the church too, as if there were voices in the fiery letters. Upon this, the whole appearance before him and around him changed, and nothing was left as it had been but himself and the clergyman. They stood in the daylight before a crowd so vast that if all the people in the world could have been brought together into one space, they could not have looked, he thought, more numerous; and they all abhorred him, and there was not one pitying or friendly eye among the millions that were fastened on his face. He stood on a raised stage, under his own loom; and looking up at the shape the loom took, and hearing the burial service distinctly read, he knew that he was there to suffer death. In an instant what he stood on fell below him, and he was gone.

Out of what mystery he came back to his usual life and to places that he knew, he was unable to consider; but he was back in those places by some means, and with this condemnation upon him, that he was never, in this world or the next, through all the unimaginable ages of eternity, to look on Rachael's face or hear her voice. Wandering to and fro, unceasingly, without hope, and in search of he knew not what (he only knew that he was doomed to seek it) he was the subject of a nameless, horrible dread, a mortal fear of one particular shape which everything took. Whatsoever he looked at, grew into that form sooner or later. The object of his miserable existence was to prevent its recognition by any one among the various people he encountered. Hopeless labor! If he led them out of rooms where it was, if he shut up drawers and closets where it stood, if he drew the curious from places where he knew it to be secreted, and got them out into the streets, the very chimneys of the mills assumed that shape, and round them was the printed word.

The wind was blowing again, the rain was beating on the housetops, and the larger spaces through which he had strayed contracted to the four walls of his room. Saving that the fire had died out, it was as his eyes had closed upon it. Rachael seemed to have

fallen into a doze, in the chair by the bed. She sat wrapped in her shawl, perfectly still. The table stood in the same place, close by the bedside, and on it, in its real proportions and appearance, was the shape so often repeated.

He thought he saw the curtain move. He looked again, and he was sure it moved. He saw a hand come forth, and grope about a little. Then the curtain moved more perceptibly, and the woman in the bed put it back, and sat up.

With her woful eyes, so haggard and wild, so heavy and large, she looked all round the room, and passed the corner where he slept in his chair. Her eyes returned to that corner, and she put her hand over them as a shade, while she looked into it. Again they went all round the room, scarcely heeding Rachael if at all, and returned to that corner. He thought, as she once more shaded them—not so much looking at him, as looking for him, with a brutish instinct that he was there—that no single trace was left in those debauched features, or in the mind that went along with them, of the woman he had married eighteen years before. But that he had seen her come to this by inches, he never could have believed her to be the same.

All this time, as if a spell were on him, he was motionless and powerless, except to watch her.

Stupidly dozing, or communing with her incapable self about nothing, she sat for a little while with her hands at her ears, and her head resting on them. Presently she resumed her staring round the room. And now, for the first time, her eyes stopped at the table with the bottles on it.

Straightway she turned her eyes back to his corner, with the defiance of last night, and, moving very cautiously and softly, stretched out her greedy hand. She drew a mug into the bed, and sat for a while considering which of the two bottles she should choose. Finally, she laid her insensate grasp upon the bottle that had swift and certain death in it, and, before his eyes, pulled out the cork with her teeth.

Dream or reality, he had no voice, nor had he power to stir. If this be real, and her allotted time be not yet come, wake, Rachael, wake!

She thought of that, too. She looked at Rachael, and very slowly, very cautiously, poured out the contents. The draught was at her lips. A moment and she would be past all help, let the whole world wake and come about her with its utmost power. But in that moment Rachael started up with a suppressed cry. The creature struggled, struck her, seized her by the hair, but Rachael had the cup.

Stephen broke out of his chair. "Rachael am I wakkin' or dreamin' this dreadful night!"

"'Tis all well, Stephen. I have been asleep myself. 'Tis near three. Hush! I hear the bells."

The wind brought the sounds of the church clock to the window. They listened, and it struck three. Stephen looked at her, saw how pale she was, noted the disorder of her hair, and the red mark of fingers on her forehead, and felt assured that his senses of sight and hearing had been awake. She held the cup in her hand even now.

"I thought it must be near three," she said, calmly pouring from the cup into the basin, and steeping the linen as before. "I am thankful I stayed! 'Tis done now, when I have put this on. There! And now she's quiet again. The few drops in the basin I'll pour away, for 'tis bad stuff to leave about, though ever so little of it." As she spoke she drained the basin into the ashes of the fire, and broke the bottle on the hearth.

She had nothing to do then but to cover herself with her shawl before going out into the wind and rain.

"Thou'lt let me walk wi' thee at this hour, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen. 'Tis but a minute and I'm home."

"Thou'rt not fearfu'"—he said it in a low voice, as they went out at the door—"to leave me alone wi' her!"

As she looked at him, saying "Stephen?" he went down on his knee before her, on the poor mean stairs, and put an end of her shawl to his lips.

"Thou art an Angel. Bless thee, bless thee!"

"I am as I have told thee, Stephen, thy poor friend. Angels are not like me. Between them and a working woman fu' of faults, there is a deep gulf set. My little sister is among them, but she is changed."

She raised her eyes for a moment as she said the words; and then they fell again in all their gentleness and mildness on his face.

"Thou changest me from bad to good. Thou mak'st me humbly wishfu' to be more like thee, and fearfu' to lose thee when this life is ower, an' a' the muddle cleared awa'. Thou'rt an Angel; it may be, thou hast saved my soul alive!"

She looked at him, on his knee at her feet, with her shawl still in his hand, and the reproof on her lips died away when she saw the working of his face.

"I cam' home desp'rate. I cam' home wi'out a hope, and mad at thinking that when I said a word o' complaint, I was reckoned a onreasonable Hand. I told thee I had had a fright. It were the poison bottle on table. I never hurt a livin' creetur; but happenin' so suddenly upon't, I thought, 'How can *I* say what I might ha' done to mysen, or her, or both!'"

She put her two hands on his mouth, with a face of terror, to stop him from saying

more. He caught them in his unoccupied hand, and holding them, and still clasping the border of her shawl, said, hurriedly:

"But I see thee, Rachael, setten by the bed. I ha' seen thee a' this night. In my troublous sleep I ha' known thee still to be there. Evermore I will see thee there. I nevermore will see her or think o' her, but thou shalt be beside her. I nevermore will see or think o' anything that angers me, but thou, so much better than me, shalt be by th' side on't. And so I will try t' look t' th' time, and so I will try t' trust t' th' time, when thou and me at last shall walk together far awa' beyond the deep gulf in th' country where thy little sister is."

He kissed the border of her shawl again, and let her go. She bade him good night in a broken voice, and went out into the street.

The wind blew from the quarter where the day would soon appear, and still blew strongly. It had cleared the sky before it, and the rain had spent itself or travelled elsewhere, and the stars were bright. He stood bare-headed in the road, watching her quick disappearance. As the shining stars were to the heavy candle in the window, so was Rachael in the rugged fancy of this man to the common experiences of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

Time went on in Coketown like its own machinery: so much material wrought up, so much fuel consumed, so many powers worn out, so much money made. But, less inexorable than iron, steel, and brass, it brought its varying seasons even into that wilderness of smoke and brick, and made the only stand that ever *was* made in the place against its direful uniformity.

"Louisa is becoming," said Mr. Gradgrind, "almost a young woman."

Time, with his innumerable horse-power, worked away, not minding what anybody said, and presently turned out young Thomas a foot taller than when his father had last taken particular notice of him.

"Thomas is becoming," said Mr. Gradgrind, "almost a young man."

Time passed Thomas on in the mill, while his father was thinking about it, and there he stood in a long tail-coat and a stiff shirt-collar.

"Really," said Mr. Gradgrind, "the period has arrived when Thomas ought to go to Bounderby."

Time, sticking to him, passed him on into Bounderby's Bank, made him an inmate in Bounderby's house, necessitated the purchase of his first razor, and exercised him diligently in his calculations relative to number one.

The same great manufacturer, always with an immense variety of work on hand, in every stage of development, passed Sissy onward in his mill, and worked her up into a very pretty article indeed.

"I fear, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that your continuance at the school any longer, would be useless."

"I am afraid it would, sir," Sissy answered with a curtsey.

"I cannot disguise from you, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, knitting his brow, "that the result of your probation there has disappointed me; has greatly disappointed me. You have not acquired, under Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild, anything like that amount of exact knowledge which I looked for. You are extremely deficient in your facts. Your acquaintance with figures is very limited. You are altogether backward and below the mark."

"I am sorry, sir," she returned; "but I know it is quite true. Yet I have tried hard, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Gradgrind, "yes, I believe you have tried hard; I have observed you, and I can find no fault in that respect."

"Thank you, sir. I have thought sometimes"—Sissy very timid here—"that perhaps I tried to learn too much, and that if I had asked to be allowed to try a little less, I might have—"

"No, Jupe, no," said Mr. Gradgrind, shaking his head in his profoundest and most eminently practical way. "No. The course you pursued, you pursued according to the system—the system—and there is no more to be said about it. I can only suppose that the circumstances of your early life were too unfavourable to the development of your reasoning powers, and that we began too late. Still, as I have said already, I am disappointed."

"I wish I could have made a better acknowledgment, sir, of your kindness to a poor forlorn girl who had no claim upon you, and of your protection of her."

"Don't shed tears," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't shed tears. I don't complain of you. You are an affectionate, earnest, good, young woman, and—and we must make that do."

"Thank you, sir, very much," said Sissy, with a grateful curtsey.

"You are useful to Mrs. Gradgrind, and (in a generally pervading way) you are serviceable in the family also; so I understand from Miss Louisa, and, indeed, so I have observed myself. I therefore hope," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that you can make yourself happy in those relations."

"I should have nothing to wish, sir, if—"

"I understand you," said Mr. Gradgrind; "you still refer to your father. I have heard from Miss Louisa that you still preserve that bottle. Well! If your training in the sciences of arriving at exact results had been more successful, you would have been wiser on these points. I will say no more."

He really liked Sissy too well to have a contempt for her; otherwise he held her calculating powers in such very slight estimation, that he must have fallen upon that conclusion. Somehow or other he had be-

come possessed by an idea that there was something in this girl which could hardly be set forth in a tabular form. Her capacity of definition might be easily stated at a very low figure, her mathematical knowledge at nothing; yet he was not sure that if he had been required, for example, to tick her off into columns in a parliamentary return, he would have quite known how to divide her.

In some stages of his manufacture of the human fabric, the processes of Time are very rapid. Young Thomas and Sissy being both at such a stage of their working up, these changes were effected in a year or two, while Mr. Gradgrind himself seemed stationary in his course, and underwent no alteration.

Except one, which was apart from his necessary progress through the mill. Time hustled him into a little noisy and rather dirty machinery, in a bye corner, and made him Member of Parliament for Coketown, one of the respected members for ounce weights and measures, one of the representatives of the multiplication table, one of the deaf honorable gentlemen, dumb honorable gentlemen, blind honorable gentlemen, lame honorable gentlemen, dead honorable gentlemen, to every other consideration. Else wherefore live we in a Christian land, eighteen hundred and odd years after our Master?

All this while Louisa had been passing on, so quiet and reserved, and so much given to watching the bright ashes at twilight as they fell into the grate and became extinct, that from the period when her father had said she was almost a young woman, which seemed but yesterday, she had scarcely attracted his notice again, when he found her quite a young woman.

"Quite a young woman," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing. "Dear me!"

Soon after this discovery he became more thoughtful than usual for several days, and seemed much engrossed by one subject. On a certain night, when he was going out, and Louisa came to bid him good bye before his departure, as he was not to be home until late, and she would not see him again until the morning, he held her in his arms, looking at her in his kindest manner, and said:

"My dear Louisa, you are a woman!"

She answered with the old, quick, searching look of the night when she was found at the circus; then cast down her eyes—"Yes, father."

"My dear," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I must speak with you alone and seriously. Come to me in my room after breakfast to-morrow, will you?"

"Yes, father."

"Your hands are rather cold, Louisa. Are you not well?"

"Quite well, father."

"And cheerful?"

She looked at him again, and smiled in a peculiar manner. "I am as cheerful, father, as I usually am, or usually have been."

"That's well," said Mr. Gradgrind. So he kissed her and went away, and Louisa returned to the serene apartment of the hair-cutting character, and leaning her elbow on her hand, looked again at the short-lived sparks that so soon subsided into ashes.

"Are you there, Loo?" said her brother, looking in at the door. He was quite a young gentleman of pleasure now, and not quite a prepossessing one.

"Dear Tom," she answered, rising and embracing him, "how long it is since you have been to see me!"

"Why, I have been otherwise engaged, Loo, in the evenings; and in the daytime old Bounderby has been keeping me at it rather. But I touch him up with you when he comes it too strong, and so we preserve an understanding. I say! has father said anything particular to you to-day or yesterday, Loo?"

"No, Tom. But he told me to-night that he wished to do so in the morning."

"Ah! that's what I mean," said Tom. "Do you know where he is to-night?"—with a very deep expression.

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. He's with old Bounderby. They are having a regular confab together up at the Bank. Why at the Bank, do you think? Well, I'll tell you again. To keep Mrs. Sparsit's ears as far off as possible, I expect."

With her hand upon her brother's shoulder, Louisa still stood looking at the fire. Her brother glanced at her face with greater interest than usual, and encircling her waist with his arm drew her coaxingly to him.

"You are very fond of me, an't you, Loo?"

"Indeed I am, Tom, though you do let such long intervals go by without coming to see me."

"Well, sister of mine," said Tom, "when you say that, you are near my thoughts. We might be so much oftener together, mightn't we. Always together, almost, mightn't we? It would do me a great deal of good if you were to make up your mind to I know what, Loo. It would be a splendid thing for me. It would be uncommonly jolly!"

Her thoughtfulness baffled his cunning scrutiny. He could make nothing of her face. He pressed her in his arm, and kissed her cheek. She returned the kiss, but still looked at the fire.

"I say, Loo! I thought I'd come and just hint to you what was going on: though I supposed you'd most likely guess, even if you didn't know. I can't stay, because I'm engaged to some fellows to-night. You won't forget how fond you are of me?"

"No, dear Tom, I won't forget."

"That's a capital girl," said Tom. "Good bye, Loo."

She gave him an affectionate good night, and went out with him to the door, whence the fires of Coketown could be seen, making

the distance lurid. She stood there looking steadfastly towards them, and listening to his departing steps. They retreated quickly, as if glad to get away from Stone Lodge, and she stood there yet, when he was gone and all was quiet. It seemed as if, first in her own fire within the house, and then in the fiery haze without, she tried to discover what kind of woof Old Time, that greatest and longest-established Spinner of all, would weave from the threads he had already spun into a woman. But his factory is a secret place, his work is noiseless, and his Hands are mutes.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE NUNS OF MINSK.

The Czar has still some partisans left in England: not many, certainly; but some, both influential and sincere, who believe in the generosity of his protection, and the truth of his religious zeal; who accept his version of the history of the war, and see him only as the conscientious defender of his Church, regarding his occupation of the Principalities as the simple demand for tolerance towards his co-religionists, and the slaughter at Sinope as the energetic expression of his philanthropy. We would convert these men—many of whom are worth converting—and prove to them what religion and toleration mean with the Czar. We will tell them a story of some nuns at Minsk; a story which was denied by the Russian minister at Rome, with Russian veracity: but which both public and private documents in our possession establish and confirm.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century—for it is well to go back to the origin of things,—a large body in the Greek Church separated itself from the orthodox or State establishment; and, under the name of the Uniate, or United Greek Church, entered into communion with Rome, placing itself under the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, in opposition to that of the Patriarch, and afterwards of the Sovereign. This schism struck the deepest root in Lithuania, and modern Poland; and, since the partition of the empire, has had powerful political influence, in keeping up the feeling of Polish nationality; the Uniate Church and national fidelity being held as synonymous; while the Polish adherent to the Russo-Greek, or orthodox Church, was generally assumed to be an apostate to his faith, and a traitor to his country. It was therefore a matter of great importance to the Czar to destroy this schismatic branch, and the usual machinery of threats, bribes, and cajolery was put in motion. Laws were passed, which forbade the hearing of mass, excepting on Sundays and great festivals; which forbade the teaching of the Catholic religion to the children of Catholic parents; which prescribed the sermons that were to be preached, and the catechisms that were to be used in Catholic churches; and which allowed of no theological explanations of theological differences; which, later, dispersed the Catholic priests with violence, shut up their churches, and refused all spiritual consolations to their flocks; which excommunicated as schismatic, all Catholic children not baptised according to the rules of the established church within four and twenty hours after their birth, and which offered entire pardon and indemnity to any Catholic convicted of any crime whatsoever—murder, robbery, no matter what—who recanted, and became orthodox. So much vigorous legislation was not without its effect. In the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the whole of the Episcopal body of the Uniate signed the act of recantation, petitioning the Emperor graciously to re-admit them into the bosom of the orthodox Church, and asking pardon, both of him and of God, for their long blindness and obstinacy.

Amongst these petitioners, the Bishop Siemaszko distinguished himself as particularly ardent in his professions of orthodoxy; and as a proof of his zeal—or as its reward—he undertook the task of converting the Basilian nuns of Minsk, with whom is our present story, and of whom he had been "bishop and shepherd." He began his mission with moderation, even with kindness, calling on them affectionately, as their pastor, to renounce the communion of Rome, and the acts of St. Basil: but, as their refusals were more vehement than he had looked for, his behaviour suddenly changed; and one Friday, as the nuns were going to prayers, Siemaszko, accompanied by Uszakoff the civil governor of Minsk and a troop of soldiers, burst open the convent gates, to offer them their final choice between honours with the orthodox religion, and constancy to their communion with forced labour in Siberia. The nuns despised his threats as they had rejected his bribes. The reverend mother, Makrena Mirazyslawski, answered generally in the name of all, and Siemaszko then ordered them, angrily, to prepare instantly for a march. With difficulty they obtained permission to offer up a few prayers before their departure. They flung themselves before the Host, the renegade prelate cursing them as they prayed. Thirty-five knelt on the church flags; but when they rose up to go one was found dead, Rosalie Lenszeka. Her heart had broken between fear and grief.

They were marched through the town; the orphan children, of whom they had forty-seven in the convent, following them with tears and lamentations, and many of the inhabitants crowding round them, weeping too; for, according to various depositions, these nuns of St. Basil were much beloved. Their kindness and benevolence to the poor and the afflicted was a matter

of public notoriety and of public benefit. The soldiers were afraid of a popular demonstration if they attempted any personal violence in the town, so that the nuns were not ironed until they came to their first halting-place, about a league from Minsk. There they were chained in couples, with irons on their hands and feet, and, in this manner they marched for seven days, until they reached Witebsk. They were placed in a convent of Czermick, or Black Nuns, chiefly widows of Russian soldiers; women of coarse habits and cruel feelings, to whom they were appointed servants, or rather serfs and victims. Their coupling chains were removed; but their irons remained on their feet; and these they wore for the seven years of their persecution. At this convent—which had formerly been Basilian, and had belonged to the Uniate Church—they found thirteen of its former owners, Basilian nuns, subject to the same treatment which they themselves were about to undergo. The whole of the sisterhood united was placed under the charge of the Father Ignatius Michallwiez, who had formerly been their own almoner; but who was now orthodox and renegade.

Before six o'clock in the morning, the nuns performed the service of the house, drew the water, carried it, prepared the wood, lighted the fires, and, in short, did all that was required in the establishment. At six they went to hard labour; breaking stones and carrying them in wheelbarrows, to which they were chained. From noon to one o'clock they rested; from one till dark, hard labour again; and, after dark, household work and attending to the cattle. Then to rest, such as they might find, in a low damp room, where a few whisps of straw was their only furniture, and where their clanking irons were not removed. Their food was so scanty and so wretched that the beggars used to bring them bread, and often they shared the provender of the cattle when serving them, a crime the Black Nuns punished with blows, telling them they did not deserve to share the food of their hogs. One of their most painful duties was, cleaning the high leather boots worn by the Czermicks, with a certain preparation called "dziegiec," which was overpoweringly sickening. But the poor nuns of Minsk lived to remember their leather boots and the "dziegiec" with regret.

After two months of this life—finding them still persistent—Siemaszko ordered them to be flogged twice a week, fifty lashes each time. These floggings took place in the courtyard, under a kind of shed, in the presence of the deacons, the priests, the children, the nuns: "of everything," says the Mother Makrena, "that lived and blasphemed in this dwelling." Their flesh often hung in strips from their bodies, and the way to their work was tracked with blood; but they made neither resistance nor complaint, and only wept when they did not pray. It was in the winter; and they were not allowed any fire; so that the cold froze their limbs, and poisoned their wounds, making their punishment still more severe. After one of these flagellations a nun, Colomba Gorska, fainted on her way to work. They beat her until she recovered her senses; when, staggering to her wheelbarrow, she attempted to move it, and fell dead. Another nun, Baptista Downer, was burned alive in a large stove. The Czermicks shut her up in it after she had lighted the fire. Another, Nepomucena Grotkowska, was killed, perhaps accidentally, by the Czermick abbess, who "clove open her head, by striking it with a log of wood, because she had dared to make use of a knife to scrape from a plank a stain of tar, which she could not remove in any other way." It was a breach of discipline, and disobedience to a rule of the abbess. Another nun, Susannah Rypinska, died from the flogging; and a fifth, Coletta Sielawa, was also killed *accidentally*, by a Black Nun, who broke her ribs by knocking her down violently against a pile of wood.

After they had been many months at Witebsk, Siemaszko wrote angrily to Michallwiez, asking why he had not been able to overcome their obstinacy. The superintendent answered that they were "soft as wax in his hands," and ready to recant, and that Siemaszko might come to receive their confession. To bring this about, and substantiate his boast, he began new tortures. They were suddenly seized, and divided into four parties, shut up in damp dungeons, and given scarcely enough to exist on. The dungeon in which the reverend mother and her eight sisters were confined was full of worms and vermin, which crawled about their persons when they slept. Their only food was half-putrid vegetables. The other three divisions had for the first two days a pound of bran bread, and a pint of water each, which was then reduced one half. Every day, Michallwiez attempted to induce them to recant; now with promises, and now with threats, and now with a false paper, which he asserted in turn to each party that the others had signed, and were then warm and comfortable, "enjoying their coffee." "Would it not be better," he used to say to the mother, "to be abbess again, than to be eaten alive by the worms? Come! sign, as all your children have done." The brave old woman still persisted, though trembling lest any of her nuns had given way; but, seizing the paper from his hand, she opened it, and found it a blank. Heaping reproaches on his head, she flung the false petition in his face; and this "traitor,—Judas, envoy of Lucifer,—went back to his master, quite ashamed," leaving her and her children triumphant. Siemaszko, however, arrived. He spoke to them gently, congratulated them on their decision, promised them grand honours, and appointed the mother, Makrena, Mother General of her orthodox

charge. Eagerly, yet in terror, lest they should find a traitor amongst them, they all denied their conversion; and the reverend mother refused her office with more energy, doubtless, than policy, flinging back the superb cross, with which he wished to decorate her, telling him to wear it himself, and then "instead of, as in the old times. a thief hanging on the cross, they should see the cross hanging on a thief." Finding that he could make no impression on them, Siemaszko, indignant at the useless trouble he had taken, and the unnecessary civility he had shown, ordered them to be severely flogged beneath his own windows: and so ended this prelatic visitation.

Among other more revolting, but not more severe cruelties, was the manner in which they were made to bring water from the river. To "prevent the Polish spirit from passing into the water," the nuns were obliged to hold the heavy copper jars at arms' length. It was a great distance between the convent and the river, especially in winter, when they had to go a long way round; and the poor creatures were sometimes unable to keep the jars held out at the required distance. If they drew them nearer, the water was polluted; and the Czermick Nuns, who were always with them, armed with whips and sticks, flung it over them, and they were obliged to go back to the river for more. This happened perhaps many times in the day, and as they were not allowed to change their clothes—indeed they had none but what they wore—they were sometimes the whole day and night enveloped in a sheet of ice, for the water froze in the clothes, instead of drying. Another misfortune, which affected them more than others, that seemed more difficult to bear, was the loss of their only cooking utensil; an earthenware pot given them by a Jew, in which they used to cook the only warm food they had to eat, namely, the "braha," the grounds of a sort of spirit made from corn. Michallwiez shattered it with the iron heel of his boot, and the poor nuns found all their patience and resignation necessary to enable them to bear this loss cheerfully. However, "they carried it to God," with the same marvellous patience they showed throughout; and afterwards, another Jew gave them an iron kettle.

Again Siemaszko came among them; this time to reconsecrate the old Uniate Church at Witebsk to the orthodox faith. He tried to make the nuns assist in the ceremony, which would have been equal to a public profession of faith; but they steadfastly refused, and suffered themselves to be cut, maimed, bruised, ill-treated, and wounded, rather than commit what they believed to be a mortal sin. The abbess had her head laid open, and there was not one of the the nuns who was not bleeding from one or many wounds. At the church door, as they were being forced in, one of the nuns snatched a log of wood from a carpenter at work, and threw it at the bishop's feet; and the abbess Makrena offered him a hatchet, crying. "Thou hast been our shepherd, become our executioner! Like the father of St. Barbe, destroy thy children!" the nuns kneeling before him. Siemaszko dashed the hatchet from the mother's hands; and, in falling, it cut the leg and foot of one of the sisters. With a blow of his hand he knocked out one of Makrena's teeth, and beat her brutally about the head. Then, perhaps from the excess and reaction of his passion, he fainted: so the barbarous scene ended. But after this their persecutions were greatly increased, and the death of Michallwiez, who fell, when drunk, into a pool and was drowned, only added to their sorrows; for the Pope Swanow, who succeeded, continually blamed his moderation, and repeated, daily, "I am no Michallwiez!"

At the end of eighteen hundred and forty, two years after their arrival at Witebsk, they were suddenly marched off to Polosk. By this time their clothes were completely worn out, and they received a fresh supply; namely, two petticoats of sacking, and a half square of linen for the head. This was all they had. At Polosk, they found other Basilian nuns, whose persecutions had begun at the same time as that of the nuns of Witebsk, and who had lost fifteen, out of their former number of twenty-five, from the barbarities they had suffered. Of the remaining ten, two were mad, who yet were chained, fastened to the wheelbarrows, and compelled to work like the rest. One died soon after the arrival of the nuns of Minsk, and the other was one day found covered with blood, lying dead on the floor of the prison. In Polosk, or rather at Spas, which is about a league from the town, the nuns were set to work on a palace about to be built for Siemaszko. They first had to break the stones, not with hammers, but with the stones themselves, which dislocated their arms, so that they were often obliged to help each other to replace them in the sockets; tumours came on their necks and heads, their hands were swollen, chapped and bleeding, and their bodies were one mass of open wounds and festering sores. At night they could not lie down nor sleep, and often passed the whole night leaning against each other, weeping and praying. Their numbers were sadly thinned during this period. It might be truly said that they moistened the foundations of that prelatic palace with their blood. Three died in eight days; two of over-fatigue; and the third, too weak to guide a bucket of lime, which she was drawing up to the third story, let the rope slip through her hands, and the bucket, falling on her head, crushed her to death. Five were buried alive in an excavation they were making for potters' earth. The pit was very deep, and cracks and crevices had already warned them there

was danger; but the papas (priests) would not allow any precautions to be taken, and the bank giving way, buried them as they worked, without an attempt being made to save them. Nine other nuns died by the falling of a wall they were building. The mother herself escaped, only by the fortunate accident of exchanging her own labor (she was up on the scaffolding with the rest) for the harder task of a sister, named Rosalie Medumecka, who was carrying gravel. Rosalie called out, "My mother, I can do no more!" and the mother descended to relieve her, the sister taking her place on the scaffolding. In a few minutes a fearful crash, a cloud of dust, a piercing cry, and a moaning prayer, startled her from her labour; the wall had given way, and the nine sisters were crushed beneath the ruins. When she recovered from the faintness into which this terrible sight threw her, she was scourged, and driven to her work again.

One morning a Russian verse was found written on the walls:

> Here, instead of a monastery,
> Are Siberia and the Galleys.

The Basilian nuns were accused of having written this, and were flogged so brutally that two died: one that same evening, and the other the next morning. On this occasion word was again sent to Siemaszko, telling him that, terrified at their losses, they were prepared to recant. He arrived at Polosk in the autumn of eighteen hundred and forty-one, to receive the same answer of firm and vehement denial, the Abbess Makrena passionately reproaching him with being "apostate, traitor to the Church and to Jesus Christ!" It was on this occasion that he read to them the ukase signed by the Emperor, which "approved, confirmed, and found holy, holy, thrice holy, all that Siemaszko had done, and that he may do for the propagation of the orthodox faith, commanding that no person dare to resist him in anything, and commanding also that in cases of resistance the military be placed under his orders on his simple demand." It was on this occasion also that he broke the upper cartilage of the mother's nose, and that he flogged the sisterhood as he had threatened, "till he had taken off three skins, one that they had received from God, and two from the Emperor, that is to say those that will come after;" when he affirmed they would be less obstinate, and would repent. After this scourging, another nun, Baselisse Holynska, died, like so many others before her. But Siemaszko had not yet scourged them into pliability; and still they resisted him and stood firm.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two they were again flogged twice a week, fifty blows each time; and again three nuns died from the torture: one died during punishment, and the twenty blows that remained of her number were struck on her corpse; one died two hours after; and the third lingered in great agony till night, when she expired in her mother's arms, pressing the crucifix to her bleeding lips, and murmuring, "I love thee with all my heart!" as she died. After they had been scourged thus six times, the Russian General and his wife interfered. They came to the place as the executioners were about to begin, and the General commanded him to desist, telling him that he should be hung. "The Emperor," he said to their proto-papa Wierowkin, "has no knowledge of the horrible torments you inflict on your victims; and when he learns that I have hung thee, he may think, perhaps, 'The good old man has lost his senses;' but you will be hanged none the less for it." He did not know that all this was done under the express permission of the Emperor, and with his knowledge. But Siemaszko returned, and by virtue of the ukase inflicted fresh cruelties on them: all the more bitter because of the temporary cessation. One evening they were brought home from work sooner than usual. As they entered their prison they were surrounded by a crowd of ferocious men, whom drink, and rage, and cruelty, and viler passions still, had transformed into worse than wild beasts. The nuns defended themselves—effectually, though the place swam with blood, and the barbarities used that fearful night were such as make one tremble. Two nuns were trampled to death, their countenances so disfigured by blows and the iron heels of the men's boots as to render them scarcely recognisable as human beings. One nun died from a bite in her shoulder, coupled with other wounds, and one had her nose bitten off; eight lost their sight, and the mother's head was laid open, her side gashed with a knife, and three wounds inflicted on her arms. It was one prostrate mass of blood and agony that those drunken fiends left groaning on the floor of their prison. During the night, a sister, Scholastica Rento, died: Wierowkin and the Czermicks saying, "See how God punishes you for your obstinacy!"

Some months after this a new punishment was devised. The remaining sisters were shut up for six days, and given only salted herrings to eat without a drop of water or any other kind of food. This was one of the most painful tortures they had undergone, and made many of them fear for their reason. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-three their place of residence was again changed. Between soldiers with fixed bayonets they were marched off to Miadzioly. Here again they were placed with the Black Nuns in a convent formerly belonging to the Carmelites, and here it was that the infamous murder and torture of the baths took place. The nuns, excepting those eight who were blind, were put into a kind of sack, with both arms thrust

into a single sleeve, so that they could neither defend themselves nor assist each other. They were marched to the lake, flung in, and when up to their chests in water, with ropes fastened round their necks, men in boats dragged them along. This punishment lasted for about three hours. Sometimes the boats drifted on shore, and the poor women were then able to gain their feet for a moment, but the papa, under whose charge they were at Miadzioly, would then order the boatmen to row out into the lake, crying, "Drown them like puppies! drown them all!" They had these baths six times, twice a week for three weeks. They were not allowed to change their clothes all the night, and thus their old wounds were poisoned, and opened afresh, while new ones appeared all over their bodies. Three nuns were drowned in the baths, and buried without rites or service by the side of the lake. At last the punishment was discontinued, partly because the waters began to freeze, and partly because the Jews—who seem to have been always compassionate—entreated, and petitioned, and agitated the town, until the authorities thought it best to put an end to what was ceasing to be a warning, and becoming a martyrdom. But seven of the nuns had become entirely infirm, and at the end of their second year's residence at Miadzioly, only four remained of the three united sisterhoods of Minsk, Witebsk, and Polosk, who could still use their limbs or work. The rest were either blind or crippled. During the last year, two nuns died; one suffocated by a badly acting stove, which they were allowed sometimes to use, and the second was frozen to death in the forest, when sent out to gather firewood.

In March, eighteen hundred and forty-five, they received warning from a friend, a priest of their own communion, who told them that they were all to be sent off to Siberia, and who advised them to make their escape if possible. A good opportunity presented itself at this time; for the birthday of the proto-papa Skrykin was approaching, when the whole convent would probably be given up to drunkenness and excess. So it happened; and on the night of the first of April —when guards, deacons, nuns, and priests were all lying drunk and incapable—the mother Makrena and three of her nuns made their escape from the convent, having first filed off their irons. They parted beneath the convent walls, giving each other rendezvous at a house where lived some sisters of another order; and here the reverend mother and one of the nuns did meet; but their hosts showed so much uneasiness at harbouring such guests, that the poor women took to flight again, each in different directions. After enduring great hardships and privations, Makrena arrived at Posen, where she presented herself at a convent of the Sisters of Charity; and where, on the fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five, her depositions on oath were taken before S. Kramarkiewicz, and the "Mediczinee Rath Herr," S. Jagielski, in the presence of the chaplain of the convent, Albin Thinet. These depositions, signed with the name and sealed with the seal of the Archbishop of Gresna and Posen, attested also by the imperial police of Posen, are now in our possession. Count Dzialynska, a Polish gentleman, certifies to the reception of the reverend mother in his château at Kornik, on her way through the grand duchy of Posen to Rome by way of Paris. Count Dzialynska says: "The abbess gave me the history of her lengthened sufferings; the truthful character of her relation, the persons whom she named to me, and other circumstances which my position allowed me to appreciate, inspired me with the most absolute faith in her words. She showed me her head, which bore on the top of the skull—at the left side, I believe—a large depression, covered with a newly-formed skin. The cicatrice exactly resembled those of severe sabre cuts: it was nearly an inch broad, and in length equivalent to the half of the last joint of the little finger. Her walk was feeble (chancelante), and the superioress (who accompanied her) assured me that her legs bore the marks of her fetters." This certificate we have seen.

The first person who published the story of the Abbess, was a little too hurried to be quite accurate. Instead of at Minsk, he placed this convent at Kowna. This the Russian government made a great point of, and denied energetically—with truth, as to the mere locality: with unblushing falsehood as to every thing else. But we have the deposition on oath of a professor at Posen, Jean Rymarkiewcz, who asserts that he was one of a hundred prisoners lodged for a whole winter in the Basilian convent at Minsk; and that the nuns who had been driven out to an outhouse to make room for the prisoners, "procured comforts for them, both in food and clothing." Finally we have the account of an English Protestant lady, who saw and conversed with the mother Makrena in February, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, in the convent of the Santa Trinita at Rome. At that time she was still suffering; but vigorous, stout-hearted, energetic, and determined as ever. To this lady she gave some curious details not published; one of her escape through the gates of the frontier town. Unprovided with a passport, she was sure of being stopped, and if stopped, discovered. A herd of cattle were passing, and the Abbess hid herself among them, passing through on all fours unperceived. Before she had thus escaped from the Russian territory, she went one day to church, where she heard her description given in the sermon; for the government set a large price on these poor fugitives, whose escape and freedom of speech might bring more ugly things to light. After service she

went boldly to the house of the priest and proclaimed herself. But, instead of delivering her up to the authorities, he gave her bread and money, and set her in the right way to the frontier town.

Her personal appearance, says our English lady, is decidedly "handsome, her profile something like Mrs. Siddons in Hayter's Queen Katherine," swelled to such an "immense size as she is, that she looks in the last stage of dropsy." In character she is "gay, vigorous, even merry, nothing graceful or sentimental about her," speaking "abruptly, awkwardly, without commentary or reflection. She is like a rough old covenanter, despising the world in the evils as well as in the goods it had to offer her. She is a brave old soldier of her faith, with a true touch of the woman in the extreme interest which she takes for other people's scratches, while her own wounds are forgotten. She manufactures lint as well as gun-cotton. She has none of the pedantry of martyrdom. 'She should regret all her life,' she said, 'having shown the marks of the chains, to a friend, upon one occasion.' Makrena had acquiesced, because she thought it ungracious to refuse, but she had a fit of remorse afterwards for having paraded the cross she bore. There is something of greatness in her rough humility, and this vulgar simplicity is her best certificate."

The Abbess Makrena is probably now the sole Popish representative of the order of St. Basil. She is more than sixty years of age, and is about to found the order of St. Basil at Rome, in a house near the Scala Santa, and has already four novices, three Poles and one Italian. "Her conversation is vehement, rapid, gesticulative" (we are again quoting our English lady), "her spirit as strong to bear persecution as it was likely to attract it and ready to forget it. Like a female Luther, or St. Ignatius, she seemed violent, daring, uncompromising. I kissed the hand of the brave 'guerriera,' and departed, feeling that she was one who did fight

As they fought
In the brave days of old."

THE ART OF BOREING.

THERE are many indications which seems to augur that we shall do greater deeds in tunnel-making by and by than our railway engineers have yet accomplished. The Romans, we know, anticipated us not only in the principle, but in the actual execution of tunnels like our Thames Tunnel; for there was re-discovered, about ten years ago, a tunnel under a narrow arm of the sea at Marseilles: this tunnel, whose existence had long been suspected, is said to be both larger and wider than the Thames Tunnel. Various writers, ancient and modern, speak of another tunnel, four thousand Greek feet in length, bored through a mountain as a channel whereby water could be conveyed to Samos; of another three-quarters of a mile in length, near Naples, forming part of the old road from Naples to Pozzuoli; of another, a mile long, for draining the Alban Lake; of another nearly three miles in length, to serve as a drainage-channel from the Lake of Celano to the river Siris, in the Neapolitan states.

So far as mere digging is concerned, the tough old Romans well understood the art of tunnel-making; it is only by means of new machines that we can hope to excel them. Railways have almost driven canals out of our thoughts; but in the days of Brindley and his successors the great bores in the shape of canal tunnels were neither few nor uninteresting. There are the Blisworth tunnel on the Grand Junction Canal, three thousand yards in length; and the Sapperton tunnel on the Thames and Severn Canal, nearly two miles and a half in length; and the Thames and Medway tunnel, now forming part of the North Kent railway, upwards of two miles in length; and the Pensax tunnel, on the Leominster Canal, about the same length; and the yet longer Marsden tunnel, on the Huddersfield Canal, more than three miles in length. What our railway tunnels are like, and what are their relative lengths, and what were the troubles and difficulties incident to their formation, railway literature has fully informed us. We know all about the Kilsby tunnel, which cost three hundred thousand pounds; and about the Box tunnel, pierced in all its vast extent through solid rock; and about the Dover tunnels, honeycombing Shakspere's cliff, and its neighbouring chalk hills; and about the three or four tunnels which grope their way beneath proud Liverpool; and about the summit tunnel on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, and the still larger summit tunnel on the Manchester and Sheffield railway, which had quite a special social history in respect to the lives and welfare of the navvies employed in digging it; and about the Glasgow tunnels, which boldly cut across, one under the other, at the outskirts of the city.

The general mode in which the tunnels are made is this:—The men make a cutting at each end, until they come butt up against the hill to be tunneled; and then they dig or blast and dig, until they have finished their great bore. They make shafts up the surface, perhaps to let in light, perhaps to let out rubbish, but more likely, to aid in ventilating the excavated passage.

The circumstance which leads us to think that greater tunnels will be made than have hitherto been made, is, that men are trying to invent machines that shall aid in the work. Hitherto it has been altogether hand-work. We are afraid to say how

many hundred thousand cubic yards of "stuff" have had to be removed in making our largest tunnels: and it is not necessary to say that the time and labour thus consumed must be enormous. The point to ascertain is, whether there can be a machine invented which can dig when the soil is soft and earthy, and another which can quarry when the soil is hard and rocky. There was a digging and excavating machine introduced a few years ago, in which a kind of enormous scuttle was urged by steam power to scope a path for itself through a hill or mountain; perhaps, it did not answer, for we have lost sight of it during the last few years.

The Americans seem determined not to continue to bore tunnels in the manner adopted in the old country. A new machine was adopted, a year or so ago, by the North American Coal Company, near Pottsville, in Pennsylvania, for boring down to a seam of bituminous coal called the Big White Ash Vein. The bore-hole was four or five inches in diameter, and was bored at the rate of about two feet in an hour. The machine was so arranged that ten drills could be worked in a certain space at one time by any motive power; and the débris was washed up by a current of water from a pump worked by the same engine. The sinking or boreing of artesian wells seems to be one main object of the inventor of this machine; but the drills appear to be capable of working horizontally also, for the American scientific journals talk of a cutting bored by this machine in the face of a granite rock, twenty four feet in diameter.

Another new American borer is described as having been invented and fabricated at Hartford. There is, in the first place, a steam-engine of sixty-horse power; this moves four piston rods horizontally; these rods move four stout half-circle plates, and these plates are set with revolving blades. The four blades are set upon a revolving plate ten feet in diameter; and the movements of the whole are such that the revolving knives or cutters, each running a quarter of a circle, cut a circular ring seventeen feet in diameter, and also cut a hole in the centre. We are not quite certain whether a third machine has not been invented, still more recently, from which wonders are anticipated in relation to the boring of railway tunnels through solid rock.

Of all bores, one of the strangest, if it ever come to anything, will be the purposed tunnel or tube to be laid along the bed of a river or sea, or at any rate to be immersed in the water of the river or sea—not like the Thames Tunnel, with water above it only, but with water above and below, and on either side of it. There is an enterprising individual who bids us act as follows. Make, says he, at your factory, or where you will, a tunnel or tube of strong plates of iron; strengthen it at intervals with girders of considerable thickness; adjust all the parts one to another, but take them in pieces to the waterside; get your diving-workers or working-divers ready clothed in diving dresses, to prepare the bed or bottom of the river or sea for the reception of the tube; join all the pieces to make a perfect tube; float this tube to its proper place; sink it by letting in water; then pump out the water; and lastly, finish your roadway or railway through this subaqueous tunnel. All this seems very easy upon paper, perhaps—and indeed, easy or not, it will not do, in the present age, to talk about the impossibility of any schemes; but the Coming Man is the most likely man we know, to run along a railway at the bottom of the sea.

But what a work will the Alpine tunnel be, should capital aid, and should war not impede the bold plan of the engineer! Glancing at a map of the region which separates Italy from France and Switzerland, it is at once apparent how formidable are the difficulties which an engineer must contend against, in any attempt to connect the railway system of central Europe with that of Italy. A crescent of mountains on the west, and a line of mountains on the north, seem to forbid all passage. The maritime Alps join the Apennines near Genoa, and the two together cut off Genoa, Nice, and Piedmont;—all three being portions of the Kingdom of Sardinia. It was hard work to establish a railway connection between Turin and Genoa, by cutting and tunneling through and across this mountain barrier; and then, when so far done, what to do next? When in Piedmont, how to find a path for the locomotive into France or Switzerland? There are Mont Viso, and Mont Geneva, and Mont Cenis, and the Little Saint Bernard, and Mont Blanc, and the continuous ridge of which these mountains constitute the conspicuous summits, presenting a formidable barrier along the western margin of Piedmont; while there are the Great Saint Bernard, and Mont Cervin, and Mont Rosa, and the Simplon, and the Grimsel, and the Saint Gothard, and the Saint Bernard, forming, with their connecting ridges a still more forbidding barrier on the north. Thus, if all Italian and German jealousies could cease; if Sardinian Piedmont and Austrian Lombardy could become one in feeling, and could establish ways of travel that would be available for both, the mountain obstacles would still have to be contended against. The Splugen, the Stelvio, the Ortler Spitz, the Brenner, the Gross Glokner, and the portions of the Alps which connect them, would still intervene between Italy on the one hand, and Switzerland and Central Europe on the other.

Among various routes proposed for crossing these Alpine obstructions, one which has occupied attention for two or three years past, has been brought forward by the Chevalier Mans. He selects a point between Mont Cenis and Mont Geneva, in that part of the

Alps which separates Piedmont from Savoy. Once let this ridge be tunnelled by a railway, and the great difficulty will be over; for, there is tolerably level country to Susa and Turin on the one hand, and to Chamberry and France on the other. At present a railway is under construction, from Turin to Susa; and a mountain railway of thirty miles would connect Susa in Piedmont with Modena in Savoy. This mountain railway will have one tunnel of three thousand yards, and three or four others of minor character; but the great enterprise will be the summit tunnel, eight miles long, and more than one mile below the surface of the Alpine ridge at that part. M. Mans foresees that, excavated in the ordinary way, such a tunnel would require so large an amount of time and labour as would frustrate the whole affair; and he has invented an excavating machine to quicken his progress. According to the descriptions which have reached England, this excavating machine consists of a frame, in which are set a number of very broad chisels. The chisels are so arranged as to cut into the face of the rock, so as to make five horizontal grooves and two vertical channels. These grooves and channels will isolate four blocks of rock, attached only by their hinder surfaces to the parent rock, whence they may readily be separated by hammer-driven wedges. The blocks will be ponderous masses; for their length will be seven feet, their breadth three feet, and their thickness eighteen inches. The machine is half as broad as the tunnel; it will cut in one half, while the severed stone is being removed from the other half by trucks upon a tramway. The actual working of the chisels is effected by a series of shocks caused by the impulse of coiled springs, so that each chisel works a hole for itself; and a lateral movement of all the chisels connects all the chisel holes into a continuous groove or channel. A water-wheel or steam engine produces power which draws back the chisels and compresses the springs; and the power of the springs then drives the chisels violently against the rock. This alternation takes place a hundred and fifty times in a minute.

Chevalier Mans would begin at both ends of the tunnel, and quarry towards the centre, each machine doing its own four miles of work. He can obtain no vertical shafts to admit air, on account of the vast depth; but he thinks he can devise a plan for blowing air into the excavations, sufficient to ventilate them. He asks for five years of time, and a million and a half sterling of money. Whether he will obtain either the one or the other, the future must show. Our own Robert Stephenson, when passing through Italy on his way to Egypt, went to see the excavating machine experimentally at work, and is said to have so far approved of it as to recommend a trial of its efficiency on an extended scale. The difficulties are great for a second-rate kingdom to grapple with—especially under the dark clouds of war and intestine commotion; but there is this advantage,—that the portion of the Alps selected by Chevalier Mans happens to be, on both its flanks and for many miles distant, wholly within the dominions of the King of Sardinia.

TREASURES.

Let me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.
Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!
Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith, to me she brought.
Sorrow (that I wearied
Should remain so long),
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song?
Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.
Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling, in my arms.
So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past;
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

TATTYBOYS RENTS.

In Tattyboys Rents the sun shines, and the rain rains, and people are born, live, die, and are buried and forgotten, much as they do in Rents of greater renown. And I do not think that the obscurity of the Tattyboysians, and the lack of fame of their residence, causes them much grief, simply because I believe that they are unconscious of both. That happy conformation of the human mind which leads us firmly and complacently to believe that the whole world is ceaselessly occupied with our own little tinpot doings—that serenity of self-importance which lends such a dignity of carriage to little Mr. Claypipkin, as he sails down the street in company with big, burly Mr. Brazenpot—these, I dare say, set my friends in the locality that gives a name to this paper, quite at their ease in regard to the place they occupy, in the estimation of the universe, and engender a comfortable certainty that the eyes of Europe (that celebrated visionary) are continually fixed upon Tattyboys Rents.

To tell the plain truth about them, nevertheless, the Rents are alarmingly obscure.

Beyond the postman, the tax-collectors, and those miracles of topographical erudition who deliver County Court summonses, and serve notices for the Insolvent Court, I doubt if there are a hundred persons in London, exclusive of the inhabitants themselves, who know anything about Tattyboys Rents, or even whereabouts they are. It is believed that the names of the magnates of the Rents are inscribed in that golden book of commerce, the Post-Office London Directory, but the place itself finds no mention there. By internal evidence and much collation of the work in question, it is surmised that Tattyboys Rents is not even the proper name of the score of houses so called, and that it is legally known—no not known, for it isn't known—but that it should be designated as—Little Blitsom Street. Plugg, of the water-rates, says that in his youth he well remembers a small stone tablet on the corner wall of number nineteen, running thus, "Little Blitsom Street, 1770,"—and old Mrs. Brush, the charwoman, who, in the days of King James the First, would infallibly have been burnt for a witch, but is now venerated as the oldest inhabitant, minds the time "when a ferocious band of miscreants," whether forgers, burglars, or murderers, is not stated, were captured in Tattyboys Rents by that bold runner, Townshend, and his red-waistcoated acotholites, and by him conveyed before Sir Richard Birnie: the wretches being known as the "Little Blitsom Street Gang." Mogg's Map of the Metropolis, with the latter charts of Richard and Davis, passes the Rents by, in contemptuous silence. Blitsom Street and long, dirty Turk's Lane, into which it leads, are both set down in fair characters, but beyond a nameless little space between two blocks of houses, there is nothing to tell you where Tattyboys Rents may be. It is no good asking the policeman anything about them. I have my doubts even whether he knows; but even granting his sapience, I have my suspicions that unless he knew your position and character well, he would affect entire ignorance on the subject. He has his private reasons for doing so. Tattyboys Rents is far too snugly situated, peaceable, and well-behaved, for its whereabout to be divulged to strangers—possibly of indifferent character. Therefore my advice to you is, if you understand navigation, which I do not, to take your observations by the sun and moon, and, by the help of your "Hamilton Moore," chronometers, quadrant, compass steering due north, and a guinea case of mathematical instruments, work out Tattyboys Rents' exact place on the chart,—and then go and find it. Or, "another way," as the cookery-book says, follow Turk's Lane, till you come to Blitsom Street, up which wander till you stumble, somehow, into Tattyboys Rents.

Which last you are very likely to do literally, for the only approach to the Rents is by a flight of steps, very steep and very treacherous, their vicinity being masked by a grove of posts, and the half-dozen idlers whom you are always sure to find congregated round Chapford's beershop. And it has often happened that, of the few strangers who have travelled in Tattyboys Rents, the proudest and sternest: men who would have scorned to perform the ceremony of the Kotou in China, and would have scouted the idea of salaaming to the Great Mogul: have made their first entrance into the Rents with the lowliest obeisances, with bended knees and foreheads touching the pavement.

If Miss Mary Russell Mitford had not written, years ago, Our Village, it is decidedly by that name that I should have called this article. For, Tattyboys Rents are not only a village as regards their isolation, and the unsophisticated nature of their inhabitants, but they resemble those villages, few and far between, now-a-days, where is no railway station—cross-country villages, where the civilising shriek of the engine-whistle is never heard; where the building mania in any style of architecture is unfelt; where the inhabitants keep themselves to themselves, and have a supreme contempt for the inhabitants of all other villages, hamlets, townships, and boroughs whatsoever; where strangers are barely tolerated and never popular; where improvements, alterations, and innovations, are unanimously scouted; where the father's customs are the son's rule of life, and the daughters do what their mothers did before them. The Metropolitan Buildings Act is a dead letter in Tattyboys Rents, for nobody ever thinks of building—to say nothing of rebuilding or painting—a house. The Common Lodging-House Act goes for nothing, for there are no common lodging-houses, and the lodgers, where there are any, are of an uncommon character. No one fears the Nuisances Removals Act, for everybody has his own particular nuisance, and is too fond of it to move for its removal. The Health of Towns Act has nothing in common with the health of Tattyboys Rents, for fevers don't seem to trouble themselves to come down its steep entrance steps, and the cholera has, on three occasions, given it the cut direct. It is of no use bothering about the drainage, for nobody complains about it, and nobody will tell you whether it is deficient or not. As to the supply of water, there is a pump at the further extremity of the Rents that would satisfy the most exigent hydropathist; and, touching that pump, I should like to see the bold stranger female who would dare to draw a jugful of water from it, or the stranger boy who would presume to lift to his lips the time-worn and water-rusted iron ladle attached by a chain to that pump's nozzle. Such persons as district surveyors and inspectors of nuisances have been heard of in Tattyboys Rents, but they are estimated as

being in influence and authority infinitely below the parish beadle. There was a chimney on fire once at number twelve, and with immense difficulty an engine was lifted into the Rents, but all claims of the Fire Brigade were laughed to scorn, and the boys of the Rents made such a fierce attack on the engine, and manifested so keen a desire to detain it as a hostage, that the helmeted men with the hatchets were glad to make their escape as best they could.

The first peculiarity that will strike you on entering the Rents is the tallness of the houses. The blackness of their fronts and the dinginess of their windows will not appear to you as so uncommon, being a characteristic of Blitsom Street, Turk's Lane, and the whole of the neighbourhood. But, Tattyboys houses are very tall indeed, as if, being set so closely together, and being prevented by conservative tendencies from spreading beyond the limits of the Rents, they had grown taller instead, and added unto themselves stories instead of wings. I can't say much, either, for their picturesque aspect. Old as the Rents are, they are not romantically old. Here are no lean-to roofs, no carved gables, no overhanging lintels, no dormer or lattice windows. The houses are all alike—all tall, grimy, all with mathematical dirty windows, flights of steps (quite innocent of the modern frivolities of washing and hearthstoning), tall narrow doors, and areas with hideous railings. One uncompromisingly tasteless yet terrible mould was evidently made in the first instance for all the lion's head knockers; one disproportioned spear-head and tassel for all the railings. I can imagine the first Tattyboys, a stern man of inflexible uniformity of conduct and purpose, saying grimly to his builder: "Build me a Rents of so many houses, on such and such a model," and the obedient builder turning out so many houses like so many bricks, or so many bullets from a mould, or pins from a wire, and saying, "There, Tattyboys, there are your Rents." Then new, painted, swept, garnished, with the mathematical windows all glisteuing in one sunbeam, the same lion's head knockers grinning on the same doors, the regularity of Tattyboys Rents must have been distressing: the houses must all have been as like each other as the beaux in wigs and cocked hats, and the belles in hoops and hair powder, who lived when Tattyboys Rents were built; but age, poverty, and dirt, have given as much variety of expression to these houses now, as hair, whiskers, wrinkles, and scars give to the human face divine. Some of the lion-headed knockers are gone, and many of the spear-headed railings. Some of the tall doors stand continually open, drooping gracefully on one hinge. The plain fronts of the houses are chequered by lively cartoons, pictorially representing the domestic mangle, the friendly cow that yields fresh milk daily for our nourishment, the household goods that can be removed (by spring vans) in town or country; the enlivening ginger beer which is the favourite beverage (according to the cartoon) of the British Field Marshal, and the lady in the Bloomer costume. Variety is given to the windows by many of their panes being broken, or patched with parti-coloured paper and textile fabrics; and by many of the windows themselves being open the major part of the day, disclosing heads and shoulders of various conformations, with a foreground of tobacco pipes and a background of shirt-sleeves. Pails, brooms, and multifarious odds and ends, take off from the uniformity of the areas, while the area gates (where there are any left) swing cheerfully to and fro. Groups of laughing children bespangle the pavement, and diversify the door-steps; and liveliness, colour, form, are given to the houses and the inhabitants by dirt, linen on poles, half-torn-off placards, domestic fowls, dogs, decayed vegetables, oyster tubs, pewter pots, broken shutters, torn blinds, ragged door-mats, lidless kettles, bottomless saucepans, shattered plates, bits of frayed rope, and cats whose race is run, and whose last tile has been squatted on.

Tattyboys originally intended the houses in his Rents to be all private mansions. Of that there can be no doubt: else, why the areas, why the doorsteps and the lion-headed knockers? But, that mutability of time and fashion which has converted the monastery of the Crutched Friars into a nest of sugar-brokers' counting-houses, and the Palace of Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey into a hairdresser's shop, has dealt as hardly with the private houses in Tattyboys Rents. The shopkeeping element has not yet wholly destroyed the aristocratic aspect of the place; still, in very many instances, petty commerce has set up its petty wares in the front-parlour windows, and the chapman has built his counters and shelves on the ground-floors of gentility.

I have spoken so often of Tattyboys Rents, that the question might aptly be asked, Who was Tattyboys? When did it occur to him to build Rents? By what fortunate inheritance, what adventitious accession of wealth, what prosperous result of astute speculations, was he enabled to give his name to, and derive quarterly rents from, the two blocks of houses christened after him? So dense is the obscurity that surrounds all the antecedents of the locality, that I do not even know the sex of the primary Tattyboys.

The estates, titles, muniments, and manorial rights (whatever they may be) of the clan Tattyboys are at present enjoyed by a black beaver bonnet and black silk cloak of antediluvian design and antemundane rustiness, supposed to contain Miss Tattyboys. I say supposed, for though the cloak and the bonnet are patent in the Rents on certain periodical occasions, the ancient female (she

must be old) whom they enshroud is facially as unknown as the first Odalisque of the Harem to Hassan the cobler, or as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was to the meanest of his adorers. No man hath seen Miss Tattyboys, not even Mr. Barwise, her agent; nay, nor old Mr. Fazzle, the immensely rich bachelor of number thirteen; but many have heard her stern demands for rent, and her shrill denunciations of the "carryings on" of her tenants. It is said that Miss Tattyboys resides at Hoxton, and that she keeps her own cows. Men say that she discounts bills and is the proprietor of a weekly newspaper. It is certain that she is in frequent communication with Mr. Kemp, the officer of the Sheriffs' Court; and many are the proclamations of outlawry made against sprigs of nobility, with tremendously long and aristocratic names at the "suit of Bridget Tattyboys." Likewise, she arrested the honourable Tom Scaleybridge, M.P., at the close of the last session, but was compelled to release him immediately afterwards, he claiming his privilege. There are many solicitors of my acquaintance, who, in their mysteriously musty and monied private offices, have battered tin boxes with half effaced inscriptions relative to "Tattyboys Estate, 1829;" "Tattyboys Trust, 1832;" "Tattyboys *versus* Patcherly;" and "Miss Bridget Tattyboys." She is mixed up with an infinity of trusts, estates, and will cases. She is the subject of dreary law-suits in which the nominal plaintiff is the real defendant, and the defendant ought not to be a party to the suit at all. Time is always being given to speak to her, or communicate with her, or to summons her to produce papers, which she never will produce. Law reports about her cases begin with "So far back as eighteen hundred and ten;" "it will be remembered that;" "this part heard case;" and the daily newspapers occasionally contain letters denying that she made a proposition to A, or sued B, or was indebted to C: signed by Driver, Chizzle, and Wrench, solicitors for Miss Tattyboys. She got as far as the House of Lords once, in an appeal case against Coger Alley Ram Cunder Loll, of Bombay; but how this litigious old female managed to get out, physically or literally, to Hindostan, or into difficulties with a Parsee indigo broker, passes my comprehension. A mysterious old lady this.

Meanwhile, Miss Bridget Tattyboys is the litigious landlady of Tattyboys Rents. There is no dubiety about her existence *there*. Only be a little behindhand with your rent, and you will soon be favoured with one of Mr. Barwise's "Sir, I am instructed by Miss Tattyboys"; and close upon that will follow Mr. S. Scrutor, Miss Tattyboys' broker, with his distraint, and his levy, and his inventory, and all the ceremonies of selling up. I should opine that Miss Tattyboys is deaf, for she is remarkable in cases of unpaid rent for not listening to appeals for time, and not hearing of a compromise. Gilks, the chandler's shopkeeper of number nine, whose wife is always in the family way, and himself in difficulties, once "bound himself by a curse" to seek out Miss Tattyboys at Hoxton, to beard her in her very den, and appeal to her mercy, her charity, her womanhood, in a matter of two quarters owing. He started one morning, with a determined shirt-collar, and fortified by sundry small libations at the Cape of Good Hope. He returned at nightfall with a haggard face, disordered apparel, and an unsteady gait; was inarticulate and incoherent in his speech; shortly afterwards went to bed; and to this day cannot be prevailed upon by his acquaintances, by the wife of his bosom even, to give any account of his interview, if interview he had, with the Megæra of Hoxton. Mr. Gilks, a wary woman, who has brought, and is bringing, up a prodigious family, has whispered to Mrs. Spileburg, of the Cape of Good Hope, that, on the morning after Gilks's expedition, examining his garments, as it is the blessed conjugal custom to do, she found, imprinted in chalky dust, on the back of his coat, *the mark of a human foot*! What could this portend? Did Gilks penetrate to Hoxton, and was he indeed *kicked* by Miss Tattyboys? or did he suffer the insulting infliction at the foot of some pampered menial? Or, coming home despairing, was he led to the consumption (and the redundancy of coppers, and the paucity of silver, in his pockets would favour this view of the case) of more liquid sustenance of a fermented nature than was good for him? And was he in this state kicked by outraged landlord or infuriated pot companion? Gilks lives, and makes no sign. Pressed on the subject of Miss Tattyboys, he reluctantly grumbles that she is an "old image," and this is all.

Dear reader (and the digression may be less intolerable seeing that it takes place in what is but a digression itself), I do wonder what Miss Tattyboys is like. Is she really the stern, harsh, uncompromising female that her acts bespeak her? Does she sit in a rigid cap, or still accoutred in the black bonnet and veil in a dreary office-like parlour at Hoxton, with all her documents docketed on a table before her, or glaring from pigeonholes, shelves, and cupboards? Or is she a jolly, apple-faced, little woman, in a cheery room with birds and plants and flowers, liking a cosy glass and a merry song; a Lady Bountiful in the neighbourhood, a Dorcas to the poor, the idol of all the dissenting ministers around? Perhaps. Who knows? Ah! how unlike we all are to what we seem! How the roar of the lion abroad softens into the bleating of the lamb at home! How meekly the fierce potent schoolmaster of the class-room holds out his knuckles for the ruler in the study! He who is the same in his own home of homes as he is abroad, is a marvel.

Miss Tattyboys has a carriage and a horse, but for certain reasons upon which I briefly touched in allusion to the parish engine, her visits to the Rents are made perforce on foot. Monday mornings, black Mondays emphatically, are her ordinary visiting days; and on such mornings you will see her dusky form looming at Mr. Fazzle's door, or flitting through the Rents as she is escorted to her carriage by Barwise, her agent. Communications may be made direct to her, but they always come somehow through Barwise. He may be described as the buffer to the Tattyboys train; and run at her ever so hard, Barwise receives the first collision, and detracts from its force. If Gilks wants time, or Chapford threatens to leave unless his roof is looked to. or Mrs. Chownes asks again about that kitchen range, or Spileberg expresses a savage opinion that his house will tumble in next week, and that there'll be murder against somebody, Barwise interposes, explains, promises, refuses, will see about it. Which Barwise never does. You try to get at Miss Tattyboys, but you can't, though you are within hand and earshot of her. The portentous black veil flutters in the wind; you are dazzled and terrified by her huge black reticule bursting with papers; you strive to speak; but Miss Tattyboys is gone, and all you can do is to throw yourself upon Barwise, who throws you over.

The carriage of the landlady of the Rents is an anomalous vehicle on very high springs, of which the body seems decidedly never to have been made for the wheels, which on their part appear to be all of different sizes, and shriek while moving dreadfully. Much basket-work enters into the composition of Miss Tattyboys's carriage, also much rusty leather, and a considerable quantity of a textile fabric resembling bed-ticking. There are two lamps, one of which is quite blind and glassless, and the other blinking and knocked on one side in some bygone collision, to a very squinting obliquity. A complication of straps and rusty iron attaches this equipage to a very long-bodied, short-legged black horse, not unlike a turnspit dog, which appears to be utterly disgusted with the whole turnout, and drags it with an outstretched head and outstretched legs, as though he *were* a dog, and the carriage were a tin kettle tied to his tail. There has been blood and bone once about this horse doubtless; but the blood is confined at present to a perpetual raw on his shoulder, artfully veiled from the Society's constables by the rags of his dilapidated collar, and the bone to a lamentably anatomical development of his ribs. To him, is Jehu, a man of grim aspect and of brickdust complexion, whose hat and coat are as the hat and coat of a groom, but whose legs are as the legs of an agricultural labourer, inasmuch as they are clad in corduroy, and terminate with heavy shoes, much clayed. He amuses himself while waiting for his mistress with aggravating the long-bodied horse with his whip on his blind side (he is wall-eyed), and with reading a tattered volume, averred by many to be a hymn-book, but declared by some to be a Little Warbler, insomuch as smothered refrains of "right tooral lol looral" have been heard at times from his dreary coachbox. It is not a pleasant sight this rusty carriage with the long horse, and the grim coachman jolting and staggering about Blitsom Street. It does not do a man good to see the black bonnet and veil inside, with the big reticule and the papers, and overshadowed by them all, as though a cypress had been drawn over her, a poor little weazened diminutive pale-faced little girl, in a bonnet preposterously large for her, supposed to be Miss Tattyboys's niece, also to be a something in Chancery, and the "infant" about whose "custody" there is such a fluster every other term, the unhappy heiress of thousands of disputed pounds.

I cannot finally dismiss Miss Tattyboys without saying a word about Barwise, her agent. Barwise as a correspondent is hated and contemned, but Barwise as a man is popular and respected. His letters are dreadful. When Barwise says he will "write to you," you are certain (failing payment) of being sued. Barwise's first letters first begin, "It is now some time since;" his second missives commence with the awful words, "Sir, unless;" and after that, he is sure to be "instructed by Miss Tattyboys," and to sell you up. It is horrible to think that Barwise not only collects Miss Tattyboys's rents; but that he collects debts for anybody in the neighbourhood, takes out the abhorred "gridirons," or County Court summonses, is an auctioneer, appraiser, valuer, estate, house, and general agent. Dreadful thought for Barwise to have a general agency over you! Yet Barwise is not horrible to view, being a sandy man of pleasant mien, in a long brown coat. He is a capital agent, too, to employ, if you want to get in any little moneys that are due to you; and then it is astonishing how you find yourself egging Barwise on, and telling him to be firm, and not to hear of delay. I think there is but one sentiment that can surpass the indignation a man feels at being forced to pay anything he owes—and that is the indignation with which he sets about forcing people to pay, who owe him anything.

Barwise sings a good song, and the parlour of the Cape of Good Hope nightly echoes to his tuneful muse. I don't believe he ever went farther seaward than Greenwich, but he specially affects nautical ditties, and his plaintive "Then farewell my trim-built wherry," and "When my money was all spent," have been found occasionally exasperating to parties whose "sticks" he has been instrumental in seizing the day before. On festive occasions I have however heard

his health proposed, and the laudatory notes of "For he's a jolly good fellow!" go round.

There are three notable institutions in Tattyboys Rents. I am rather at a loss which first to touch upon. These are the posts, the children, and the dogs—and all three as connected with the steps. Suppose, in reverse order of rank, I take the brute creation first. Tattyboys Rents if it were famous for anything, which it is not, should be famous for its dogs. They are remarkable, firstly, for not having any particular breed. Gilks, the chandler's shopkeeper, had a puppy which was "giv' to him by a party as was always mixed up with dogs," which he thought, at first, would turn out a pointer, then a terrier, then a spaniel; but was miserably disappointed in all his conjectures. He had gone to the expense of a collar for him, and the conversion of an emptied butter firkin into a kennel, and, in despair, took him to Chuffers, the greengrocer, and dog's meat vender, in Blitsom Street, and solemnly asked his opinion upon him. "There hain't a hinch of breed in him," was the dictum of Chuffers, as he contemptuously bestowed a morsel of eleemosynary paunch upon the low-bred cur. Charley (this was the animal's name), grew up to be a gaunt dog of wolf-like aspect, an incorrigible thief, a shameless profligate, a bully and a tyrant. He was the terror of the children and the other dogs: and as if that unhappy Gilks had not already sufficient sorrows upon his head, had the inconceivable folly and wickedness to make an attack one Monday morning upon the sacred black silk dress of Miss Tattyboys. You may imagine that Barwise was down upon Gilks the very next day, like a portcullis. Charley henceforth disappeared. Gilks had a strange affection for him, and still cherished a fond belief that he would turn out something in the thorough-bred line some day; but the butter-firkin was removed to the back yard, and Charley was supposed to pass the rest of his existence in howling and fighting with his chain in that town-house amid brickbats, cabbage-stalks and clothes-pegs, having in addition a villegiatura or country-house in an adjacent dust-bin, into which the length of his chain just allowed him to scramble, and in the which he sat among the dust and ashes, rasping himself occasionally (for depilatory purposes) against a potsherd.

There is a brown dog of an uncertain shade of mongrelity who (they are all such characters these dogs that I think they deserve a superior pronoun) belongs to nobody in particular, and is generally known in the Rents as the Bow-wow. As such it is his avocation and delight to seek the company of very young children (those from eighteen months to two years of age are his preference) whose favour and familiarity he courts, and whom he amuses by his gambols and good-humour. The bow-wow is a welcome guest on all door-steps, and in most entrance halls. His gymnastics are a never-failing source of amusement to the juvenile population, and he derives immense gratification from the terms of endearment and cajolement addressed by the mothers and nurses to their children, all of which expressions this feeble-minded animal takes to be addressed to himself and at which he sniggers his head and wags his stump of a tail tremendously. I have yet to learn whether this brown, hairy, ugly dog is so fond of the little children, and frisks round them, and rolls them over with such tender lovingness, and suffers himself to be pulled, and pinched, and poked by his playmates, all with immovable complacency—I say, I have yet to learn whether he does all this through sheer good-humour and fondness for children, or whether he is a profound hypocrite, skilled in the ways of the world, and knowing that the way to Mother Hubbard's cupboard, when there are any bones in it, is through Mother Hubbard's heart. I hope, for the credit of dog nature and for my own satisfaction, loving it, that the first is the cause.

The only dog in the Rents that can claim any family or breed is an animal by the name of Buffo, who was, in remote times, a French poodle. I say *was;* for the poodleian appearance has long since departed from him, and he resembles much more now, a very dirty, shaggy, white bear, seen through the small end of an opera-glass. He was the property, on his first introduction to the Rents, of one Monsieur Phillips—whether originally Philippe or not, I do not know—who, it was inferred from sundry strange paraphernalia that he left behind him on his abrupt departure from his residence, was something in the magician, not to say conjuror and mountebank line. Buffo was then a glorious animal, half-shaved, as poodles should be, with fluffy rings round his legs, and two tufts on his haunches, and a coal-black nose, and a pink skin. He could mount and descend a ladder; he could run away when Monsieur Phillips hinted that there was a "policeman coming;" he could limp on one leg; he could drop down dead, dance, climb up a lamp-post at the word of command. It was even said that he had been seen in James Street, Covent Garden, on a ragged piece of carpet, telling fortunes upon the cards, and pointing out Monsieur Phillips as the greatest rogue in company. Monsieur Phillips, however, one morning suddenly disappeared, leaving sundry weeks' rent owing to his landlord, Chapford, of the beershop; his only effects being the strange implements of legerdemain I have noticed, and the dog Buffo, whom he had placed at livery, so to state, at least at a fixed weekly stipend for his board and lodging. I need not say that in a very short time the unfortunate dog "eat his head right off;" the amount of paunch he had consumed far exceeding his marketable value. Chapford, after vainly debating as to the propriety of turning the magician's cups into half-pint

measures, and his balls into bagatelle balls,sold them to Scrutor the broker, and Buffo himself to Joe (surname unknown) who is a helper up Spavins' yard, the livery and bait stables, in Blitsom Street. Joe "knowed of a lady down Kensington who was werry nuts upon poodles;" and Buffo previous to his introduction to the lady amateur, was subjected to sundry dreadful operations of farriery, in the way of clipping, staining, and curtailing, which made him from that day forward a dog of sullen and morose temper. He soon came back from Kensington in disgrace, the alleged cause of his dismissal being his having fought with and killed a gray cockatoo. He was re-sold to Mrs. Lazenby, old Mr. Fazzle's housekeeper: but he had either forgotten or was too misanthropic to perform any of his old tricks, regarded policemen unmoved, and passed the whole pack of cards with profound disdain. A report, too, founded on an inadvertent remark of Chapford, that he (Buffo) had once been on the stage, and had been fired out of a cannon by the clown in a pantomime, succeeded in ruining him in the opinion of the Rents, who hold all "play-actors" in horror: he passed from owner to owner, and was successively kicked out and discarded by all, and now hangs about Chapford's, a shabby, used-up, degraded, broken-down beast.

Is there anything more pitiable in animal nature than a thoroughly hard up dog? Such a one I met two Sundays back in a shiningly genteel street in Pimlico. He was a cur, most wretchedly attenuated, and there in Pimlico he sat, with elongated jaws, his head on one side, his eyes wofully upturned, his haunches turned out, his feet together, his tail subdued, his ribs rampant: an utterly worn out, broken down, ruined old dog. If he had taken a piece of chalk, and written "I am starving," fifty times on the pavement in the most ornamental caligraphy, it could not have excited more sympathy than the unutterable expression of his oblique misery, propped up sideways against a kitchen railing. I had no sooner stopped to accost him, than, taking it for granted that I was going to kick him or beat him because he was miserable, he shambled meekly into the gutter, where he stood shivering; but I spoke him fair, and addressing him in what little I knew of the Doggee language, strove to reassure him. But how could I relieve him? What could I do for him? It was a stern uncompromising shining British Sunday; there was no back slum nigh; no lowly shop, whither I could convey him to regale on dog's meat. Moreover it was church time, and I could not even purchase licensed victuals for his succour. It was no good giving him a penny. I might as well have given him a tract. He was unmistakeably mangy, and I could not convey him home; and I knew of no dog-hospital. So I exhorted him to patience and resignation, and left him reluctantly; persuaded that the greatest charity I could have extended to him would have been to blow his brains out.

You are not to think that these I have mentioned are all the dogs of which Tattyboys Rents can boast. Many more are they, big dogs and little dogs: from that corpulent Newfoundland dog of Scrutor's, the broker, whose sagacity is so astounding as to lead to his being trusted with baskets and cash, to purchase bread and butcher's meat—the which he does faithfully, bringing back change with scrupulous exactitude—and whose only fault is his rapid rate of locomotion, and defective vision, which lead him to run up against and upset very nearly everybody he meets in his journeys—to Bob Blather, the barber's cock-tail terrier, which can kill a "power of rats," and has more than once been matched in Bell's Life (familiarly called by the sporting part of the Rents, The Life) to do so. I may say to the honour of the dogs of Tattyboys Rents, that they seldom stray beyond its limits; and that if any strange dog descend the steps leading thereunto, they invariably fall upon, and strive to demolish him with the utmost ferocity.

The children of the Rents are so much like other street children that they preserve the same traditions of street games and songs common to other localities. They are remarkable, however, for a certain grave and sedate demeanour which I have never failed to observe in children who are in the habit of sitting much upon flights of steps. Such steps are the sands of life, and the sea of the street rolls on before them. The steps of Tattyboys Rents are to the children there a place of deliberation, recreation, observation, and repose. There, is to-morrow's lesson studied; there, does the baby learn a viva-voce lesson in walking; there, is the dirt pie made, and the sharp pointed "cat" constructed; there, does the nurse child rest, and the little maid achieve her task of sewing; there, are tops wound, and marbles gambled for, and juvenile scandals promulgated; there, is the quarrel engendered, and the difference adjusted. It is good to see this La Scala of Tattyboys Rents on a sunshiny day; its degrees sown with little people, whose juvenile talk falls cheerfully on the ear, after the ruder conversation at the posts. The posts are immediately behind the steps, forming a grove of egress,—a sort of forest of Soignies, behind the Mont Saint Jean of the Rents,—into Blitsom Street. At the posts, is Wapford's beershop; pots are tossed for at the posts, and bets are made on horseraces. Many a married woman in the Rents "drats" the posts, at whose door she lays the Saturday night vagaries of her "master;" forgetting how many of her own sex are postally guilty, and how often she herself has stood a gossiping at the posts.

And so, from the Pump at one extremity to the Posts at the other, I have glanced fitfully at Tattyboys Rents. There are other and queerer characters resident in its dingy old houses; if you have any curiosity to know further about them, I may gratify it in good time.

NATURE'S CHANGES OF DRESS.

The infinite variety of costume in which Nature decks herself originate in ninety-two thousand nine hundred and thirty chief designs, and every one of these designs is capable of countless variation. Her numberless shades, her harmonious blendings of colour, her rich treasury of shapes and modes, are hardly glanced at by the languid eye of Fashion. Fashion may, in common with the rest of the world, have heard of the "earth's apparel," but she scarcely knows how the whole is arranged, or where each of Nature's modes most prevails.

In every zone the earth wears a different livery; in every country Nature bedecks herself after a different fashion. But, everywhere her garb is many-coloured and multiform. The turbaned Indian and the chimney-pot-hatted Englishman, are not more widely dissimilar in costume than Nature's dress in India is unlike Nature's dress in England. Her modes are more lasting than the fashions of human kind, for Nature counts life by centuries; we by seconds. They are less capricious, though infinitely more numerous. For, on a grand scale, Nature follows a definite plan in the ordering and arrangement of her apparel; not perhaps easily seen until we glance with comprehensive eye from the pole to the equator. We then perceive that the method of Nature is directly opposed to the method of man.

As the tribes of men approach the broiling tropics, they divest themselves of heavy and cumbrous clothing, and resort to simple, thin attire. But it is exactly where the tropical sun glows most fiercely, that Nature clothes herself in a dense tapestry of vegetation. In the north, where we muffle our pinched forms in layers of clothing, the earth hardily bares its breast to winter. In the south, where to us even the lightest jacket is oppressive, Nature invests herself in a thick and gorgeous mantle. Where moisture is a rare visitant, and where, when it does visit the earth, it comes either in torrents from the sky, or in periodical overflows from rivers, the vegetation is of massive spongy texture, with gaping mouths and capacious organs, capable of receiving and retaining large supplies of water. A slow rate of evaporation from the stores thus laid up, cools the surrounding atmosphere; and descending in dew, refreshes the parched soil; or vivifying it, rescues it from barrenness. Perhaps tailors may take a hint from Nature s arrangement of her apparel in the tropics, and furnish us with refrigerating coats for warm climates. Something might perhaps be done in the way of an evaporating coat—a delicious invention which would have the effect of cooling the wearer in proportion to the drought and heat of the atmosphere without. Botanically speaking, such an arrangement would, as we have seen, be strictly natural. If, however, any delighted Indian, who may chance to read these pages, should feel inclined, in the fulness of his trust in the wisdom of Nature, practically to adopt her method, and, inducting himself within a wet sheet, bask in the heat of the sun, let him report his experience; but first, let him consult his doctor.

The laws which regulate the distribution of plants over the surface of the earth, and the predominance of certain forms in special localities,—the sumptuary laws of nature, as we may well call them, since they determine everywhere the nature of the earth's apparel,—are peremptory and severe. If we examine the separate elements of the mass of vegetation which everywhere adorns the earth, we are not long before we recognise, in every zone, forms with which we do not meet elsewhere. In every latitude we find plants to which that special territory is assigned as their domain, beyond which their passport will not carry them, out of which they dare not travel, unless the art and skill of man find them artificial homes. The Gulf-stream may carry the tropic seed to the coasts of Norway,—the bird or insect may bear the vegetable germ from Indian woods to plant it in a northern soil; but offended Nature avenges the transgression of her changeless laws. The seed never germinates, but is blighted by the asperities of a new and more rigorous clime. Thus the grape does not cheer the gloomy northmen; the vine being forbidden to pass beyond the latitude of Berlin. A line extended across Norway and intersecting the east coast of Sweden, bounds the northward travels of wheat. Beyond the barrier which intersects Drontheim, cold winds strike death on all wheaten crops. But, farther north, even in climates which the birch can no longer endure, hardy John Barleycorn thrives, and gladdens the hearts of men with honest cake and stout ale. Thus his praises are sung in regions where the more effeminate wheat is unknown.

The most potent viceroy whom Nature has appointed to preside over the distribution of plant-forms, and determine the fashion of the earth's vegetable clothing in every zone, is Heat. Heat rules the world of plants with iron sway. Before his red-hot sceptre, all vegetation bows. Accordingly as he distributes his bounteous rays the forms of vegetation are developed. He marks out the earth in regions, and in each he bids one general type of forms to prevail; each has its own fashion. Within these definite limits certain plants

are confined by his will. As we journey from the poles to the equator, we pass successively through these belts of vegetation, strictly subjected to the influence of the laws of Heat. Passing rapidly from the icy arctic region, clothed only by the red snow-plant,—a simple vegetable-cell,—we enter a region of silky mosses, grey withered lichens, and low-stemmed alpine plants with tufts of foliage and of flowers. Next we plunge into a forest-region of dusky gnarled pines and tall needle-leaved firs, whose spreading trunks or mouldering mosses are swathed in a shroud of dull, sedge-like ferns. Traversing a variegated Flora, we reach—across the Drontheim line, where wheat begins—a region in which flourish the oak with its picturesque boldness of branching, the yet more noble chestnut covered with masses of foliage, the lime, and the elm. In this region, smiling meadows alternate with shadowy woods; and the industry of man has covered the face of the earth with rich and fruitful cornfields. Scaling the Alps, we descend into a zone of trees whose shining leaves the winter does not nip; around whose trunks climb the vine-boughs; and where, in summer the beautiful rock-rose replaces the sweet-scented hyacinth of spring. This is the land where

Through the dark green leaves the gold oranges glow.

More fortunate in our power of return than those martyrs of our race whose ambition to unfold the mysteries of the Niger has hurried them to an early grave, we stretch across the African Desert, and enter the zone where the tropic sun vivifying the earth, moist with the heavy vapour of the ocean, imparts vigour to a matchless race of plants. Here, the slender date lifts its tall head on high, and mighty climbers twine around huge sycamores. The lichen of the north that sits so modestly in russet garb on rock or tree and calls no man's attention to itself, is exchanged for the parasite with gorgeous blossoms that entwines itself with the grasp of a boa-constrictor round some hapless trunk, until it happens to a tree in the tropics as it has happened in all climates to men, that the strong parasite attains the mastery and kills the stem by which it rose. Here, too, the leafless spurge prepares nutritious milk, or poisonous sap—the one hardly distinguishable from the other, except by careful analysis. The baobab displays gigantic masses of wood that have endured six thousand years; and the dragon-tree, "embosomed in infinite silence," recounts with speechless tongue the experiences of fifty centuries of time.

We have passed through the six regions of heat's dominions, in which an ever-increasing warmth of temperature continually gives birth to a richer and more luxuriant vegetation. A more condensed but more laborious view of the compelling influence of heat might be obtained in toiling up the colossal mountains of the tropics; from whose summit man is enabled to contemplate alike all the families of plants and the stars of the firmament. Here, the different climates, instead of being spread over the earth's surface, or ranged one above the other; and heat, watching over the accomplishment of its eternal ordinances, arbitrarily limits the succession of the forms of vegetation; imprisoning each within its proper zone of elevation, as on plain land they were confined within parallels of latitude. From these heights the eye wanders over all the climatal regions of vegetation piled one above the other; surveying at a single glance the feathery palm, the tree-fern with lace-like foliage, the oak, the alpine rose, the yellow wavy grass-fields, and the grey lichen. At their base flourish the banana of the south and the orange: the lofty peaks are clothed with lichens or with eternal snow.

It is here that we most clearly recognise the imperial sway of heat over the vegetable kingdom. It was on the rocky walls and declivities of the Cordillera, that Humboldt first read the laws of heat indelibly inscribed, and demonstrated to us its potent influence in effecting the climatal distribution of organic forms, and in altering the aspect of nature. It was a considerable step towards more perfect comprehension of this subject, when he connected with imaginary lines those points on the earth which enjoy the same mean temperature, and found that such "lines of equal heat" coincide with lines drawn to indicate the boundaries within which wheat, maize, rice, the vine, the olive, and other plants, are capable of successful cultivation. These lines of equal heat are far from being parallel to the equator; for local influences strongly affect the temperature of every part of the globe; but, to them closely cling the boundaries of vegetation, loyal to the laws of heat, and widely wandering from the parallels of latitude to follow accurately these devious lines which heat has traced for them; scorning the regular tracks which geographers have laid down. Nor does the plant dare to transgress this limitary legislation.

This is the primal contract: these the laws
Imposed by Nature: and by Nature's Cause.

Heat, however, is not the sole potentate by whose will the fashions of the earth's apparel are determined. Minor tyrants enforce equally stringent limitations; narrowing yet more the sphere of plant-existence, and the circle within which plant-migration is possible. One of these sub-regents, is soil. The plant indigenous to the chalky cliff, borne on the wings of the storm to a rocky granite headland, will as surely perish as the tropic shrub transported to an

arctic clime. The cause is found in the part which soil plays in ministering to the life of Plant. Nature has ordained that while heat shall control with undisputed sway the chemical changes by which the plant assimilates its food, and converts into nourishment the raw material of its growth, the soil shall supply to each some earthy salt or mineral, different in every class of plants, but not the less essential to the life of the individual. Thus the plant is placed in this respect at the mercy of soil. For, while one plant must obtain a certain amount of lime, another requires potash, and a third silica. But, the soil does not everywhere yield to the plant these necessary conditions of its existence ; and thus it is enabled despotically to impose a check on the progress of the plant over the surface of the earth. Some classes of plants can only live on turf soils, others in chalk soils, a third in land abounding in soda. It is especially those plants which require an unusual ingredient, or a large proportion of a not uncommon salt, that are most curtailed in their wanderings by the power of soil. Thus tobacco requiring twenty per cent. of lime and magnesia is confined to a very few places ; and so the great sugar-producing species—abounding in iodine and soda, can flourish only in the sea. In the variety of its chemical character, soil finds the means of binding to special districts all the forms of vegetation. Additional resources are furnished by the differing mechanical conditions of the earth. These have rendered it possible for soil to ordain to some plants a residence on broken rocks ; to others a dwelling in loose powdery sand, or rich clayed mould. Hence old Virgil sang,

" Not every plant on every soil may grow,
The sallow-haunts, the watery ground and low,
The marshes, alders : Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign,
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles ; and to mounts, the vines."

Heat issues its orders that each class of plants shall confine their journeyings within fixed limits. The soil promulgates the decree, that even in its wanderings through the permitted space, the plant shall visit only certain localities. Heat sways the fashion of the earth's vegetable mantle in large regions of the earth. Soil determines how each portion shall be arranged, and where each floral decoration shall be fixed, bringing together plants of a similar nature, and arranging them in what botanists have termed social bands.

These laws remain for ever changeless in their action. Since the beginning of the world they have coerced all vegetable nature beneath a sway alike salutary and irresistible. Obedient to the laws of Heat, vegetation has throughout all earthly time advanced with the increase of temperature, receded with its decrease. How great the changes thus effected, recorded history can tell. But a few centuries ago Iceland still enjoyed a moderate degree of heat, and then still shared in the culture of grain ; but, with the departure of heat, wheaten crops have also fled, and with difficulty are some scanty ears of barley now cultivated. Clover, as if for compensation, flying from the dry summers of the south, has taken refuge in the moister north. Northern Germany has seen in the last eighteen centuries a most propitious change. The labour of man appears to have gradually conciliated the goodwill of Heat, by levelling forests and draining swamps, and cultivating the ground ; and, in a spot where Tacitus asserts that not even a cherry, much less a grape, would grow, the generous vine supplies a happier race with rich draughts of noble Rudesheimer.

This, with many other cheering facts, should preserve in us the faith that it is within the vocation and powers of man, by availing himself of the all-powerful influences of heat and soil, to save Greenland from becoming an uninhabited waste of ice, or Palestine from degenerating into a desert,—everywhere, indeed, to resist the abasement of nature.

MY CAVASS AND I.

My Cavass is eminently a fine gentleman. The Greeks say that he walks like a lady in an interesting condition. I should be rather inclined to describe his gait as a tragedy stalk, like that of a tragedian of very great power at the Victoria Theatre ; but this is merely a difference of opinion. A Cavass is a sort of body-guard or man-at-arms off duty, who is the indispensable appendage of an official personage in the great kingdom to which I am accredited. I have a Cavass, therefore, because I am an official personage. I am Her Britannic Majesty's deputy assistant sub-vice consular agent at the island of Barataria. My former profession was that of dancing-master at a ladies' school. It was at my school that Lord Charles Luckidown, eldest son of the almost pauperised Earl of Strawtherby, met his wife, the then Miss Plumbus, eldest daughter of Plumbus, the great tea-man of the firm of Plumbus, Chops, and Twigging, who died worth one million and a half sterling. This was why I was appointed, by the interest of Lord Charles, out of gratitude, when he got into Parliament, as deputy-assistant sub-vice consular agent to the island above-mentioned ; and why the pasha and barbarians of the place are made to tremble at my nod. It is also, probably, why I am not averse to nodding as often as an occasion turns up which admits of my doing so.

It is an instructive and refreshing sight to see me walk abroad with my Cavass. He

carries a stout stick, and he uses it with singular diligence and vivacity on the heads of all who come between the wind and my nobility. Being representative of a friendly power, I love to show the importance of my government, of my mission, and of myself. This is why I am preceded by a Cavass with a stout stick, whenever I appear among the base, common, and popular of Barataria. My Cavass and I are about on a par in our knowledge and fitness for the consular service, and we entertain very much the same idea of the duties which have devolved upon us. We cherish a conviction that they may be briefly summed up in a frequent and vigorous use of the stout stick. We are not fond of arguing. We consider truth and discussion as a mere useless disturbance of our opinions on this or on any other subject; and it is but justice to us to add, that our opinions are those of the majority of Levant consuls.

I am not a Levant consul, but I am a sort of apology for one; and I live in the halo of that glory which surrounds my august and potent chief. My Cavass and I have almost absolute power over the liberties and comfort of the whole population of Barataria, and it comprises nearly eighty thousand souls. This power was secured in a very striking and agreeable manner by my predecessor (Lord Fitztoady Stewart's favourite sister's son) in a dispute about the right of a Maltese sailor to knock somebody down, and to receive compensation for the damage done to his knuckles on the occasion. The pasha did not seem to be clear-witted on the subject; for, although he is a gentle dignified old person enough, he is rather slow. My predecessor, therefore, whose name was Podger, took advantage of the arrival of a British man-of-war to enlighten his understanding, and to quicken his motions. Podger and the commander condescended to pay a visit to the governor in person. "Tell him," roared Podger to his dragoman, who fortunately could not speak English; "tell him he is a brute, a beast, a lout, a barbarian, a brigand, a cheat, a scoundrel; and that unless he pays for my subject's knuckles, which have been injured by the jaw-bone of the miscreant who is cursed by his rule, we will batter his town about his ears. Tell him this; tell him this!" And then Podger, aware of his interpreter's deficiency, made a sound as if of cannon, and thrust his beard (a remarkably fine beard) within a short space of the pasha's nose. That reverend old gentleman, comprehending the actions of the deputy-assistant vice-consular Podger better than his words, began to tremble. He had strength enough to gasp out a request, however, that his life might be spared; and a humble asseveration that he would do anything or anybody it might please Podger to have done. By means of the word "para," however (which signifies money), and the frequent use of his beard, and some complicated digital arithmetic, the pasha was made at last to understand that Podger insisted on receiving compensation for "his subject's" knuckles in money. It is needless to add that money was paid; and I should like to hear of the quiet, gentle, dignified old pasha ever bringing anything to a wrangle again with a representative of any future assistant sub-vice-consular agent of Her Britannic Majesty, at the Island of Barataria.

Indeed, what with the consequence assumed by me and my Cavass, as well as the consuls, and the assistants, and sub-vices, of the other protecting powers, together with each special and particular Cavass of each and every of these extremely amiable foreign officials, the pasha of Barataria has mighty little consequence of his own left. He is generally obliged to sing small, to use a mild and familiar expression. He is considered rather in the light of a bell-rope for angry consular agents to pull at than anything else; and whenever they want anything which ought not to be granted, he is pulled until he tingles sufficiently to cause what is wanted to be brought.

My Cavass and I are perfectly above the jurisdiction of the barbarians among whom we live. We pay neither taxes nor respect to anybody, and treat the world in general from the extreme height of our grandeur with condign indignity. There is nobody who could be found bold enough to make any observation to us; for we are our own parliament, judges, jury, police, and executioners. We cannot hang, to be sure; but our power only stops short of hanging people; although, if once we were to get seriously out of humour, we might scourge, and cuff, and make things so desperately uncomfortable to the people in general, as to occasion a wholesale transportation.

My Cavass and I are accustomed to be treated with distinction in consequence of these powers and attributes. When we deign to go and show off our ill-temper to the local authorities, we insist that horses and proper attendants shall be sent to fetch us. When we are visited by meaner people, we expect that they will acknowledge the happiness of being admitted into our sublime presence by taking off their shoes, and raising the dust from our shoes to their foreheads. We do not indeed receive tribute in money; but we take it out in adoration. Upon the whole, perhaps, my Cavass and I are rather more locally absolute than the Emperor of Russia; and woe to the abandoned wretch who declines to koo-too to us. We mark him down in our black books, and he may understand thenceforth that it would be inconvenient to him to have any affair to settle with Her Britannic Majesty's deputy-assistant vice-consular agency.

My Cavass has another important prerogative from which I am unhappily debarred. It is that of making British subjects. When

any of the natives of Barataria desire to cease the payment of taxes to their own government, and the disagreeable ceremony of submission to the laws of their land, they are apt to present themselves at the D.A.S.V.C. office, and to express their wish for a passport. I cannot speak Turkish, nor Greek, nor Italian, nor anything else but English and a few words of dog French, which my Cavass understands. I therefore refer to this functionary with the interrogatory, "Anglaise sudjit?" "O Dios!" replies my Cavass, laying his two hands by turn on his heart and his head. I understand this as an affirmative answer. Some papers are then presented to me which I cannot read. One of them I suppose to be a certificate of the applicant's baptism in some British possession. I know that there are no means by which such a document can be recognised with certainty, even if genuine. I know that it bears no stamp nor official mark of any kind as it ought to do. I am therefore more or less indifferent; and create by my sign manual the law-breaker a subject of Her Majesty, exempt from his native taxes, his native bastinado, and may be from his native bowstring. Thus another British subject is made, and another national affront is offered to a weary and helpless ally of Her Britannic Majesty. I believe that British-subject-making forms a recognised portion of the revenues of my Cavass.

For the rest, my Cavass and I are by no means bad sort of people. I was an excellent dancing-master, and a very decent member of society before I was sent to Barataria vice Podger (promoted, in consequence of his father having lent money to young Fitztoady, who was a wild lad before he came into the peerage). More power than is good for them has turned the heads of all official personages in Barataria; it has also turned mine. Perhaps if my head had been a little stronger, it would not have been turned quite so much; but it would probably have been turned more stiffly, so it does not much matter. I am not too inflated or too stupid to see that I am merely a person whose official existence in a responsible post should be impossible; in other respects I am a nonentity. If I had been otherwise, the dignified official, who appoints all the servants on this establishment, would never have thought of me for a moment. My respected chief desires, like another Atlas, to carry the world entirely upon his own shoulders. And if, though a hale old gentleman, he is not quite strong enough for such a burden, this fact is more perceptible to others than to himself. One thing is also quite certain, that he would sooner let his burden fall and smash it, as he has done before now, than receive any sort of assistance, advice, or counsel from his nearest blood or official connection. I am not the less a mighty man at Barataria; and I know that so long as I do nothing which ought to be done, I shall preserve the regard and good-will of my diplomatic sovereign. I know that by neglecting all serious duties, I have everything to hope from his patronage; while if I were ever to display the smallest activity, he would infallibly ruin me.

My Cavass is conscious of these sentiments on my part; and he therefore carefully keeps from me all persons who are likely to break in, with troublesome projects or information, upon that tranquillity which is essential to the dignity of a deputy-assistant, sub-vice-consular agent of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The consequence is that I know no more of what is going on within ten yards of my house, than I do of the immediate affairs of Bokhara or Samarcand. My chief is fond of finding things out for himself; and if I were once to break in upon his animated labours by an indiscreet communication, I might as well be officially dead. The affairs of the world have been going on (I hear) also far too pleasantly lately for correct information to be of use to anybody; and there is nothing I admire more in my august superior than his determined and consistent antipathy to new ideas.

And now, respected public, farewell until quarter-day. You have read enough about me and my Cavass to understand that we are an ornament to the good old sleepy service to which we belong. We aim at the highest merit which that service recognises; the merit—officially speaking—of doing nothing. I can lay my hand on my heart and declare most conscientiously that, in that respect, I do my duty thoroughly. Hence, I am in hourly expectation of having my services—that is my forbearance—rewarded with promotion. My Cavass lives in a similar hope. You will therefore pay proper respect to us. But there your business with us ends. We are willing indeed to receive your money, but we wish to hear nothing further about you. A word in your ear, therefore:—If ever you should make a tour in the East, I would very strongly advise you as a prudent man to keep out of the way of me and my Cavass.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XV.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gradgrind did not take after Blue Beard, his room was quite a Blue chamber in its abundance of blue books. Whatever they could prove (which is usually anything you like), they proved there, in an army constantly strengthening by the arrival of new recruits. In that charmed apartment, the most complicated social questions were cast up, got into exact totals, and finally settled—if those concerned could only have been brought to know it. As if an astronomical observatory should be made without any windows, and the astronomer within should arrange the starry universe solely by pen, ink and paper, so Mr. Gradgrind, in *his* Observatory (and there are many like it), had no need to cast an eye upon the teeming myriads of human beings around him, but could settle all their destinies on a slate, and wipe out all their tears with one dirty little bit of sponge.

To this Observatory, then: a stern room with a deadly-statistical clock in it, which measured every second with a beat like a rap upon a coffin-lid: Louisa repaired on the appointed morning. The window looked towards Coketown; and when she sat down near her father's table, she saw the high chimneys and the long tracks of smoke looming in the heavy distance gloomily.

"My dear Louisa," said her father, "I prepared you last night to give me your serious attention in the conversation we are now going to have together. You have been so well trained, and you do, I am happy to say, so much justice to the education you have received, that I have perfect confidence in your good sense. You are not impulsive, you are not romantic, you are accustomed to view everything from the strong dispassionate ground of reason and calculation. From that ground alone, I know you will view and consider what I am going to communicate."

He waited, as if he would have been glad that she said something. But, she said never a word.

"Louisa my dear, you are the subject of a proposal of marriage that has been made to me."

Again he waited, and again she answered not one word. This so far surprised him, as to induce him gently to repeat "a proposal of marriage, my dear." To which, she returned without any visible emotion whatever:

"I hear you, father. I am attending, I assure you."

"Well!" said Mr. Gradgrind, breaking into a smile, after being for the moment at a loss, "you are even more dispassionate than I expected, Louisa. Or, perhaps you are not unprepared for the announcement I have it in charge to make?"

"I cannot say that, father, until I hear it. Prepared or unprepared, I wish to hear it all from you. I wish to hear you state it to me, father."

Strange to relate, Mr. Gradgrind was not so collected at this moment as his daughter was. He took a paper-knife in his hand, turned it over, laid it down, took it up again, and even then had to look along the blade of it, considering how to go on.

"What you say, my dear Louisa, is perfectly reasonable. I have undertaken then to let you know that——that Mr. Bounderby has informed me that he has long watched your progress with particular interest and pleasure, and has long hoped that the time might ultimately arrive when he should offer you his hand in marriage. That time, to which he has so long, and certainly with great constancy, looked forward, is now come. Mr. Bounderby has made his proposal of marriage to me, and has entreated me to make it known to you, and to express his hope that you will take it into your favourable consideration."

Silence between them. The deadly-statistical clock very hollow. The distant smoke very black and heavy.

"Father," said Louisa, "do you think I love Mr. Bounderby?"

Mr. Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. "Well, my child," he returned, "I—really—cannot take upon myself to say."

"Father," pursued Louisa in exactly the same voice as before, "do you ask me to love Mr. Bounderby?"

"My dear Louisa, no. No. I ask nothing."

"Father," she still pursued, "does Mr. Bounderby ask me to love him?"

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Gradgrind, "it is difficult to answer your question—"

"Difficult to answer it, Yes or No, father?"

"Certainly, my dear. Because;" here was something to demonstrate, and it set him up again; "because the reply depends so materially, Louisa, on the sense in which we use the expression. Now, Mr. Bounderby does not do you the injustice, and does not do himself the injustice, of pretending to anything fanciful, fantastic, or (I am using synonymous terms) sentimental. Mr. Bounderby would have seen you grow up under his eyes, to very little purpose, if he could so far forget what is due to your good sense, not to say to his, as to address you from any such ground. Therefore, perhaps the expression itself—I merely suggest this to you, my dear—may be a little misplaced."

"What would you advise me to use in its stead, father?"

"Why, my dear Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, completely recovered by this time, "I would advise you (since you ask me) to consider this question, as you have been accustomed to consider every other question, simply as one of tangible Fact. The ignorant and the giddy may embarrass such subjects with irrelevant fancies, and other absurdities that have no existence, properly viewed—really no existence—but it is no compliment to you to say, that you know better. Now, what are the Facts of this case? You are, we will say in round numbers, twenty years of age; Mr. Bounderby is, we will say in round numbers, fifty. There is some disparity in your respective years, but in your means and positions there is none; on the contrary, there is a great suitability. Then the question arises, Is this one disparity sufficient to operate as a bar to such a marriage? In considering this question, it is not unimportant to take into account the statistics of marriage, so far as they have yet been obtained, in England and Wales. I find, on reference to the figures, that a large proportion of these marriages are contracted between parties of very unequal ages, and that the elder of these contracting parties is, in rather more than three-fourths of these instances, the bridegroom. It is remarkable as showing the wide prevalence of this law, that among the natives of the British possessions in India, also in a considerable part of China, and among the Calmucks of Tartary, the best means of computation yet furnished us by travellers, yield similar results. The disparity I have mentioned, therefore, almost ceases to be disparity, and (virtually) all but disappears."

"What do you recommend, father," asked Louisa, her reserved composure not in the least affected by these gratifying results, "that I should substitute for the term I used just now? For the misplaced expression?"

"Louisa," returned her father, "it appears to me that nothing can be plainer. Confining yourself rigidly to Fact, the question of Fact you state to yourself is: Does Mr. Bounderby ask me to marry him? Yes, he does. The sole remaining question then is: Shall I marry him? I think nothing can be plainer than that."

"Shall I marry him?" repeated Louisa, with great deliberation.

"Precisely. And it is satisfactory to me, as your father, my dear Louisa, to know that you do not come to the consideration of that question with the previous habits of mind, and habits of life, that belong to many young women."

"No, father," she returned, "I do not."

"I now leave you to judge for yourself," said Mr. Gradgrind. "I have stated the case, as such cases are usually stated among practical minds; I have stated it, as the case of your mother and myself was stated in its time. The rest, my dear Lousia, is for you to decide."

From the beginning, she had sat looking at him fixedly. As he now leaned back in his chair, and bent his deep-set eyes upon her in his turn, perhaps he might have seen one wavering moment in her, when she was impelled to throw herself upon his breast, and give him the pent-up confidences of her heart. But, to see it, he must have overleaped at a bound the artificial barriers he had for many years been erecting, between himself and all those subtle essences of humanity which will elude the utmost cunning of algebra until the last trumpet ever to be sounded shall blow even algebra to wreck. The barriers were too many and too high for such a leap. He did *not* see it. With his unbending, utilitarian, matter-of-fact face, he hardened her again; and the moment shot away into the plumbless depths of the past, to mingle with all the lost opportunities that are drowned there.

Removing her eyes from him, she sat so long looking silently towards the town, that he said, at length: "Are you consulting the chimneys of the Coketown works, Louisa?"

"There seems to be nothing there, but languid and monotonous smoke. Yet when the night comes, Fire bursts out, father!" she answered, turning quickly.

"Of course I know that, Louisa. I do not see the application of the remark." To do him justice he did not, at all.

She passed it away with a slight motion of her hand, and concentrating her attention upon him again, said, "Father, I have often thought that life is very short"——This was so distinctly one of his subjects that he interposed:

"It is short, no doubt, my dear. Still, the average duration of human life is proved to have increased of late years. The calculations of various life assurance and annuity offices, among other figures which cannot go wrong, have established the fact."

"I speak of my own life, father."

"O indeed? Still," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I need not point out to you, Louisa, that it is governed by the laws which govern lives in the aggregate."

"While it lasts, I would wish to do the little I can, and the little I am fit for. What does it matter!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed rather at a loss to understand the last four words; replying, "How, matter? What, matter, my dear?"

"Mr. Bounderby," she went on in a steady, straight way, without regarding this, "asks me to marry him. The question I have to ask myself is, shall I marry him? That is so, father, is it not? You have told me so, father. Have you not?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Let it be so. Since Mr. Bounderby likes to take me thus, I am satisfied to accept his proposal. Tell him, father, as soon as you please, that this was my answer. Repeat it, word for word, if you can, because I should wish him to know what I said."

"It is quite right, my dear," retorted her father approvingly, "to be exact. I will observe your very proper request. Have you any wish, in reference to the period of your marriage, my child?"

"None, father. What does it matter!"

Mr. Gradgrind had drawn his chair a little nearer to her, and taken her hand. But, her repetition of these words seemed to strike with some little discord on his ear. He paused to look at her, and, still holding her hand, said:

"Louisa, I have not considered it essential to ask you one question, because the possibility implied in it appeared to me to be too remote. But, perhaps I ought to do so. You have never entertained in secret any other proposal?"

"Father," she returned, almost scornfully, "what other proposal can have been made to *me?* Whom have I seen? Where have I been? What are my heart's experiences?"

"My dear Louisa," returned Mr. Gradgrind, re-assured and satisfied, "you correct me justly. I merely wished to discharge my duty."

"What do I know, father," said Louisa in her quiet manner, "of tastes and fancies; of aspirations and affections; of all that part of my nature in which such light things might have been nourished? What escape have I had from problems that could be demonstrated, and realities that could be grasped?" As she said it, she unconsciously closed her hand, as if upon a solid object, and slowly opened it as though she were releasing dust or ash.

"My dear," assented her eminently practical parent, "quite true, quite true."

"Why, father," she pursued, "what a strange question to ask *me!* The baby-preference that even I have heard of as common among children, has never had its innocent resting-place in my breast. You have been so careful of me, that I never had a child's heart. You have trained me so well, that I never dreamed a child's dream. You have dealt so wisely with me, father, from my cradle to this hour, that I never had a child's belief or a child's fear."

Mr. Gradgrind was quite moved by his success, and by this testimony to it. "My dear Louisa," said he, "you abundantly repay my care. Kiss me, my dear girl."

So, his daughter kissed him. Detaining her in his embrace, he said, "I may assure you now, my favourite child, that I am made happy by the sound decision at which you have arrived. Mr. Bounderby is a very remarkable man; and what little disparity can be said to exist between you—if any—is more than counterbalanced by the tone your mind has acquired. It has always been my object so to educate you, as that you might, while still in your early youth, be (if I may so express myself) almost any age. Kiss me once more, Louisa. Now, let us go and find your mother."

Accordingly, they went down to the drawing-room, where the esteemed lady with no nonsense about her was recumbent as usual, while Sissy worked beside her. She gave some feeble signs of returning animation when they entered, and presently the faint transparency was presented in a sitting attitude.

"Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband, who had waited for the achievement of this feat with some impatience, "allow me to present to you Mrs. Bounderby."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gradgrind, "so you have settled it! Well, I am sure I hope your health may be good, Louisa; for if your head begins to split as soon as you are married, which was the case with mine, I cannot consider that you are to be envied, though I have no doubt you think you are, as all girls do. However, I give you joy, my dear—and I hope you may now turn all your ological studies to good account, I am sure I do! I must give you a kiss of congratulation, Louisa; but don't touch my right shoulder, for there's something running down it all day long. And now you see," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind, adjusting her shawls after the affectionate ceremony, "I shall be worrying myself, morning, noon, and night, to know what I am to call him!"

"Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband, solemnly, "what do you mean?"

"Whatever I am to call him, Mr. Gradgrind, when he is married to Louisa! I must call him something. It's impossible," said Mrs. Gradgrind, with a mingled sense of politeness and injury, "to be constantly addressing him, and never giving him a name. I cannot call him Josiah, for the name is insupportable to me. You yourself wouldn't hear of Joe, you very well know. Am I to call my own son-in-law, Mister? Not, I believe, unless the time has arrived when, as an

invalid, I am to be trampled upon by my relations. Then, what am I to call him?"

Nobody present having any suggestion to offer in the remarkable emergency, Mrs. Gradgrind departed this life for the time being, after delivering the following codicil to her remarks already executed:

"As to the wedding, all I ask, Louisa, is,—and I ask it with a fluttering in my chest, which actually extends to the soles of my feet,—that it may take place soon. Otherwise, I know it is one of those subjects I shall never hear the last of."

When Mr. Gradgrind had presented Mrs. Bounderby, Sissy had suddenly turned her head, and looked, in wonder, in pity, in sorrow, in doubt, in a multitude of emotions, towards Louisa. Louisa had known it, and seen it, without looking at her. From that moment she was impassive, proud, and cold—held Sissy at a distance—changed to her altogether.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Bounderby's first disquietude, on hearing of his happiness, was occasioned by the necessity of imparting it to Mrs. Sparsit. He could not make up his mind how to do that, or what the consequences of the step might be. Whether she would instantly depart bag and baggage, to Lady Scadgers, or would positively refuse to budge from the premises; whether she would be plaintive or abusive, tearful or tearing; whether she would break her heart, or break the looking-glass: Mr. Bounderby could not at all foresee. However, as it must be done, he had no choice but to do it; so, after attempting several letters, and failing in them all, he resolved to do it by word of mouth.

On his way home, on the evening he set aside for this momentous purpose, he took the precaution of stepping into a chemist's shop and buying a bottle of the very strongest smelling-salts. "By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, "if she takes it in the fainting way, I'll have the skin off her nose, at all events!" But, in spite of being thus forearmed, he entered his own house with anything but a courageous air; and appeared, before the object of his misgivings, like a dog who was conscious of coming direct from the pantry.

"Good evening, Mr. Bounderby!"

"Good evening, ma'am, good evening." He drew up his chair, and Mrs. Sparsit drew back hers, as who should say, "Your fireside, sir. I freely admit it. It is for you to occupy it all, if you think proper."

"Don't go to the North Pole, ma'am!" said Mr. Bounderby.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, and returned, though short of her former position.

Mr. Bounderby sat looking at her, as, with the points of a stiff, sharp pair of scissors, she picked out holes for some inscrutable ornamental purpose, in a piece of cambric. An operation which, taken in connexion with the bushy eyebrows and the Roman nose, suggested with some liveliness the idea of a hawk engaged upon the eyes of a tough little bird. She was so stedfastly occupied, that many minutes elapsed before she looked up from her work; when she did so, Mr. Bounderby bespoke her attention with a hitch of his head.

"Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets, and assuring himself with his right hand that the cork of the little bottle was ready for use, "I have no occasion to say to you, that you are not only a lady born and bred, but a devilish sensible woman."

"Sir," returned the lady, "this is indeed not the first time that you have honored me with similar expressions of your good opinion."

"Mrs. Sparsit ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "I am going to astonish you."

"Yes, sir?" returned Mrs. Sparsit, interrogatively, and in the most tranquil manner possible. She generally wore mittens, and she now laid down her work, and smoothed those mittens.

"I am going, ma'am," said Bounderby, "to marry Tom Gradgrind's daughter."

"Yes, sir?" returned Mrs. Sparsit. "I hope you may be happy, Mr. Bounderby. Oh, indeed, I hope you may be happy, sir!" And she said it with such great condescension, as well as with such great compassion for him, that Bounderby,—far more disconcerted than if she had thrown her work-box at the mirror, or swooned on the hearth-rug,—corked up the smelling-salts tight in his pocket, and thought, "Now con-found this woman, who could have ever guessed that she would take it in this way!"

"I wish with all my heart, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, in a highly superior manner; somehow she seemed, in a moment, to have established a right to pity him ever afterwards: "that you may be in all respects very happy."

"Well, ma'am," returned Bounderby, with some resentment in his tone; which was clearly lowered, though in spite of himself, "I am obliged to you. I hope I shall be."

"*Do* you, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, with great affability. "But naturally you do; of course you do."

A very awkward pause on Mr. Bounderby's part, succeeded. Mrs. Sparsit sedately resumed her work, and occasionally gave a small cough, which sounded like the cough of conscious strength and forbearance.

"Well, ma'am," resumed Bounderby, "under these circumstances, I imagine it would not be agreeable to a character like yours to remain here, though you would be very welcome here?"

"Oh dear no, sir, I could on no account think of that!" Mrs. Sparsit shook her head, still in her highly superior manner, and a little changed the small cough—coughing

liberal and kindly patron, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who attached him to his court, encouraged him, and developed rapidly his talent. Further to assist in his development he placed in the young painter's hands a considerable sum of money, and bade him go and become perfect in his art by studying in Italy.

One day when Philip, then aged about thirty, was in the Campagna of Rome, sketching from nature, there drove by an elegant carriage in which was a prosperous old gentleman, with white hairs, a painter, who enjoyed great fame and a thriving business, Hyacinth Brandi. The old gentleman stopped his horses and alighted to examine Philip's canvass. That was the first meeting of the Hyacinth with the Rose. Great masters of painting in those days in Rome and Florence habitually spoke to the pupils whom they found sketching about the country, assumed a sociable, paternal tone, corrected errors, gave advice, even made alterations on the canvass, and sometimes presented aid in money to such students as were poor. Italy was a studio in which the painters lived together upon terms that became men who were of one liberal profession, members as it were of the same household. Hyacinth Brandi liked Roos's goats so much, and was so much surprised at his rapidity of touch, that as he wanted somebody to paint good animals into some pictures of his own, he hospitably bade the young man to his house.

Philip went willingly. Brandi had commissions by the dozen on his hands, and he had also a charming daughter. Of the charming daughter, and Italian beauty, Philip had a passing glimpse on his first visit, and for her sake when he went up to Brandi's painting room he so recklessly praised everything that he saw as to obtain at once free invitation to the old man's intimacy. He took pains to find out in the course of a few days that Hyacinth's daughter inhabited a wing of the house abutting on an inner garden. One day, therefore, calling when Hyacinth was busy, he said that he would wait his leisure in the garden; and having marched thither, lay under a tree to look out for the windows of the lady. When he had found out which they were, he stationed himself under them, and as soon as Miss Brandi appeared at her casement made her a courteous bow. She was surprised; but, as she saw that it was a handsome young man who bowed, she smiled as she shut the window and departed. From that point the Rose proceeded in due time to conversations and to the winning of the lady's heart. She had agreed to marry him. A cruel father then discovered these proceedings, forbade Philip admission to his house, and shut up his daughter in a nunnery. In his anger he repeated twenty times a day that "she was not reared for a painter of beasts."

Philip Roos was a German and a Protestant, but as he was not at all particular about his religion, it occured to him that he could do nothing better than renounce his errors, and throwing himself upon the bosom of the Church, Miss Brandi's mother, ask of the mother what the father had denied him—the young lady's hand in marriage. He went therefore one morning to the house of the cardinal-vicar, and represented himself as a man awakened to a sense of his own heresy; the prelate was charmed, and, claiming him for his own convert, gave him instruction and enjoyed the honour of presenting him as his own gift to the holy Church. Then the painter told the cardinal the story of his love, and asked for help. On the day following, the cardinal called on the Pope, the Pope asked who was the father of the young lady.

"Brandi the painter."

"Very well," he said, "then they are both painters. There is no disparity of condition; I can see no obstacle."

Hyacinth was sent for to the Vatican; it was no matter to the Pope whether Roos painted men or beasts or stones, the young convert deserved his reward, and Brandi, compelled to restrain his pride, gave up his daughter.

On the day after the wedding, Philip Roos sent back to the old man all the girl's clothes, even to her shoes and stockings, saying that the painter of beasts wanted none of his frippery, and that her beauty was his wife's sufficient ornament. Brandi, who was a very rich man, thereupon disinherited his daughter, and left her entirely to her husband's care.

He had taken her to a strange dwelling near Tivoli, at some distance from Rome. The house was formed out of the ruins of an ancient monument, and was situated in a sort of zoological garden that was full of birds, and beasts instead of flowers. Inside and outside it was peopled with pet rats and mice, dogs and cats, oxen and asses, goats, vultures, owls, and other such company. These were the painter's models that he kept about him, and it was no pleasant discovery for the poor wife to make during her honeymoon, when it appeared that her husband was not a whit less brutal than his oxen and his goats. He never stayed long with her, for he was a cheery fellow who had both his business and his tavern friends at Rome. The beautiful young wife soon found herself left by the week together in the old ruin, which was much more picturesque than comfortable, bewildered by the incessant concert made out of the crowing of cocks, clucking of hens, grunting of pigs, barking of dogs, miauing of cats, bleating of goats, screeching of owls, lowing of oxen, all occasionally enriched by the fine tenor notes of the ass, who had the best voice in the company; Weyerman says that any traveller coming upon the young Roman girl, living there all alone with such companions, might have taken her for a Circe surrounded by the victims of her enchantment. The

creatures seemed to be all beseiging her with cries for restoration to their pristine shapes. Poor girl, the only victim to her charms was herself.

Roos and his servant used to quit her, and set out for Rome, where the master spent rollicking days in taverns, and when money failed dashed off a picture which the man sold to the first purchaser who would give for it enough to keep the merry game alive. His pictures were in this way made so cheap that they lost all respectability and formed but a poor source of subsistence to their author. Yet his genius had no rival then upon the spot, and he might have easily become a wealthy man.

The society of painters from the Netherlands at Rome—a society that called itself the Bent—styled Roos, Mercury, for his rapidity, a quality in which he was equalled by no artist of his time. Count Martenitz, an Austrian ambassador, and General Roos, a Swede, famous for duelling propensities, once disputed on the subject of the speed of hand that characterized Philip Roos the painter. The Count betted a number of gold pieces that Philip would begin and complete a picture while they played a certain game of cards, that usually occupied about thirty minutes; as we might now say, while they played a rubber. The bet was taken, and the painter readily enough submitted to the trial. Easel and brushes were brought into the drawing room and a canvas of the size usually employed for the sketching of a head—*a tela di testa*—was laid upon the easel to be filled. The gentlemen sat down to their cards, and Roos began to paint. Before the game was over he informed them that his work was done. He had covered the canvas with a shepherd and two or three sheep, and goats placed in the middle of a landscape. The general paid his lost bet, of which some of the gold pieces went into the hands of the artist, who, within a few hours, managed to transfer them to the pocket of a tavern-keeper.

The same painter once having aspired to execute a grand piece, took a canvas forty feet square. In sixteen days he filled it, having put upon it in that time six hundred figures of animals. In the foreground were horses and oxen of the size of life; others were in the distance, and they were all so well designed and grouped, and placed in so complete a landscape, that nothing but the united testimony of many people would induce belief that he had not spent many months in the production of the piece; for, notwithstanding his rapidity, his work was good: of course his best pictures were those that he composed with care and much deliberation, but in his most rapid painting he was always accurate in outline, harmonious in colour, and above all remarkable for skill in grouping, and for the variety of effect that he had at his command. His backgrounds were all different. He never repeated himself, and he drew animals of any kind, not being addicted specially to dogs or cows or goats or sheep.

These were the talents that he wasted. They scarcely paid his tavern bills and ill maintained his wife. That ill-fated woman lived as she could, hungrily at Tivoli, not only wanting proper maintenance herself but unable to provide properly for the animals that constantly distracted her with hungry cries. When her husband came to her sometimes for a few days and brought with him a very little money he was deaf to all her pleadings. Then she fell into a melancholy silence, and he found her dull, so that he travelled back the sooner to his jolly company.

The painter's servant took advantage of his master's folly. That shrewd follower had saved a little money and he borrowed more. Then when the Rose of Tivoli got caught in a tavern he painted a picture whereby to effect his escape and sent off his man to sell it "to the first dealer he found who was not too much of a thief:" the man carried it to a room of his own, locked it up and brought back out of his own money, as if from the dealers, whatever price he supposed would be enough to satisfy his master. In that way he not only accumulated a great number of Roos's works, but at the same time withheld them from the market, and enhanced their money value. When Roos died he sold off his collection and acquired a little fortune.

Of Philip, as of his brother Nicholas, it was easy to see at a glance whether he had or had not money in his pocket. His contemporaries have recorded that whenever he had an empty pocket he sneaked along the house-walls with a bowed head and a contrite look, and dived into an alley if he saw any one of his acquaintances upon his path. When he had dollars in his pocket he held up his head, poked out his chest, rested a hand upon a hip and snuffed the air. He charged down then upon any comrade whom he saw, shook hands with him and dragged him off whether he would or not, to treat him at a tavern. All this time his wife pined in the old ruin at Tivoli, ceasing to think of him and mourning for her father who was dead, and had cursed her in his dying hour.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel who had sent Philip Roos to Rome, not hearing from him or receiving any pictures, supposed that he was dead too, and coming afterwards by chance to Rome himself, about the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, was vexed to find how ill his patronage had been rewarded. Roos for a time avoided meeting him; but was at last urged to present himself and honestly confess his errors. The landgrave received him kindly, and asked for a picture which the painter vowed that he should have. But rapid artist as he was, and great as were his obligations to the landgrave, both for social

now, as if the spirit of prophecy rose within her, but had better be coughed down.

"However, ma'am," said Bounderby, "there are apartments at the Bank, where a born and bred lady, as keeper of the place, would be rather a catch than otherwise; and if the same terms—"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You were so good as to promise that you would always substitute the phrase, annual compliment."

"Well, ma'am, annual compliment. If the same annual compliment would be acceptable there, why, I see nothing to part us unless you do."

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "The proposal is like yourself, and if the position I should assume at the Bank is one that I could occupy without descending lower in the social scale——"

"Why, of course it is," said Bounderby. "If it was not, ma'am, you don't suppose that I should offer it to a lady who has moved in the society you have moved in. Not that *I* care for such society, you know! But *you* do."

"Mr. Bounderby, you are very considerate."

"You'll have your own private apartments, and you'll have your coals and your candles and all the rest of it, and you'll have your maid to attend upon you, and you'll have your light porter to protect you, and you'll be what I take the liberty of considering precious comfortable," said Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "say no more. In yielding up my trust here, I shall not be freed from the necessity of eating the bread of dependence:" she might have said the sweet bread, for that delicate article in a savoury brown sauce was her favourite supper: "and I would rather receive it from your hand, than from any other. Therefore, sir, I accept your offer gratefully, and with many sincere acknowledgments for past favors. And I hope sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, concluding in an impressively compassionate manner, "I fondly hope that Miss Gradgrind may be all you desire, and deserve!"

Nothing moved Mrs. Sparsit from that position any more. It was in vain for Bounderby to bluster, or to assert himself in any of his explosive ways; Mrs. Sparsit was resolved to have compassion on him, as a Victim. She was polite, obliging, cheerful, hopeful; but, the more polite, the more obliging, the more cheerful, the more hopeful, the more exemplary altogether, she; the forlorner Sacrifice and Victim he. She had that tenderness for his melancholy fate, that his great red countenance used to break out into cold perspirations when she looked at him.

Meanwhile the marriage was appointed to be solemnised in eight weeks' time, and Mr. Bounderby went every evening to Stone Lodge as an accepted wooer. Love was made on these occasions in the form of bracelets; and, on all occasions during the period of betrothal, took a manufacturing aspect. Dresses were made, jewellery was made, cakes and gloves were made, settlements were made, and an extensive assortment of Facts did appropriate honor to the contract. The business was all Fact, from first to last. The hours did not go through any of those rosy performances, which foolish poets have ascribed to them at such times; neither did the clocks go any faster, or any slower, than at other seasons. The deadly-statistical recorder in the Gradgrind observatory knocked every second on the head as it was born, and buried it with his accustomed regularity.

So the day came, as all other days come to people who will only stick to reason; and when it came, there were married in the church of the florid wooden legs — that popular order of architecture—Josiah Bounderby Esquire, of Coketown, to Louisa eldest daughter of Thomas Gradgrind Esquire of Stone Lodge, M.P. for that borough. And when they were united in holy matrimony, they went home to breakfast at Stone Lodge aforesaid.

There was an improving party assembled on the auspicious occasion, who knew what everything they had to eat and drink was made of, and how it was imported or exported, and in what quantities, and in what bottoms, whether native or foreign, and all about it. The bridesmaids, down to little Jane Gradgrind, were, in an intellectual point of view, fit helpmates for the calculating boy; and there was no nonsense about any of the company.

After breakfast, the bridegroom addressed them in the following terms.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Since you have done my wife and myself the honour of drinking our healths and happiness, I suppose I must acknowledge the same; though, as you all know me, and know what I am, and what my extraction was, you won't expect a speech from a man who, when he sees a Post, says 'that's a Post,' and when he sees a Pump, says 'that's a Pump,' and is not to be got to call a Post a Pump, or a Pump a Post, or either of them a Toothpick. If you want a speech this morning, my friend and father-in-law, Tom Gradgrind, is a Member of Parliament, and you know where to get it. I am not your man. However, if I feel a little independent when I look around this table to-day, and reflect how little I thought of marrying Tom Gradgrind's daughter when I was a ragged street-boy, who never washed his face unless it was at a pump, and that not oftener than once a fortnight, I hope I may be excused. So, I hope you like my feeling independent; if you don't, I can't help it. I *do* feel independent. Now, I have mentioned, and you have mentioned, that I am this day married to Tom Gradgrind's daughter. I am very glad to be so. It has long been my wish to

be so. I have watched her bringing up, and I believe she is worthy of me. At the same time—not to deceive you—I believe I am worthy of her. So, I thank you, on both our parts, for the goodwill you have shown towards us; and the best wish I can give the unmarried part of the present company, is this: I hope every bachelor may find as good a wife as I have found. And I hope every spinster may find as good a husband as my wife has found."

Shortly after which oration, as they were going on a nuptial trip to Lyons, in order that Mr. Bounderby might take the opportunity of seeing how the Hands got on in those parts, and whether they, too, required to be fed with gold spoons; the happy pair departed for the railroad. The bride, in passing down stairs, dressed for her journey, found Tom waiting for her—flushed, either with his feelings or the vinous part of the breakfast.

"What a game girl you are, to be such a first-rate sister, Loo?" whispered Tom.

She clung to him, as she should have clung to some far better nature that day, and was a little shaken in her reserved composure for the first time.

"Old Bounderby's quite ready," said Tom. "Time's up. Good bye! I shall be on the look-out for you, when you come back. I say, my dear Loo! An'T it uncommonly jolly now!"

THE CANKERED ROSE OF TIVOLI.

Allandale and other places are in this country celebrated for their roses. Who has not heard of a rose with violet eyes or a lily breast, or teeth of pearl, or even taper fingers? In musical botany such flowers are frequently described; there is no doubt about them. I speak here of a rose belonging to a sister art, a rose belonging to the botany of painters. This flower has a sickly odour strongly impregnated with the fumes of wine, is of a dark brown colour, tall, and has a coarse bold handsomeness of feature. It is not a lovely woman, but an ugly man: at least a man morally ugly—Philip Roos—who, being a German or a Dutchman, settled at Tivoli, and, naturalised among the people of the sunny south, had his name converted into soft Italian, and was and is commonly known as the Rose of Tivoli. A century or two ago he was a cheery fellow, and he still lives in his pictures.

The Dutchmen claim him, and may have him if they like; so at least I should say if I were a German; for it is so much a worse thing to be a bad man than it is a good thing to be a good animal painter, that I should like better to repudiate than claim a share in the Roos blood. If he were Dutch by race he was a German by birth, for he was born at Frankfort-on-Maine in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. Because his life is a story I propose to tell it, and without departure by a hair's breadth from the truth. Should this meet the eye of any person who has a humiliating consciousness that he could never paint a cow fit for posterity to look at, let such a person be at ease and sit contented in his easy-chair uncared-for by Europe. For his large contentment let him read this story of the Rose of Tivoli.

The old Rose, Henry, Philip's father, was a painter who had lived at Frankfort and been very careful of his gains. Miserly fathers commonly make spendthrift sons. Old Roos one night being burnt out of his house rushed back into the flames to save some of his treasures. He collected what he could, and took especial care to secure a costly gold-lipped vase of porcelain. On his way out he stumbled. The vase dropped from his hand. The porcelain was broken, but the miser stooped to gather up the gold. Smoke covered him, and he did not rise again. He died for the gold lips of his vase, as younger gentlemen are frequently said to have died for ruby lips on vessels of more precious clay.

That I may not begin my tale too soon, let me add that Philip Roos of Tivoli had not only a father, but also a brother, and that he too was a remarkably odd man. He was not miserly, he was not cheery, but he was magnificent. His name was Nicolas, and he too was a painter. He lived at Frankfort in an enormous house, though he was as poor as any church mouse that inhabits a cathedral. He had an immense train of miserable servants—a set of ragged creatures—who moved to and fro like a large colony of ghosts by whom the edifice was garrisoned. That was the state of Nicolas; he had grand furniture as well as a great mansion; the only vexation was that he and his people generally wanted victuals. When he had sold a picture for a good price and received the money he would come home snuffing the air. His hungry servants knew then by the height of his nose how much he had with him, and there was instantly a running to and fro with the most eager preparation for festivity. Fire was kindled on the cold hearths, lamps were lighted, the artist's wife wore sumptuous attire, and Nicolas enjoyed the luxury of princely pomp until the money was all gone. His establishment then starved, or lived upon their credit, and the ghostly garrison of lacqueys held the fortress against all assaults from the besieging duns. If the siege became too hot the painter worked with zeal and finished a new picture. "The poor creature," says Weyerman, "took up and put down his brush as often as a suitor puts his hat off and on in the antechamber of a prince." Sometimes when matters went very ill with him the distracted magnifico ordered all doors to be shut, and immured himself and his men alive in the house as in a mausoleum.

The brother of this Nicolas was Philip Roos—the Rose of Tivoli. In his youth he had been encouraged and protected by a

In his education there were some marked stages which it is highly interesting and important to know of. His enterprising and benevolent teacher, M. Hirzel, taught him words, by means of raised print—beginning, of course, with nouns. He was made to touch a file, and the word file (in French); and the word was given him now in larger and now in smaller letters, that he might find out that it was the shape of the letters, and not the size that was important.

The next word given was *saw*, and a saw—a thing he was familiar with—was put into his hand. Then came the discovery—during the fourth lesson. His face lighted up. He had found it out! He showed everybody that the one word meant a saw, and the other a file; and it was some days before he recovered his composure. He now went to his lessons with pleasure, and began to want to know the printed names of things, and to like to pick out from the case the letters composing those he knew. It was a joke of his to put together the letters at random, and ask what they meant. Such were his early lessons. His favourite amusement was at the turning-lathe, where he became so expert that he quizzed the new pupils (all blind) for any irregularity in their work: plaiting straw, or whatever it might be.

The indefatigable teacher actually thought he would try to teach him to speak. To speak! A person totally deaf and blind! How could it be set about? It was accomplished, with infinite trouble, in which the teacher was sustained by the hope of success, and the pupil by the only inducement found strong enough—the promise of cigars—a luxury which, we trust, no one will think of grudging to a creature so bereaved. By feeling the teacher's breath, his chest, his throat, his lips, and by having his own mouth put into the proper form for the vowels, by prisms and rings of different sizes, the art of articulation was learned; and it brought on the next great event in Edward's experience. Being taught the easy name (Arni) of one of the blind pupils, he found that that boy always came to him when he called the name. He found that he could communicate with people at a distance by means of speech, and now knew what speech was for. No doubt Arni was wanted very often indeed, till more names were learned; and probably Arni was glad when the others had their turn to be called. This happened soon, for Edward now spoke a good deal, uttering aloud, of his own accord, the words he learned to read. He went on pretty easily through "The mason makes the wall," "The baker makes the bread," and so forth, and to know that the word wall may mean walls in general; and it was not very difficult to teach him "To-day," "Yesterday," and To-morrow." By that time, the third great event was at hand. The weather, from being very cold, had become mild, and Edward's tutor took him out to feel the buds, leaves and blossoms of plants, and made him observe the warmth of the sunshine, and that there was no snow, and gave him the name "Spring," and then taught him, "Leaves come out in spring." He caught a glimpse of the use of the abstract term, and in great agitation turned the phrase to "in spring, leaves come out." He looked brighter than ever when he said with his fingers that "One word means many things," and he actually capered with joy. It was curious to watch his apprehension of another abstraction. He told a falsehood once,—said he had had no wine, when the housekeeper had given him a glass, pleading that she ought to have been questioned and blamed, as she gave him the wine. Great pains were taken to impress him with the meaning and consciousness of the lie; but it was uncertain with what effect. A few days after, the pupils told him at bed time that there was snow. In the morning, he went out to ascertain for himself, being fond of verifying statements. The snow was melted; whereupon he cried out very loud, "Lie! no snow." Thus it was clear enough that he knew his fault, and the name of it.

The fourth great event was the clear formation of the religious ideas that were presented to him; and this kind of teaching began as soon as the affair of the lie showed him to be capable of moral training. It is probable that his recollections of light and all the beauties that it reveals determined his first superstition. While strongly disposed to fetishism in general—venerating the wind, for instance, because it was not tired after blowing strongly for several days,—his particular disposition was to worship the sun. The first religious sentiment that he expressed was that it does not do to shake one's fist at the sun. He was deeply impressed, when told by his companions, that the Maker of the sun was like a man, only so wise and powerful as men cannot imagine. As a necessary consequence of this way of teaching him, he was uneasy about what might become of everything when God was asleep. To remedy this, his teacher took him quietly round the house when the inmates were asleep, and made him softly touch their heads, and told him (by the finger speech) that they were now as if they were dead, being unable to think: whereas, God was always thinking. He now, of course, took up the idea that the dead could dream; but he became deeply impressed with the dignity of being able to think. When he wanted to play with the pupils whom he found at prayers, and then to know why they joined their hands, he was told that they prayed, and that praying was thinking of God. It was after this that his teacher heard that strange and heart-moving sound from the dark bed-side—the loud uncouth voice saying over and over, "I am thinking of God!" One consequence of his new notion of the dignity of thought was his

feeling about the deaths of persons of different ages. He felt the corpse of a child of two years old, and asked a woman in the room if she cried for its death; but, without waiting for an answer, he added that that was not possible for the child was too young to be able to think much, or therefore to be worth crying for.

These results are surely wonderful for a period of eighteen months. This desolate creature could, in that time, speak, read, think, and inquire; he was a subject of moral discipline, and was capable of an energetic industry. His work at the turning-lathe was excellent, and he had employments enough to fill up his time innocently and cheerfully. A cheering thought and image to all who had heard of him, what must he have been to his guardian, the patient M. Hirzel! His family were proud of him, even to the deaf and dumb brother, and he lost none of his attachment to them.*

Even greater progress has been made in the development of the American girl, Laura Bridgman, whose case is happily so well known as not to need to be here detailed of length. In her case, too, the sense of touch was the only resource at first; and in her case, too, there was the advantage (how great we cannot know) of her having enjoyed sight and hearing till she was two years old. At the age of eight, Dr. Howe, who was to her what M. Hirzel was to Edward Meystre, took her under his charge in the Blind Asylum, at Boston, Massachusetts, and taught her as much as Edward was taught, except that actual speech was not attempted. Poor child! When informed that the sounds she made were too loud and frequent, she asked, "Why, then, has God given me so much voice?" The pathetic, unconscious hint was taken, and she was then permitted for a certain time every day to exercise her lungs freely—making as much noise as she pleased, in a room where she could disturb nobody. When alone and watched without her knowing it, she soliloquises in the finger speech; and, what appears still more strange, she uses it in her dreams. The governess who visits her bedside, can tell, by watching the motions of the hand, what she is dreaming about. She writes freely now, and her mind communicates very largely with others. Her diary, which she writes in a clear free hand, without the guidance of lines, tells how her days pass,—among books and work,—books in raised print, and neat sewing or knitting of her own, and lessons in geography, history and algebra, among other things; and about her walks, her visitors, the letters she receives and writes, and the news from all parts of the world that her friends report to her. She is regular in all her doings, neat in her dress, always busy in one way or another, exceedingly inquiring and intelligent, and remarkably merry. Her turn has come—even hers—for benefiting a fellow-being. Oliver, a boy in her own plight, was brought to the institution as she had been, and she assists materially in his education, and must be an inestimable companion to him.

There was once seen, we believe in France, an awful and heart-breaking spectacle, when, for purposes of philosophical observation, the inmates of a blind school and a deaf and dumb asylum were brought together. At first, they tried to communicate—the deaf and dumb being permitted to feel the lips and throats of the blind; but a dreadful scene ensued. Their strong and scarcely disciplined passions became furiously excited by the difficulty of communication, which each supposed to be the fault of the other, and they sprang at each other's throats like wild beasts, and fought so desperately that there was great difficulty in parting them. The two classes spoke of each other afterwards with bitter hatred. How different is now the scene, when the merely blind pupils help and serve Laura and Edward, and are beloved by them; and when Laura, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, labours to convey some of her knowledge and her intellectual pleasures to Oliver, and succeeds, and he is happy in consequence! How are times changed since the helpless were cast out to perish!

* This youth is an old acquaintance of mine, and I presented him with the cigars he smoked—he has a great delight in smoking—for some months, when I lived at Lausanne. For a long time after I left that place, he always associated my name with a cigar. Being there, last October, after an absence of five or six years, I went to see my old friend, M. Hirzel could not then, by any means, induce him to associate me in the right manner with a cigar, though Edward was painfully anxious to understand. I left some money for him, to be expended in the old way; and I believe he has gradually smoked me back into his remembrance. "C. D."

A TRUE KNIGHT.

Though he lived and died among us
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress, Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
Marred the promise of his youth.

And he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim;
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might,
Hard the blows and long the battle
Ere the monster took to flight.

aid and for hard money given to him, he did not spend ten minutes in a picture for him. He sent nothing, and again kept out of his way.

While he was thus wasting his opportunities and powers, Philip Roos on one occasion went to Tivoli, and was met with more than the ordinary clamour from his birds and beasts, who surrounded his house with the urgent, painful cries of creatures that for many hours had not been fed. He ran to his wife's chamber and found her white and still upon her bed, her fatal beauty marred with the few lines that had been left there by a long despair. In her cold right hand there was a piece of paper firmly grasped; it was the last letter written to her by her father; she had died thinking of him, and not of Philip.

The husband was not capable of worthy grief. He plunged into fresh excesses, became prematurely haggard, staggered about the streets enveloped in the odours of the wine shop, and died, at fifty, of decrepitude. The Italians, embarrassed by his German name, called this great painter the Rose of Tivoli. A great painter, but a little man.

After all, perhaps, the immortality of genius, taken alone, is not worth envying. He is both a great man and a happy man who knows how to be as respectable as he is clever; but sever the two qualities, and who would not rather be the honest man of Hackney than such an ever-blooming Rose as that which, by help of the clever little memoir lately compiled from first authorities by M. Alfred Michiels, has been here depicted?

THREE GRACES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Has any one of our readers ever seen a mind locked up in a case, the key of which cannot be found? Such is the condition of a human being without senses.

But are there such things? it may be asked. There has been at least one, of which this dreadful conception is nearly a faithful account. There is a girl in Switzerland born blind and deaf, and almost entirely without the senses of smell and taste, and, originally, even that of touch. Such at least was her state when first examined by the benevolent persons who wished to improve her condition. Her parents, who were poor, concluded she was an idiot; and, while sufficiently attached to her to desire not to expose her to observation, and the trouble of being meddled with, left her to nature, as they said—which in her case, meant everything that was dreadful and disgusting. At nine years old, when the family were at their meal, she stood near, and a piece of bread being put into her hand, she ate it: and when instead of bread, a piece of iron was given her, she put it into her mouth, tried to chew it, and after a time let it drop out. When left alone, she lay huddled up, with her fists upon her eyes, and the thumbs closing her ears. It was not easy to make her walk, and she clung to the person next her, uttering shrill cries. Her skin was nearly insensible. On looking further into the case, however, the physician was of opinion that sight might possibly be obtained, sooner or later, by operation for cataract. It appeared also that she was not totally deaf. Sharp sounds, close at hand, evidently gave her great pain, but none were heard at the distance of a few feet. Her hearing had originally been somewhat better than this; and she had even shown some disposition to speak, which, however, seemed to be lost in total deafness (practically speaking) at two years old or under. The parents let her go at last to an asylum, though shedding many tears at the parting.

In three months she took walks. By bathing, fresh air, and exercise, her skin had become nearly as sensitive as other people's: so here was one sense obtained, to proceed upon. For a time, this was rather a grief than a satisfaction to everybody; for she was continually hurting herself, even knocking her head against the bedstead in the night, and uttering the most lamentable cries. The strangest thing she did was dealing with her food like a ruminating animal. She bolted it first, and then, in ten minutes stretched her neck forward, brought up what she had swallowed, and chewed it for an hour. It took a month to cure her of this. It was done by watching the moment, and compelling her to throw her head and body back, and open her mouth. Once conquered, the strange propensity never re-appeared. When the circulation and digestion were brought into a healthy state, her sleep became quiet. She left off knocking her head against the bedstead and screaming in the night. The poor child was now brought into a state of bodily ease. Still, however, her nervous condition was such as to make the surgeon decline operating on the eyes. She showed terror when any effort whatever was required of her; and her sounds of satisfaction were made only in connection with eating;—not on account of the taste; for she was insensible to that, but after a meal, when the satisfaction of her hunger was felt. It must have been a happy moment to her guardians when she first laughed. It was in answer to caresses. She soon learned to shake hands, and she hugged the friend who so greeted her, and laughed. But it was still doubtful whether she knew one person from another,—even her own particular nurse from a stranger. It was a whole year before she could be taught to feed herself with a spoon; though before that time her voice had become more human—several notes of the scale having, as it were dropped in between the primary sounds she made when admitted. Her ability to feed herself was accompanied by other improvements, even of the deficient

senses themselves, and especially of hearing. She soon followed a voice calling to her at several feet distance. This was her state seven years ago: and, if such progress as this were made in one year, we may hope that now, at the age of nineteen (if she still live) her case may have passed from being that of a human being without senses, to that of one being born to them very late, and having them in an imperfect condition at last.

The earliest case of supposed extreme deficiency of the senses which was fully and properly recorded was that of which Dugald Stewart was the historian; that of James Mitchell, the son of a Scotch clergyman. The boy was born in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, totally deaf, but far from totally blind. He was fond of the light, though he could not distinguish objects; and his custom was to shut himself up in a dark stable, and stand for hours with his eyes close to any hole or chink which let in a ray of sunshine. He bit pieces of glass into a proper shape, and held them between his eye and the sunshine, and got a candle all to himself in a dark corner of a room. Moreover, his senses of smell and taste were uncommonly acute, and he obtained a great amount and variety of knowledge by means of them. The vast conception of communication between people and things at a distance was conveyed to him at once by smell (if not even by such light as he was sensible of), and there is nothing so difficult to convey to those who have not his comparative advantages. He knew his family and friends some way off by his sense of smell; could tell whether they came home with wet feet or dry, and, no doubt, whether they had been gathering sweet herbs in the garden, or dressing the horse in the stable-yard. Yet this boy, who had only one sense absolutely deficient, and was cared for and tended with the utmost assiduity by educated people, and visited by philosophers, remained unspeakably ignorant and undeveloped in comparison with several persons who instead of being totally deficient in only one sense are possessed of only one. He used his small means very actively for amusement; but no one seems to have thought of using them for his education. It was a period when metaphysics were flourishing more than science, and especially in his neighbourhood; and poor James Mitchell accordingly never learned to read or write, or to speak any language at all. He taught those about him a limited language by signs; but they taught him none. When we read the philosopher's account of him, of the guardian sister's language of taps on the head, or hand (which then appeared very clever); and of his utterance being only "uncouth bellowings and boisterous laughter," we think of the three far happier cases of Edward, Laura, and Oliver half a century later, and bless the science that has brought out so much of the statue from its quarry—so much of living mind from its apparently impervious tomb. The night when Edward Meystre's guardian, hearing his uncouth voice, went to his room, and found him with folded hands, saying aloud, "I am thinking of God—I am thinking of God"—his first spontaneous prayer—must have been the sweetest in which ever the lover of his kind laid his head on his pillow.

This case of Meystre is the first of three to which our title applies. Here the total absence of each sense was not from birth. Edward, of whom we are speaking, had a deaf-and-dumb brother, but heard very well himself, as an infant, and began to say "papa" and "mama," when the small-pox deprived him of his hearing, utterly and absolutely, at the age of eleven months. There was fear for his eyes at the same time; but they escaped, and he saw perfectly well till the age of eight—an immense advantage in regard to his future development. It was a cruel accident that deprived him of sight; and we pity the perpetrator of the carelessness perhaps more than the sufferer. A boy of eleven, Edward's cousin, playing with his father's loaded gun, aimed it at the door of the room, and, at the precise moment when Edward was coming in, discharged the piece, lodging the shot in the poor child's face and eyes. The sufferer rent his mother's heart by clinging to her for long afterwards, saying, in his language of signs, that it was always night. He wanted to have his cousin killed; and his mother, strangely enough, pacified him by telling him the boy was dead and buried. He wanted to be certain, and she took him to a new-made grave. He stamped upon it with his feeble little foot; and such was his moral education! Happily he was taken under a wiser care; and the time arrived, and before very long, when he loved and consoled his poor cousin, and was always glad to meet him—while informing other people who visited him that he had had *two* eyes, and now had none, adding, turning pale as he made the signs, that it is very pleasant to be able to see.

At this time, his employment was handling and cutting wood in his father's shop—his father being a carpenter. When his father left business, the lad cut wood for the neighbours. It was sad that the one sense which was now to be relied on should be impaired by his hands being hardened and roughened in this way; and, though he was taken into the excellent Blind Asylum at Lausanne (maintained by one beneficent English gentleman) at the age of eighteen, his fingers never acquired the delicacy of touch of the other pupils. There is no evidence that his senses of smell and taste were turned to particular account in his education; but they were not deficient, and James Mitchell's case seems to show that much might have been done by means of them.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying, that if a Greek girl be such as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be?'

COMPANY MANNERS.

Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, has undertaken a new task within the last few years. Whether as a relaxation from, or a continuation of, his study of metaphysics, I do not know, but he has begun to write the biographies of some of the celebrated French women of the seventeenth century. In making out his list, he is careful to distinguish between authoresses and "femmes d'esprit," ranking the latter infinitely the higher in every point of view. The first of his series in Jacqueline Pascal, the sister of Blaise, known at Port Royal as the Sister Euphemia—a holy, pure, and sainted woman. The second whom the grave philosopher has chosen as a subject for his biography is that beautiful, splendid sinner of the Pronde, the fair-haired Duchess de Longueville. He draws the pure and perfect outlines of Jacqueline Pascal's character with a severe and correct pencil; he paints the lovely duchess with the fond, admiring exaggeration of a lover. The wits of Paris in consequence have written the following epitaph for him: "Here lies Victor Cousin, the great philosopher, in love with the Duchess de Longueville, who died a century-and-a-half before he was born."

Even the friends of this Duchess, insignificant in themselves, become dear and illustrious to Cousin for her fair sake. It is not long since he contributed an article on Madame de Sablé to the Revue des Deux Mondes, which has since been published separately, and which has suggested the thoughts and fancies that I am now going to lay before the patient public. This Madame de Sablé was, in her prime, an habitual guest at the Hôtel Rambouillet, the superb habitation which was the centre of the witty and learned as well as the pompous and pedantic society of Paris, in the days of Louis the Thirteenth. When these gatherings had come to an end after Madame de Rambouillet's death, and before Molière had turned the tradition thereof into exquisite ridicule, there were several attempts to form circles that should preserve some of the stately refinement of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Madamoiselle Scudery had her Saturdays; but, an authoress herself, and collecting around her merely clever people, without regard to birth or breeding, M. Cousin does not hold the idea of her Saturdays in high esteem. Madame de Sablé, a gentlewoman by birth: intelligent enough doubtless from having been an associate of Menage, Voiture, Madame de Sevigné, and others in the grand hotel (whose meetings must have been delightful enough at the time, though that wicked Molière has stepped between us and them, and we can only see them as he chooses not to do): Madame de Sablé, friend of the resplendent fair-haired Duchess de Longueville, had weekly meetings which M. Cousin ranks far above the more pretentious Saturdays of Mademoiselle Scudery. In short, the last page of his memoir of Madame de Sablé,—where we matter-of-fact English people are apt to put in praise of the morals and religion of the person whose life we have been writing,—is devoted to this acme of praise. Madame de Sablé had all the requisites which enabled her "tenir un salon" with honor to herself and pleasure to her friends.

Apart from this crowning accomplishment, the good French lady seems to have been commonplace enough. She was well-born, well-bred, and the company she kept must have made her tolerably intelligent. She was married to a dull husband, and doubtless had her small flirtations after she early became a widow; M. Cousin hints at them, but they were never scandalous, or prominently before the public. Past middle life, she took to the process of "making her salvation;" and inclined to the Port-Royalists. She was given to liking dainty things to eat, in spite of her Jansenism. She had a female friend that she quarrelled with, off and on, during her life. And (to wind up something like Lady O'Looney, of famous memory) she knew how "tenir un salon." M. Cousin tells us that she was remarkable in no one thing or quality, and attributes to that single simple fact the success of her life.

Now, since I have read these Memoirs of Madame de Sablé, I have thought much and deeply thereupon. At first, I was inclined to laugh at the extreme importance which was attached to this art of "receiving company,"—no! that translation will not do—"holding a drawing-room," is even worse, because that implies the state and reserve of royalty;—shall we call it the art of "Sabléing?" But when I thought of my experience in English society; of the evenings dreaded before they came, and sighed over in recollection, because they were so ineffably dull; I saw that to Sablé well, did require, as M. Cousin implied, the union of many excellent qualities and not-to-be-disputed little graces. I asked some French people if they could give me the recipe, for it seemed most likely to be traditional, if not still extant in their nation. I offer to you their ideas, fragmentary though they be; and then I will tell you some of my own; at last perhaps, with the addition of yours, oh most worthy readers! we may discover the lost art of Sabléing.

Said the French lady: "A woman to be successful in Sabléing must be past youth, yet not past the power of attracting. She must do this by her sweet and gracious manners, and quick, ready tact in perceiving those who have not had their share of attention, or leading the conversation away from any subject which may give pain to any one present." "Those

rules hold good in England," said I. My friend went on: "She should never be prominent in anything; she should keep silence as long as any one else will talk; but when conversation flags, she should throw herself into the breach with the same spirit with which I notice that the young ladies of the house, where a ball is given, stand quietly by till the dancers are tired, and then spring into the arena to carry on the spirit and the music till the others are ready to begin again."

"But," said the French gentleman, "even at this time, when subjects for conversation are wanted, she should rather suggest than enlarge—ask questions rather than give her own opinions."

"To be sure," said the lady. "Madame Recamier, whose salons were the most perfect of this century, always withheld her opinions on books, or men, or measures, until all around her had given theirs; then she, as it were, collected and harmonised them, saying a kind thing here, and a gentle thing there, and speaking ever with her own quiet sense, till people the most opposed learnt to understand each other's point of view, which it is a great thing for opponents to do."

"Then the number of the people whom you receive is another consideration. I should say not less than twelve, nor more than twenty," continued the gentleman. "The evenings should be appointed—say weekly,—fortnightly at the beginning of January, which is our season. Fix an early hour for opening the room. People are caught then in their freshness, before they become exhausted by other parties."

The lady spoke: "For my part I prefer catching my friends after they have left the grander balls or receptions. One hears then the remarks, the wit, the reason, and the satire which they had been storing up during their evening of imposed silence, or of ceremonious speaking."

"A little good-humoured satire is a very agreeable sauce," replied the gentleman, "but it must be good-humoured, and the listeners must be good-humoured; above all, the conversation must be general, and not the chat, chat, chat up in a corner, by which the English so often distinguish themselves. You do not go into society to exchange secrets with your intimate friends; you go to render yourselves agreeable to every one present, and to help all to pass a happy evening."

"Strangers should not be admitted," said the lady, taking up the strain. "They would not start fair with the others: they would be ignorant of the allusions that refer to conversations on the previous evenings; they would not understand the—what shall I call it—slang? I mean those expressions having relation to past occurrences, or by-gone witticisms common to all those who are in the habit of meeting.

"Madame de Duras and Madame Recamier never made advances to any stranger. Their saloons were the best that Paris has known in this generation. All who wished to be admitted, had to wait and prove their fitness by being agreeable elsewhere; to earn their diploma as it were, among the circles of these ladies' acquaintances; and, at last, it was a high favour to be received by them."

"They missed the society of many celebrities by adhering so strictly to this unspoken rule," said the gentleman.

"Bah!" said the lady. "Celebrities! what has one to do with them in society? As celebrities, they are simply bores. Because a man has discovered a planet, it does not follow that he can converse agreeably, even on his own subjects; often people are drained dry by one action or expression of their lives—drained dry for all the purposes of a 'salon.' The writer of books, for instance, cannot afford to talk twenty pages for nothing, so he is either profoundly silent, or else he gives you the mere rinsings of his mind. I am speaking now of him as a mere celebrity, and justifying the wisdom of the ladies we were speaking of, in not seeking after such people; indeed, in being rather shy of them. Some of their friends were the most celebrated people of their day, but they were received in their old capacity of agreeable men; a higher character by far. Then," said she, turning to me, "I believe that you English spoil the perfection of conversation by having your rooms as brilliantly lighted for an evening the charm of which depends on what one hears, as for an evening when youth and beauty are to display themselves among flowers and festoons, and every kind of pretty ornament. I would never have a room affect people as being dark on their first entrance into it; but there is a kind of moonlight as compared to sunlight, in which people talk more freely and naturally; where shy people will enter upon a conversation without a dread of every change of colour or involuntary movement being seen—just as we are always more confidential over a fire than anywhere else—as women talk most openly in the dimly-lighted bedroom at curling-time."

"Away with your shy people," said the gentleman. "Persons who are self-conscious, thinking of an involuntary redness or paleness, an unbecoming movement of the countenance, more than the subject of which they are talking, should not go into society at all. But, because women are so much more liable to this nervous weakness than men, the preponderance of people in a salon should always be on the side of the men."

I do not think I gained more hints as to the lost art from my French friends. Let us see if my own experience in England can furnish any more ideas.

First, let us take the preparations to be

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black sulphureous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
That old Giant Custom rose,
Yet he too at last was conquered
By the good Knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great King, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing
Came the shouting round her throne;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hard-fought battle,
Slowly ebbed his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned, and reigning in her pride:
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GREEK GIRL.

She is a baggy damsel with a quaint sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

But she is dressed to-day; it is St. Somebody's feast, and everybody is idling away their time in consequence. It was St. Whatshisname's day the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Whoist's day the day after to-morrow. Though our balloon clad young acquaintance is idling it is with a busy idleness; for she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about fruit, jellies, and sweetmeats, with strong raw spirits in gilded glasses, and little cups of unstrained coffee. A very singular and amusing picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, tray in hand before her father's guests. She is pretty. Yes, there is no doubt of that; but she has done almost everything possible to disfigure herself. Though certainly not seventeen, with the rich clear complexion of the Greeks, she is rouged up to the very eyes. Where she is not rouged, she is whitened. Her eyebrows are painted, and she has even found means to introduce some black abomination under her eyelids to make the eyes look larger. Her hair would be almost a marvel if left to itself: but she has twisted it, and plaited it, woven gold coins into it, and tied it up with dirty handkerchiefs and gummed and honied it, till every tress has grown distorted and angry. Her ears are in themselves as sly and coquettish a pair of ears as need be; and they peep out beneath her tortured locks as if they would rather like to have a game at bo-peep than otherwise: but they are literally torn half an inch longer than they should be by an enormous pair of Mosaic ear-rings bought of a pedlar. Her hands might have been nice once, for they are still small; but they are as tough as horn and as red as chaps can make them, with sheer hard work, scrubbing and washing about the house. All Greek women I think have been mere housewives since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more generally baggy than her trousers. It bulges out in the most extraordinary bumps and fulness. A short jacket—as much too small for her as the brigand attire of Mr. Keeley of the Theatre-Royal Adelphi—does not make this general plumpness less remarkable; and she has a superfluity of clothes, which reminds one of the late King Christophe's idea of full dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief, even in the fine piercing cold of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is, love making, cleaning the house, serving coffee, and rouging herself on festival days. She cannot read or write, or play the piano; but she can sing and dance. She can talk too, though never before company. No diplomatist can touch her in intrigue or invention. Not even Captain Absolute's groom could tell a falsehood with more composure. She does not know what it is to speak the truth; and, to use a Greek saying, she is literally kneaded up with tricks. The Greek girl has no heart, no affections. She is a mere lump of flesh and calculation. Her marriage is quite an affair of buying and selling. It is arranged by her friends. They offer to give a house (that is indispensable), and so much to whoever will take her off their hands. By and by, somebody comes to do so; the priests are called, there is a quaint strange ceremony, and he is bound, by fine, to perform his promise. This fine is usually ten per cent. on the fortune which was offered him with the lady.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to her neighbours; and she spends her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. This she does herself; but she has a little ally (a chit of a girl about seven years old, and looking forty, that you meet in the houses of all the islanders), who is on the look-out all day. No one ever enters a Greek house but the neighbourhood knows it. All down the street, and in the next, and everywhere, those

little girls are watching and flitting about on cunning errands as stealthily and swift as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that her own cousins never saw her alone or spoke a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy she has some acquaintance of her own; and she is generally on terms of rather startling friendship with the young man servant, who forms almost part of the family in all Greek houses. On summer nights too, when good people should be asleep, you will see closely hooded figures flitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Greek girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps, looking for the moon, which will not rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall, also, you will see young gentlemen sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them singing songs, but low as the humming of a bee; so low, that they do not disturb even the timid owl who sits cooing amid the ruins of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and all of the same kind. They are about equal in point of composition to the worst of our street ballads: full of the same coarse wit and low trickery. They are sung to dreary monotonous airs; and always through the nose. Never had the national songs of a people so little charm or distinctive character. You seek the strong, sweet language of the heart in vain among them. They have neither grace nor fancy.

With all this, the Greek girl is pious. She would not break any of the severe fasts of her church, even for money; though they condemn her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time: nor would she neglect going to church on certain days upon any account. She has a faith in ceremonies, and in charms, relics, and saints, almost touching; but there her belief ends. She would not trust the word of her own father or the archbishop. She cannot suppose it possible that any one would speak the truth, unless he was obliged; and she judges correctly, according to her own experience. She herself would promise, and take an unmixed delight in deceiving her own mother on a question about a pin's head; but she would scrupulously avoid doing anything she had promised; and the only way even to prevent her accepting a husband, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wits would toil night and day to find means of escape. And find them she would, to change her mind the day after she was free.

She has one hope dearer than all the rest. It is that she may one day wear Frank clothes, and see the Greeks at Constantinople. This is no exaggeration; the wrongs of the rayah have eaten into all classes of society in Turkey, until even women lisp, and children prattle vengeance. It is so strong that it has made the Greeks hate one of the prettiest remaining costumes in the world, as a symbol of their most bitter and cruel servitude.

By and by, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant, she will then sink into a drudge, and her head will be always bound up as if she had a chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days, or groaning and squabbling upon others as she cleans the herbs for dinner. She will have become so old even at thirty, that it is impossible to recognise her. Rouge and whitening will have so corroded her face, that it looks like a sleepy apple or a withered medlar. Her eyes are shrivelled into nothing. Her teeth will have been eaten away by rough wine, and noxious tooth powders. She will be bald when she does not wear a towering wig, that only comes out on St. Everybody's days. The plump figure and all its bumps will have shrivelled into a mere heap of aching old bones, and her only pleasures in this life will be scandal and curiosity.

You will find her croaking about, watching her neighbours at the most unseasonable times. She has wonderful perseverance in ferreting out a secret. She will thus know many more things than are true, and tell them with singular readiness and vivacity. She will be the terror of her neighbourhood, and there is no conciliating her. Kindness, good humour—even money, which she prizes as much as she did when a girl, and grasps at it as eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and hatch troubles, or she would die. The instinct of self-preservation is strong; so she will go upon her old course, come what may. She will be a terror even to her own daughter.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long, that she has learned to consider money as the chief good. She has been subject to insult; to be beaten; to be carried away into the harem of a man she has never seen, and whose whole kind she despises; and has lost all natural feeling. All grace, tenderness, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a brand. She has been looked upon as a mere tame animal until she has become little better. She has been doubted until deception has become her glory. She has been imprisoned and secluded until trickery has become her master passion. She has been kept from healthy knowledge and graceful accomplishments, from all softening influences and ennobling thoughts, until her mind has festered. When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes uncomfortable from fat; when she is old, she is worked until she becomes a skeleton. None have any respect or love for her, nor would she be now worthy of it, if they had.

state-dinner on a certain day, to which the gentleman with whom I was staying was invited. He was on the point of leaving his house in his little Norwegian carriole, and we were on the point of sitting down to dinner, when a man rode up in hot haste—a servant from the high sheriff's came to beg for our joint off the spit. Fish, game, poultry—they had all the delicacies of their own land; but the butcher from the nearest market town had failed them, and at the last moment they had to send off a groom a-begging to their neighbours. My relation departed ignorant of our dinnerless state; but he came back in great delight with his party. After the soup and fish had been removed, there had been a long pause (the joint had got cold on its ride, and had to be re-warmed); a message was brought to the host, who had immediately confided his perplexity to his guests, and put it to the vote whether they would wait for the joint, or have the order of the courses changed, and eat the third before the second. Every one had enjoyed the merry dilemma; the ice was broken, and all went on pleasantly and easily in a party where there was rather a heterogeneous mixture of politics and opinions. Dinner parties in those days and in that part of Wales were somewhat regulated by the arrival of the little sailing vessels, which having discharged their cargo at Bristol or Liverpool, brought back commissioned purchases for the different families. A chest of oranges for Mr. Williams, or Mr. Wynn, was a sure signal that before many days were over, Mr. Williams or Mr. Wynn would give a dinner party; strike while the iron was hot; eat while the oranges were fresh. A man rode round to all the different houses when any farmer planned such a mighty event as killing a cow, to ask what part each family would take. Visiting acquaintances lived ten or twelve miles from each other, separated by bad and hilly roads; the moon had always to be consulted before issuing invitations; and then the mode of proceeding was usually something like this. The invited friends came to dinner at half-past five or six; these were always those from the greatest distance,—the nearer neighbours came later on in the evening. After the gentlemen had left the dining-room, it was cleared for dancing. The fragments of the dinner, prepared by ready cooks, served for supper; tea was ready sometimes towards one or two, and the dancers went merrily on till a seven or eight o'clock breakfast, after which they rode or drove home by broad daylight. I was never at one of these meetings, although staying in a house from which many went; I was considered too young; but from what I heard they were really excessively pleasant, sociable gatherings, although not quite entitled to be classed with Madame de Sablé's salons.

To return to the fact that a slightly gipsy and impromptu character, either in the hostess or in the arrangements, or in the amusements, adds a piquancy to the charm; let any one remember the agreeable private teas that go on in many houses about five o'clock. I remember those in one house particularly, as remarkably illustrating what I am trying to prove. These teas were held in a large dismantled school-room, and a superannuated school-room is usually the most doleful chamber imaginable. I never saw this by full daylight, I only know that it was lofty and large, that we went to it through a long gallery library, through which we never passed at any other time, the school-room having been accessible to the children in former days by a private staircase—that great branches of trees swept against the windows with a long plaintive moan, as if tortured by the wind,—that below in the stable-yard two Irish stag-hounds sent up their musical bays to mingle with the outlandish Spanish which a parrot in the room continually talked out of the darkness in which its perch was placed,—that the walls of the room seemed to recede as in a dream, and, instead of them, the flickering firelight painted tropical forests or Norwegian fiords, according to the will of our talkers. I know this tea was nominally private to the ladies, but that all the gentlemen strayed in most punctually by accident,—that the fire was always in that state when somebody had to poke with the hard blows of despair, and somebody else to fetch in logs of wood from the basket outside, and somebody else to unload his pockets of fir-bobs, which last were always efficacious, and threw beautiful dancing lights far and wide. And then there was a black kettle, long ago too old for kitchen use, that leaked, and ran, and sputtered against the blue and sulphur-coloured flames, and did everything that was improper, but the water out of which made the best tea in the world, which we drank out of unmatched cups, the relics of several school-room sets. We ate thick bread and butter in the darkness with a vigour of appetite which had quite disappeared at the well-lighted eight o'clock dinner. Who eat it I don't know, for we stole from our places round the fireside to the tea-table in comparative darkness in the twilight near the window, and helped ourselves, and came back on tiptoe to hear one of the party tell of wild enchanted spicy islands in the Eastern Archipelago, or buried cities in farthest Mexico; he used to look into the fire, and draw, and paint with words in a manner perfectly marvellous, and with an art which he had quite lost at the formal dinner-time. Our host was scientific; a name of high repute; he too told us of wonderful discoveries, strange surmises, glimpses into something far away and utterly dream-like. His son had been in Norway, fishing; then, when he sat all splashed with hunting, he too could tell of adventures in a natural racy way. The girls,

busy with their heavy kettle, and with their tea-making, put in a joyous word now and then. At dinner the host talked of nothing more intelligible than French mathematics; the heir drawled out an infinite deal of nothing about the "Shakspeare and musical glasses" of the day; the traveller gave us latitudes and longitudes, and rates of population, exports and imports, with the greatest precision; and the girls were as pretty, helpless, inane fine ladies as you would wish to see.

Speaking of wood fires, reminds me of Madame de Sablé's fires. Of course they were of wood, being in Paris; but I believe that even if she had lived in a coal country she would have burned wood by instinctive preference, as a lady I once knew always ordered a lump of cannel coal to be brought up if ever her friends seemed silent and dull. A wood-fire has a kind of spiritual, dancing, glancing life about it. It is an elvish companion, crackling, hissing, bubbling: throwing out beautiful jets of vivid many-coloured flame. The best wood-fires I know are those at Keswick. Making lead-pencils is the business of the place; and the cedar chips for scent, and the thinnings of the larch and fir plantations thereabouts for warm and brilliant light, make such a fire as Madame de Sablé would have delighted in.

Depend upon it too, every seat in her salon was easy and comfortable of its kind. They might not be made of any rare kind of wood, nor covered very magnificently, but the bodies of her friends could rest and repose in them in easy unconstrained attitudes. No one can be agreeable, perched on a chair which does not afford space for proper support. I defy the most accomplished professional wit to go on uttering "mots" in a chair with a stiff hard upright back, or with his legs miserably dangling. No! Madame de Sablé's seats were commodious, and probably varied to suit all tastes; nor was there anything in the shape of a large and cumbrous article of furniture placed right in the middle of her room, so as to prevent her visitors from changing their places, or drawing near to each other, or to the fire, if they so willed it. I imagine likewise that she had that placid, kindly manner which would never show any loss of self-possession. I fancy that there was a welcome ready for all, even though some came a little earlier than they were expected.

I was once very much struck by the perfect breeding of an old Welsh herb-woman, with whom I drank tea,—a tea which was not tea after all,—an infusion of balm and black currant leaves, with a pinch of lime blossom to give it a Pekoe flavour. She had boasted of the delicacy of this beverage to me on the previous day, and I had begged to be allowed to come and drink a cup with her. The only drawback was that she had but one cup, but she immediately bethought her that she had two saucers, one of which would do just as well, indeed better than any cup. I was anxious to be in time, and so I was too early. She had not done dusting and rubbing when I arrived, but she made no fuss; she was glad to see me, and quietly bade me welcome, though I had come before all was as she could have wished. She gave me a dusted chair, sate down herself with her kilted petticoats and working apron, and talked to me as if she had not a care or a thought on her mind but the enjoyment of the present time. By and by, in moving about the room, she slipped behind the bed-curtain, still conversing. I heard the splash of water, and a drawer open and shut; and then my hostess emerged spruce, and clean, and graced, but not one whit more agreeable or at her ease than she had been for the previous half-hour in her working dress.

There are a set of people who put on their agreeableness with their gowns. Here, again, I have studied the subject, and the result is that I find people of this description are more pleasant in society in their second-best than in their very best dresses. These last are new; and the persons I am speaking of never feel thoroughly at home in them, never lose their consciousness of unusual finery until the first stain has been made. With their best gowns they put on an unusual fineness of language; they say "commence" instead of "begin;" they enquire if they may "assist" instead of asking if they may "help" you to anything. And yet there are some, very far from vain or self-conscious, who are never so agreeable as when they have a dim half-defined idea that they are looking their best—not in finery, but in air, arrangement, or complexion. I have a notion that Madame de Sablé, with her fine instincts, was aware of this, and that there were one or two secrets about the furniture and disposition of light in her salon which are lost in these degencrate days. I heard, or read, lately, that we make a great mistake in furnishing our reception-rooms with all the light and delicate colours, the profusion of ornament, and flecked and spotted chintzes, if we wish to show off the human face and figure; that our ancestors and the great painters knew better, with their somewhat sombre and heavy-tinted back-grounds, relieving or throwing out into full relief the rounded figure and the delicate peach-like complexion.

I fancy Madame de Sablé's salon was furnished with deep warm soberness of tone; lightened up by flowers, and happy animated people, in a brilliancy of dress, which would be lost now-a-days against our satin walls, and flower-bestrewn carpets, and gilding, gilding everywhere. Then, somehow, conversation must have flown naturally into sense or nonsense, as the case might be. People must have gone to her house well prepared for either lot. It might be that wit would come uppermost, sparkling, crackling, leaping, calling out echoes all around;

made before our house, our room, or our lodgings, can be made to receive society. Of course I am not meaning the preparations needed for dancing or musical evenings. I am taking those parties which have pleasant conversation and happy social intercourse for their affirmed intention. They may be dinners, suppers, tea—I don't care what they are called, provided their end is defined. If your friends have not dined, and it suits you to give them a dinner, in the name of Lucullus, let them dine; but take care that there shall be something besides the mere food and wine to make their fattening agreeable at the time and pleasant to remember, otherwise you had better pack up for each his portions of the dainty dish, and send it separately, in hot-water trays, so that he can eat comfortably behind a door, like Sancho Panza, and have done with it. And yet I don't see why we should be like ascetics; I fancy there is a grace of preparation, a sort of festive trumpet-call, that is right and proper to distinguish the day on which we receive our friends from common days unmarked by such white stones. The thought and care we take for them to set before them of our best, may imply some self-denial on our less fortunate days. I have been in houses where all, from the scullion maid upward, worked double-tides gladly, because "Master's friends" were coming and everything must be nice, and good, and all the rooms must look bright and clean, and pretty. And, as "a merry heart goes all the way," preparations made in this welcoming, hospitable spirit never seem to tire anyone half so much as where servants instinctively feel that it has been said in the parlour, "We must have so-and-so," or, "Oh! dear! we have never had the so-and-so's." Yes, I like a little pomp, and luxury, and stateliness, to mark our happy days of receiving friends as a festival; but I do not think I would throw my power of procuring luxuries solely into the eating and drinking line.

My friends would probably be surprised (some wear caps, and some wigs) if I provided them with garlands of flowers, after the manner of the ancient Greeks; but, put flowers on the table (none of your shams, wax or otherwise; I prefer an honest wayside root of primroses, in a common vase of white ware, to the grandest bunch of stiff-rustling artificial rarities in a silver épergne). A flower or two by the side of each person's plate would not be out of the way, as to expense, and would be a very agreeable pretty piece of mute welcome. Cooks and scullion-maids, acting in the sympathetic spirit I have described, would do their very best, from boiling the potatoes well, to sending in all the dishes in the best possible order. I think I would have every imaginary dinner sent up on the original Mr. Walker's plan; each dish separately, hot and hot. I have an idea that when I go to live in Utopia (not before next Christmas), I will have a kind of hot-water sideboard, such as I think I have seen in great houses, and that nothing shall appear on the table but what is pleasant to the eye. However simple the food I would do it, and my friends (and may I not add the Giver?) the respect of presenting it at table as well-cooked, as eatable, as wholesome as my poor means allowed; and to this end, rather than to a variety of dishes, would I direct my care. We have no associations with beef and mutton; geese may remind us of the Capitol; and peacocks of Juno; a pigeon-pie of "the simplicity of Venus' doves," but who thinks of the leafy covert which has been her home in life, when he sees a roasted hare? Now, flowers as an ornament, do lead our thoughts away from their present beauty and fragrance. I am almost sure Madame de Sablé had flowers in her salon, and as she was fond of dainties herself, I can fancy her smooth benevolence of character, taking delight in some personal preparations made in the morning for the anticipated friends of the evening. I can fancy her stewing sweetbreads in a silver saucepan, or dressing salad with her delicate, plump, white hands; not that I ever saw a silver saucepan. I was formerly ignorant enough to think that they were only used in the Sleeping Beauty's kitchen, or in the preparations for the marriage of Riquet-with-the-Tuft: but I have been assured that there are such things, and that they impart a most delicate flavour, or no flavour to the victuals cooked therein; so I assert again, Madame de Sablé cooked sweetbreads for her friends in a silver saucepan; but never to fatigue herself with those previous labours. She knew the true taste of her friends too well; they cared for her firstly as an element in their agreeable evening—the silver saucepan in which they were all to meet; the oil in which their several ingredients were to be softened of what was harsh or discordant—very secondary would be their interest in her sweetbreads.

Of sweetbreads they'll get mony an ane,
Of Sablé ne'er anither.

But part of my care beforehand should go to the homely article of waiting. I should not mind having none at all: a dumb waiter pepper, salt, bread, and condiments within the reach or by the side of all. Little kindly attentions from one guest to another tend to take off the selfish character of the mere act of eating; and, besides, the guests would (or should) be too well educated, too delicate of tact, to interrupt a burst of wit, or feeling, or eloquence, as a mere footman often does with the perpetual "Sherry, or Madeira?" or with the names of those mysterious entremets that always remind me of a white kid glove that I once ate with Vsechamel sauce, and found very tender and good, under the name of Oreilles de Veau à-la-something, but which experiment I never wish to repeat.

There is something graceful and kindly in the little attention by which one guest silently puts by his neighbour all that he may require. I consider it a better opening to ultimate friendship, if my unknown neighbour mutely passes me the salt, or silently understands that I like sugar to my soup, than if he had been introduced by his full name and title, and labelled with the one distinguishing action or book of his life, after the manner of some who are rather show-men than hosts.

But, to return to the subject of waiting. I have always believed that the charm of those little suppers, famous from time immemorial as the delightful P.S. to operas, was that there was no formal waiting, or over-careful arrangement of the table; a certain sweet neglect pervaded all, very compatible with true elegance. The perfection of waiting is named in the story of the White Cat, where, if you remember, the hero prince is waited upon by hands without bodies, as he sits at table with the White Cat, and is served with that delicate fricassee of mice. By hands without bodies, I am very far from meaning hands without heads. Some people prefer female-waiters; foot-women as it were. I have weighed both sides of the subject well in my mind before setting down to write this paper, and my verdict goes in favour of men; for, all other things being equal, their superior strength gives them the power of doing things without effort, and consequently with less noise than any woman. The quiet ease and solemn soundless movement of some men-servants is wonderful to watch. Last summer. I was staying in a house served by such list-shod soft-spoken, velvet-handed domestics. One day the butler touched a spoon with a fork;—the master of the house looked at him as Jupiter may have looked at Hebe, when she made that clumsy step. "No noise, sir, if you please;" and we as well as the servant, were hushed into the solemn stillness of the room, and were graced and genteel, if not merry and sociable. Still, bursts and clashes, and clatters at the side-table, do disturb conversation; and I maintain that for avoiding these, men-servants are better than women. Women have to add an effort to the natural exercise of what strength they possess before they can lift heavy things—sirloins of beef, saddles of mutton, and the like; and they cannot calculate the additional force of such an effort, so down comes the dish and the mutton and all, with a sound and a splash that surprises us even more than the Phillis, who is neat handed only when she has to do with things that require delicacy and lightness of touch, not struggle of arm.

And, now I think of it, Mademoiselle de Sablé must have taken the White Cat for her model; there must evidently have been the same noiseless ease and grace about the movements of both; the same purring, happy, inarticulate murmurs, of satisfaction, when surrounded by pleasant circumstances, must have been uttered by both. My own mouth has watered before now at the account of that fricassee of mice prepared especially for the White Cat; and M. Cousin alludes more than once to Madame de Sablé's love for "friandises," Madame de Sablé avoided the society of literary women, and so I am sure did the White Cat. Both had an instinctive sense of what was comfortable: both loved home with tenacious affection; and yet I am mistaken if each had not their own little private love of adventure—touches of the gipsy.

The reason why I think Madame de Sablé had this touch in her is because she knew how "tenir un salon." You do not see the connection between gipsyism and the art of being a good hostess,—of receiving pleasantly. I do; but I am not sure if I can explain it. In the first place, gipsies must be people of quick impulse and ready wit; entering into fresh ideas, and new modes of life with joyous ardour and energy, and fertile in expedients for extricating themselves from the various difficulties into which their wandering life leads them. They must have a lofty disregard for "convenances," and yet a power of graceful adaptation. They evidently have a vivid sense of the picturesque, and a love of adventure, which, if it does not show itself in action, must show itself in sympathy with other's doings. Now, which of these qualities would be out of place in Madame de Sablé? From what we read of the life of her contemporary, Madame de Sevigné, we see that impromptu expedients were necessary in those times, when the thought of the morning made the pleasure of the evening, and when people snatched their enjoyments from hand to mouth, as it were, while yet six-weeks-invitations were not. Now, I have noticed that in some parties where we were all precise and sensible, ice-bound under some indefinable stiff restraint, some little domestic contre-temps, if frankly acknowledged by the hostess, has suddenly unloosed tongues and hearts in a supernatural manner;

"The upper air bursts into life,"

more especially if some unusual expedient had to be resorted to, giving the whole the flavour and zest of a pic-nic. Toasting bread in a drawing-room, coaxing up a half-extinguished fire by dint of brown sugar, newspapers, and pretty good-for-nothing bellows, turning a packing-case upside down for a seat, and covering in with a stray piece of velvet; these are, I am afraid, the only things that can call upon us for unexpected exertion, now that all is arranged and re-arranged for every party a month beforehand. But I have lived in other times and other places. I have been in the very heart and depths of Wales; within three miles of the house of the high sheriff of the county, who was giving a

or the same people might talk with all their might and wisdom, on some grave and important subject of the day, in that manner which we have got into the way of calling "earnest," but which term has struck me as being slightly flavored by cant, ever since I heard of an "earnest uncle." At any rate, whether grave or gay, people did not go up to Madame de Sablé's salons with a set purpose of being either the one or the other. They were carried away by the subject of the conversation, by the humour of the moment. I have visited a good deal among a set of people who piqued themselves on being rational. We have talked what they called sense, but what I called platitudes, till I have longed, like Southey in the Doctor, to come out with some interminable nonsensical word (Aballibogibouganorribo was his, I think), as a relief for my despair at not being able to think of anything more that was sensible. It would have done me good to have said it, and I could have started afresh on the rational tack. But I never did. I sank into inane silence, which I hope was taken for wisdom. One of this set paid a relation of mine a profound compliment, for so she meant it to be, "Oh, Miss F.! you are so trite!" But as it is not in every one's power to be rational, and "trite," at all times and in all places, discharging our sense at a given place, like water from a fireman's hose; and as some of us are cisterns rather than fountains, and may have our stores exhausted, why is it not more general to call in other aids to conversation, in order to enable us to pass an agreeable evening?

But I will come back to this presently. Only let me say that there is but one thing more tiresome than an evening when everybody tries to be profound and sensible, and that is an evening when everybody tries to be witty. I have a disagreeable sense of effort and unnaturalness at both times; but the everlasting attempt, even when it succeeds to be clever and amusing, is the worse of the two. People try to say brilliant rather than true things; they not only catch eager hold of the superficial and ridiculous in other persons, and in events generally, but from constantly looking out for subjects for jokes, and "mots," and satire, they become possessed of a kind of sore susceptibility themselves, and are afraid of their own working selves, and dare not give way to any expression of feeling, or any noble indignation or enthusiasm. This kind of wearying wit is far different from humour, which wells up and forces its way out irrepressibly, and calls forth smiles and laughter, but not very far apart from tears. Depend upon it, some of Madame de Sablé's friends had been moved in a most abundant and genial measure. They knew how to narrate too. Very simple, say you? I say, no! I believe the art of telling a story is born with some people, and these have it to perfection; but all might acquire some expertness in it, and ought to do so, before launching out into the muddled, complex, hesitating, broken, disjointed, poor, bald accounts of events, which have neither unity, nor colour, nor life, nor end in them, that one sometimes hears.

But as to the rational parties that are in truth so irrational, when all talk up to an assumed character, instead of showing themselves what they really are, and so extending each other's knowledge of the infinite and beautiful capacities of human nature—whenever I see the grave, sedate faces, with their good but anxious expression, I remember how I was once, long ago, at a party like this; every one had brought out his or her wisdom, and aired it for the good of the company; one or two had, from a sense of duty, and without any special living interest in the matter, improved us by telling us of some new scientific discovery, the details of which were all and each of them wrong, as I learnt afterwards; if they had been right, we should not have been any the wiser;—and just at the pitch when any more useful information might have brought on congestion of the brain, a stranger to the town, a beautiful, audacious, but most feminine romp, proposed a game, and such a game, for us wise men of Gotham! But she (now long still and quiet after her bright life, so full of pretty pranks) was a creature whom all who looked on loved; and with grave hesitating astonishment we knelt round a circular table at her word of command. She made one of the circle, and producing a feather, out of some sofa pillow, she told us she should blow it up into the air, and whichever of us it floated near, must puff away to keep it from falling on the table. I suspect we all looked like Keeley in the Camp at Chobham, and were surprised at our own obedience to this ridiculous, senseless mandate, given with a graceful imperiousness, as if it were too royal to be disputed. We knelt on, puffing away with the utmost intentness, looking like a set of elderly ——

"Fools!" No! my dear sir. I was going to say elderly cherubim. But making fools of ourselves, was better than making owls, as we had been doing.

I will mention another party where a game of some kind would have been a blessing. It was at a very respectable tradesman's house. We went at half-past four, and found a well-warmed handsome sitting-room, with block upon block of unburnt coal behind the fire; on the table there was a tray with wine and cake, oranges and almonds and raisins, of which we were urged to partake. In half-an-hour came tea; none of your flimsy meals, with wafer bread and butter, and three biscuits and a half. This was a grave and serious proceeding; tea, coffee, bread of all kinds, cold fowl, tongue, ham, potted meats — I don't know what. Tea lasted about an hour, and then the cake and

wine tray was restored to its former place. The stock of subjects of common interest was getting low, and, in spite of our good-will long stretches of silence occurred, producing a stillness which made our host nervously attack the fire, and stir it up to a yet greater glow of intense heat; and the hostess invariably rose at such times, and urged us to "eat another maccaroon." The first I revelled in, the second I enjoyed, the third I got through, the fourth I sighed over, the fifth reminded me uncomfortably of that part of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, where he feeds a donkey with maccaroons,—and when, at the sight of the sixth, I rose to come away, a burst of imploring, indignant surprise greeted me: "You are surely never going before supper!" I stopped. I ate that supper. Hot jugged hare, hot roast turkey, hot boiled ham, hot apple-tart, hot toasted cheese. No wonder I am old before my time. Now these good people were really striving and taking pains, and laying out money, to make the evening pass agreeably, but the only way they could think of to amuse their guests, was, giving them plenty to eat. If they had asked one of their children they could doubtless have suggested half-a-dozen games, which we could all have played at when our subjects of common interest failed, and which would have carried us over the evening quietly and simply, if not brilliantly. But in many a small assemblage of people, where the persons collected are incongruous, where talking cannot go on through so many hours, without becoming flat or laboured, why have we not oftener recourse to games of some kind.

Wit, Advice, Bout-rimés, Lights, Spanish merchant, Twenty Questions—every one knows these, and many more, if they would only think it beneath them to be called upon by a despairing hostess to play at them. Of course to play them well requires a little more exertion of intellect than quoting other people's sense and wisdom, or misquoting science. But I do not think it takes as much thought and memory, and consideration, as it does to be "up" in the science of good eating and drinking. A profound knowledge of this branch of learning seems in general to have absorbed all the faculties before it could be brought to anything like perfection. So I do not consider games as entailing so much mental fatigue as a man must undergo before he is qualified to decide upon dishes. I once noticed the worn and anxious look of a famous diner-out, when called upon by his no less anxious host to decide upon the merits of a salad, mixed by no hands, as you may guess, but those of the host in question. The guest, doctor of the art of good living, tasted, paused, tasted again,—and then, with gentle solemnity, gave forth his condemnatory opinion. I happened to be his next neighbour, and slowly turning his meditative full-moon face round to me, he gave me the valuable information that to eat a salad in perfection some one should be racing from lettuce to shalot, from shalot to endive, and so on, all the time that soup and fish were being eaten; that the vegetables should be gathered, washed, sliced, blended, eaten, all in a quarter of an hour. I bowed as in the presence of a master; and felt, no wonder his head was bald, and his face heavily wrinkled.

I have said nothing of books. Yet I am sure that if Madame de Sablé lived now, they would be seen in her salon as a part of its natural indispensable furniture; not brought out, and strewed here and there when "company was coming," but as habitual presences in her room, wanting which, she would want a sense of warmth and comfort and companionship. Putting out books as a sort of preparation for an evening, as a means for making it pass agreeably, is running a great risk. In the first place, books are by such people, and on such occasions, chosen more for their outside than their inside. And in the next, they are the "mere material with which wisdom (or wit) builds;" and if persons don't know how to use the material, they will suggest nothing. I imagine Madame de Sablé would have the volumes she herself was reading, or those which, being new, contained any matter of present interest, left about, as they would naturally be. I could also fancy that her guests would not feel bound to talk continually, whether they had anything to say or not, but that there might be pauses of not unpleasant silence—a quiet darkness out of which they might be certain that the little stars would glimmer soon. I can believe that in such pauses of repose, some one might open a book, and catching on a suggestive sentence, might dash off again into the full flow of conversation. But I cannot fancy any grand preparations for what was to be said among people, each of whom brought the best dish in bringing himself; and whose own store of living, individual thought and feeling, and mother-wit, would be infinitely better than any cut-and-dry determination to devote the evening to mutual improvement. If people are really good and wise, their goodness and their wisdom flow out unconsciously, and benefit like sunlight. So, books for reference, books for impromptu suggestion, but never books to serve for texts to a lecture. Engravings fall under something like the same rules. To some they say everything; to ignorant and unprepared minds nothing. I remember noticing this in watching how people looked at a very valuable portfolio belonging to an acquaintance of mine, which contained engraved and authentic portraits of almost every possible person; from king and kaiser down to notorious beggars and criminals; including all the celebrated men, women, and actors whose likenesses could be obtained. To some, this portfolio gave food for

observation, meditation and conversation. It brought before them every kind of human tragedy,—every variety of scenery and costume and grouping in the background, thronged with figures called up by their imagination. Others took them up and laid them down, simply saying, "This is a pretty face!" Oh what a pair of eyebrows!" "Look at this queer dress!"

Yet, after all, having something to take up and to look at, is a relief and of use to persons who, without being self-conscious, are nervous from not being accustomed to society. Oh Cassandra! Remember when you with your rich gold coins of thought, with your noble power of choice expression, were set down, and were thankful to be set down, to look at some paltry engravings, just because people did not know how to get at your ore, and you did not care a button whether they did or not, and were rather bored by their attempts, the end of which you never found out. While I, with my rattling tinselly rubbish, was thought "agreeable and an acquisition!" You would have been valued at Madame de Sablé's, where the sympathetic and intellectual stream of conversation would have borne you and your golden fragments away with it, by its soft resistless gentle force.

BROKEN LANGUAGE.

The traveller who arrives at the Paris terminus of the Great Northern Railway, in a well-filled train, late at night, knowing nothing of the Gallic tongue, may be strangely puzzled. He is ushered into a large cold room, where he waits for half-an-hour, while the luggage is forwarded from the van to a convenient platform to be searched. It is, however, when the railway official throws the door of this cold room wide open, and declares that Messieurs les Voyageurs may now pick out their respective portmanteaus, that the traveller becomes at once sorely puzzled. By the aid of vigorous pantomime he may be able to convey a sense of his want to a Frenchman who speaks French. Unhappily it is his usual fate to be pounced upon by a biped who speaks a strange language known in certain parts of France as English; but which no Englishman can understand. Anglican-French is not an euphonious tongue; but Gallic-English beats it. The Parisian commissioner will talk this wild language, even to Englishmen who have been long resident in France. Answer him in French, he will still reply in his hybrid jargon. Tell him that you have three bagages, he replies that Monsieur's *lokge* shall be attended to. And then, when he gets excited—when some opposing commissioner crosses his path to lure you from him, how terribly wild is this extraordinary person's tongue! Yet, as I have written, he *will* speak it, for has he not gone through a course d'Anglais, and should he admit that his English is of little use to the hotel, will he not be dismissed? Lucky is the traveller who escapes from him.

To follow the announcements in the shop windows of Paris, the simple-minded traveller would imagine that an English master would have a sinecure in Paris. Say that he desires to find lodgings. At a house where French only is spoken he will possibly be puzzled, for the landlady will inevitably ask him whether he requires an apartment in three or four pieces—"pieces" being the idiom for rooms, and "an apartment" that for a series of rooms shut off from the rest of a house. It is clear that to wend his way through idioms of this puzzling nature he must have considerable patience. But he will find patience will be more conspicuously required when he sees hanging up under a huge gateway, "Apartments let, to be furnished." Perhaps he infers from this announcement, that some person of a confiding nature had taken apartments; and that, having once found himself in possession, he had discovered that he could not furnish them—hence this pathetic appeal to the sympathy of the public. Perhaps the appeal proceeds from a newly married couple; perhaps it proceeds from the confident student of six lessons.

Say that the visitor strolls away to the Rotonde, to enjoy a cup of coffee, and to read Galignani. He turns to the advertisement columns in the hope of finding the rooms he requires. Presently he discovers the announcement of a Restaurant "done" into English. The reader is informed that at this establishment the gourmet can have extraordinary delicacies for two francs and a half, including a bottle of Mâcon. The announcement might be attractive—if it could be understood. The dinner is thus described: "One has a potage; three dishes; two legumes; and a dessert. The potage does not displace itself,"—in plainer English, if the diner object to it he can have no other dish instead.

He may glean from this entry in the bill that the potage is some happy combination easily digestible, since it has no inclination to disturb the eater; but what can he make of two legumes! Yet this tempting bill of fare is specially translated for his comprehension, and inserted, that it may surely reach him in the English paper of Paris! Well, he wonders, and, perhaps, out of mere curiosity, wanders to this notable restaurant. Here he finds a bill of fare printed in English; he refers to it eagerly for explanation. Observe the note under the title: "One is prayed not to ask for things out of season." "One" is tempted by this prayer to look over the book full of delicacies which it prefaces. One finds that "hashed seal" is a dish recommended, and that chops of kid may be enjoyed at a reasonable rate. One tastes these delicacies: the hashed seal turning out to be "hashed teal." One does not care to patronise this

restaurant a second time, particularly as one finds important placards pasted against the dead wall in the Rue Vivienne, describing the gastronomic temptations of "Le Rosbif." Le Rosbif is a Gallic-English house, on the Place de la Bourse, where Parisians are led to believe they enjoy the roast beef of Old England. The bills of this establishment, printed upon gay yellow paper, are in French and English. In the English translation one is reminded again of the popularity of the legumes; and the retiring are informed that "one can have private dining rooms." One may be tempted to try Le Rosbif; and possibly it may be a good establishment, where the traveller may find better meat than English.

Gallic-English of the peculiar character already instanced, is not used simply in shops and restaurants; it does duty even in educated circles; it is pressed into the service of the papers. The reader at the Rotonde may find various specimens of this outlandish language even in the important journals of France. The Débats is indignantly describing some instance of ruffianism, and in endeavouring to convey to its readers all the atrocity of which the monster in hand is guilty, makes him exclaim, in his moment of passionate cruelty: —"Let us them Lynch!" The Siècle has a vivid description of the "Goldstream Guards!"

Gallic-English is to be heard in every corner of Paris; it is talked by the student of the Ecole du Droit, who asks you whether "you speak an Englishmans?" I once heard it well spoken by an actor, on the stage of the Vaudeville — who playing the Emperor Napoleon in the act of planning the defeat of the English off Boulogne, and noticing a particular British tar retreating at a wonderful pace, exclaimed in Gallic-English of the most finished style—"He is a foutif Englishman!" This exclamation brought down thunders of applause. It cost me some time to discover what kind of animal, of what race ethnologically a "foutif Englishman" could be. By slow degrees, and a dictionary, I arrived at the conclusion that the author of this Napoleonic drama had found this word—or something like it—set against the French word for retreating. The English word would possibly be furtive. The victim of a slight railway accident, exhibiting his broken language and his riven trousers to me one afternoon, earnestly desired inspection of the "accident extraordinare that had arrived to 'im." He had not learnt that the words happen and arrive are never synonymous in English.

Few absurdities go beyond the absurd systems on which most English pupils are taught French, and the French are taught English. The finished pupil of a French master who shall have been assiduous in his attention to accent and grammar, will often arrive in Paris the speaker of a language that will cost him a thousand difficulties. At the restaurant instead of calling for his "addition" when he has finished his dinner, he will inevitably inquire for his billet. He will take "du café" after his dinner, instead of a "demi-tasse;" he will be incommoded with a bottle of beer, when he is thirsty, instead of a choppe? He can read Montaigne, but he cannot understand Henri the waiter, who will offer to his customers, "Byecutlets of veal," meaning the "entrecôtes," in Anglican-English—the ribs.

It is a pity that conversation classes are not more general; for French, being a language of phrases, can only be properly taught by means of conversation.

Specimens of pronunciation, copied verbatim from a new and popular child's book, will show how lessons for giving English children a Parisian accent are framed. The author directs his little pupils to talk about an "aid-de-cang;" to mix in the "bo-móngde;" not to believe that they can do everything by a "coo-de-mang;" in reading, never to skip the parts of a book, in their eagerness to learn the "den-noo-mang;" to take sufficient exercise to check any tendency to "ang-bong-póing;" to avoid "ang-wee" in their "ang-tray" into life; never to indulge in foolish "zheu-de-mo," nor to lose solid acquirements in the enticements of "zheu-de-spree." He discourages "mo-vays hongte" as "oot-ray."

Most commmercial men know that lately a rage for docks has seized upon the Parisian mind. The Napoleon docks, which are to receive the vast tonnage which is to make its way to Paris, have long been the topic of conversation in the cafés and elsewhere. This rage has been, at last, turned to account by a cheap tailor of comprehensive mind; who deals with thousands; and informs the people of Paris, through the medium of huge posters, that he has no less than five thousand "coachmanns" ready for their inspection. These "coachmanns" appear to be thick coats or cloaks just now popular in the French capital. But it is to the sign of this great tailor's establishment that the attention of the Parisian is directed. The sign is "Au Docks de la Toilette."

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SUNNY midsummer day. There was such a thing sometimes, even in Coketown.

Seen from a distance in such weather, Coketown lay shrouded in a haze of its own, which appeared impervious to the sun's rays. You only knew the town was there, because you knew there could have been no such sulky blotch upon the prospect without a town. A blur of soot and smoke, now confusedly tending this way, now that way, now aspiring to the vault of Heaven, now murkily creeping along the earth, as the wind rose and fell, or changed its quarter: a dense formless jumble, with sheets of cross light in it, that showed nothing but masses of darkness:—Coketown in the distance was suggestive of itself, though not a brick of it could be seen.

The wonder was, it was there at all. It had been ruined so often, that it was amazing how it had borne so many shocks. Surely there never was such fragile china-ware as that of which the millers of Coketown were made. Handle them never so lightly, and they fell to pieces with such ease that you might suspect them of having been flawed before. They were ruined, when they were required to send labouring children to school; they were ruined, when inspectors were appointed to look into their works; they were ruined, when such inspectors considered it doubtful whether they were quite justified in chopping people up with their machinery; they were utterly undone, when it was hinted that perhaps they need not always make quite so much smoke. Besides Mr. Bounderby's gold spoon which was generally received in Coketown, another prevalent fiction was very popular there. It took the form of a threat. Whenever a Coketowner felt he was ill-used—that is to say, whenever he was not left entirely alone, and it was proposed to hold him accountable for the consequences of any of his acts—he was sure to come out with the awful menace, that he would "sooner pitch his property into the Atlantic." This had terrified the Home Secretary within an inch of his life, on several occasions.

However, the Coketowners were so patriotic after all, that they never had pitched their property into the Atlantic yet, but on the contrary, had been kind enough to take mighty good care of it. So there it was, in the haze yonder; and it increased and multiplied.

The streets were hot and dusty on the summer day, and the sun was so bright that it even shone through the heavy vapour drooping over Coketown, and could not be looked at steadily. Stokers emerged from low underground doorways into factory yards, and sat on steps, and posts, and palings, wiping their swarthy visages, and contemplating coals. The whole town seemed to be frying in oil. There was a stifling smell of hot oil everywhere. The steam-engines shone with it, the dresses of the Hands were soiled with it, the mills throughout their many stories oozed and trickled it. The atmosphere of those Fairy palaces was like the breath of the simoom; and their inhabitants, wasting with heat, toiled languidly in the desert. But no temperature made the melancholy mad elephants more mad or more sane. Their wearisome heads went up and down at the same rate, in hot weather and cold, wet weather and dry, fair weather and foul. The measured motion of their shadows on the walls, was the substitute Coketown had to show for the shadows of rustling woods; while, for the summer hum of insects, it could offer, all the year round, from the dawn of Monday to the night of Saturday, the whirr of shafts and wheels.

Drowsily they whirred all through this sunny day, making the passenger more sleepy and more hot as he passed the humming walls of the mills. Sun-blinds, and sprinklings of water, a little cooled the main streets and the shops; but the mills, and the courts and alleys, baked at a fierce heat. Down upon the river that was black and thick with dye, some Coketown boys who were at large—a rare sight there—rowed a crazy boat, which made a spumous track upon the water as it jogged along, while every dip of an oar stirred up vile smells. But the sun itself, however beneficent generally, was less kind to Coketown than hard frost, and rarely looked intently into any of its closer regions without engendering more death than life.

So does the eye of Heaven itself become an evil eye, when incapable or sordid hands are interposed between it and the things it looks upon to bless.

Mrs. Sparsit sat in her afternoon apartment at the Bank, on the shadier side of the frying street. Office-hours were over; and at that period of the day, in warm weather, she usually embellished with her genteel presence, a managerial board-room over the public office. Her own private sitting-room was a story higher, at the window of which post of observation she was ready, every morning, to greet Mr. Bounderby as he came across the road, with the sympathising recognition appropriate to a Victim. He had been married now, a year; and Mrs. Sparsit had never released him from her determined pity a moment.

The Bank offered no violence to the wholesome monotony of the town. It was another red brick house, with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door up two white steps, a brazen door-plate, and a brazen door handle full stop. It was a size larger than Mr. Bounderby's house, as other houses were from a size to half-a-dozen sizes smaller; in all other particulars, it was strictly according to pattern.

Mrs. Sparsit was conscious that by coming in the evening-tide among the desks and writing implements, she shed a feminine, not to say also aristocratic, grace upon the office. Seated, with her needlework or netting apparatus, at the window, she had a self-laudatory sense of correcting, by her lady-like deportment, the rude business aspect of the place. With this impression of her interesting character upon her, Mrs. Sparsit considered herself in some sort, the Bank Fairy. The townspeople who, in their passing and repassing, saw her there, regarded her as the Bank Dragon, keeping watch over the treasures of the mine.

What those treasures were, Mrs. Sparsit knew as little as they did. Gold and silver coin, precious paper, secrets that if divulged would bring vague destruction upon vague persons (generally, however, people whom she disliked), were the chief items in her ideal catalogue thereof. For the rest, she knew that after office-hours, she reigned supreme over all the office furniture, and over a locked-up iron room with three locks, against the door of which strong chamber the light porter laid his head every night, on a truckle bed that disappeared at cockcrow. Further, she was lady paramount over certain vaults in the basement, sharply spiked off from communication with the predatory world: and over the relics of the current day's work, consisting of blots of ink, worn-out pens, fragments of wafers, and scraps of paper torn so small, that nothing interesting could ever be deciphered on them when Mrs. Sparsit tried. Lastly, she was guardian over a little armoury of cutlasses and carbines, arrayed in vengeful order above one of the official chimney-pieces; and over that respectable tradition never to be separated from a place of business claiming to be wealthy—a row of fire-buckets—vessels calculated to be of no physical utility on any occasion, but observed to exercise a fine moral influence, almost equal to bullion, on most beholders.

A deaf serving woman and the light porter completed Mrs. Sparsit's empire. The deaf serving-woman was rumoured to be wealthy; and a saying had for years gone about among the lower orders of Coketown, that she would be murdered some night when the Bank was shut, for the sake of her money. It was generally considered, indeed, that she had been due some time, and ought to have fallen long ago; but she had kept her life, and her situation, with an ill-conditioned tenacity that occasioned much offence and disappointment.

Mrs. Sparsit's tea was just set for her on a pert little table, with its tripod of legs in an attitude, which she insinuated after office-hours, into the company of the stern, leathern-topped, long board-table that bestrode the middle of the room. The light porter placed the tea-tray on it, knuckling his forehead as a form of homage.

"Thank you, Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Thank *you*, ma'am," returned the light porter. He was a very light porter indeed; as light as in the days when he blinkingly defined a horse, for girl number twenty.

"All is shut up, Bitzer?" said Mrs. Sparsit.

"All is shut up ma'am."

"And what," said Mrs. Sparsit, pouring out her tea, "is the news of the day? Anything?"

"Well, ma'am, I can't say that I have heard anything particular. Our people are a bad lot ma'am; but that is no news, unfortunately."

"What are the restless wretches doing now?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Merely going on in the old way ma'am. Uniting, and leaguing and engaging to stand by one another."

"It is much to be regretted," said Mrs. Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more Coriolanian in the strength of her severity, "that the united masters allow of any such class combinations."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bitzer.

"Being united themselves, they ought one and all to set their faces against employing any man who is united with any other man," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"They have done that, ma'am," returned Bitzer; "but it—rather fell through, ma'am."

"I do not pretend to understand these things," said Mrs. Sparsit, with dignity, "my lot having been originally cast in a widely different sphere; and Mr. Sparsit, as a Powler, being also quite out of the pale of any such dissensions. I only know that these people must be conquered, and that it's high time it was done once for all."

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, with a

demonstration of great respect for Mrs. Sparsit's oracular authority. "You couldn't put it clearer, I am sure ma'am."

As this was his usual hour for having a little confidential chat with Mrs. Sparsit, and as he had already caught her eye and seen that she was going to ask him something, he made a pretence of arranging the rulers, inkstands, and so forth, while that lady went on with her tea, glancing through the open window down into the street.

"Has it been a busy day, Bitzer?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Not a very busy day my lady. About an average day." He now and then slided into my lady, instead of ma'am, as an involuntary acknowledgment of Mrs. Sparsit's personal dignity and claims to reverence.

"The clerks," said Mrs. Sparsit, carefully brushing an imperceptible crumb of bread and butter from her left-hand mitten, "are trustworthy, punctual and industrious, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am, pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception."

He held the respectable office of general spy and informer in the establishment, for which volunteer service he received a present at Christmas, over and above his weekly wage. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man, who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. All his proceedings were the result of the nicest and coldest calculation; and it was not without cause that Mrs. Sparsit habitually observed of him, that he was a young man of the steadiest principle she had ever known. Having satisfied himself, on his father's death, that his mother had a right of settlement in Coketown, this excellent young economist had asserted that right for her with such a steadfast adherence to the principle of the case, that she had been shut up in the workhouse ever since. It must be admitted that he allowed her half a pound of tea a year, which was weak in him: first, because all gifts have an inevitable tendency to pauperise the recipient, and secondly, because his only reasonable transaction in that commodity would have been to buy it for as little as he could possibly give, and sell it for as much as he could possibly get; it having been clearly ascertained by philosophers that in this is comprised the whole duty of man—not a part of man's duty, but the whole.

"Pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception, ma'am," repeated Bitzer.

"Ah—h!" said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head over her tea-cup, and taking a long gulp.

"Mr. Thomas, ma'am, I doubt Mr. Thomas very much, ma'am, I don't like his ways at all."

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit, in a very impressive manner, "do you recollect my having said anything to you respecting names?"

"I beg your pardon ma'am. It's quite true that you did object to names being used, and they're always best avoided."

"Please to remember that I have a charge here," said Mrs. Sparsit, with her air of state. "I hold a trust here, Bitzer, under Mr. Bounderby. However improbable both Mr. Bounderby and myself might have deemed it years ago, that he would ever become my patron, making me an annual compliment, I cannot but regard him in that light. From Mr. Bounderby I have received every acknowledgment of my social station, and every recognition of my family descent, that I could possibly expect. More, far more. Therefore, to my patron I will be scrupulously true. And I do not consider, I will not consider, I cannot consider," said Mrs. Sparsit, with a most extensive stock on hand of honor and morality, "that I *should* be scrupulously true, if I allowed names to be mentioned under this roof, that are unfortunately—most unfortunately—no doubt of that—connected with his."

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, and again begged pardon.

"No, Bitzer," continued Mrs. Sparsit, "say an individual, and I will hear you; say Mr. Thomas, and you must excuse me."

"With the usual exception, ma'am," said Bitzer, trying back, "of an individual."

"Ah—h!" Mrs. Sparsit repeated the ejaculation, the shake of the head over her tea-cup, and the long gulp, as taking up the conversation again at the point where it had been interrupted.

"An individual, ma'am," said Bitzer, "has never been what he ought to have been, since he first came into the place. He is a dissipated, extravagant idler. He is not worth his salt, ma'am. He wouldn't get it either, if he hadn't a friend and relation at court, ma'am!"

"Ah—h!" said Mrs. Sparsit, with another melancholy shake of her head.

"I only hope, ma'am," pursued Bitzer, "that his friend and relation may not supply him with the means of carrying on. Otherwise, ma'am, we know out of whose pocket *that* money comes."

"Ah—h!" sighed Mrs. Sparsit again, with another melancholy shake of her head.

"He is to be pitied, ma'am. The last party I have alluded to, is to be pitied, ma'am," said Bitzer.

"Yes, Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit. "I have always pitied the delusion, always."

"As to an individual, ma'am," said Bitzer, dropping his voice and drawing nearer, "he is as improvident as any of the people in this town. And you know what *their* improvidence is, ma'am. No one could wish to know it better than a lady of your eminence does."

"They would do well," returned Mrs. Sparsit "to take example by you, Bitzer."

"Thank you, ma'am. But, since you do refer to me, now look at me, ma'am. I have

put by a little, ma'am, already. That gratuity which I receive at Christmas, ma'am: I never touch it. I don't even go the length of my wages, though they're not high, ma'am. Why can't they do as I have done, ma'am? What one person can do, another can do."

This, again, was among the fictions of Coketown. Any capitalist there, who had made sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, always professed to wonder why the sixty thousand nearest Hands didn't each make sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, and more or less reproached them every one for not accomplishing the little feat. What I did, you can do. Why don't you go and do it?

"As to their wanting recreations, ma'am," said Bitzer, "it's stuff and nonsense. *I* don't want recreations. I never did, and I never shall; I don't like 'em. As to their combining together; there are many of them, I have no doubt, that by watching and informing upon one another could earn a trifle now and then, whether in money or good will, and improve their livelihood. Then, why don't they improve it, ma'am? It's the first consideration of a rational creature, and it's what they pretend to want."

"Pretend, indeed!" said Mrs. Sparsit.

"I am sure we are constantly hearing, ma'am, till it becomes quite nauseous, concerning their wives and families," said Bitzer. "Why look at me, ma'am! I don't want a wife and family. Why should they?"

"Because they are improvident," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, "that's where it is. If they were more provident, and less perverse, ma'am, what would they do? They would say, 'While my hat covers my family,' or, 'while my bonnet covers my family'—as the case might be ma'am—'I have only one to feed, and that's the person I most like to feed.'"

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Sparsit, eating muffin.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bitzer, knuckling his forehead again, in return for the favour of Mrs. Sparsit's improving conversation. "Would you wish a little more hot water, ma'am, or is there anything else that I could fetch you?"

"Nothing just now, Bitzer."

"Thank you, ma'am. I shouldn't wish to disturb you at your meals, ma'am, particularly tea, knowing your partiality for it," said Bitzer, craning a little to look over into the street from where he stood; "but there's a gentleman been looking up here for a minute or so, ma'am, and he has come across as if he was going to knock. That is his knock, ma'am, no doubt."

He stepped to the window; and looking out, and drawing in his head again, confirmed himself with, "Yes, ma'am. Would you wish the gentleman to be shown in, ma'am?"

"I don't know who it can be," said Mrs. Sparsit, wiping her mouth and arranging her mittens.

"A stranger, ma'am, evidently."

"What a stranger can want at the Bank at this time of the evening, unless he comes upon some business for which he is too late, I don't know," said Mrs. Sparsit; "but I hold a charge in this establishment from Mr. Bounderby, and I will never shrink from it. If to see him is any part of the duty I have accepted, I will see him. Use your own discretion, Bitzer."

Here the visitor, all unconscious of Mrs. Sparsit's magnanimous words, repeated his knock, so loudly that the light porter hastened down to open the door; while Mrs. Sparsit took the precaution of concealing her little table, with all its appliances upon it, in a cupboard, and then decamped up stairs that she might appear, if needful, with the greater dignity.

"If you please, ma'am, the gentleman would wish to see you," said Bitzer, with his light eye at Mrs. Sparsit's keyhole. So, Mrs. Sparsit, who had improved the interval by touching up her cap, took her classical features down stairs again, and entered the board room in the manner of a Roman matron going outside the city walls to treat with an invading general.

The visitor having strolled to the window, and being then engaged in looking carelessly out, was as unmoved by this impressive entry as man could possibly be. He stood whistling to himself with all imaginable coolness, with his hat still on, and a certain air of exhaustion upon him, in part arising from excessive summer, and in part from excessive gentility. For, it was to be seen with half an eye that he was a thorough gentleman, made to the model of the time; weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer.

"I believe, sir," quoth Mrs. Sparsit, "you wished to see me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, turning and removing his hat; "pray excuse me."

"Humph!" thought Mrs. Sparsit, as she made a stately bend. "Five and thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, good breeding, well dressed, dark hair, bold eyes." All which Mrs. Sparsit observed in her womanly way—like the Sultan who put his head in the pail of water—merely in dipping down and coming up again.

"Please to be seated, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Thank you. Allow me." He placed a chair for her, but remained himself carelessly lounging against the table. "I left my servant at the railway looking after the luggage—very heavy train and vast quantity of it in the van—and strolled on, looking about me. Exceedingly odd place. Will you allow me to ask you if it's always as black as this?"

"In general much blacker," returned Mrs. Sparsit, in her uncompromising way.

"Is it possible! Excuse me: you are not a native I think?"

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "It was once my good or ill fortune, as it may be—before I became a widow—to move in a very different sphere. My husband was a Powler."

"Beg your pardon, really!" said the stranger. "Was—?"

Mrs. Sparsit repeated "A Powler." "Powler Family," said the stranger, after reflecting a few moments. Mrs. Sparsit signified assent. The stranger seemed a little more fatigued than before.

"You must be very much bored here?" was the inference he drew from the communication.

"I am the servant of circumstances, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I have long adapted myself to the governing power of my life."

"Very philosophical, "returned the stranger, "and very exemplary and laudable, and—" It seemed to be scarcely worth his while to finish the sentence, so he played with his watch-chain wearily.

"May I be permitted to ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "to what I am indebted for the favour of—"

"Assuredly," said the stranger. "Much obliged to you for reminding me. I am the bearer of a letter of introduction to Mr. Bounderby the banker. Walking through this extraordinarily black town, while they were getting dinner ready at the hotel, I asked a fellow whom I met; one of the working people; who appeared to have been taking a shower-bath of something fluffy, which I assume to be the raw material;—"

Mrs. Sparsit inclined her head.

"—Raw material—where Mr. Bounderby the banker, might reside. Upon which, misled no doubt by the word Banker, he directed me to the Bank. Fact being, I presume, that Mr. Bounderby the Banker, does *not* reside in the edifice in which I have the honour of offering this explanation?"

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "he does not."

"Thank you. I had no intention of delivering my letter at the present moment, nor have I. But, strolling on to the Bank to kill time, and having the good fortune to observe at the window," towards which he languidly waved his hand, then slightly bowed, "a lady of a very superior and agreeable appearance, I considered that I could not do better than take the liberty of asking that lady where Mr. Bounderby the Banker, *does* live. Which I accordingly venture, with all suitable apologies, to do."

The inattention and indolence of his manner were sufficiently relieved, to Mrs. Sparsit's thinking, by a certain gallantry at ease, which offered her homage too. Here he was, for instance, at this moment, all but sitting on the table, and yet lazily bending over her, as if he acknowledged an attraction in her that made her charming—in her way.

"Banks, I know, are always suspicious, and officially must be," said the stranger, whose lightness and smoothness of speech were pleasant likewise; suggesting matter far more sensible and humorous than it ever contained—which was perhaps a shrewd device of the founder of this numerous sect, whosoever may have been that great man; "therefore I may observe that my letter—here it is—is from the member for this place—Gradgrind—whom I have had the pleasure of knowing in London."

Mrs. Sparsit recognised the hand, intimated that such confirmation was quite unnecessary, and gave Mr. Bounderby's address, with all needful clues and directions in aid.

"Thousand thanks," said the stranger. "Of course you know the Banker well?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit. "In my dependent relation towards him, I have known him ten years."

"Quite an eternity! I think he married Gradgrind's daughter?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sparsit, suddenly compressing her mouth. "He had that—honour."

"The lady is quite a philosopher, I am told?"

"Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "*Is* she?"

"Excuse my impertinent curiosity," pursued the stranger, fluttering over Mrs. Sparsit's eyebrows, with a propitiatory air, "but you know the family, and know the world. I am about to know the family, and may have much to do with them. Is the lady so very alarming? Her father gives her such a portentously hard-headed reputation, that I have a burning desire to know. Is she absolutely unapproachable? Repellently and stunningly clever? I see, by your meaning smile, you think not. You have poured balm into my anxious soul. As to age, now. Forty? Five and thirty?"

Mrs. Sparsit laughed outright. "A chit," said she. "Not twenty when she was married."

"I give you my honor, Mrs. Powler," returned the stranger, detaching himself from the table, "that I never was so astonished in my life!"

It really did seem to impress him, to the utmost extent of his capacity of being impressed. He looked at his informant for full a quarter of a minute, and appeared to have the surprise in his mind at the time. "I assure you, Mrs. Powler," he then said, much exhausted, "that the father's manner prepared me for a grim and stony maturity. I am obliged to you, of all things, for correcting so absurd a mistake. Pray excuse my intrusion. Many thanks. Good day!"

He bowed himself out; and Mrs. Sparsit, hiding in the window-curtain, saw him languishing down the street on the shady side of the way, observed of all the town.

"What do you think of the gentleman, Bitzer?" she asked the light porter, when he came to take away.

"Spends a deal of money on his dress, ma'am."

"It must be admitted," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that it's very tasteful."

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, "if that's worth the money."

"Besides which, ma'am," resumed Bitzer, while he was polishing the table, "he looks to me as if he gamed."

"It's immoral to game," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"It's ridiculous, ma'am," said Bitzer, "because the chances are against the players."

Whether it was that the heat prevented Mrs. Sparsit from working, or whether it was that her hand was out, she did no work that night. She sat at the window, when the sun began to sink behind the smoke; she sat there, when the smoke was burning red, when the color faded from it, when darkness seemed to rise slowly out of the ground, and creep upward, upward, up to the house-tops, up the church steeple, up to the summits of the factory chimneys, up to the sky. Without a candle in the room, Mrs. Sparsit sat at the window, with her hands before her, not thinking much of the sounds of evening: the whooping of boys, the barking of dogs, the rumbling of wheels, the steps and voices of passengers, the shrill street cries, the clogs upon the pavement when it was their hour for going by, the shutting-up of shop-shutters. Not until the light porter announced that her nocturnal sweetbread was ready, did Mrs. Sparsit arouse herself from her reverie, and convey her dense black eyebrows—by that time creased with meditation, as if they needed ironing out—up stairs.

"O, you Fool!" said Mrs. Sparsit, when she was alone at her supper. Whom she meant, she did not say; but she could scarcely have meant the sweetbread.

JOHN DUNTON WAS A CITIZEN.

Many thanks to our modern literary antiquaries for the curious diaries and amusing collections of old letters, which afford us such pleasant glimpses of social life in long past times. Many thanks, too, to the worthy inditers of these long-forgotten relics—good, quiet souls, many of them—who little thought when they were simply jotting down some passing occurrence for their own exclusive use, or detailing to some loving kinsman a piece of family news, or the gossip of the neighbourhood, that after generations had passed away, they would appear in print, and be quoted and reviewed. Thanks, also, to those egotistical writers, numerous in every age, though mostly enjoying but an ephemeral reputation, who, scorning private diary and confidential correspondence, claimed the public for their friend, and sent forth the story of their unsuccessful struggles, their misfortunes—always, according to them, unmerited—their wrongs and their grievances, in small pica, and bound in strong sheep or calf.

Next to old newspapers we have found no species of composition more suggestive, and more illustrative than these homely prosing books, where in the midst of dull details, of which the public whom the writer addressed, cared but little, and we, its great-great-grandchildren, of course, still less, some sketch of the public characters of the day, some vivid notice of some recent public event, some picture of times passed away for ever, may be found, and found nowhere else. Among this class of publications is one volume, which attracted some notice on its appearance, almost a hundred and fifty years ago, and which, among collectors of old books, is not wholly forgotten, but which few of our readers have perhaps ever heard of. It is the autobiography of a London bookseller, one John Dunton:

John Dunton was a citizen
Of credit and renown,

who dealt with left-legged Tonson, and with Thomas Guy when he kept shop in Lombard Street; who employed Elkanah Settle to do his poetry; and the author of the Turkish Spy his prose; who published many a volume during the feverish times of James the Second, and the prosperous years succeeding the Revolution—John Dunton, of the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry Compter, who, in seventeen hundred and five, turned writer himself, and gave the world the history of his life and errors: and more amusing still, pen-and-ink portraits of the various bookmakers and booksellers, with whom he had been associated.

Determined to begin at the beginning, and with sufficient minuteness too, John tells us that he was born in sixteen hundred and fifty-nine, was very weakly, and so small, that he was placed in a quart pot, which contained him very easily; a process this, not very well adapted, as we think, to promote the health of a sickly new-born infant. From this, his first ordeal, he seems to have escaped scathless; so, after being duly swathed and rocked, and spoon-fed, according to the manner of dealing with babies of his day, and then put into the go-cart, he was in process of time set to his hornbook—which he hated, while he set himself to mischief—which he much preferred. This preference was very trying to his father, a country clergymen who hoped that his eldest son might follow his calling—the mother had died before he was a year old—so he was sent to a neighbouring school. But primer, and Latin grammar were as distasteful to the boy as his hornbook; and the father was reluctantly compelled to give up the cherished hope of seeing his son in the Church, and to seek out some secular calling. From the notices Dunton gives us of his father, he seems to have been an

excellent man, and what was rare, indeed, at this period of bitter religious strife, of singularly liberal opinions. This is proved by his sending his son to be apprenticed, not to any of the high Church booksellers—although those were the days of the Five-mile and Conventicle Acts—but "to the most eminent presbyterian bookseller in the three kingdoms," Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, in Cheapside, near Mercers' Chapel.

It was in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-three that John Dunton made his début in our city; and it is curious to remember how few of the famed sights of London could then have met his view. London was but newly rising from the ashes of her great fire, the Royal Exchange was not, Old St. Paul's was not, but only wide, deep foundations, where the masterpiece of Wren was years afterwards to rise; all the city gates had vanished, almost all the beautiful London churches—even Bow bells—could no longer fling their encouraging chime upon the eager ear of the London apprentice; how strange and sad must the city have looked to the young stranger; but how much sadder to the aged man, the born and bred London citizen! Building was, however, rapidly going on. One of the most ostentatious rows of tall red-brick houses in the new-built city—still remaining on the north side of Cheapside, and belonging to the Mercers' Company—were already finished; and here Mr. Parkhurst had opened his shop, and here was John Dunton to spend the seven years of his apprenticeship. It is pleasant to find John, more than thirty years afterwards, speaking of his Honoured Master in terms so respectful and affectionate. "He was scrupulously honest in all things, a good master, and very kind to all his relations. Indeed, I was most kindly received by him, and I cannot but say that if ever an apprenticeship was easy and agreeable, it was that which I served."

Time passed on; the worthy bookseller well satisfied with his apprentice, who tells us that from disliking his book, he even began to be very fond of reading, when, alas! a Miss Susanna S——, came on a visit to the Bible and Three Crowns. That she was beautiful, at least to the eyes of the young 'prentice, there is no doubt, and perhaps she looked kindly on him. However, a rougish fellow apprentice brought a mysterious note, pretending it came from the young lady; John Dunton, overjoyed, forthwith set about inditing his first billet-doux, wherein full of gratitude for her notice, he prayed her to meet him the following evening in Grocers' Hall garden. The reader may here be told in parenthesis, that the pleasant gardens belonging to the City companies, were then, and at a much later period, the scenes of many a city courtship. We have heard the story how one of our grandmothers, a fair young maiden in black velvet hat and blush-rose ribbons, stood, shepherdess-like, under the trees in Drapers' Garden, contemplating the Cupid and swan, which we believe still grace the fountain there; and how a studious young man, ordered to walk for his health, unhappily one springtide evening wandered thither, and received an incurable wound from the black velvet hat, and blushing rose ribbons, or rather from the soft blue eyes beneath. And how he pined and was thought to be in a decline, until a kind lady worth ten doctors (and so like one of the discreet old ladies in the Arabian Nights, that we should respect her for that, if for nothing else), recommended him to resume his walks in Drapers' Garden, and seek the remedy from the same source that had given the wound. Often did the old people discourse pleasantly on this love passage of their youth, and always did they enjoy a walk in Drapers' Garden.

Not so fortunate was our young apprentice. The young lady came to Grocers' Garden, "but so soon as I revealed the occasion, she told me she was ignorant of it." The "'prentice bold" as the ice had been broken, seems to have thought it a pity so good an opportunity of "keeping company" should be lost, so he began to pay the young lady due attention, and sport was becoming earnest, when, "my master making a timely discovery," sent Miss Susanna back into the country.

Next year John Dunton went to see his worthy father, then on his death-bed, and on his return seems to have settled again soberly to business. On one point only, does there seem to have been any difference between master and apprentice: this was a fancy Dunton had of late taken to attend Mr. Doolittle's meeting, then held in Barber Surgeons' Hall, Monkwell Street. Now, this Nonconformist minister was a most worthy man, and highly respected, but according to the strict arrangements of well-ordered families in the seventeenth century all who ate their Sunday pudding and roast meat together, were expected also to attend public worship together; so "Mr. Parkhurst told me that I broke the order and harmony of his family." A severe punishment was in store for the wayward apprentice. "One Sunday," when doubtless instead of busily setting down the heads and particulars of the good man's sermon in his little table-book, his eyes were wandering about, "the beautiful Rachael Seaton gave me a fatal wound."

Again did the young apprentice set about inditing love letters, and there were stolen visits, and "much time stolen too from my master's business, at Mr. Dawson's dancing-school." It is provoking to find him breaking off here with the apology, that to relate "all these extravagancies would be almost to commit the same error over again." He

abruptly adds, that he gave up love making, and was now hurried on to another extreme —politics.

The aspect of affairs in one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine was certainly threatening. The King's continued unwillingness to call the parliament together, and the influence of the Duke of York over him, excited the just indignation of the people, who felt that they had already borne too much. Petitions, therefore, were got up by the Whig party, praying that parliament might be assembled; and counter-petitions were got up by the "Tories and Tantivies," expressing their "abhorrence" of all such petitioners. In London, the head-quarters of the Whigs, there was great ferment, and

Up arose the 'prentices all,
Living in London both proper and tall,

to vindicate the rights of free Englishmen to a free parliament.

The apprentices of the chief Presbyterian bookseller could not be inactive on such an occasion, so Joshua Evans, and John Dunton were among the first, and were soon joined by three hundred, and had frequent meetings at Russel's house in Ironmonger Lane; a tavern honoured by Sir Roger l'Estrange, on account of the opinions of its frequenters, with some of his choicest Billingsgate. Here the valorous apprentices met; doubtless toasting The Good Cause, as their fathers had done during a more successful contest, and probably wearing the green ribbon, the badge of the Petitioners in their caps, just as the Abhorrers mounted the scarlet ribbon—the blue and the orange being as yet unknown. With no little glee John tells us how badly the counter-petition of the Tory apprentices succeeded, and how thousands of signatures were subscribed to theirs. It appears that this petition was in the form of a remonstrance to be addressed to the Lord Mayor. So, on the appointed day, a deputation of twenty—John among the foremost—went, being introduced by that worthy man, so celebrated for his lifelong benevolence, Mr. Firmin. The young patriots were courteously received by the Lord Mayor—Sir Patience Ward—who promised he would acquaint the King with its contents, and then dismissed them with a recommendation to behave themselves as became London apprentices.

Dunton's term of servitude was now near its close, and the next notice we find, is the customary feast which he provided for his friends at its expiration, to celebrate its funeral; such entertainments, he remarks, "are vanity and very expensive," and we find that one hundred apprentices were invited!

John Dunton, now free of his master and of the City, and of the worshipful Stationers' Company, determined to set up for himself at once—a practice very general in all trades at this time. But the young London trader was expected to be thrifty: so John did not begin with a dashing shop, but took "half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber, which I had of honest Mr. John Brown, whose extra civility to me I have not yet forgotten;" and he adds, "the world and business now set me perfectly at ease from all inclination to love and courtship." Printing, he tells us, was "uppermost in my thoughts, and, therefore, authors began to ply me with specimens, as earnestly and with as much passion and concern, as the waterman do passengers with oars and scullers." Having had some acquaintance with this class during his apprenticeship, John kept them all at a distance, knowing them, as he says, to be inveterate paste and scissors hacks, and most inveterate liars, too; for, "they will pretend to have studied six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, and to have turned over all the fathers, though you shall find that they can scarce tell whether they flourished before the Christian era or afterwards." So the first publication of our young tradesman was no trashy work, but a pious book, written by worthy Mr. Doolittle, "and it fully answered its end, for, by exchanging it through the whole trade, it furnished my shop with all sorts of books saleable at that time, and, moreover, brought me acquainted with the ingenious gentlemen who were then students under Mr. Doolittle's care." These belonged to the academy at Islington, where it still being the period of the Indulgence, this learned Nonconformist was permitted to teach young gentlemen to construe Greek, without having, as heretofore, the fear of bonds and imprisonment before his eyes. Among other books, Dunton also printed a sermon, preached by a country clergyman on the occasion of the "Ignoramus Jury" acquitting Lord Shaftesbury. This is worthy of notice, if only to show the extravagance of party-feeling, since the title of the sermon was, Daniel in the Den; or the Lord President's Imprisonment and miraculous Deliverance.

If in the year one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine public affairs were gloomy, they were far more gloomy in one thousand six hundred and eighty-one—two, when the King dissolved the Parliament, and the laws against the Nonconformists were put in force more severely than ever. But John Dunton, who seems to have been, to use Cuddie Headrigg's phrase, but a coward body after a', kept respectfully aloof from politics. It was a dangerous time for booksellers and printers, many of whom were fined: among them two of his acquaintance, Janway, the chief opponent of Sir Roger l'Estrange, and Benjamin Harris, a bookseller in Gracechurch-street, who were set in the pillory besides, for pretended libels. When Harris was pilloried, Dunton tells us, that his noble-hearted wife stood by him, to defend her husband from the mob, and doubtless she

proved an effectual shield. They then fled to that

Land of exiled liberty,

New England, where they dwelt and prospered. It is pleasant to find that, on the return of better times, they returned to England, took the old shop in Gracechurch-street, and, in the words of the old story-books, lived happy ever after.

Such testifyings did not suit John Dunton; he seems to have gone prosperously on; and, as he was now a well-to-do young tradesman, "my friends began to persecute me about matrimony. Old Mrs. Seaton" (we suppose the fair Rachael was disposed of), "first sets upon me, and recommends one Sarah Day of Ratcliffe; she was pretty, well-bred, her fortune was considerable, and she was the best-natured creature in the world." Here were attractions enough; but another kind friend, who seems to have had a sharp eye to the shop, suggested, "there is Sarah Doolittle, a better wife for you by ten degrees, and then you will have her father's copyrights for nothing." This bribe of the father's copyrights is, we think, unrivalled in the annals of wife-hunting. While John was deliberating between the two Sarahs, we are happy to find that Sam Crook won Sarah Doolittle—caring probably more for the lady than her father's manuscripts. Another proposal was made of a third Sarah, one Miss Briscoe of Uxbridge, who was both handsome and rich; but while John was deliberating he strolled into Dr. Annesley's meeting in St. Helen's one Sunday morning, and there he soon singled out a young lady, that almost "charmed me dead."

He forthwith made inquiries about this charmer, when he found that she was one of the preacher's daughters, but pre-engaged. A very matter-of-fact friend, however, who seems to have thought that if one would not do another might, recommended him to look out a lady-love from among the doctor's other daughter's,—he had almost a round dozen—and this hint John acted upon, and in Miss Elizabeth, an elder sister, he found one who, he tells us made a deeper impression upon him than any before.

Hitherto, our young bookseller seems to have been only playing at courtship, but now it was a matter of sober earnest, so with "Mr. Isaac Brindly and Mr. Marryat to second my proposal, I went to the doctor's." Theold gentleman received the offer courteously, and after having sent to Mr. Parkhurst, who spoke well of his late apprentice, "gave full consent, if I could prevail with her." The fair lady did not prove unkind; so they began to correspond in lover-like style: not as plain John and Elizabeth, but as Philaret and Iris! How widely the taste for high-flown language and exaggerated notions, doubtless borrowed from the French romances, must have spread, we may imagine, when we find a London bookseller, and the daughter of a Nonconformist minister, christening themselves by such fanciful names, and calling their friends Arsinda, Lindamira, and Philomela! Philaret writing to his "fair conqueror" at Tunbridge Wells, tells her that "her absence is intolerable!" To which Iris replies that "all courtships must have a little knight-erranty in them, otherwise the lover is reckoned to be somewhat dull." Who shall say that the age of chivalry was over then.

With great glee John Dunton took a large shop at the corner of Princes-street, and its sign was the Black Raven; and from thence, on August the third, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, he proceeded to Allhallows-on-the-Wall, being well attended thither, to be married. He tells us his father-in-law, on their return, preached a sermon on the occasion, which was succeeded by a handsome dinner, at which there was a large party. "As soon as dinner was ended, an ingenious gentleman called myself and bride out from the company, and presented an epithalamium." This is duly printed, and as it is all about Golden Hymen, and little Cupids, and sister Graces, we doubt not was very acceptable to Iris and Philaret. Dunton describes the wedding-ring as having two hearts united upon it, and the posy was,

God saw thee
Most fit for me.

A distich worthy of Settle himself. Pen-and-ink portraits of the bride and bridegroom followed, the lady's written by a female friend, and his by her sister. We are told that Iris "is tall, with light chesnut hair, dark eyes, little mouth, white hands, and complexion, very fair;" while Philaret "has eyes black and full of spirit, and countenance rendered amiable by a cheerful and sprightly air." This pen portrait would appear to be rather flattering; for his real portrait, prefixed to the book, represents him as a heavy-looking man.

"Being established now, my dear Iris became bookseller, cash-keeper, managed all my affairs for me, and left me to my own rambling humour." This was, unfortunately, the worst thing that could befal so unsteady a tradesman as Philaret; he seems to have attended but little to his business, and it probably (for he has not expressly told us), partly failed, since "on the defeat of Monmouth, having at that time five hundred pounds owing me in New England, I thought I would go there."

Perhaps John had become involved, as many other London tradesmen had, in that ill-starred rising, and found it prudent to go away for a time. His father-in-law, who had lately been prosecuted, approved of his going, and "dear Iris" willingly, though sorrowfully acquiesced; at Gravesend he met a brother

bookseller, "whose circumstances being somewhat perplexing, was making his way to Holland," and he himself embarked for Boston with thirty passengers flying for safety from the rout of Sedgemoor. While they were still detained in the Downs, a terrible storm came on, and he remarks that it was on that very day "when the innocent Cornish, and the compassionate Mrs. Gaunt fell sacrifices to popish cruelty." We were four months at sea, and the captain being a rough, covetous tarpaulin, with a smattering of divinity," half starved the passengers: also inflicted insufferably long expositions of Scripture upon them, which highly offended the poor Sedgemoor fugitives. It was a happy day for them all when they landed at Boston.

John Dunton's picture of Boston, the Boston only some twenty years later of Hester Prynne, is very graphic; and we are vividly reminded of Hawthorne's powerful story when we find him detailing how a woman, convicted of intrigue with an Indian, was condemned to wear upon her right arm the figure of an Indian, and in red cloth. His accounts of the visits he paid, and the marvels he saw, are very amusing. He visited the venerable Elliott, and his company of civilized red men, and saw the king and queen; the former, he says, had a sort of a horse face; but the lady had eyes black as jet, and teeth white as ivory. There was somewhat of the sharp Yankee spirit of trade extant, even at that early day; for he remarks that "he who trades with the people of Boston, should be furnished with a Grecian faith, as he may get promises enough, but their payments come late." The venture of books, however, which he took over, answered well, and after a pleasant sojourn of some months, he returned safely to England.

During this time, his business seems to have been carried on by his excellent wife, whose letters prove her to have been a woman of no common attainments, Philaret Iris notwithstanding. The following summer Dunton went to Holland, and at the close of that year, trusting better times were at hand, he returned, determined now in good earnest to stick to his shop. "My humour of rambling," he says, "was now pretty nigh over," so he took a new shop, opposite the Poultry Compter, again set up the sign of the Black Raven, and opened it on the same day that the Prince of Orange came to London.

The next nine years of his life passed pleasantly and prosperously. He became an extensive publisher, and the accounts he gives, both of the writers he employed, and the booksellers whom he knew, are very curious and entertaining. The literary profession was as low as it well could be, and it is singular to find how many hack writers were in orders. The Nonconformist ministers, however, wrote largely, and their works were sure of an extensive sale. John remarks how anxious the trade was to obtain any works of Baxter, Bates, or Howe, and there were plenty of hacks who, for a trifling consideration were ready to manufacture to order, works that had never been written by the author whose name was displayed on the title-page. This practice, as may well be supposed, was scouted by respectable publishers. Among John Dunton's writers, we find some well-known names: Defoe, whom he characterises as "of very good parts, and of very clear sense, but he writes too much;" Elkanah Settle, who "has got himself the report of being a good poet;" then there is Mr. Pitts, "a mere angel of a man," who was, in part, author of a work of a very unangelic character, The Bloody Assize; but which he was well qualified to write, having been a surgeon in Monmouth's unfortunate army, and thus a witness of Jefferies' appalling butcheries. Of this work more than six thousand were sold. Another writer, now forgotten, was, a Mr. Barlow, rector of Chalgrove, "a man in some sense, of very great worth; but he has got a *strange habit* (scarcely so strange to us, we must add, as to John) of borrowing money, and deferring the payment thereof;" there is, also, Mr. Phillips, "who will write a design off in a very little time, if the gout or claret do not stop him." But "the best accomplished hackney author I ever met with, was Mr. Bradshaw; his genius was quite above the common size, and his style was incomparably fine." This fine genius unhappily had an unaccountable habit of receiving money in advance, and then walking off, no one knew whither; as "you could present to him no design, but he would go through with it." Dunton "fixed him down to one, and furnished him both with money and books; but my gentleman thought fit to remove himself, nor could I find him, till one day I met his wife, who told me he was engaged on the Turkish Spy, at forty shillings a sheet, twenty shillings for himself as he sent them, and twenty shillings to pay off old arrears.

John tells us that during these nine years he printed more than six hundred works; when we bear in mind that there were several London booksellers in more extensive trade than he, we can scarcely accuse that age of the general illiteracy which is commonly charged on it. Many of John's publications were certainly but of ephemeral value, but there were some, both religious and historical, that took a high place. His great venture, however, he tells us, was the Athenian Mercury, a weekly paper devoted to all kinds of discussion, but chiefly to literature. This met with great success, being highly commended by many writers; the Pindaric lady Philomela, now known as Mrs. Rowe, writing a poem in it, and "Mr. Swift, a country gentleman, sent me an ode." Swift was, at that time, all unknown to fame, a resident at Moor Park, as the humble protégé of Sir William Temple. This periodical flourished for six years, ending in

February, sixteen hundred and ninety-six, in consequence, Dunton tells us, of the great increase of similar ventures. The complete series formed twenty volumes, folio, and perhaps among so great a mass of writings, some papers not altogether deserving of oblivion may be found.

It may be well here to give the reader a few of Dunton's pen-and-ink sketches of his brothers in trade. Chief among the London booksellers at this time was Richard Chiswell, of the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard, "who well deserves the title of metropolitan bookseller of England, for his name at the bottom of a title-page doth sufficiently recommend the book: for he has not been known to print either a bad book, or on bad paper; moreover, he knows how to value a copy according to its worth." Then there is "Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, mine honoured master," whose excellent character has already been given, and "he has met with very strange success, for I have known him sell off the whole impression before the book has been almost heard of in London." Next, there is that London celebrity, Thomas Guy, the founder of the two Borough hospitals. "He entertains a sincere respect for English liberty, is a man of strong reason, and very charitable." John does not tell us, as doubtless it was well known, that the foundation of Guy's enormous wealth was laid by the printing of Bibles which, at this period, were very largely imported from Holland, but which were mostly found to be extremely incorrect. His first shop was in Stocks Market, the present site of the Mansion House; and while there, and after he removed to his larger shop in Lombard Street, being single and very saving, he was accustomed to have his frugal dinner fetched from a neighbouring cook's-shop, and to make his counter his dinner-table, with an old newspaper for a tablecloth. The habits of Mr. Richard Parker, "whose body is in good condition and plump," we imagine to have been different. He, too, "is fortunate in all he prints, and much beloved by the merchants," so, doubtless, he ate his roast beef off a damask tablecloth, with his bottle of Madeira —wines were unexcised in those palmy days— and the tall long-stemmed glass by his side. Jacob Tonson, of "the two left legs," receives a very high character: "to do him justice he speaks his mind on all occasions, and flatters nobody." Dryden and Pope would both concur in the truth of this, although we doubt if they would make it the subject of compliment. Then there is Mr. Kettleby, with his sign of the Bishop's Head; "and indeed he is pretty warmly disposed that way"—in plain terms rather a dangerous Jacobite; and there are also Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Ballard, both of Little Britain. Mr. Walton deserves a passing notice, as "a very courteous man, although his trade lies much among the lawyers"! There are two or three lady booksellers; one of them an unmarried lady, Mrs. Lucy Soule, "who is both a printer and a bookseller—being a good compositor herself. She hath refused many offers because that her aged mother might have the chief command in her house."

John Dunton gives us many more sketches of booksellers. "A Mr. More, with whom I travelled to Brentford;" how suggestive of bad roads and slow travelling! "there was no virtue but he possessed it." We might travel in these days—very often have, perhaps— with similar paragons, and not have a chance of finding them out. All the booksellers do not, however, come in for so favourable a character. A Mr. Salusbury is denounced as "a silly, empty, morose fellow, with as much conceit, and as little reason for it, as any man I know. As it appears this gentleman was admired by the ladies, we are perhaps supplied with the true reason for this abuse. But the worst of all was one Mr. Lee, of Lombard Street, who was "a cormorant and a pirate. Copies, books, men, shops—all were one; he held no propriety, good or bad, right or wrong, till at last he became known, and then he marched off to Ireland."

Returning to the Black Raven, John Dunton tells us that the world still smiled upon him. In sixteen hundred and ninety-two, having been left some property by a relation, he was enabled to take up the livery of the Stationers' Company; and soon after, Sir William Ashurst being Lord Mayor, the master and wardens, and a select few of the liverymen, were invited to dine with him. This is noted down as a white day by John, for he was one of the number, and he went with them in procession to Grocers' Hall—did he remember the old love-making in the garden there, as he sat in solemn state in his livery gown as one of the Worshipful Company of Stationers!—and he tells us that the entertainment was sumptuous, and the lord mayor "sent a noble spoon to our wives."

Alas! the days are gone when there was any association between a Lord Mayor, or any lord, and a noble spoon.

Soon after the discontinuance of the Athenian Mercury, John seems to have neglected business; he hints something about "a design," and that to enjoy the leisure necessary for it, he took "an airy apartment" in Bull Head Court, Jewin Street, and there was accustomed to spend his days, instead of behind the broad counter, or beneath the pent-house of the Black Raven. But he well knew there was one, though in delicate health and fast failing strength, who would keep faithful watch there. And so she did as long as health permitted—perhaps longer than she ought; but at length "dear Iris" was confined to her chamber, where patiently, cheerfully, and most unselfishly, she bore many long months of sickness. At length, on the twenty-eighth of May, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven, she breathed her

last. The grief of her husband on this occasion exhibits itself in so much extravagance that we are almost prepared to expect it would not be very lasting. He tells us, however, that he provided mourning for twenty of her relations, had her buried handsomely in Bunhill Fields, and requested Mr. Rogers to preach her funeral sermon at her late father's meeting-house. We have this sermon now before us—not a pamphlet, but a well-bound octavo volume, containing the Character of a good Woman, in a Funeral Discourse, with a long essay for a preface, together with an Epistle dedicatory, to the Ladies who are religious and good-humoured, both in a single and married State—a curious and amusing book it is, almost, we think, unique of its kind. A tombstone with a long inscription in verse, was placed over her grave, and with the narrative of these funeral honours paid to "dear Iris," the work concludes.

Notwithstanding his vows of eternal remembrance of dear Iris, we find that John married again within little more than six months after! The lady possessed some property, and her mother more; but soon after her marriage she left him, and her dislike seems to have been irreconcilable. Dunton now gave up the Black Raven, and went to Dublin with a large consignment of books. On his return, his wife being still unwilling to come back to him, he attacked her mother in a bitter pamphlet, showing up Madam Jane Nicholas, of St. Alban's, for preventing "dear Valeria" from returning to him. An answer was published by the ladies' friends, and in one of dear Valeria's letters she plainly tells him, "I and all good people think you never married me for love, but for my money." We next find him, in seveenteen hundred and five, preparing his Life and Errors for the press, in solitude, being compelled to keep out of the way of creditors; and it must have been sad for him to reflect, how many of his brothers in trade were still gaining a competency, if not a fortune, under their respective signs, while he, by indulging his old wayward and unsettled disposition, was sinking fast into the very ranks he so despised—the ranks of the hack writers, whom he (likely enough) had not done much to reclaim.

And, indeed, only as a pamphlet writer was John Dunton henceforward known. His publications were very numerous, and one on the Hanoverian succession, entitled, Neck or Nothing, is declared by Swift himself to have been among the best ever published. In seventeen hundred and twenty-three, John, then an old man, petitioned the government for a pension, in reward for *forty* pamphlets written in its favour, but the application does not appear to have been successful. The last notice of him, is in Pope's Dunciad, and from this it would seem that he was in poverty. Having survived his second wife, to whom we believe he was never reconciled, John Dunton died in seventeen hundred and thirty-three, at the age of seventy-four.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

A CULPRIT, from the stony prison brought,
Stands at the solemn stern judicial bar;
A thief of many seasons; traced and caught,
The plunder in his gripe. With mouth ajar,
He strives to look untouched by evil thought,
But his eye steals around for friends afar.

"Who owns the boy?" No answer. "Eight years old?"
"His tenth offence, sir." "Well, what has he done?"
"Cut off this watch, these seals." "He's very bold:
Where is his daily living earned, or won?"
"In the streets, both night and day, sir, hot or cold."
"Where are the poor child's parents?" "He has none."

None—none! No parent! Like the cuckoo's young,
Cast on the lap of chance, for life, for bread;
Amongst the starved and sinful roughly flung;
By felons taught; by nightly plunder fed!
Help, angels! who his birth-day carol sung,
Teach him, or take him quickly to the dead.

"Help!" through the regions of the echoing sky,
Through earth, and all its zones and circles, rings.
Ah, learn! When tears are forced from Pity's eye,
To every gentle orb a moisture clings:
When worth for human misery breathes a sigh,
In answering music, know, an angel sings.

BROTHER MIETH AND HIS BROTHERS.

WHY do I look lovingly back on the two years of childhood passed in exile from all friends at home, among one or two hundred boys under the guidance of one or two dozen masters? Why do I believe, as I do firmly, that I learned precious things in that German school which suffered me to forget my little Greek, and to dwindle down from a precocious bolter of Virgil to a bad decliner of rex, regis; which administered its Euclid in homœopathic doses; which taught me to write in mystic characters that had to be unlearnt at home; and in which I cannot remember that I ever did a sum? Why do I believe that I learned more than ever in the same time before or after, till I went as a man into the school of sorrow? For the benefit of teachers, let me try to look at that school from the boy's point of view, and find out what the lessons were by which I profited.

From several English boarding-schools through which I had been shifted with the vain hope of finding, at last, one that was a proper place of education. I went to New Unkrant on the Rhine, a very little boy: experienced in the applications of the fag, familiar with the respective powers of fists, stones, nuts, whipcord in all its combinations, bumping against corners of wall, tommy and cane, and other means of torture. I had learned to be

reckless about blows, to regard a big boy or a schoolmaster as a natural enemy, and to feel proud because there were few others so prompt to defy or insult the teacher, or to bite him while he plied the stick. I was familar with filth and falsehood. I am ashamed to think of all that I, a very young child, had learned, and I wonder at the little incidents belonging to that time, which show how hard a struggle the good spirit that belongs to childhood had maintained, in self-defence, against such miserable influences. But the Seven Champions of Christendom defended me from a great deal of harm. I should have been undone had not the genii and the white cat, whom I nursed secretly, been on my side, and given me good counsel.

Brother Mieth it was who met me on the pier when I first landed at New Unkrant, with my small portmanteau, and there welcomed me in broken English as no teacher had ever welcomed me before.

He took me into a school containing about one hundred and fifty boys. These were associated as close comrades in groups of twenty, formed by herding together those most nearly alike in age. Each herd had its own rooms superintended by two brothers: one brother to take charge of the minds, the other of the bodies, of the children. The whole school dined and supped together in one hall; we all slept together in one mighty dormitory: each in the little bed that he himself had made; and we all met at chapel. In the classes that were changed from hour to hour, we were thrown together in sets formed, of course, not according to our age, but our attainments. Out of doors, again, all were together, often in the common playground, a large garden outside the town. Each, therefore, knew all. Of the play-garden, be it said that there was material provided there for plenty of rough sport, and there were temples in it adorned with tablets to the memory of dead teachers who had been much loved. For incidents recurring almost daily, our imaginations were appealed to, and our hearts were touched.

That was the spirit of the school. Its power was immense. The multitude of boys, living together as a sort of federal republic, was not only maintained in perfect discipline without an act of violence, but very few went away from among us whose minds had not been, to some degree, enriched, enlarged, ennobled. During the two years that I spent there, not a blow was struck, except the few that seasoned our own boyish quarrels. They were few enough.

We were not milksops. We braved peril in many of our sports; we were for true knights, not for recreants; cowardice was abhorred among us; we were chevaliers without fear; but also, more than is usual among communities of boys, without reproach. A spirit of truthfulness, of gentleness, of cordiality between the teachers and the taught, pervaded our whole body; punishments of the most nominal kinds sufficed for the scholastic discipline; insubordination, there was none; secret contempt of authority, there was none. New-comers brought vices with them very often, or began their new school-life in the wrong tune; the good spirit soon infected them; they fell into the right harmony within a week or a month. And what was the secret of the influence exerted over us by these gentle Moravians? They lived before us blameless lives; they had, in themselves, a child-like simplicity of mind and purpose; they were so truthful that they did not seem able to understand deceit; and, as I have said, they won our hearts by suffering the free play of our fancies.

These Moravians are said sometimes to resemble Quakers, and there is not much fancy in a Quaker perhaps. It may be said, for example, that the plan of burial used by the brotherhood is Quaker-like in its simplicity. There is a square churchyard with a broad walk down the middle. The first brother who dies is laid in one corner, and the first sister who dies is laid in the opposite corner; the dead who follow, are set in rows, as beans are set in a field. The rows of brothers multiply on one side of the walk, the rows of sisters on the other, and no difference of rank is shown. There is but a single form for the flat stone that is laid over each grave as a lid. Formality this may be, but it did not seem formality to us. Our hearts were moved at the aspect of a graveyard that was so much like our own dormitory with its rows of beds—a place in which all rested as equals until the time of the awakening. It stirred our fancies more than any fancies could be stirred by the colossal tea-caddies in stone, and the stone tea-urns without spouts, that indicate, in English cemeteries, where the respectable dead bodies have been placed. Concerning them, a child can only wonder why there are only urns and tea-caddies,—why none of the tombs are decorated with a cup and saucer, or a spoon, or sugar-tongues — where the well-executed toast-rack is.

Of this Moravian churchyard, I have more to say, for it was, in truth, part of our school. Not that we learnt any geography lessons among the tombs, but we did certainly learn lessons there. I am about to horrify some nervous parents. We boys used to see corpses and attend funerals.

Gentle Brother Mieth was but a young man. At one time of his life he had been to the Greenland Mission; but, failing health had warned his companions to send him home to his own milder climate: so it chanced, therefore, that he ended his life as a teacher at New Unkrant. He taught, and he was prompt to learn, while holding friendly talk with boys from all parts of the world, assembled in the school. There were a great many of us English—all sad braggers about our

country ; new comers, too, who had not been sobered down, went so far as to invent matter for the glory of old England in general, and of their own homes in particular. I myself had not been long added to the community before I had executed a rude pen and ink sketch of a spacious turreted castle with four corner towers of such height as it would enter only into the mind of Mr. Barry to conceive, and had confidently displayed it to some young German and French friends, even to Brother Mieth and a few teachers, as a sketch from memory of my native halls in Gower-street, London. An English boy who had been my companion at home bore witness to the accuracy of the picture, and obtained from me, as his reward, the decision that his father's park must be about three times larger than the principality of Unkrant. Brother Mieth never doubted us, or never seemed to doubt. When, during a long walk on the allée bordered with apple-trees that led from New Unkrant to Schneiderdingen, I described to Brother Mieth a domestic ceremony that I had lately witnessed at home, taking the whole mass of my very startling details out of a tale in the Romance of Spanish History, the good brother manifested not a trace of doubt. He had seen strange things in Greenland ; and in England things might possibly be stranger. Against this quiet trustfulness, no child's spirit of untruth could maintain itself. I remember only one or two in our whole mass who did not become, under its influence, completely candid and trustworthy.

I seem to have wandered from the subject of the dead bodies that we went to see, and yet have not wandered very far. Brother Mieth disappeared from his desk and joined the men and children, tenanting a portion of our building called the sick-room. What pleasure we all thought it to be sick ! A battered old soldier was the ministering nurse—no woman could be gentler in the office than he was,—and then what tales of battles and the deadly perilous breach he liked to tell ! We did not pity Brother Mieth for being in the sick-room, till the rumour grew among us that some best authority had said that he would die. We began then to pay him visits, and I do not think we were the worse for the short texts he used to show us in his unaffected way. We all kept albums, little boxes of loose coloured leaves, on each of which a friend was to inscribe some syllables in token of his love. We went to Brother Mieth with blank leaves in our hands. It must have been solemn, yet not sad work for him, sitting at his little table in the sick-room, strewn with blank leaflets, pink and blue, and white, and yellow, and crimson, to write upon each one his farewell to a child who loved him, and whom he had loved. O brother Mieth, brother Mieth ! Glad am I that I have my leaflet still.

Our friend died, and they took his body, as they took the body of every brother who died, to a little room in the garden, built against the chapel wall : a place to which we went between the garden flowers, by a trim walk, under trellissed vines. In that building, on certain days, according the custom of the school in such cases, we were permitted (not compelled) to go and be with our friend for the last time. And with what full hearts we passed the threshold of the little room, to find Brother Mieth placidly sleeping in a pretty bed, one of his hands lying on the counterpane with roses in it. We felt no horror at the stillness and whiteness of his face ; our thoughts of Death and Heaven were allied too closely for that.

Then came the funeral. Before we journeyed to the graveyard, all met in the quiet chapel, where there was a short service, and a hymn : sung to stirring music of wind instruments, stringed instruments, and organ. The minister then opened a small paper, and read from it a brief memoir of our friend, through which we heard for the first time what had happened to him, and what work he had found time to do in all the years before his grave was ready. Knowing then, better than ever, whom we followed, all the men of the brotherhood, and all the boys in the school, two by two, with no pomp but the pomp of numbers, followed the bearers of a simple coffin. Arrived at the churchyard we there formed a great square that almost corresponded to the square of its four hedges. Brother Mieth was committed to the earth with blessings, and to this day I can tell by the thrill in my heart how we felt when, immediately afterwards, the trumpets were blown over his grave. Aided by that music, presently our funeral hymn rose from the voices of many men and boys, and spread through the silence of the country round about.

Of course English teachers cannot bury one another for the edification of schoolboys. It is obvious that I am not here recommending any rule of practice for adoption ; I suggest only a principle. I had been used at English schools to strictness of rule with laxity of principle : at New Unkrant we had strictness of principle with laxity of rule. At New Unkrant the discipline was (in consequence) beyond comparison the most real and complete. I had been taught in England to stick by my slate and dictionary, to keep my collar clean on Sunday, and to learn the collect. I was taught at New Unkrant to give free play to all my faculties ; the heart was stirred, the soul was roused, the affections were satisfied, no check was set upon the fancy, and we were abundantly provided with material for voluntary exercise of thought. What if we did learn little algebra and little Greek ! Every one of us was being humanised in the best way, and trained to become a thinker and a student for himself thereafter. Scarcely a boy was there who had not his case of butterflies

and beetles, diligently chased over hill and dale, or the reward of much exploring upon trees, among herbs, and under sunny bits of rock, or in the pools under the mountains. Our fancy worked in all our play. We spent many a summer afternoon in a craggy dell, acting robber tales that we created for ourselves. Half way up a rock, some of us found a little nook approached through thick bushes by an obscure path, which had been used once by a hermit. We made a secret of it, and created it into a robbers' rendezvous; a band of gens d'armes was formed, while others volunteered to play the part of travellers and wander through the wood, which was a very real wood. We had attacks, rescues, searches, captures, and stored up a great body of varied incident, until our career was stopped by the fall of a bold robber down a rock which he had scaled to rescue a companion. The rock was then forbidden, and as it overhung the place of rendezvous the game was spoiled.

It was no great check on the play of our imaginations that the pious Moravians forbade novels and plays as reading, and restricted us to edifying stories about Easter eggs and other holy things. Shakspeare, being a play writer, was taken away from any English boy by whom he was imported, and restored at his departure. We still found, however, many fanciful books, and there was no reason why we should not contribute to each other all we knew concerning Schinderhannes, Eulenspiegel, and such worthies. We were encouraged to tell tales of wonder to each other. I had not been long in the school before I committed what would have been in England the enormous offence of filling a copy-book given to me for school uses, with a story about a green huntsman, who went up a hill through a wood, and heard a mysterious shot, and of what followed. Brother Renchling found the book and took it to his desk. Had he been a British schoolmaster of the same date—woe to my skin! Brother Renchling smoked a pipe over the crude, childish composition, and in the next playtime offered to read to the room Damon's story. Straightway he began to deliver it from the book in German, either much embellished by translation, or to the most complaisant of audiences; and instead of a thrashing, Damon had for doing what was surely a fair self-imposed exercise, the reward of popular applause.

Then James Damon had a Rudolf Pythias in a pale young German, called the Baron, because he always wore a fine black velvet frock. Damon and Pythias were inseparable; their desks were side by side, and they went far ahead or lagged far behind in the school walks, their usual occupation being the exchange of wonderful stories out of memory till memory was exhausted, and then out of recombinations and invention. A stray companion attached himself to us sometimes, and then another, until at last we lost our privacy, and came to be appointed joint story-tellers and poets laureate in the rooms to which we belonged, with a reputation that extended over the rooms next above and below us. We had to produce verses on birth-days and school feasts, and to tell stories to order. A committee would try its skill in setting us the hardest wonder-subjects. In one case, for example, an appointed hero was to escape from a tower with walls three hundred feet above the ground and three hundred feet below it, and without doors and windows; he was to have his clothes stolen from his back in daytime, while he was awake, yet without being aware of the theft; he was to swim through a river without being wet, and to do other such things. To Brother Renchling, who fell in so pleasantly with all these humours, it must have been amusing enough to hear the decisions of the jury that accepted, or refused as possible or impossible, the solutions we worked out for all such problems. A child's notion of the possible and impossible in magic, of what is not fit and proper for the business of the marvel-monger, must furnish stuff for pleasant study to thoughtful man.

Then we had festivals that did us in a few days lexicon loads of good. We always went out in the warm spring weather at Whitsuntide, for a long—perhaps, week long—ramble from hill to hill and town to town: now mounted upon donkeys, now rumbling in country-carts, now floating down the river in flat bottomed boats, but always proudest and best pleased when we were a-foot. How intense was our enjoyment of those walks! We slept where we halted for the night: in barns, in kitchens,—once in an old ruin—commonly on straw—one night only, in a town hotel on feathers, which we hated. It vexed us to have to tell our friends, who had gone out in other directions, that we had been supping in a common hotel, like milksops, and sleeping through one of our nights on feather beds. Some amends were made to us on the succeeding night, when it appeared that a few of our party would be put to sleep in a huge oven. The glorious possibility of being forgotten, and of the housewife's coming in the morning, half-sleepy, to set light to the straw, was a sublime thought to dismiss ourselves to sleep upon. We always preferred the halting places where we got the blackest bread; and we thought a farmhouse on a mountain, where the water was almost as expensive as the wine, incomparably a better hostelry than the Blue Angel, at Wiesbaden. Among towns, we liked best the fortresses in which we had prisons to see, and in which there were men at work with iron balls chained to their legs; next to the fortresses, we liked the towns that had grand churches in them; it delighted us to scramble to the organ-loft and get a grizzly and good-natured organist to play for us, and let us sound with our own finger the vox

humana, most beloved of stops. There was one cathedral, I remember, in which there were by the altar twelve apostolic seats, like huge gilt ottomans; we came away possessed with the idea that they were twelve huge masses of gold—for *we* knew nothing of the world's gold-leaf and veneer.

The festival of festivals was Christmas. The joy of it extended over half the year; three months were happily spent in preparation for it; three in recollection of its glories. We prepared for this festival by writing lists of articles that we described as presents, within reasonable bounds, of which we never felt the limit. The school gave to each of us at Christmas, what his boyish heart desired. Such gifts, doubtless, were set down in the bill sent home; but, inasmuch as that bill was a moderate one, such extras nobly filled the place of what we, in England, call accomplishments on the usual terms. There, we were taught music and modern languages and all such matters, as things of course. We had these gifts to expect, with doses of sweetmeat and wax tapers, and we had also our own Christmas decorations to prepare.

No manager, engaged in mounting a grand opera or fairy-piece, can be busier than we were, or conceited ourselves to be, in preparation for the Christmas festival. Pocket-money was diverted from its usual channels; and, instead of milk, eggs, chocolate, and cider, we bought coloured wax-tapers, coloured cardboard, coloured paper, and coloured pictures. The pictures and papers were sold by the drawing-master. The world was then in a ferment on the subject of the gallant Poles, and we liked nothing so well for Christmas ornament as gay pictures of Polish lancers dashing down into the thick of battle. Such scenes, and the Siege of Antwerp, very rich in reds and yellows, and, next to these, pictures of horses, we conceived to be at the head of the Fine Arts, and sought accordingly; for, during the Christmas week, our rooms were to be picture-galleries. That was not all. Every desk was to be illuminated with the greatest attainable blaze of little tapers; and there was a rivalry among us, each attempting to outshine his neighbours. That was not all. We devoted our leisure to constructive works, erected stables and mangers, cottages, palaces, and cathedrals of cardboard; cut out elaborately ornamented windows, and filled them with bits of coloured paper oiled to represent stained glass. Into our stables, cottages, palaces and cathedrals, we put tapers, and made the whole school a complete maze of tapers, pictures, and transparencies, combined with a tasteful and liberal display of sugar-ornaments, apples, walnuts, and presents generally, among which, skates and butterfly-cases were the leading articles. The good people of the town, whom we saw only then, and at our school oratorios, came round to wonder at our fairy-land; a very fairy-land it was to us, whatever they in their wisdom may have thought about it. For weeks afterwards we played at marbles for our walnuts, and so great was the glut of them that one successful speculator, who was master of the bottom draw of a chest, was commonly supposed to have filled that drawer with his winnings.

When the year was on the point of departure, we sat up and went to chapel soon after eleven o'clock. Then, when the worthy preacher, on the stroke of midnight, was balancing a sentence on his two extended fingers, the clock would chime, and our dear friends, the trumpets, would dash in with a sudden crash, and smash the discourse in an instant without mercy; down sat the preacher and up rose the people with a stirring hymn, accompanied by the pealing organ, and the flutes, and horns, and fiddles.

So we began the year with a stir at our hearts and quickened fancy; so we carried it through. The faculties that made us happiest, and that were given for wise purposes in special strength to children, were called into full play.

We kept all birthdays in a room. If there were twenty boys and two brothers, there were twenty-two birthdays a year to keep. Each boy received on his anniversary, little love tokens from his comrades, and contributed in return a scrap of pocket-money towards the establishment of a small feast on the next half holiday: a feast of cakes and cider in a country orchard, when the season favoured: or, in cold weather, of chocolate and cakes at home. The birthday of either of the two brothers would be kept more solemnly. Before he came down in the morning, a little table before his desk would be covered with a snowy napkin, and upon the napkin would be placed our offerings. Always, there was a pipe with cunningly-worked stem and splendid bowl. Every working brother possessed a cupboard full of such pipes, and was as glad to be so richly stocked, as any English lady is when she is mistress of a wardrobe full of dresses. If it were not really so, we thought so, and were never interrupted in such thinking. To the pipe, we added any other trifles that we imagined likely to give pleasure, and some articles contributed by individuals out of their own possessions. We put a mighty nosegay in the background, and tricked out with flowers all our sacrifice. Then, when the good brother came down, of course we said many a kind thing to him and had many a kind thing said to us. And in the afternoon we were repaid with perhaps a sail down the broad river to some celestial inn among the mountains and the vines, where we had real Malaga wine instead of cider, and cakes only fit to be eaten with such nectar.

Very puerile, perhaps, all this was, but therefore, as a Dominie would say, most fit for

pueri. I only know that under such discipline our hearts were softened; that we were, not in this instance only, but by the hundred and uniformly, tractable and loving, while the simple piety of the good brothers was so well recommended to us, that although they taught no other doctrine than the principles of Christian uprightness and charity, we learned as much of truth from them as could have been communicated even by any catechism I know—or don't know.

I was a little rascal when I first went to New Unkrant, because my puerility had been, at other schools, discouraged and repressed; the instincts with which I was created, had been stupidly opposed, and I was diverted into a condition for which the Creator never destined me. The liberty of growth encouraged at New Unkrant may have been extreme. I think it was not, but I will not presume to decide upon the point. This only I have a right to testify, that from the hard work-days of the world whenever energies were called for, troubles grew thick, or temper came to be tried, I have always looked back with a strong affection to New Unkrant as the place in which I had learned the lessons that would help me best.

Yes, that those lessons have been my best helpers, I am, in my grateful manhood, sure. When blight was gathering about the budding faculties, those true-hearted Moravians blew the blight away: and wretched indeed might have been the blossom but for them. You pedagogues, who cut and trim your children into shape, you know well enough that if you mend a rosebud with your pen-knives, you destroy that upon which you cut your mark. Water the roots, let the wind blow, and the sun shine, and the rains fall; remove all that is hurtful, enrich the soil by which the plant is fed, but let the laws of nature take their course. If you know well, that you must act so by a rosebud which you wish to rear into a healthy blossom, why do you act with less care in your treatment of the budding mind and soul?

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

REGULAR TURKS.

It is commonly said of an Englishman, or English boy, not easy to deal with in respect of extremity of temper, that he is a regular Turk. I have made a few notes of the real, original, regular Turks, as they appear in their own country.

Regular Turks have four fasts yearly, and they keep them with rare good faith. They pray five times a day, and commence at daybreak. They are constantly washing themselves, in the belief that washing purifies their souls; but the founder of their faith well knew that, in their hot climate, it is the body which requires constant purifying. They are bound, in conscience, to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina; but they frequently perform the troublesome journey by deputy, and this is understood to answer quite as well, and even to be in rather better taste, than the incurring of unnecessary fatigue. They abstain from wine,—especially in public or in the presence of talkative people; and they are very much given to charities—particularly with other people's money.

The cadi marries people, and finds it a very good business. The ceremony is brief, consisting indeed only of a few words; but it is necessary they should be pronounced in presence of credible witnesses. These were often difficult to find, in a country where truth was seldom spoken, and every man's lies were of course notorious enough. Under these circumstances, it occurred to the green-turbaned descendants of Mahomet to set up in trade as witnesses, inasmuch as their respectability was shown to all men, like a judge's wisdom, by the nature of their head-dress. These gentry, however, in process of time, professed to witness so many things which had never occurred, that the profession fell into disrepute, and is now altogether, a mere refuge for decayed noblemen—like British diplomacy.

Your Regular Turk was allowed four wives; but he found the practice of maintaining them in the highest degree inconvenient. They not only contrived to keep him penniless, but they made use of their nails upon each other's faces with such liveliness and ability that no one of them was ever fit to be seen; and their determined and noisy hostility was invariably a scandal to every neighbourhood in which they lived. Such circumstances have usually induced gentlemen, even of the Regular Turk order—notorious for their love of peace—to confine themselves to one. The apartments of the other ladies, who have had, I am sorry to say, nothing to do with the cadi, depends on the size of the establishment; for long experience has shown the Turk that the only way to prevent the ladies of every condition from tearing each other's eyes out, is to lock them up in separate apartments. Vacancies, therefore, in a Turkish harem occur on the same principle as they happen in a private lunatic asylum, and depend altogether upon the empty rooms.

Your Turkish damsel is an odd sort of body. Quaint, fat, painted, bedizened, tattooed, and childish; her occupation consists in eating sweetmeats, and tossing about her clothes: employments sometimes varied by dances and songs, not very delicate.

The children of each lady are brought up separately, having no communication whatever with the establishment over the way; except for the purpose of making themselves disagreeable to it. Whenever they meet the opposition, there is usually a stand-up fight, in the same way as there would be with their amiable mammas; but a prudent parent usually prevents the occurrence of any

unpleasantry of this kind, by not making them acquainted with each other. A youth on leaving the harem, therefore, is often astonished at the number of his unknown relatives—more surprised, indeed, than gratified. Should he eventually become wealthy and powerful, a sure title to his favour used to be to dispose effectually of a few of them, no matter how, so that they were never heard of any more; but recently this practice seems to have fallen off.

Fine fat slaves, sound in wind and limb, and good steppers, are on sale daily at the bazaars; and there is always a large stock on view for ready money, or the bill of an approved party. Ladies once established in the family are unsaleable by law; but all others may be had at reasonable prices, according to the season and demand. If a Jew or even a Christian want a good serviceable slave, there are always plenty of his own persuasion ready for inspection or purchase. The Mahommedans of our species are reserved solely for Mussulmans. A slave merchant is a highly respectable person in Turkey; indeed, almost on a level with a British horse-dealer: a profession much adorned by our noblemen: in fact, all good judges of flesh hold both professions in the highest esteem. On the whole, however, perhaps the Turk has the best of it. He does not require stables, and the animals fetch a larger price. He has never occasion to be solicitous about the price of oats, and need provide, for his stock, nothing beyond a strictly moderate dietary.

Mr. Urquhart gave a tolerably long list of the things in which we differ from the Turks, and in which the Turks differ from us; but there are still some others. In Turkey, the left side and not the right is the place of honour. The Turks are so lost to all sense of proper feeling, as to bury their dead without any unnecessary fuss or parade; whereas, we think it precisely the proper time to make a disturbance, and to fire off the great family guns, so that the delightful vanities of life may not desert a man until we have quite done with him. Their dead are so buried as to be dissolved speedily; ours are preserved, precisely that we may be always in a lively state of expectation for the return of their diseases; and that, as they cannot come back to us, we may join them as soon as possible.

The Turk loves fine horses and servants, but he is more or less indifferent about his clothes. As for the fine arts, our excellent new acquaintances have not, hitherto, troubled themselves much about them. They think the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the motives which founded the Penny Magazine, altogether beneath the dignity of a wise man of the East. Crossing your legs, and smoking an unmanageable pipe is more rational and more easy. Such is their opinion. Thus it turns out that the art of writing is a rare accomplishment in Turkey; it is even a trade, and practised by very few. It is understood to take twenty years' diligent sapping to acquire so much knowledge as may enable an individual to look out a word in Mr. Redhouse's Turkish dictionary, and then the individual must be Mr. Redhouse himself; indeed it would be hardly going too far to say that every man makes his own Turkish. It is certain that, during a tolerably close and extensive experience in the country, I never met two intimate friends, one of whom would agree that the other understood his mother tongue, as it ought to be understood. Printing is entirely in the background. At Constantinople there are but two newspapers; and one is constantly knocking up for want of subscribers. There is no daily journal, and there are six hundred thousand or seven hundred thousand resident inhabitants, besides strangers. This little fact will show, as well as most others, how thoroughly our new acquaintances are likely to be informed on current events, and why they often suppose Great Britain to be an island in the Red Sea. Indeed, their wisdom and intelligence in such respects is hardly to be surpassed; and the facts I have related, and a few others, seem to hint to me that their language is likely enough to be extinct in a few years. The Greeks positively will not learn it, and the abolition of the Christian disabilities, together with the abolition of the Greek kingdom—which seems to be threatened—will throw almost all public business into Greek hands; for nearly all the notable activities in Turkey, whether political or otherwise, are foreigners; even artisans are strangers, down to the men who serve in the docks and arsenals; but it is not easy to see how this should be otherwise, for the Koran expressly forbids the carving of any kind of image; and, with a refreshing contempt for practical people, declares the finest efforts of handiwork in the world, simply abominable. The only really worthy employment for a Regular Turk's money appears to be building a mosque; but the triumphs of Turkish architecture, of late years, have been anything but remarkable. They have always lacked the airy and elaborate grace of Arab buildings; and I could point out as few edifices erected by them which are altogether satisfactory as I could in England.

The political history of Turkey will not be found pleasant reading for a merciful man. It seems little else than a foul story of poisonings, assassinations, massacres, pleasingly enlivened by the moral reflections of Sultan Somebody at every new enormity. But I am not therefore of opinion that the Turks are cruel as a nation. Too much power is good for nobody. The sultans had too much power, and they misused it. For the rest, they were generous, simple, and sincere, when it was not their interest to be otherwise, and when their childish wiles were not called into action by having to deal with a Greek. Such they

were ; such they are. I see no valid reason to assert that our Eastern allies are much changed since Bertezena chastised the Khan of the Geougen, or Disabul harried the unwarlike subjects of Byzantine Tiberius. Europe is changed, however. The Emperor of Austria is no longer the insignificant person he was when John Sobieski rescued Vienna from the Ottoman hordes ; and France is another sort of country than it was when Charles Martel saved Christendom on the plains of Tours. Russia also could hardly be brought to understand a joke as well as when Achmet the Third dictated peace to a snubbed Peter the Great upon the banks of the Pruth. Four hundred years of oppression have even united the Greeks, have nerved their arms, and made them more sharp-witted and unscrupulous than ever. Thus, turn which way the Regular Turk will, he has no elbow room. He would be delighted to have a quiet little game of conquest and pillage, or even one which was not quiet, for the matter of that; but there is no longer a field for Turkish talents, and many a stiff-hearted elderly Turkish gentleman believes firmly that the world is coming to an end in consequence.

Our new acquaintances (I continue to call them our new acquaintances, for really the present generation of Europeans seem almost to have been ignorant of their existence until lately) have a great dislike to renegades. They explain it from an interesting observation of the Caliph Omar. An Arab chief appeared before him, and desired to renounce the faith of Islam because it did not allow him to marry two sisters at the same time. The caliph immediately applied a stout stick with great vivacity to the applicant's head ; and, as if that were not sufficient argument for such a person, the Commander of the Faithful gave the wretch to understand that an apostate ought to suffer death. Thus, whatever your worthless adventurer now setting out to swim in the troubled waters of Turkey may think to the contrary, he will gain nothing but contempt by turning Turk. I have seen swarms of deluded miscreants who did so ; but they got nothing by it ; and shamble about Constantinople, haggard, seedy, and despised.

One of the questionable things about the Regular Turk in the eyes of all British gentlemen of honour must be his inveterate dislike to duelling ; which he cannot be brought to understand. He supposes that our duels are fought by command of our Sultana, and constitute merely a means at the disposal of that august potentate for getting rid of disagreeable people. They have an extremely convenient custom for quarrelsome folk. At the feast of the Bairam, every Turk is bound to make it up with his enemy, be that "it" what it may. Whether they hate each other more cordially afterwards or not, this deponent knoweth not.

They do not appear to object to duelling or to danger of any kind from fear of death. Their downright pluck on all occasions is beyond all question or dispute. They decline to go to lonely places on cold mornings for the purpose of murdering a friend who has trodden on their toes, because it is not in accordance with their principles. They avoid giving people a chance of treading on their toes by persevering in the excellent old system of tucking them out of the way by sitting down cross-legged upon them ; while they carry on all verbal intercourse with each other in such a flowery and wonderful strain, that cause of offence can rarely occur. No doubt, if cause of offence do occur, they still prefer now and then poisoning to any more noisy means of quieting a person who has become obnoxious to them. They have not, however, attained the elegance in the art of silent destruction which has been attributed to the Italians and Russians; nor is (or ever was) the custom so common among them. A Turkish difference, especially with a Greek, is often settled by hired servants, whose chief employment is to shake and thump people who cannot be brought to reason by other means. The Greek gentlemen understand this; and avoid personal encounters, therefore, as much as possible.

Regular Turks are fatalists. They are not of the opinion of Pope and most modern philosophers. They think that nature is not only held fast in Fate, but that Fate holds the human will in its tight grasp also. They believe that everything, from the growth of little apples to the roasting of Greek rebels, was pre-ordained. Thus, they are not fond of taking useless steps to avert disaster, and insurance offices are unknown among them. They would consider such an institution as a temple of Mammon and unrighteousness. Even the Quarantine is an institution, new, and by no means pleasing among them. The doctor does not appear to them the potent personage he seems to us. They respect him indeed as a soother of pain ; but they hold that no man can avert that which is written. For this reason the Regular Turk is not fond of interfering with the proceedings of Fate in the case of a house on fire, and the best exertions of a Braidwood at the recent catastrophe would have been held by them as red-hot blasphemy. The Turk would shake hands (if shaking hands were his way) with an individual who had the small-pox, with the utmost gallantry and politeness. He is not averse either, to wearing the clothes of an acquaintance who may have lately died of the plague. Turkish logicians reason upon this subject with marvellous wisdom. They assert that the plague is a spirit who walks the air, carrying two lances, one white and the other black. With these he strikes mankind. Men struck with the white lance will not die, but nothing can

save men struck with the black one. Other pundits maintain with equal erudition, that the plague is not represented by one spirit, but by many. This dispute has often waxed warm; but, up to the present time, the wise men of the East have not come to a decision. Indeed they do not love decisions, or decisive people.

I do not know that I have anything more to say about the Regular Turk this evening. He is a strange, weary, broken-down, cranky, rickety, crotchety old person whose beginning, end, and whole history may be summed up in two words—pipes and peace.

REVOLVERS.

The effect of the first firing of a gun in the presence of astonished savages is always an interesting point in the narratives of old voyages of discovery; but setting aside the fire, and the smoke, and the loud report, it was, at an early period, found out that guns —at all events those guns in use when Captain Cook sailed round the world were—after all, not very terrible engines.

History cannot tell of a time when men did not make bows and arrows; and it is no more than seventy-eight years ago since Benjamin Franklin—who had that kind of mind which is not always satisfied with received opinions—gravely recommended the American patriots, then at war with King George's troops, to return to the very weapons that were carried by Ishmael the son of Abraham. Bows and arrows, he said, were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside: first, because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket; secondly, because he can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet; thirdly, because his object is not obscured from his view by the smoke of his own comrades; fourthly, because a flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business; fifthly, because an arrow sticking in any part of a man disables him until it is extracted; and sixthly, because bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition. Thirty thousand Frenchmen fell at Crecy, mostly pierced by the arrows and bolts of the English and of their Genoese auxiliaries; and old French chroniclers attest the terror and confusion which the English archers always produced in the enemy's ranks. There was a time—before British sovereigns had an army or even a respectable body-guard at command—when not only A was an archer, and shot at a frog; but when C, D, and all the other letters of the alphabet, were archers, and shot at everybody and everything that could stand for a mark; from frogs to sovereigns. Consequently sovereigns, when tempted to visit their subjects' pockets without consulting their refractory commons, were induced to consider that propensity, and to modify their determination accordingly.

But that is all gone by now. It is all dwindled down into a few Toxophilite Clubs, whose members wear Lincoln green and black cocks' feathers; being very harmless ladies and gentlemen, who only hurt each other by accident at pretty archery fêtes. Great prelates no longer exhort their hearers to the diligent practice of archery. Princes have ceased to pride themselves on striking the bull's eye at two hundred and forty yards, or to command their sheriffs to visit all the live geese in their respective counties, and compel them to shed six good feathers each for the shafts of arrows. All the old Doubles are dead who would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen or a fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. Political economists of these days do not insist that every butt of Malmsey or Tyre wine shall come accompanied by ten good bow staves. The age of archery is fled, and no force of reasoning of even fifty-Franklin power could bring it back again.

The struggle between bows and guns was long, and at one time doubtful. Indeed, when we remember the clumsy and inefficient nature of the earliest specimens of portable fire-arms, it is easier to understand the opposition which they met with from warriors of conservative principles, than to account for their ever having been adopted. Weapons intended to be destructive, but really more harmless than those which our soldiers carried even in the last war, it would be difficult to imagine. It is said that each soldier fired away his own weight in lead for every man that he hit. There is a proverb that says every bullet finds its billet; but if that means that every bullet finds its man, it is not true of more than one in eight hundred; for, in the desultory warfare at the Cape Colony, it is calculated that every wounded Caffre cost us three thousand two hundred balls. Bows and arrows could hardly have done less damage than this, I think.

The British firelock—fitted with percussion caps, and otherwise improved—is still in the hands of the bulk of our troops, but it is now condemned by the oldest of the old school of warriors. It will kill if levelled at masses of men quite close, and so would a shower of bricks and stones, which would not be so liable to strike the ground before it strikes the object, nor to fly to right or left of it, nor over it, as a musket bullet is. Barbarian tribes in Hindostan, and naked savages at the Cape, were not so slow as the authorities at home, or even as officers in action, in finding out what a miserable weapon for defence Brown Bess is. With the Caffres it was long a favourite sport to provoke sentries, or small bodies of troops, to fire; then, rushing forward, to wrest the

musket from their hands while they were endeavouring to reload. The wild beast has sense enough to adopt the same tactics, and it is therefore not surprising to read that the Texan Indians (without knowing anything of the Caffres) served their white enemies precisely in the same way. American borderers, not having the habit of looking to a Colonial Office five thousand miles off for orders, or instructions, or protection, were better prepared to meet such antagonists than the settlers of Sandy Rock. But even in that agreeable border land—where no man thinks of going abroad without his tools; where Senator Wilson, commonly called Horse Ears, quarrels with Senator Doubleup, and fights out his quarrel, in the presence of Speaker and reporters' gallery as an enlivening episode in the debate: where a purely indigenous bravo and outlaw, is sentimentally described to be not necessarily in other respects a disagreeable member of society, but possibly an affectionate husband, a fond parent, a pleasant neighbour, courteous, humane, and seldom in liquor; where peaceful-looking grey-headed personages, riding into town with no implements visible, except a double-barrel rifle, a bowie-knife, and an Arkansas toothpick, are remarked by loungers to be poorly armed, and not to stand half a chance—the Indian on horseback, with his antediluvian bow and arrow, is deemed a formidable enemy. He does not retire before the white man quite so obediently to a law of nature as philosophers believe. The prairie tribes of Texas ride with boldness and wonderful skill. They are so dexterous in discharging arrows from the bow, that a single Indian, galloping at full speed, is capable of keeping an arrow constantly in the air between himself and his enemy. The American borderers have become hardy, self-reliant, and superabundantly warlike, from the necessity of maintaining their footing against such undaunted and skilful foes. Their Virginia bear-rifles and double-barrel rifles were an improvement; but the first had no advantage except its long range and spinning bullet; and the latter, although valuable for giving two chances instead of one, was very heavy, difficult to aim with and, when once discharged, took exactly as long to reload as two muskets. They were taught early that their great countryman's preference for the oldest weapon in the world over the latest improved firearms of his days, was not so paradoxical as it seemed. Perhaps they were too proud of being civilized men to take to bows and arrows again; but they must many a time have envied the Indian his rapid and continuous discharge, and dreamt of a gun that would fire many balls without reloading.

Such weapons had been attempted long before, in Europe, and abandoned as impracticable. There are in the Armoury of the Tower of London several guns of Indian make and of very beautiful workmanship, which are known to be as old as the fifteenth century. These guns are in principle precisely the same as the guns and pistols now known as revolvers, or repeating fire-arms; but they have serious defects. They are liable to ignite all the charges at once, and seem to have been abandoned for practical warfare as dangerous or useless. No treatises spoke of them, though there were similar specimens of British and French manufacture in the United Service Museum, and at the Rotunda at Woolwich; at Warwick Castle, and at the Musée d'Artillerie, and the Hôtel Cluny in Paris. Even when Elisha Collier, an American gunsmith, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, hit upon the same principle, he fell into the very errors which earlier gunmakers had already remedied. Another American gunsmith in the following year patented a revolver, which was also found to be impracticable.

Colonel Colt is undoubtedly the first inventor of a really available repeating pistol. Ignorant, as he declares himself to have been of all previous attempts of the kind, and having an imperfect knowledge of mechanics, he had thought as early as the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, of the possibility of making a pistol that might be fired many times without reloading. Living, he says, in a country of most extensive frontier, still inhabited by aborigines, and knowing the insulated position of the enterprising pioneer, and his dependence sometimes alone on his personal ability to protect himself and his family, he had often meditated upon the inefficiency of the ordinary double-barrelled gun and pistol; both involving a loss of time in reloading which was frequently fatal in the peculiar character of Indian warfare. When a youth, indeed, returning from a voyage to India, he had amused himself on board the vessel in constructing a model of his idea in wood, burning out the bores with hot iron. His first device was that bundle of barrels well known in the windows of the London gunsmiths, and which is merely a multiplied double barrel. But, in eighteen hundred and thirty-five—about the time when Her Majesty's Board of Ordnance where beginning to hear of percussion caps, invented by a clergyman thirty years previously—Colonel Colt patented in the United States a pistol on the principle of a rotating cylinder breech, and a single barrel—a far more simple and beautiful invention.

For those who have not seen a genuine Colt's Revolver, we will endeavour to describe some of the advantages of this weapon. The revolving cylinder, behind the fixed barrel, is drilled with six holes, into which, one after the other, the powder is rapidly dropped without being measured; for it is impossible to put in too much powder, if room enough be left for the ball. Six balls are then taken in the hand, and also placed, one after the other, in the holes.

These balls are of conical shape, like those for the Minié rifle, and are made of soft lead. They are rather larger than the holes; but a ramrod fixed on a hinge under the barrel, being brought down by a handle, on the lever principle, forces all the balls, in rapid succession, into the holes. The charge being now perfectly air-tight, requires no wadding. At the back of this cylinder, are six nipples, for percussion caps, carefully separated from each other; and the marksman, taking a few caps in his hand, puts one on each of these nipples, upon which the six-shooter is loaded. The caps being at the back, and not at the top of the cylinder, will not fall off in carrying: and, both charges and caps being watertight, experiments have proved that they will fire after some hours immersion in water. The top of the hammer itself, in a line with a little spike on the end of the barrel, gives the sight for aiming. On pulling back the hammer with the thumb, after firing, the cylinder revolves one-sixth of its circumference, instantly bringing another hole, with its charge, in a line with the barrel. The barrel being rifled, and the charges in the breech air-tight, none of the force of the powder is lost; and the balls are carried further, and with far greater precision than from an ordinary musket.

This is the famous Revolver, of which marvellous tales are told in the Western States, in South America, and even in the Caucasus. Superstitious legends circulate, among the Russian soldiers, of a young Lesghien chief who held many pursuers at bay, picking them off one by one as they attempted to cross a plank bridge, till the wondering Muscovites, having seen six of their number drop into the abyss below before the fire of a single pistol, turned and fled. More authentic stories of American colonels in the war in Mexico, engaging greater odds than any British sailor in a melodrama ever ventured upon, are told by disbanded volunteers throughout the States. Anecdotes, calculated to propitiate the Peace Society, appear in California papers, mentioning how large parties of Indians, beholding those irresistible peacemakers in the hands of a handful of gold carriers, have been seen to drop their greedy eyes, and slink away. Our own officers at the Cape of Good Hope, who were graciously permitted to purchase Colt's Revolvers for their own uses with their own money, relate their marvellous achievements, till Her Majesty's Board of Ordnance begin to hear of them. When British and Russian gunboats shall have come to hand-to-hand fighting in the narrow and shallow channels of the Finlandic Archipelago, we may perhaps hear of them again.

We are on the threshold of Colonel Colt's factory, in the sombre and smoky region of Millbank. Under the roof of this low, brickbuilt, barrack-looking building, we are told that we may see what cannot be seen under one roof elsewhere in all England —the complete manufacture of a pistol, from dirty pieces of timber and rough bars of cast steel, till it is fit for the gunsmith's case. To see the same thing in Birmingham and in other places where firearms are made almost entirely by hand labour, we should have to walk about a whole day, visiting many shops carrying on distinct branches of the manufacture; not to speak of the toolmakers, the little screw and pin makers; all of whose work is done here. "We are independent people," says my informant, "and are indebted to no one, save the engine and fixed machine makers." This little pistol which is just put into my hand will pick into more than two hundred parts, every one of which parts is made by a machine. A little skill is required in polishing the wood, in making cases, and in guiding the machines; but mere strength of muscle, which is so valuable in new societies, would find no market here—for the steam-engine—indefatigably toiling in the hot, suffocating smell of rank oil, down in the little stone chamber below—performs nine-tenths of all the work that is done here. Neat, delicate-handed, little girls do the work that brawny smiths still do in other gun-shops. Most of them have been sempstresses and dressmakers, unused to factory work, but have been induced to conquer some little prejudice against it, by the attraction of better pay than they could hope to get by needlework. Even the men have, with scarcely an exception, been hitherto ignorant of gunmaking. No recruiting sergeant ever brought a more miscellaneous group into the barrack-yard, to be drilled more rapidly to the same duty, than these two hundred hands have been. Carpenters, cabinet-makers, ex-policemen, butchers, cabmen, hatters, gas-fitters, porters, or, at least, one representative from each of those trades, are steadily drilling and boring at lathes all day in upper rooms. Political economists tell us that the value of labour will find its level as surely as the sea; and so, perhaps it will: but it is a sort of sea that does not right itself quickly enough to prevent a great deal of misery; that is always recognised and deplored: but for which the best mathematicians of the school have not yet been able to find a remedy. For Science, with her two centuries of pedigree, has become a little aristocratic and does not bend her genius down to many incidents of individual wretchedness, which humbler folks cannot shut their eyes to. Perhaps if men who have learnt but one trade, and have grown old in it, could be as easily absorbed into another, when desirable, as these new gunsmiths are, the working world would go more smoothly than it does. The girls here earn from two to three shillings per day; the boys the same. The men get from three to eight shillings per day of ten hours; while one or two, being quick, clever, and reliable, are paid regularly twelve shillings per day. What is commonly called piece-work is not the system usually

adopted here. It has been found to tempt the men to hurry their work at the expense of a neat finish, and the manager prefers to give a workman six months' trial, during which he learns his business of gun-making by machinery, and is also sure by that time to have shown what wages he his worth, Only twelve of these people are Americans; one or two Germans; the rest English.

Listening to these facts as my conductor communicates them, we pass into a long room hung with portraits of targets as they appeared after firing at them with Colt's revolvers. All the bullet marks are, of course, very near the bull's eye—which, I hope I am not presumptuous or depreciatory of the great Colt invention in attributing in some measure to the marksman. Beyond this is the store room, lined with wooden racks up to the ceiling, which are almost naked now, only five pistols of all the number that are made here—six hundred a week—being at this moment in store. For there is a new government order for the Baltic; and as fast as they are finished the pistols are sent away, packed in deep cases, that look very large indeed, considering that they are only for five-and-twenty single pistols each. But the conical balls and bullet-moulds, powder-flasks and percussion caps take up more room than the pistols themselves.

Out of the hot atmosphere, and the all-pervading odour of hot oil, we pass a yard ancle deep in iron chips (which make a dry hard road in all weathers, very destructive to leather) into a long out-building in which the only genuine smiths are at work. Here the very beginning of the pistol is made; if we except the cutting and polishing of the stock, which have been already described in these pages.* There is little of the noise of a smithy here, except the roaring of the furnaces. A workman rams the end of a long bar of steel into the fire; and, taking it out glowing with heat, strikes a bit off the end as if it were a stick of peppermint; while his companion, giving it a couple of rough taps upon the anvil, drops the red-hot morsel into a die. This die is a plug-hole, shaped something like a horse-shoe, at the foot of a machine, bearing a painful resemblance to a guillotine. While they have been breaking off the bit of steel, a huge screw has been slowly lifting up the iron hammer-head, which plays the part of the axe in the guillotine: and now the great hammer drops, and with one stroke beats the piece of iron to the form of the die. It has cooled to a black heat now, and is shaped something like the sole of a very narrow shoe; but it must be heated again, and the heel end must be beat up at right angles to the long part—taking care that it be bent according to the grain of the metal, without which it will be liable to flaw. thus the shield, and what may be called the body of the pistol, are made in an instant.

In Birmingham, the barrels of fire-arms are made of old nails that have been knocked about, and which are melted, rolled into sheets, twisted again, and beaten about, till they are considered to be tougher and less likely to burst; but the American gunsmiths know nothing about this. They merely heat the end of the bars of cast steel again and beat it with steam hammers; for it would not do to draw it through holes, as thick wire is drawn, or to roll it as with ordinary round bars. These hammers are fixed, five in a frame, where they quiver with a chopping noise too rapidly to count the strokes, over a little iron plate, never touching it, though coming very close. Into the first of these the smith thrusts the red end of the bar, and guides it till it is beaten square. The next hammer beats it smaller, but still square: the next beats it smaller and longer still, but rounder. The fourth hammer beats it quite round, and the fifth strikes off the exact length for the barrel. This gradual process is absolutely necessary, for the steel will not bear being beaten round the first time; and, although five barrels may be thus forged in one minute, the rapid strokes of these hammers are said to make it quite as tough as the Birmingham plan; which seems to be borne out by the results at the Proof-House. On the same floor, the barrels and cylinders, after polishing, are case-hardened, and tinted blue, by burning in hot embers; processes which are well known.

Across the yard strewn with chips of iron again, and through the tool room, where men are turning great screws and other bolts and portions of machinery, we mount to the first floor, and enter a long room filled with machines, and rather more redolent of hot rank oil. Considering that the floor supports a long vista of machinery in full action, the place looks clean and neat, and is not very noisy. Girls quietly attending to the boring and rifling of the barrels—having nothing to do but to watch the lathe narrowly, and drop a little oil upon the borer with a feather now and then—men drilling cylinders, holding locks to steam files, cutting triggers, slotting screws, treating cold iron everywhere as if it was soft wood, to be cut to any shape, without straining a muscle. It would be difficult and tedious to describe these machines minutely, although they are very interesting to a spectator, and cannot, I believe, be seen elsewhere. Every one of them is a simple lathe; but it is in the various cutters, borers, and riflers that the novelty and ingenuity exist. Where the thing to be made is of eccentric shape, the cutter is of eccentric shape also; and although the superintendent of each machine acquires more or less skill by practice, it is in the perfection of these cutters and borers that the guarantee for uniformity consists. The bores

* Guns and Pistols. See vol. iv. p. 580.

of barrels and cylinders must be mathematically straight, and every one of the many parts must be exactly a duplicate of another. No one part belongs, as a matter of course, to any other part of one pistol; but each piece may be taken at random from a heap, and fixed to and with the other pieces until a complete weapon is formed: that weapon being individualised by a number stamped upon many of its component parts. The advantage of these contrivances is obvious. In every case of revolvers are placed, when sold, a number of such parts of a pistol as are most liable to accident; and, with these, any soldier or sailor may, in a few minutes, repair his own weapon. Seventy-odd out of a hundred of the injured revolvers picked up on the battle-field during the Mexican war were repaired with bits of other pistols on the spot.

In the top floor just above this, men and women, with black hands and faces, are polishing at lathes still moved, as everything is moved, by the steam engine in the hot stone chamber below. Everybody gets a slice of his thirty horse-power; and my conductor says, they have still plenty of power to spare, as if steam power were an article like gas or water, to be laid on whenever it is wanted from a distant reservoir. Such, indeed, it is; though when carried far, as I saw it by a belt across the yard, much of the force of course, is wasted. Here is our friend the butcher, still wearing a blue smock, and very busy polishing cylinders. His work spins so rapidly that red-hot particles of emery fly off and lodge upon his face, which is specked and spotted all over in rather a comical manner. He gets a hit in the eye sometimes (for he will not wear spectacles), which causes great pain; but not more than is occasioned by the minute chips of steel which trouble the workmen down stairs, and which have to be taken out with a magnet; or, when they stick in, by scraping the eye with the sharpest knife that can be found. The butcher is very quiet and intent upon his work, as the manager enters with me; but the American close to us is singing a song when we come, and does not think of leaving off—not he. The girls have a natural shame of black hands and faces, though they cannot help themselves, and look more closely down at their work while strangers are near, than the neat and tidy girls below.

All this time we have been seeing only the making of little bits of a pistol. Pausing a moment to see the engraving of a ship in full sail, and other ornamental work—including the maker's name stamped by great pressure on the cylinder—we come into a great room, where all the minute portions are brought to be examined. Here, by means of gauges, but chiefly by the practised eye of the superintendent, each separate article is examined, and rejected if in the slightest degree faulty. From this room the various parts are served out to the workmen who put them together and turn out the complete revolver.

Every revolver being equal to six single pistols, they are rarely spoken of as braces. Most customers take only a single revolver and the name of every purchaser being recorded, and the number, which is marked on many parts of the weapon, being noted at the same time, some curious indentifications occur. Several anecdotes are related of persons who have been traced by the revolver in their possession. In the skirmishing in Florida, the death of many poor fellows whose names were unknown, and who were found killed, was certified to their friends by publishing the number of the pistol in their belt, or grasped in their stiff hands. There is a revolver, says my conductor, which was brought to me to repair some months since. I recognised it, by the number, in a moment for one stolen from here long ago, and I think the man who brought it saw I did, for he never came to fetch it away again. In cases of murder perpetrated by a Colt's revolver, the weapon itself, if ever one should be so used, would become a conclusive evidence.

Here is the proving-room, where the pistols undergo a preparatory trial, before being sent up for the regular government proof. It is by no means the dark, mysterious iron-plated room, in which I have been taught to believe that guns are proved; but an ordinary work-shop, with two square wooden pipes, fixed horizontally, and open at the end, breast high. I am invited to prove a pistol, by firing it into one of these pipes, which, I am told, afford sufficient protection to the firer in case of a barrel bursting—an event, pains were taken to assure me, of very rare occurrence. After a little practice, I find that a mere novice may, with one hand, discharge the six rounds as rapidly as the eye can wink.

My companion has nothing more to show me except the baths and the reading room, supplied chiefly with newspapers, for the benefit of the workmen; so I bid him good day, and go out of the smell of hot rank oil, to enjoy more keenly the cool breeze that is blowing from the river.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Gradgrind party wanted assistance in murdering the Graces. They went about recruiting; and where could they enlist recruits more readily, than among the fine gentlemen who, having found out everything to be worth nothing, were equally ready for anything?

Moreover, the healthy spirits who had mounted to this sublime height were attractive to many of the Gradgrind school. They liked fine gentlemen; they pretended that they did not, but they did. They became exhausted in imitation of them; and they yaw-yawed in their speech like them; and they served out, with an enervated air, the little mouldy rations of political economy, on which they regaled their disciples. There never before was seen on earth such a wonderful hybrid race as was thus produced.

Among the fine gentlemen not regularly belonging to the Gradgrind school, there was one of a good family and a better appearance, with a happy turn of humour which had told immensely with the House of Commons on the occasion of his entertaining it with his (and the Board of Directors') view of a railway accident, in which the most careful officers ever known, employed by the most liberal managers ever heard of, assisted by the finest mechanical contrivances ever devised, the whole in action on the best line ever constructed, had killed five people and wounded thirty-two, by a casualty without which the excellence of the whole system would have been positively incomplete. Among the slain was a cow, and among the scattered articles unowned, a widow's cap. And the honourable member had so tickled the House (which has a delicate sense of humour) by putting the cap on the cow, that it became impatient of any serious reference to the Coroner's Inquest, and brought the railway off with Cheers and Laughter.

Now, this gentleman had a younger brother of still better appearance than himself, who had tried life as a Cornet of Dragoons, and found it a bore; and had afterwards tried it in the train of an English minister abroad, and found it a bore; and had then strolled to Jerusalem, and got bored there; and had then gone yachting about the world, and got bored everywhere. To whom this honorable and jocular member fraternally said one day, "Jem, there's a good opening among the hard Fact fellows, and they want men. I wonder you don't go in for statistics." Jem, rather taken by the novelty of the idea, and very hard up for a change, was as ready to "go in" for statistics as for anything else. So, he went in. He coached himself up with a blue book or two; and his brother put it about among the hard Fact fellows, and said, "If you want to bring in, for any place, a handsome dog who can make you a devilish good speech, look after my brother Jem, for he's your man." After a few dashes in the public meeting way, Mr. Gradgrind and a council of political sages approved of Jem, and it was resolved to send him down to Coketown, to become known there and in the neighbourhood. Hence the letter Jem had last night shown to Mrs. Sparsit, which Mr. Bounderby now held in his hand; superscribed, "Josiah Bounderby, Esquire, Banker, Coketown. Specially to introduce James Harthouse, Esquire. Thomas Gradgrind."

Within an hour of the receipt of this dispatch and Mr. James Harthouse's card, Mr. Bounderby put on his hat and went down to the Hotel. There, he found Mr. James Harthouse looking out of window, in a state of mind so disconsolate, that he was already half disposed to "go in" for something else.

"My name, sir," said his visitor, "is Josiah Bounderby of Coketown."

Mr. James Harthouse was very happy indeed (though he scarcely looked so), to have a pleasure he had long expected.

"Coketown, sir," said Bounderby, obstinately taking a chair, "is not the kind of place you have been accustomed to. Therefore, if you'll allow me—or whether you will or not, for I am a plain man—I'll tell you something about it before we go any further."

Mr. Harthouse would be charmed.

"Don't be too sure of that," said Bounderby. "I don't promise it. First of all, you see our smoke. That's meat and drink to us. It's the healthiest thing in the world in all respects, and particularly for the lungs. If you are one of those who want us

to consume it, I differ from you. We are not going to wear the bottoms of our boilers out any faster than we wear 'em out now, for all the humbugging sentiment in Great Britain and Ireland."

By way of "going in" to the fullest extent, Mr. Harthouse rejoined, "Mr. Bounderby, I assure you I am entirely and completely of your way of thinking. On conviction."

"I am glad to hear it," said Bounderby. "Now, you have heard a lot of talk about the work in our mills, no doubt. You have? Very good. I'll state the fact of it to you. It's the pleasantest work there is, and it's the lightest work there is, and it's the best paid work there is. More than that, we couldn't improve the mills themselves, unless we laid down Turkey carpets on the floors. Which we're not a-going to do."

"Mr. Bounderby, perfectly right."

"Lastly," said Bounderby, "as to our Hands. There's not a Hand in this town, sir, man, woman, or child, but has one ultimate object in life. That object is, to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. Now, they're not a-going—none of 'em—ever to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. And now you know the place."

Mr. Harthouse professed himself in the highest degree instructed and refreshed, by this condensed epitome of the whole Coketown question.

"Why, you see," replied Mr. Bounderby, "it suits my disposition to have a full understanding with a man, particularly with a public man, when I make his acquaintance. I have only one thing more to say to you, Mr. Harthouse, before assuring you of the pleasure with which I shall respond, to the utmost of my poor ability, to my friend Tom Gradgrind's letter of introduction. You are a man of family. Don't you deceive yourself by supposing for a moment that *I* am a man of family. I am a bit of dirty riff-raff, and a genuine scrap of tag, rag, and bobtail."

If anything could have exalted Jem's interest in Mr. Bounderby, it would have been this very circumstance. Or, so he told him.

"So now," said Bounderby, "we may shake hands on equal terms. I say, equal terms, because although I know what I am, and the exact depth of the gutter I have lifted myself out of, better than any man does, I am as proud as you are. I am just as proud as you are. Having now asserted my independence in a proper manner, I may come to how do you find yourself, and I hope you're pretty well."

The better, Mr. Harthouse gave him to understand as they shook hands, for the salubrious air of Coketown. Mr. Bounderby received the answer with favor.

"Perhaps you know," said he, "or perhaps you don't know, I married Tom Gradgrind's daughter. If you have nothing better to do than to walk up town with me, I shall be glad to introduce you to Tom Gradgrind's daughter."

"Mr. Bounderby," said Jem, "you anticipate my dearest wishes."

They went out without further discourse; and Mr. Bounderby piloted the new acquaintance who so strongly contrasted with him, to the private red brick dwelling, with the black outside shutters, the green inside blinds, and the black street door up the two white steps. In the drawing-room of which mansion, there presently entered to them the most remarkable girl Mr. James Harthouse had ever seen. She was so constrained, and yet so careless; so reserved, and yet so watchful; so cold and proud, and yet so sensitively ashamed of her husband's braggart humility—from which she shrunk as if every example of it were a cut or a blow; that it was quite a new sensation to observe her. In face she was no less remarkable than in manner. Her features were handsome; but their natural play was so suppressed and locked up, that it seemed impossible to guess their genuine expression. Utterly indifferent, perfectly self-reliant, never at a loss, and yet never at her ease, with her figure in company with them there, and her mind apparently quite alone, —it was of no use "going in" yet awhile to comprehend this girl, for she baffled all penetration.

From the mistress of the house, the visitor glanced to the house itself. There was no mute sign of a woman in the room. No graceful little adornment, no fanciful little device, however trivial, anywhere expressed her influence. Cheerless and comfortless, boastfully and doggedly rich, there the room stared at its present occupants, unsoftened and unrelieved by the least trace of any womanly occupation. As Mr. Bounderby stood in the midst of his household gods, so those unrelenting divinities occupied their places around Mr. Bounderby, and they were worthy of one another and well matched.

"This, sir," said Bounderby, "is my wife, Mrs. Bounderby: Tom Gradgrind's eldest daughter. Loo, Mr. James Harthouse. Mr. Harthouse has joined your father's muster-roll. If he is not Tom Gradgrind's colleague before long, I believe, we shall at least hear of him in connexion with one of our neighbouring towns. You observe, Mr. Harthouse, that my wife is my junior. I don't know what she saw in me to marry me, but she saw something in me, I suppose, or she wouldn't have married me. She has lots of expensive knowledge, sir, political and otherwise. If you want to cram for anything, I should be troubled to recommend you to a better adviser than Loo Bounderby."

To a more agreeable adviser, or one from whom he would be more likely to learn, Mr. Harthouse could never be recommended.

"Come!" said his host. "If you're in the complimentary line, you'll get on here, for you'll meet with no competition. I have

never been in the way of learning compliments myself, and I don't profess to understand the art of paying 'em. In fact, I despise 'em. But, your bringing-up was different from mine; mine was a real thing, by George! You're a gentleman, and I don't pretend to be one. I am Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, and that's enough for me. However, though *I* am not influenced by manners and station, Loo Bounderby may be. She hadn't my advantages—disadvantages you would call 'em, but I call 'em advantages—so you'll not waste your power, I dare say."

"Mr. Bounderby," said Jem, turning with a smile to Louisa, "is a noble animal in a comparatively natural state, quite free from the harness in which a conventional hack like myself works."

"You respect Mr. Bounderby very much," she quietly returned. "It is natural that you should."

He was disgracefully thrown out, for a gentleman who had seen so much of the world, and thought, "Now, how am I to take this?"

"You are going to devote yourself, as I gather from what Mr. Bounderby has said, to the service of your country. You have made up your mind," said Louisa, still standing before him where she had first stopped—in all the singular contrariety of her self-possession, and her being obviously so very ill at ease—"to show the nation the way out of all its difficulties."

"Mrs. Bounderby," he returned laughing, "upon my honour, no. I will make no such pretence to you. I have seen a little, here and there, up and down; I have found it all to be very worthless, as everybody has, and as some confess they have, and some do not; and I am going in for your respected father's opinions—really because I have no choice of opinions, and may as well back them as anything else."

"Have you none of your own?" asked Louisa.

"I have not so much as the slightest predilection left. I assure you I attach not the least importance to any opinions. The result of the varieties of boredom I have undergone, is a conviction (unless conviction is too industrious a word for the lazy sentiment I entertain on the subject), that any set of ideas will do just as much good as any other set, and just as much harm as any other set. There's an English family with a capital Italian motto. What will be, will be. It's the only truth going!"

This vicious assumption of honesty in dishonesty—a vice so dangerous, so deadly, and so common—seemed, he observed, a little to impress her in his favour. He followed up the advantage, by saying in his pleasantest manner: a manner to which she might attach as much or as little meaning as she pleased: "the side that can prove anything in a line of units, tens, hundreds, and thousands, Mrs. Bounderby, seems to me to afford the most fun, and to give a man the best chance. I am quite as much attached to it as if I believed it. I am quite ready to go in for it, to the same extent as if I believed it. And what more could I possibly do, if I did believe it!"

"You are a singular politician," said Louisa.

"Pardon me; I have not even that merit. We are the largest party in the state, I assure you, Mrs. Bounderby, if we all fell out of our adopted ranks and were reviewed together."

Mr. Bounderby, who had been in danger of bursting in silence, interposed here with a project for postponing the family dinner to half-past six, and taking Mr. James Harthouse in the meantime on a round of visits to the voting and interesting notabilities of Coketown and its vicinity. The round of visits was made; and Mr. James Harthouse, with a discreet use of his blue coaching, came off triumphantly, though with a considerable accession of boredom.

In the evening he found the dinner-table laid for four, but they sat down only three. It was an appropriate occasion for Mr. Bounderby to discuss the flavour of the hap'orth of stewed eels he had purchased in the streets at eight years old, and also of the inferior water, specially used for laying the dust, with which he had washed down that repast. He likewise entertained his guest, over the soup and fish, with the calculation that he (Bounderby) had eaten in his youth at least three horses under the guise of polonies and saveloys. These recitals, Jem, in a languid manner, received with "charming!" every now and then; and they probably would have decided him to go in for Jerusalem again to-morrow-morning, had he been less curious respecting Louisa.

"Is there nothing," he thought, glancing at her as she sat at the head of the table, where her youthful figure, small and slight, but very graceful, looked as pretty as it looked misplaced; "is there nothing that will move that face?"

Yes! By Jupiter, there was something, and here it was, in an unexpected shape! Tom appeared. She changed as the door opened, and broke into a beaming smile.

A beautiful smile. Mr. James Harthouse might not have thought so much of it, but that he had wondered so long at her impassive face. She put out her hand—a pretty little soft hand; and her fingers closed upon her brother's, as if she would have carried them to her lips.

"Ay, ay?" thought the visitor. "This whelp is the only creature she cares for. So, so!"

The whelp was presented, and took his chair. The appellation was not flattering, but not unmerited.

"When I was your age, young Tom," said

Bounderby, "I was punctual, or I got no dinner!"

"When you were my age," returned Tom, "you hadn't a wrong balance to get right, and hadn't to dress afterwards."

"Never mind that now," said Bounderby.

"Well, then," grumbled Tom. "Don't begin with me."

"Mrs. Bounderby," said Harthouse, perfectly hearing this under-strain as it went on; "your brother's face is quite familiar to me. Can I have seen him abroad? Or at some public school, perhaps?"

"No," she returned, quite interested, "he has never been abroad yet, and was educated here, at-home. Tom, love, I am telling Mr. Harthouse that he never saw you abroad."

"No such luck, sir," said Tom.

There was little enough in him to brighten her face, for he was a sullen young fellow, and ungracious in his manner even to her. So much the greater must have been the solitude of her heart, and her need of some one on whom to bestow it. "So much the more is this whelp the only creature she has ever cared for," thought Mr. James Harthouse, turning it over and over. "So much the more. So much the more."

Both in his sister's presence, and after she had left the room, the whelp took no pains to hide his contempt for Mr. Bounderby, whenever he could indulge it without the observation of that independent man, by making wry faces, or shutting one eye. Without responding to these telegraphic communications, Mr. Harthouse encouraged him much in the course of the evening, and showed an unusual liking for him. At last, when he rose to return to his hotel, and was a little doubtful whether he knew the way by night, the whelp immediately proffered his services as a guide, and turned out with him to escort him thither.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was very remarkable that a young gentleman who had been brought up under one continuous system of unnatural restraint, should be a hypocrite; but it was certainly the case with Tom. It was very strange that a young gentleman who had never been left to his own guidance for five consecutive minutes, should be incapable at last of governing himself; but so it was with Tom. It was altogether unaccountable that a young gentleman whose imagination had been strangled in his cradle, should be still inconvenienced by its ghost in the form of grovelling sensualities; but such a monster, beyond all doubt was Tom.

"Do you smoke?" asked Mr. James Harthouse, when they came to the hotel.

"I believe you!" said Tom.

He could do no less than ask Tom up; and Tom could do no less than go up. What with a cooling drink adapted to the weather, but not so weak as cool; and what with a rarer tobacco than was to be bought in those parts; Tom was soon in a highly free and easy state at his end of the sofa, and more than ever disposed to admire his new friend at the other end.

Tom blew his smoke aside, after he had been smoking a little while, and took an observation of his friend. "He don't seem to care about his dress," thought Tom, "and yet how capitally he does it. What an easy swell he is!"

Mr. James Harthouse, happening to catch Tom's eye, remarked that he drank nothing, and filled his glass with his own negligent hand.

"Thank'ee," said Tom. "Thank'ee. Well, Mr. Harthouse, I hope you have had about a dose of old Bounderby to-night." Tom said this with one eye shut up again, and looking over his glass knowingly, at his entertainer.

"A very good fellow indeed!" returned Mr. James Harthouse.

"You think so, don't you?" said Tom. And shut up his eye again.

Mr. James Harthouse smiled; and rising from his end of the sofa, and lounging with his back against the chimney-piece, so that he stood before the empty fire-grate, as he smoked in front of Tom, and looking down at him observed:

"What a comical brother-in-law you are!"

"What a comical brother-in-law old Bounderby is, I think you mean," said Tom.

"You are a piece of caustic, Tom," retorted Mr. James Harthouse.

There was something so very agreeable in being so intimate with such a waistcoat; in being called Tom, by such a voice; in being on such off-hand terms so soon, with such a pair of whiskers; that Tom was uncommonly pleased with himself.

"Oh! I don't care for old Bounderby," said he, "if you mean that. I have always called old Bounderby by the same name when I have talked about him, and I have always thought of him in the same way. I am not going to begin to be polite now, about old Bounderby. It would be rather late in the day."

"Don't mind me," returned James; "but take care when his wife is by, you know."

"His wife?" said Tom. "My sister Loo? O yes!" And he laughed and took a little more of the cooling drink.

James Harthouse continued to lounge in the same place and attitude, smoking his cigar in his own easy way, and looking pleasantly at the whelp, as if he knew himself to be a kind of agreeable demon who had only to hover over him, and he must give up his whole soul if required. It certainly did seem that the whelp yielded to this influence. He looked at his companion sneakingly, he looked at him admiringly, he looked at him boldly, and put up one leg on the sofa.

"My sister Loo?" said Tom. "*She* never cared for old Bounderby."

"That's the past tense, Tom," returned Mr. James Harthouse, striking the ash from his cigar with his little finger. "We are in the present tense, now."

"Verb neuter, not to care. Indicative mood, present tense. First person singular, I do not care; second person singular, thou dost not care; third person singular, she does not care," returned Tom.

"Good! Very quaint!" said his friend. "Though you don't mean it."

"But I *do* mean it," cried Tom. "Upon my honor! Why, you won't tell me, Mr. Harthouse, that you really suppose my sister Loo does care for old Bounderby."

"My dear fellow," returned the other, "what am I bound to suppose, when I find two married people living in harmony and happiness?"

Tom had by this time got both his legs on the sofa. If his second leg had not been already there when he was called my dear fellow, he would have put it up at that great stage of the conversation. Feeling it necessary to do something then, he stretched himself out at greater length, and, reclining with the back of his head on the end of the sofa, and smoking with an infinite assumption of negligence, turned his common face, and not too sober eyes, towards the face looking down upon him so carelessly yet so potently.

"You know our governor, Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, "and therefore you needn't be surprised that Loo married old Bounderby. She never had a lover, and the governor proposed old Bounderby, and she took him."

"Very dutiful in your interesting sister," said Mr. James Harthouse.

"Yes, but she wouldn't have been as dutiful and it would not have come off as easily," returned the whelp, "if it hadn't been for me."

The tempter merely lifted his eyebrows: but the whelp was obliged to go on.

"I persuaded her," he said, with an edifying air of superiority. "I was stuck into old Bounderby's bank (where I never wanted to be), and I knew I should get into scrapes there, if she put old Bounderby's pipe out; so I told her my wishes, and she came into them. She would do anything for me. It was very game of her, wasn't it?"

"It was charming, Tom!"

"Not that it was altogether so important to her as it was to me," continued Tom coolly, "because my liberty and comfort, and perhaps my getting on, depended on it; and she had no other lover, and staying at home was like staying in jail—especially when I was gone. It wasn't as if she gave up another lover for old Bounderby; but still it was a good thing in her."

"Perfectly delightful. And she gets on so placidly."

"Oh," returned Tom, with contemptuous patronage, "she's a regular girl. A girl can get on anywhere. She has settled down to the life, and she don't mind. The life does just as well for her as another. Besides, though Loo is a girl, she's not a common sort of girl. She can shut herself up within herself, and think—as I have often known her sit and watch the fire—for an hour at a stretch."

"Ay, ay! Has resources of her own," said Harthouse, smoking quietly.

"Not so much of that as you may suppose," returned Tom; "for our governor had her crammed with all sorts of dry bones and sawdust. It's his system."

"Formed his daughter on his own model?" suggested Harthouse.

"His daughter? Ah! and everybody else. Why, he formed Me that way," said Tom.

"Impossible!"

"He did though," said Tom, shaking his head. "I mean to say, Mr. Harthouse, that when I first left home and went to old Bounderby's I was as flat as a warming-pan, and knew no more about life than any oyster does."

"Come, Tom! I can hardly believe that. A joke's a joke."

"Upon my soul!" said the whelp. "I am serious; I am indeed!" He smoked with great gravity and dignity for a little while, and then added in a highly complacent tone, "Oh! I have picked up a little, since. I don't deny that. But I have done it myself; no thanks to the governor."

"And your intelligent sister?"

"My intelligent sister is about where she was. She used to complain to me that she had nothing to fall back upon, that girls usually fall back upon; and I don't see how she is to have got over that since. But *she* don't mind," he sagaciously added, puffing at his cigar again. "Girls can always get on, somehow."

"Calling at the Bank yesterday evening, for Mr. Bounderby's address, I found an ancient lady there, who seems to entertain great admiration for your sister," observed Mr. James Harthouse, throwing away the last small remnant of the cigar he had now smoked out.

"Mother Sparsit?" said Tom. "What! you have seen her already, have you?"

His friend nodded. Tom took his cigar out of his mouth, to shut up his eye (which had grown rather unmanageable) with the greater expression, and to tap his nose several times with his finger.

"Mother Sparsit's feeling for Loo is more than admiration, I should think," said Tom. "Say affection and devotion. Mother Sparsit never set her cap at Bounderby when he was a bachelor. Oh no!"

These were the last words spoken by the whelp, before a giddy drowsiness came upon him, followed by complete oblivion. He was roused from the latter state by an uneasy

dream of being stirred up with a boot, and also of a voice saying: "Come it's late. Be off!"

"Well!" he said, scrambling from the sofa. "I must take my leave of you though. I say yours is very good tobacco. But it's too mild."

"Yes, it's too mild," returned his entertainer.

"It's—it's ridiculously mild," said Tom. "Where's the door? Good night!"

He had another odd dream of being taken by a waiter through a mist, which, after giving him some trouble and difficulty, resolved itself into the main street, in which he stood alone. He then walked home pretty easily, though not yet free from an impression of the presence and influence of his new friend—as if he were lounging somewhere in the air, in the same negligent attitude, regarding him with the same look.

The whelp went home, and went to bed: If he had had any sense of what he had done that night, and had been less of a whelp and more of a brother, he might have turned short on the road, might have gone down to the ill-smelling river that was dyed black, might have gone to bed in it for good and all, and have curtained his head for ever with its filthy waters.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A TURKISH AUCTIONEER.

It was the sale of a bankrupt's effects, and they were huddled together in disorderly confusion under a little craggy shed just outside the town. I was attracted thither by the shouts of a Turk with a stentorian voice, who was running about in a state of great excitement, stopping persons in the street to insist on their examining the articles which he carried in his hand. He was the auctioneer of the place; and I followed him into the crazy shed as a student of manners. There was a considerable crowd of those greasy, dingy persons, who seem to have an abstract love of second-hand goods, and who have always appeared to me to be evoked by the auctioneers of all countries like familiar spirits. This resemblance, however, borne by this crowd to similar people in England, is merely personal. It is confined to the length and sharpness of nose among the buyers; to an air of unpleasant sleekiness about them, with a strong smell of bad tobacco; and to a prevailing odour of the damp and fustiness of small streets. There the likeness ends. In Britain, a sale by auction is a plain business-like twice-two-are-four sort of affair; in Turkey it is a source of pleasurable excitement for a whole city. It furnishes the inhabitants of the place with a conversational topic of more than usual liveliness and interest. It also gives them a delightful excuse for laying or lounging about in the sun doing nothing, which is a never-ending entertainment to an oriental.

It is proper to mention that the Turkish auctioneer is by no means so august and dignified a person as with us. He is not the sovereign lord and autocrat of the sale-room; he is the servant of a popular and rumbustical assembly. Before I have well had time to séttle myself upon a stone, and light a cigar, I observe that he has returned three times from a sally to sell the same cracked pipkin, and three times he has been thrust back by the scruff of the neck from not having obtained a reasonable offer for it. Somebody in the shed bids for it at last, and the delighted auctioneer with a most villanous wink at me is preparing to hand over his unsaleable pipkin to the somebody in question, when the same remorseless knuckles, as usual, are thrust between the collar of his shirt and the nape of his neck. Our friend, thus goaded, makes another excited bolt out of the shed and, next moment, is heard shouting about the cracked pipkin again, in the same furious manner as that which first attracted my attention. The somebody who was disposed to become a purchaser looks rather disconcerted: I suspect he is not thoroughly broken in at auction; but nobody else pays any further attention to the proceedings for the present. In fact, all seem to be rather glad to have got rid of the auctioneer than otherwise, probably in the hope that the festive occasion may be prolonged until a later hour. So they sit down and light a great number of paper cigars as a necessary preliminary to the discussion of the news of the day. Their conversation is composed merely of coffee-house politics and their neighbour's business. Woe to the Costaki, or Nikolaki who does not happen to be present; the character of that Costaki or Nikolaki is handled with a ferocity which quite makes one's ears tingle; and I listen attentively for one pleasant thought or kindly expression; for one plain sensible idea, or healthy view of anything talked about, in vain.

Presently the auctioneer returns. While the majority of his customers are wrangling, he has slily disposed of the pipkin to the somebody who first bid for it; and I think another roguish wink to the purchaser signified that he should expect a con-si-de-ra-tion for himself at a convenient season. After this sale of the pipkin—the only thing disposed of yet—the auctioneer desires a little repose, and squatting cróss-legged on the bankrupt's counter, sends for a nargilly, and joins in the general discourse. The whole company then present a picture of oriental manners sufficiently striking and characteristic. They have entirely forgotten why they assembled together; and are idling away their time in that slothfulness which is the root of all evil, and from which spring, certainly, nine-tenths of their national disasters. Lazy louts of boys begin

to sneak in and out mysteriously, and to pull about the things of the ruined man. I feel very much disposed to trip up one young gentleman, whose pockets are fuller than they should be, with the crook of my walking-stick. But I am by no means sure that he is not the son or brother of somebody present; or in league with the auctioneer, or the bankrupt, or the principal creditors, or one of the primates of the place.

For the rest I begin to understand also that the auctioneer is not likely to resume his labours for the present. The talk will go on till dinner-time; then the talkers will disperse. To-morrow is the Greek feast of the Forty Martyrs; next day is the Turkish Sabbath (our Friday); the following day is the festival of St. Somebody; the next is Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath; then comes Sunday; nobody likes to do anything particularly on Monday, while Tuesday and Wednesday are both saints' days. On Thursday everybody will stay at home sobering, and then again follow the three Sundays! By which time I know very well that everybody will have forgotten all about the sale, just as much as if it had been an affair of the last century. Should they remember it, I am not quite clear that the matter will be mended. The bankrupt's goods are in a ruined shed. They will not be locked up—they will be nailed up. To-morrow morning or the morning afterwards, the shed will be found open. Something will be said about a robbery; this will supply a great deal of energetic talk; and afford an excellent opportunity for abusing the Turkish authorities. Those who know a great deal more about the robbery than they would care to own, will be the loudest in this abuse—and there the matter will end. So let it be! Everything is settled in this way in the East. Why should the sale of a bankrupt's effects be an exception to the general rule? Delay hangs like a mist over everything and everybody. Nothing ever terminates, and if I were asked to describe the general state of affairs in the East in one word, the word I should use would be Muddle.

I asked a person I met in my afternoon ride, what might have been the circumstances of the bankrupt whose property I had seen so wantonly damaged and pilfered. The substance of what I heard, is worth recording, as illustrative of another phase of manners in Turkey.

The bankrupt had been a prosperous man until he married a widow of considerable landed property. This had been his ruin; and a very snug and comfortable ruin it was—but still a ruin. He had fancied the property of his wife would be improved by laying out a little money upon it. The idea was natural: it was also correct. For this purpose, therefore, the trader borrowed a small amount, and had little difficulty in finding it, for he offered the security of his next year's growth of olives. "Stay," said the money-lender, "as you have olives I will not lend you money. I will buy your olives. It will make the transaction simpler." It did not make the transaction simpler, however. When the time came for the olives to be delivered to the buyer, they did not happen to be grown. A winter of severe cold had destroyed the olive trees by hundreds, and the trees of the debtor had not put forth a leaf. He offered, however, to repay the borrowed money. "Pray, don't trouble yourself about me," said the obliging money-lender; "it is not money you owe me; it is olives. To be sure I bought your fruit rather cheap; but, if I had it, I would make an immense sum in the present scarcity. I want the olives, therefore, not the money." "Impossible." "Well, then; suppose we fancy that I have the olives, and that you want to buy them, they will cost you so many piastres at the current price. To be sure it is nearly five times what I lent you, but you need not hurry yourself about payment—we shall merely have to add the interest, and you can give me a bond for the whole." So the affair is settled, and the discomfited debtor finds himself in the position of hundreds of others. He has been borrowing at an interest of about six hundred per cent.; and his ruin is sealed. He knows this; but he is a Greek, and has all the trickery and cunning of that people born with him. He will be ruined, indeed; but he will contrive even to turn his ruin to account. He will improve and beautify his wife's property until it becomes the wonder of the neighbourhood. He will buy everything that is to be sold, and dispose of it again at any price, to obtain the money he requires. What money he does not want he will hide or bury. He will carry on a wholesale system of swindling for the next year; and the Frank merchants will suffer most. One fine morning he will declare himself a bankrupt, rub his hands, chuckle a little, and leave his creditors to fight out their differences. He will have no books or accounts. He will answer no questions, and there is no law to make him. He will acknowledge, indeed, that it is a bad business for somebody; but, as far as he is concerned, he knows nothing at all about it, and washes his hands of the whole transaction. His property belongs to his wife, and though he has improved it with other people's money, nobody can touch it. By and by, in some roundabout way, the Greek money-lender will of course contrive to be paid, but nobody else will. In a few years, or perhaps sooner, my friend will set up in the same line of business again, and live in the odour of sanctity until he gets into a scrape again; and then he will contrive to get out of it, in some equally felicitous and honest manner.

The fact is, there is no law in Turkey which may not be evaded by an ingenious man. Some trumpery present will

always secure the suffrage of anybody where suffrage is worth securing. For, the Aga and Cadi, with all their coadjutors and train, live entirely by little jobs of this kind: without them they would not be able to live at all. There is no gazette, no list of bankrupts, no report of law proceedings, no way of any kind, so far as I know, for keeping backsliders in the ranks. I wonder whether things would be altered to the benefit of the Frank merchants, if we could persuade some sensible commercial man like Baron Bruck, the Austrian Internuncio, to go, some of these days, as our ambassador to Turkey. There is a talk that the Austrian merchant-diplomatist is already busy with a new commercial treaty. I wonder if a British merchant could afford him a few hints.

BASQUE BLOOD.

The sun was far too hot to permit me to continue my journey towards the Eaux Bonnes (one of the most celebrated of the Pyrenean baths), for at least another hour; so, not being pressed by time, I decided on a halt. On casting my eyes about to find a shady and convenient spot for my purpose, I discovered, about a hundred yards up one of the slopes, the very place I desired. This perch was soon gained, and from it I commanded a full view of the road and passers by. It was one of those patches of bright emerald-coloured grass, which abound among the wild rocks of the Pyrenees. Two or three trees afforded a comfortable shelter; and a clear rill ran through it. "Just the place for a snack," thought I. So, unslinging my knapsack for comfort's sake, and my little pouch for eating's sake, I soon saw my dinner before me. This was quickly dispatched; and a cigarette or two, by way of dessert, left nothing to be desired.

I had not long enjoyed this dolce far niente, when, from my elevated position, I saw a little fat jolly looking man coming up the road. The sun was too much for him; he was fanning himself with what at first appeared a piece of flexible slate; but which subsequently turned out to be a wide-awake hat. Seeing that he was seeking some comfortable nook, in which he might rest, I hailed him. He soon spied me out; and, in about half the time it had taken me to ascend the slope, was standing puffing and laughing at my side. He was about fifty or sixty years of age, under the middle height, with a complexion clear and fresh. For surer footing he wore the spartille, or hempen soled shoe. A good-natured, merry look shone all over his countenance; he was covered with dust, of which his mouth and clothes seemed equally full.

I thought I could do no better than offer such a man a few drops of brandy, mixed with water in my leather drinking-cup. He drained off this mixture with the best will in the world, returned the cup, wiped his forehead and sat down beside me. Not until he had finished these operations, and the remainder of my dinner, did he once stop to talk. He then made up for lost time. I have seldom met with so talkative an acquaintance. He told me he was a doctor, and forthwith launched out into an invective against smoking; after which, he smoked five cigarettes, incessantly talking all the time.

I asked him about the traditions of the neighbourhood. There were none, he said; or if there were, he was unacquainted with them. He then, at my request, gave me an account of the Basques. They are, he informed me, brave, with a high sense of honour: hospitable, and courteous, especially to strangers, but, like their Spanish brethren, extremely passionate, tenacious of their dignity, and vindictive, particularly when women are concerned. He told me he liked the English for their generosity and intelligence; and added, that he thought them not so phlegmatic as generally imagined, but often extremely thoughtless and precipitate when carried away by their passions. These last words he uttered with a certain mysterious air, which roused my curiosity.

Our road lying the same way, we agreed to proceed in company, and trudged along, laughing and chatting merrily, and exchanging adichats (good days) with the passing peasantry. After we had walked some distance, my companion proposed our having some milk, and, on my assenting, he again assumed his mysterious air, and said, "Keep your eyes about you, and notice the people of the house we shall enter."

We had arrived at a part of the mountains where the gorge opened out into a green valley about half a mile wide, watered by a brawling Gave (as the mountain torrents are called), well cultivated, and dotted with cottages. At one of these my friend knocked; the door was opened by a young woman of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. She was excessively handsome, and would have been still more so, but for her perfectly bloodless complexion; her figure was well-made and tall, and she seemed superior to the peasant women I had before seen. She saluted my friend with great cordiality, who forthwith presented me to her as a petitioner for some milk. She seemed averse to conversation, so that I had plenty of time to make my silent remarks.

There were two other women in the room: one, evidently her mother: the other might, from the likeness, have been a younger sister. The three women were all dressed in mourning. The house was like the generality of the more decent houses in these mountains—two stories high. In the room where we were seated, was a large hearth, on which some small wood was burning; and before which a child of two or three

years old was playing. The young woman refused to take anything for the milk she had given us, and returned, with a slight tinge of pride as I thought, the few sous I put into her child's hand—I call the child hers, because it evidently was so.

We thanked her and left the house. "And pray tell me the story that I see belongs to these people," said I to the doctor. "Very well," said the doctor to me; and thus began:

The overthrow of Louis Philippe's government in forty-eight, gave rise, as you must be aware, to many plots, real or imaginary, against the dignity and safety of the infant republic. In one of these, Jacques Lacoste (the father of the young woman you have just seen) was mixed up. He was apprehended, tried, and transported to Cayenne for six years.

The execution of this sentence reduced his family, which had been one of the most prosperous of the small proprietors of the valley, almost to indigence, and awakened them from their former life of ease and well rewarded industry to one of unremitting labour. The family consisted of the mother, son, and two daughters: the eldest of whom, Julie, was about eighteen when this cruel event befell them. From a child, Julie had attracted attention, not only on account of her great beauty, but for a natural quickness of intellect, and the kindness and sensibility of her disposition. Her abilities had not escaped the notice of the village priest, who took some slight pains in cultivating them. From him she learnt to speak French (the Basque or Bearnais, as you well know, being the jargon of this district), to write, and to read, of which latter acquirement she made good use. Humble as such advantages were, they raised her far above her companions; of whom she soon became the admiration and oracle. The exercise of the intellectual powers has always an effect on the countenance; on Julie's naturally kind face, kindness and sensibility became more strongly stamped: while the merriness of her eye was tamed by a look of thoughtfulness, destroyed, at times, by a demure coquettish glance which would be fixed on you from under her eyelids. Kind and useful in her sphere, of the world she knew nothing; she had never wandered beyond the valley, or the gorge in which the valley terminates. If she had heard of places larger than her own village, it was from some travelled son of the mountains, who had been to Bayonne, or even as far as Toulouse, and who astonished her by his account of the extent and luxury of the cities.

Julie soon began to perceive that, although she might assist her family by remaining at home, she could assist them much more by seeking employment in one of these great towns of which she had heard. It was no selfish feeling which prompted her to this course; too good to be selfish, her every thought was for those she would leave behind her.

Although she had made known her wish on this point to those most able to assist her in it, an accident solved all difficulties, and brought about her desire.

A lady, travelling with a mountain party, had the misfortune to fall from her horse, by the turning of the saddle. She sustained no injury beyond a slight cut on the lips, and a severe shock of the nerves. Her companions led her into the first cottage which presented itself, which happened to be that of Julie's mother. The assiduous and kind attentions of Julie won the sufferer's favour, and she proposed to the delighted girl to become her maid. The offer was joyously accepted; and Julie was instructed to present herself at the lady's house at Pau in a week's time.

The lady into whose family Julie was about to enter, was fond of company, and her house was frequented by her own countrymen, as well as by the numerous English residents, who for health or pleasure invaded the town every winter. She had been long married, but had no family. Lively and witty herself, she chose her company for their being so too; and, as long as they contributed to her amusement and the adornment of her rooms, she was not otherwise very particular regarding their characters.

Among the many visitors of Madame Laville, Julie's mistress, was Charles Downham, a young Englishman of good education and polished manners; twenty-two years of age, not very handsome; of the middle height, well made. His voice was remarkably soft and winning, but it was his eyes which gave expression to his countenance; their frank and fearless glance, tempered with great good nature, enlisted all whom he addressed in his favour. He had originally been intended for a collegian, but in consequence of a serious reverse his father's fortune became insufficient to bear this expense. He had accompanied his parents to Pau to economise, and to perfect himself in speaking French, prior to entering a merchant's office.

Of course, a mountain-girl so beautiful as Julie attracted no slight notice from the various young men who frequented Madame Laville's; but, to all little flatteries she turned a deaf ear. She was not influenced, as most young and unsophisticated girls, in like circumstances would have been, by the love of dress and finery. What she could spare from her wages was religiously laid aside for those at home. This seemed to be the sole object of her existence, and engrossed her every thought. It would have been well for her, if this good motive had continued to occupy her mind. By the death of an unmarried uncle, however, her family became the heirs of his little property, and suddenly recovered their former position.

With this change of fortune, Julie's

great object was annihilated; thoughts, which were before strangers to her heart, crowded upon her. The little store she had destined for home, was mostly expended in charity; but some little also in ornaments. She became less reserved, and more lively. The countenance, which had been so unmoved at any casual or impertinent compliment, now sometimes deigned a smile, which was, however, often followed by a contemptuous curl of the lip: whether in derision of herself or of the complimenter was doubtful.

Charles Downham was one of the few who had obtruded no attention on this girl, beyond the passing glance which a pretty woman claims. Julie respected his forbearance at first, and ended at last by falling deeply and desperately in love with him. She had many opportunities of seeing that he was the admiration of those with whom he associated, and often noticed the blush of pleasure which the sight of him would raise in some fair cheek. Hers were not the only eyes which followed him as if there were a fascination in his presence. For a long time he was ignorant of her feelings towards him; until one evening the truth flashed upon him, as he raised his head from some pictures at which he had been looking, and accidentally caught her eyes fixed upon him. She, of whom he had seldom thought before, now seemed to be clothed with double beauty. In a word, before the evening was over, he was as desperately in love as Julie herself.

His books grew distasteful, and his mind seemed perfectly incapable of entertaining any other image. At length he gave up the contest. He sought and found several opportunities of speaking with her; nor was it long before he obtained from her the confession of her love for him.

The Basque, like the Spanish woman, know no bounds in their attachments; their love, like their hate, is always in the extreme. Julie's heart and soul, from this hour, were given to her lover; she braved the wrath and scorn of her family for him; dishonour for her seemed to have no terrors weighed against a moment's discontent or sorrow for him. She could not restrain her joy at the sight of him, nor conceal her imprudent attachment from other eyes. It was not long before she was ordered, with every mark of contempt and scorn, to quit the house.

Her lover, in no position to assist her, now felt the selfishness and thoughtlessness of his conduct. To see her suffer was more than he could bear. To counsel her to return home to her family, and trust to her mother's affection, was his first impulse; but Julie dreaded as much to quit him, as to face their upbraidings. At this crisis he received a letter, offering him an advantageous appointment in London.

Here was a release from all their difficulties. He explained to her that he had now an opportunity of extrication; but that he would be obliged to quit her. She implored him to permit her to accompany him to England; she would follow him in any capacity; she would be no expense to him, if she might only be always near to watch and comfort him. He was overcome by her passionate appeal; he really loved her deeply; he assured her that his grief was equal to her own in having to leave her; he explained that it would be ruin to his prospects in England, if it were known that she had accompanied him; he pointed out that her present love ought to yield to their future fortune; he assured her that her unborn child and herself, as long he lived, should share his means and affections; and, finally, seeing her still unconvinced and overwhelmed with grief, promised to return on the first opportunity.

But what was she to do in the mean time? The lovers were relieved from this difficulty too, by her mother coming to see her at Pau. Ignorant of the disgrace that had befallen her, she went to Madame Laville's; hoping to see her as beautiful and as innocent as when she had quitted her home twelve months before. Here she learnt the tidings of her dishonour; she flew to the house where Julie was staying; and found them all too true. The sudden presence of her mother before the guilty girl, was too much for her weak condition; she fainted; and then a revulsion of feeling took place in the mother's heart. She raised the girl from the ground, called her every endearing name, assured her of her forgiveness and love, and besought her to return home immediately. Julie at first refused, in her dread of seeing home again; but, when Charles Downham joined his persuasions to those of her mother and convinced her how impossible it was for her to accompany him to England, she acquiesced. He insisted on her receiving a part of the money which had been forwarded to him for his journey; as she refused, he placed it in her name at a banker's, and told her that it was destined for his and her child, and she had now no right to decline it.

Shortly after this she returned with her mother, and again beheld her native valley. What a change in herself since she had last seen its unaltered face! She had left it in her beauty and innocence, with a noble object; she returned to it guilty, miserable, broken-hearted,—no longer a support to those she loved, but a dishonour and a burden.

Such thoughts as these brought on a serious illness, and she gave birth to a boy, almost as beautiful as herself. Her whole existence was now centred in the child. She would watch it for hours and hours, without stirring. She shunned the society of her former companions, and seldom, if ever, showed herself out of doors. No one knew her history since her departure from the village, but the priest, her family, and myself,

the doctor. Unlike what most women would have done, I think, under similar circumstances, she would talk both to the priest and myself of her lover; often expressing surprise that she had not heard from him, but always firmly holding to the belief that he still loved her, and that he would not be happy as long as they were separated.

Time passed on in this way for a year and a half, without any news of him; still she clung to her immovable conviction that she would see him again.

The weather had been sultry, without rain; and every one was looking forward to some passing thunder-storm to mitigate the overpowering heat. At last, one of the most terrible storms that had passed over the valley for some time burst forth. The rain came done in torrents; the narrow mountain paths were washed away; the gaves were swollen to nearly twice their ordinary volume, and much cattle and several granges were swept away. The thunder leapt down the rocks, waking the echoes with a frightful noise, and to this was added a terrific gale, which long left traces of its fury.

In the midst of this hurricane, a traveller arrived in the village in which Julie's mother dwelt. Their cottage, as you have seen, is the first as you enter the village. The traveller, without hesitation, walked in drenched to the skin; but, before a good fire soon dried his clothes and regained his cheerfulness. Julie and her mother happened to have gone to see a sick neighbour that day, and were not in the house when he entered. Before the fire the child was tumbling and playing about; it soon left its own sports to make friends with him. It was quickly seated on his knee, and began caressing him. It bore a strong resemblance to him; and he seemed no less struck by it himself. than Julie's brother and sister were. The storm gave place to one of those drizzling showers of these mountains, which seem endless. Julie's brother proposed to the traveller to stay the night, offering to show him a short cut over the mountains to the Baths, in the morning. The proposition was gladly accepted, and he amused himself by playing with the child, who seemed to have taken a strange liking to him.

Towards evening Julie returned without her mother; who had stopped to tend her suffering friend during the night. Her first look was for her child, who was still on the stranger's knee. She stepped forward to take it from him, when, by the blaze of the fire, she at once recognized its father. A slight scream, which she instantly repressed, startled him; he turned and exclaimed, "Julie!" He did not restrain himself from clasping her in his arms; but there was a warning in her face, and he made no other sign.

Her brother had heard the scream, and seen the emotion which she ineffectually endeavoured to suppress. He had heard her name in the stranger's mouth; and now the extraordinary likeness between the stranger and the child was explained to him.

To Julie he had always been the kindest of brothers; when she fell, she had heard no reproaches from him; to her child he had uniformly been affectionate and good. He pretended not to have noticed the meeting between his sister and the stranger. But Julie, who knew her brother to be quick-sighted, watched him steadily, without letting him perceive it, during the evening. She saw the sparkle of some gratified wish in his eye, the flush on his cheek, his close-set teeth, and his clenched hands; and she knew that his Basque blood was up—that he had penetrated her secret, and was determined on revenge. After they had all retired for the night, she stole up to Charles's room, and implored him to dress immediately, and pursue his route to Pau, or any place but that where he had told her brother he was going. He at once arose, and was let out by Julie without noise; after having embraced and entreated her to follow him with her child to Pau. To this she assented. She pointed out the road, and then gave herself up to violent grief.

The hope of speedy vengeance had rendered her brother sleepless; he heard her rouse the stranger; he at once got up and watched, and, shortly after, saw the man who had ruined his sister leave the house. He sprang into a tree which grew close to his window, and let himself down. The rain had ceased and was succeeded by a fine bright night. The rays of the moon penetrated into the gorge, in spite of the height of the mountains.

Charles walked on quietly, and it was some time before his pursuer came up to him. The Basque hailed him in French, and Charles, who did not recognise him in the distance, stopped.

"You have forgotten something," said Julie's brother, as Charles now perceived him to be; "you have forgotten something, in your flight, sir."

"You mistake, my friend," said Charles, "I have forgotten nothing."

"Yes, you have forgotten the poor girl whom you seduced; you have forgotten that her honour is my honour, and her vengeance my vengeance," said the infuriated young man, drawing his knife. Without saying another word, he made a violent thrust at the object of his hatred. The Englishman, whatever his defects might be, did not want courage. With a blow of his stick, he struck the knife, which went flying over the precipices bordering the road, out of his assailant's hand. With a loud shout the Basque rushed to close quarters; but was met by a heavy blow of the fist between his eyes, which sent him staggering against the rocks; it was only for a moment; regardless of a second blow, he succeeded in closing with his adversary, and, by the suddenness of his attack, brought him to the ground. In natural strength they

were equally matched: but the blow between the eyes had given your countryman somewhat the advantage; and, as they struggled, Julie's brother felt himself the weaker. They rolled to the side of the road, overhanging the gave. With a firm clutch of his antagonist, the Basque, by a strong kick, brought them both to the brink. In vain Charles tried to free himself from the grasp which held him. They crashed together down the rocks, breaking through the slight trees which grew from the clefts, and fell heavily into the gave which flowed beneath. They fell a height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, in a place where the stream, choked up with rocks and stones, was half a foot deep.

Julie's brother was killed on the spot; Charles, strange to say, still lived. His fall had been somewhat broken by his enemy falling undermost. They were discovered by a fisherman, who was out early to supply the hotels at the baths with trout. He hurried off for assistance, and they were conveyed to the cottage of Julie's mother. I was immediately sent for, and saw that there was not the least hope for the mangled survivor. He told me before he died, that he had unhappily lost the address Julie had given him; but that, in hopes she might have gone to inquire at the post-office in Pau, he had addressed letter after letter to her at the Poste Restante, where, he doubted not they still remained. It was in her arms, with his head on her bosom, and his child holding one of his hands, that he died.

I never shall forget that girl's curses against her brother. I never shall forget how she refused to be separated from his body, how she clung to it, how she raved and swooned, or the terrible brain fever that supervened; from the time of her recovery to this hour, her face has retained the bloodless hue you must have noticed. She and her boy are provided for by Charles's parents, to whom I wrote, by his desire. He is buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Pau; and four times a year a fresh crown of bright immortelles is found on the railings which surround his grave.

I thanked my companion for his story; and we parted.

INVOCATION.

Where waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not,
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot,
I looked for thee ere now!

It is the May:
Each longing sister-soul hath found its brother,
Only we two seek fondly, each the other;
And seeking, still delay.

Thou art as I:
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee.
We cannot be apart. Must meeting be
Never, before we die?

Yes! we shall meet:
And therefore let our searching be the stronger;
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor change, nor Time defeat.

Therefore I strove
Bravely with winter tide, and long,
Patiently waiting for the glad spring-song
That bodes thy coming, love.

'Tis the May-light
That crimsons all the quiet College gloom;
May it shine brightly in thy sleeping-room!
And so, sweet wife, good night!

UNDER CANVAS.

Mr. Layard was in the midst of the excavations at Kouyunjik, near Mosul: colossal gods, and storied palaces, daily rose like unburied ghosts from the tomb. The Arabs—believing that the Frankish Bej, "who had come from the other end of the world to dig up the bones of their grandfathers and grandmothers," was searching for treasure among those hoary stones—brought him continually tiny particles of gold-leaf, carefully wrapped up, in dingy pieces of paper, or crying out that they had found Nimrod himself, or an accursed Jinn, as a human-headed bull or lion slowly reared its gigantic proportions from the bowels of the earth. "Walleh! it was not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet (peace be with him!) has said they were higher than the tallest date-tree; it was one of the idols which Noah (peace be with him too!) cursed before the flood." It was in the midst of all the bustle, and excitement, and life of the Ninevite diggings that a note was brought from the Shiekh of the Jebour tribe, saying that two colossal idols had been found near the Khebour river, and inviting the Frankish Bej to ride out into the desert to view them. This was an invitation few men could have resisted. Accordingly Mr. Layard and a large cavalcade, nearly a hundred strong, set out for their journey among the Bedouins.

It was no mere sandy waste in these bright spring months that the explorer passed through. Far as the eye could reach, tracts of young grass, mingled with patches of brilliant flowers, offered a scene little in accordance with the received idea of an Arabian desert. Gazelles bounded from the low cover; hares scudded through the bright green grass, and the greyhound plunged among the low brushwood after them. Returning from the course, dyed purple, and blue, and scarlet, and yellow, from the gaudy flower-beds they had passed through, hawks were flown at the francolins, or black partridges, that rose whirring up from the ground—men shouted the war-cry of their tribes, or fired their matchlocks in the air, galloping madly to and fro, intoxicated with the freedom and beauty about them. Some flung their long spears in the air playing at the jerid; others brandished their weapons, with bright handkerchiefs streaming from the end. The white pavilions of the Hytas, or irregular Turkish cavalry, glittered in the distance, side by side with the black tents of the wandering Arabs; horses gaily caparisoned,

struggled to free themselves from the spears to which they were tied before the doors of the tents; young girls, their black hair streaming in long ringlets on their shoulders, carried jars of water, or loads of brushwood on their heads, their thin blue shirts leaving every movement free, and allowing their shapes to be exactly defined and clearly seen —mothers bearing children in their arms, crammed others into saddle bags, their shining black heads peeping out as they swung on each side the camels, or the mule-boys driving flocks of lambs, and large herds of cows and sheep lowing and bleating wound through the plain—colts galloped free and far—women screaming the shrill tahlehl, urged on the men to still greater excitement, for this is a cry which excites the Arab almost to madness—all this unbridled life, and wild, free, fetterless emotion, composed a scene which, for stir and gaiety would make the busiest European city look dull and still. The river Khabour, to which Mr. Layard was bound, the Habor or Chebar of the Samaritan captivity, is the terrestrial paradise of the Arabs. It bears three crops, they say, in the year, and there is perpetual shade and greensward by its murmuring waters. Many of their songs turn on the happiness of those who dwell near it; for perhaps no people in the world are more easily impressed with the beauties of nature than the Bedouins. As Layard says, "Poetry and flowers are wine and spirits to the Arab. A poem is equal to a bottle, a rose to a dram." "What kef," (delight) cried Suttum, the shickh of a branch of the Shammar tribe, as he waded through the grass and flowers, "has God given us equal to this? It is the only thing worth living for. Ya Bej! what do the dwellers in cities know of this happiness, they have never seen grass or flowers; may God have pity on them!" And often on this journey, when they were tired and their spirits drooped, some of the party would sing a love-ditty, or set up their loud war-cry, or they would stop to pick the scarlet poppies and bright blue flowers that strewed the ground, to wreath them among their own garments and the trappings of their horses, until the large cavalcade looked like some great procession of olden times, returning from their games or solemn sacrifices: and with such innocent stimulants as these, their courage would return, and their energy, and their gaiety. Poetry, flowers, the boundless desert, plain, and freedom, the sole excitants necessary for the gay and gentle Arab.

Before starting on his expedition, Mr. Layard sent to this Suttum, of whom we have spoken above, to claim his protection through the desert; and the chief, with a strong body of his men, himself escorted and guided him. Suttum was one of the noblest specimens of a Bedouin. Noble in person, dignified in carriage, intelligent, daring, honourable, and faithful, he was no less delightful as a companion than trustworthy as a friend. His liveliness, wit, good temper, and conversational powers whiled away many an hour of fatigue and pain; and, under his escort, life and property were as safe in the desert among the plundering Bedouins as they are in England under the protection of the law. In this expedition, Suttum was accompanied by his rediff. The rediff is generally the person who sits behind the rider on the dromedary, but in the Shammar and Sneyza tribes it means a kind of adopted twin—a friend nearer than a brother—for the rediff and his patron live in the same tent, go together to war, see each other's wives, and are bound by ties stronger than those of blood. He is usually a man chosen from a hostile tribe, so that in case of war the patron may be "dakhal," or protected by the friends of the rediff should he fall into their hands, as in turn the friends of the rediff may be protected by the patron, should they be taken prisoners by him or his tribe. In going to war the rediff leads the mare for his brother, fighting himself from the back of the deloul, or swift riding camel; in travelling he rides on the naked back of the animal, clinging to the hinder part of the saddle with his legs up to his chin. The saddle itself is high and profusely ornamented with brass bosses and nails; and Suttum's was adorned with the "Baghdad double bags with many-coloured tassels and fringes of wool," so much coveted by the Bedouins.

The laws of that same dakhal, or the claiming and the granting of protection, are exceedingly curious among the Shammar tribes, and are religiously observed. To say to a man that he has violated his dakhal is an insult never forgiven, as it is a disgrace never wiped out. Dakhal is claimed by eating bread and salt, by repeating certain formulas, and performing certain acts. Among the Shammar, to seize the end of a thread or string, of which the enemy holds the other end, is dakhal—that is, the vanquished is under the protection of the conqueror; to touch the canvas of a tent, or to throw at it something belonging to the person, claims the dakhal of the owner; to spit on a man, or to touch anything he has with the teeth—unless in cases of theft—is dakhal. A woman can protect any number of persons or huts. Once a Turk, flying from his pursuers, rushed into an encampment, and stretching out his hands to a tent, claimed dakhal. It belonged to Sahiman Mijwell's eldest brother (Mijwell was Suttum's brother), who was absent at the time; but Noura, his beautiful wife, seized the pole sticks and beat off the pursuers, though they were Arabs and her guest one of the hated Turks. She was much praised by the Shammar for this spirited adherence to the sacred laws of their desert police. If a horseman rides into a tent, he and his horse are dakhal (protected); a stranger eating with one of the Shammar can give dakhal to his deadliest enemy, should he fall into his

power ; but any one calling out "I renounce," before dakhal has been claimed, may refuse it. The Shammar never plundered a caravan within sight of their tents, for so long as a stranger sees their tents, he is dakhal. A man who has eaten bread and steals his owner's horse, is dishonoured, having repaid the protection afforded him with treachery. The tribe must return the horse ; and should it die before being sent, the man must be delivered up. If two enemies, between whom is the thar, or blood revenge, exchange by mistaking the salem aleikum, there is peace between them, and they will not fight. It is disgraceful to rob a woman of her clothes; even in a plundering party, the plunderers give her a horse to ride back to her tents. A man pursued by an enemy may save himself by calling dakhal—unless the blood revenge is between them. Among the Shammar it is considered cowardly to take away the horse or camel, when there is no water or encampment near; they will take their victims to within a certain distance of their tents, point out their site, and then plunder them respectably. Dakhal given, an Arab must protect the dakhal to his own ruin ; and this has been the case in many instances, a true Bedouin rarely violating this pledge, even to his own most certain destruction.

In the desert, Mr. Layard and his party were met by several chiefs, and were hospitably entertained. The sheikh's tent—known by the spears tufted with ostrich feathers before it, and by being in the front rank and facing the side from whence the guest may be expected, as also the enemy—the first to welcome and the first to fight—was ever open to them with all the pleasures that a Bedouin tent could give. Feasting, poetry, and tales—often prolonged far into the night—welcomed the English gentleman to the home of the Ishmaelite ; and all was done and given with an open-handed generosity and an earnest desire to please, which might give a useful lesson to many of the so-called civilized races. Once they were the guests of Rishwan, Suttum's father. When they rode up to the old sheikh's tent, Suttum Mijwell, his younger brother, with the elders of the tribe, stood ready to receive them. The chief had killed two sheep, and before many minutes had elapsed, two huge wooden platters of boiled rice and mutton were brought in and placed on the ground before them. Large lumps of butter were then heaped on these steaming messes, and allowed to melt, Rishwan occasionally kneading all up together with his hands (hands go for silver spoons generally in the desert. A glass of eau sucrée was once offered to a lady of Mr. Layard's party, which eau sucrée was stirred by a particularly dirty finger, which the owner carefully sucked between each stir.) When the dishes were cool—the Shammer think it inhospitable to place hot meat before a guest—Rishwan stood up in the centre of the tent and called each person by name to the feast. But neither he nor his sons would take the smallest portion for themselves. That also would have been inhospitable. After the eating had ended, Layard went to the women's tents. Some of these women were exceedingly beautiful, the wife of Suttum's eldest brother the most so. They were all dressed in the long, thin blue Arab shirt, with a striped or black abba (cloak) and a black keffich, or head kerchief, confined with a band of spun camel's wool. The Bedouin women wear noserings of massive silver, studded with coral and gems; bracelets and anklets of the same, necklaces of coins, and amber, and agate, glass and stone beads and often rows of small Assyrian relics. When they leave their tents, they cover the lower part of their face with a handkerchief, leaving only their black eyes sparkling above. Their complexion is a dark rich olive, their eyes large, lustrous, and almond-shaped ; their black hair falls heavy in luxuriant curls on their shoulders, their carriage is erect and graceful, and they are spirited, brave, energetic, and industrious. In the desert, daughters are sources of wealth from the alliances they may form with hostile tribes, and from the price which they bring ; but in the towns they are held as a disgrace, and often are privately murdered.

Suttum was accompanied not only by his rediff and his favourite hawk, which he held on his wrist, but also by one of his wives, the beautiful and imperious Rathaiyah. This lady was very indignant when she saw the white tent that had been provided for her during this journey, and absolutely refused to sleep under it. She swore that she would leave her liege lord rather than submit to such disgrace ; and after much trouble, a black tent used as a kitchen, was given up to her ; when she said that under the goat's hair canvas she would breathe freely again, and once more feel that she was a Bedouin. Adla, Suttum's first wife, came one day into the encampment with her child in her arms, to effect a reconciliation with her husband ; from whom she had been forced to part on account of Rathaiyah's fearful temper ; and by the aid of a friend of Mr. Layard's, a public form of reconciliation took place. But Suttum's face showed plainly enough what private scene he expected when the European peacemakers should have gone out. It appears that Suttum had consented to marry Rathaiyah because she belonged to a powerful and hostile tribe ; but if he had bought public peace by this union, he had paid for it with his private happiness, for there was not a more thoroughly henpecked husband among the Shammar than the powerful and daring Suttum.

The Arab loves as none but an Arab can love ; but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water, or brushwood ; and, in a moment, at a glance, is as madly in love as if he had served years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else,

cares and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves; and if he is disappointed in his affections he dies. In order to commence the suit, he sends for a member of the girl's tribe who has access to the harem; and, first ensuring his secrecy by solemn oaths, confesses his love, and entreats the confidant to arrange an interview. The confidant goes to the girl; gives her a flower or a blade of grass, and says, "Swear by Him who made this flower and us also, that you will not reveal to any one that which I am about to unfold to you." If the girl will not accept the proposal she will not take the oath; but does not tell nevertheless. If she is so disposed to the match, she answers, "I swear by Him who made the leaf you hold and us;" and the place and time of meeting are settled. These oaths are never broken.

Next in rank to, or before, their beautiful women, the Bedouins prize their mares. Some are beyond all price, and many would fetch almost fabulous sums. One youth, in Suttum's tribe rode a filly for which a hundred camels had been offered and refused. Their best bred horses are never bought, unless by some rare chance or mischance. Layard once offered a sum of money for a beautiful mare that had struck his fancy: the owner shook his head—it was far below her value. The offer was increased, but the Arab still refused and rode away. However, the report got about that he had bargained for his mare, and, though of the best blood, she was suspected, and, in the end was obliged to be sold to a horse-dealer at Mosul, for less than what Mr. Layard had offered. When an Arab loses a horse in a foray, the conqueror sends an envoy, who passes harmless, like a sacred messenger, from tent to tent, to learn the qualities and breed of the animal he has gained; and all that he hears he may rely on, for the Bedouin never lies about his mare. Often a dying man will tell his murderer and victor the name and descent of his horse, which the chances of war have given to an enemy. His last breath will be spent in the praises and the exultation of his mare, and every word may be believed. The breed of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is an event made known to the whole tribe. If a townsman or a stranger buys a horse, and is desirous of having written evidence of its race, the seller with his friends go to the nearest town to certify before a person, specially qualified, called "the Cadi of the horses," who makes out a written pedigree, to which he first attaches certain prayers and formularies from the Koran, in use on such occasions, and then his own seal. The best mares are assumed to be descended from the five favourite mares of the Prophet; but that is not a fact that can be distinctly sworn to. The Arab mares are not so beautiful in appearance as many people imagine; it is only in the spring, when the pastures are green, that they are sleek and comely; on their ordinary food they are nothing but skin and bone, with staring, shaggy ungroomed coats, and to the ignorant not worth their keep. But when the mare hears the war-cry,—then her blood-red nostrils dilated and quivering, her neck arched, her tail spread wide, her large eyes all on fire, and every nerve and muscle strained and started—then she shows what qualities she has, and proves her worth to be often the salvation of her rider's life; for, to the speed of his mare many a Bedouin has owed his life and wealth, and all that he possessed. The desert proverb says, that a high bred mare, when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and her tail; and certainly when the Arab mare is at the full stretch of her paces, if she does not quite fulfil the proverb, she does not fall far short of it.

One day a Gezidi or devil-worshipper and snake-charmer, came to Mr. Layard's tent with his son, a child of about seven or eight years old. Mr. Layard was sitting on his carpet with Suttum, when the Gezidi began his performance. He first took from a bag several venomous snakes, all knotted together, which he gave to the lad. The boy received them from him, and allowed them to twine round his neck and breast, playing with them or alternately caressing and teasing them. The Gezidi pretended to be, or was really angry with one of the snakes, which had bitten his son, and drawn blood. He seized it, bit off its head with his teeth, and threw the writhing body among the spectators. Suttum's curses were loud and violent, and the whole assembly was strongly excited, and with difficulty restrained from falling on the luckless snake-charmer and inflicting summary and condign punishment on him. Suttum cursed him to his remotest generations, with sundry impolite allusions to his female relatives, and unwarrantable assertions respecting his dead "forbears." It was some time before he could be quieted, and many days before the poor Gezidi was forgotten; the Bedouin breaking out into the most furious invectives against him, and bespeaking him the warmest corner in a certain place, more hot than healthy, where he was consigned, æsthetically, without remorse.

Another day a striking looking object sat in the museef, or great tent. He was a Bedouin boy, sickly, thin, clothed in rags, and emaciated, but with a resolute and daring expression of face. His only clothing was a ragged and dirty keffich, or kerchief round his head, and a tattered cloak, with the knotted end of a club appearing out of the folds. He was a distant relative of Suttum's, but his father was to poor to give him a mare and spear, without which no Bedouin is complete. He was now fourteen, and old enough to be a warrior, and too old to bear the disgrace of his condition. He left the tents

of his tribe, leaving behind him all his clothes and taking only the wretched rags he had on him, and wandered down to the Euphrates, where he remained for months, until his family believed him dead. He lived all this time in the river jungle, feeding on roots and herbs, and prowled about in the night-time, searching for the horses of the Aneyza, if by chance any had been left unsecured. At last he found one, but, alas! her legs were manacled, and he had brought no file with him to cut the irons. He was on his way back to the tents when he passed through Mr. Layard's encampment, where he said he would remain until he had recovered his strength, when he would set off again on his adventurous expedition, and this time take a file under his cloak. There is no disgrace, but, on the contrary, a vast deal of merit due to the youth who thus possesses himself of a mare and spear. Provided only he has not eaten bread and salt in the owner's tent, he may steal with impunity, and, if successfully, with credit.

In nothing is there a more striking difference between the Arab and the European, than in the precocity of intellect. One beautiful boy whom Mr. Layard knew was a very pleasing instance of this intellectual precocity. He was the youngest son of the governor of Hillah—Shabib Aga—a child of about twelve years of age, and who transacted business with Layard with all the dignity and decorum of an old man; wrote letters, settled disputes, collected levies, and was governor and judge in general. He was exceedingly lovely with large bright eyes and a dark olive complexion, and his manners were both graceful and dignified. He wore the long silken robes of the town Arab, with the keffich of the Bedouin; but his heart was all Ishmaelite, and his desires were for the desert and its liberties. "His salutations were made with the greatest gravity," says Layard. "We trust that it has pleased God to preserve your Excellency's health. Our harem begs your Excellency's acceptance of sour milk and francolins. May we show that we are your slaves by ordering the irregular troops to accompany you in your ride. Your person is more precious to us than our eyes, and there are evil men, enemies of our lord the sultan, abroad in the desert." Mr. Layard on parting gave him a kaleidoscope, which he had taken into strong affection, and between which and his judicial duties he divided his time pretty equally; peeping into the small end with all a boy's glee and delight when not settling grave disputes of property, or awarding punishments for crime. Often a Bedouin child, at the age when Europeans are still in the nursery, is left in charge of the tents, when the tribe are absent. He must receive strangers who may have blood-claims against the family, answer questions, or evade them, guard against marauders, and watch and account for every strange sign and mark. If he sees a horseman's back near the encampment, he must ask himself why he did not stop and eat bread or drink water. Was he a spy, or one of an attacking party on the march thither, or what was there in his condition that made him pass so near without stopping? Indeed, few men are called on to exercise such watchfulness and intelligence as the Bedouin child must practise daily.

The signs, too, by which a Bedouin boy or man can read the book of the passing life of the desert, seem to the uninitiated almost like magic. He can tell by the foot-prints, and by other signs, whether the camel which has lately passed was loaded or unloaded, fed or hungry, fatigued or fresh; how long since it has passed, and whether its owner was a desert or a towns-man, friend or foe, and often the name even of his tribe. Layard was frequently advised not to dismount, as his foot-prints would be known by any tracking party, as those of a stranger, and often an Arab led his deloul, that it might not be read in the sand that it had been ridden by one unaccustomed to guide it. Not a mark but has its story; not a stone but tells its tale; and the Bedouins can spy out each other's movements by their fleeting foot-prints in the sand, as clearly as if published in a Court Gazette, or public despatches. Once a party of Kurdish horsemen stopped before the Frankish Bej's tent. It was a young Kurdish chief carrying off a girl with whom he had fallen in love, who hastily dismounted, to eat bread and drink water—then rushed wildly forward, to escape pursuit. But yet they were as easy to track in their flight as if they had left a printed notification of their road. However, they had gained time, and time and the good mare do all in the desert.

Hawking is a sport in great repute among the Arabs. Their favourite falcons are highly prized, and are exceedingly dear. Poor Suttum lost his favourite hawk Hattib, in this journey to the Khabour. In striking its quarry it was pursued by an eagle, and flew off to the desert, screaming and terrified. Suttum wept, and was inconsolable, crying "Oh Bej! Hattib was not a hawk, he was my brother." The birds are trained in a very simple manner. They are first made to take their meat from the horns of a stuffed gazelle—then from a tame gazelle, the distance, gradually increased to about half a mile. A greyhound is next loosed, the falcon flown at the same time, and the gazelle's throat is cut—the bird and the hound being fed with the meat. After the sacrifice of three gazelles, the falcon's education is pronounced complete, and it is taken to the field, to strike for itself.

The Arabs have an honour and honesty among them which is quite incorruptible. Marauders and thieves as they are in their own vocation, yet, when their sense of honour is

roused, they may be trusted to any extent. Sahiman, one of Mr. Layard's guiding-chiefs, tracked some camels for six weeks, that had been stolen from the encampment while under his protection. He felt his honour involved, and would have spent a life-time in recovering the lost property, rather than have it said that his guest or friend had been robbed while under his charge. At last, he recovered the camels, after infinite trouble and exertion, and brought them back to Layard, who happened to be absent at the time, neither waiting nor wishing for a reward. And Suttum, that brave and beautiful Ion of the Hearth, was often sent across the desert with five or six hundred pounds of money—his only reward being a silk dress or two, with now and than a camel-load of rice or corn for his family. Once a Bedouin came all the way alone from the neighbourhood of Bagdad to pay the balance of a wood account, amounting to three or four shillings, and would not accept any reward whatever. On the whole, a race more gallant, daring, generous, loving, and trustworthy, when once placed in the position of friends and protectors, is not to be found anywhere. And as the boundless freedom of the Bedouin life gives it a charm no other state of existence possesses, in spite of all its privations, so, with all the faults of the Bedouin character, its affectionate sincerity and princely generosity give it a claim on one's respect and love not easily accorded to men more civilised, but perhaps less virtuous. Men who, as the noble Hatem, would slay a priceless mare, in times of famine, to feed some stranger guests that chanced to come to the tents—who, as Suttum, would carry money that would enrich them for life, across the desert, where the owner of that gold could never track them, and where they might defy pursuit or detection, yet carry it as surely as if guarded by an army—such men as these are not barbarians, nor is that code of morals to be despised which gives such practical results.

CHIPS.

SENSIBLE NEWS OF A SEA-SNAKE.

It is comfortable to get some account from a trustworthy naturalist of a sea-serpent that is neither a bunch of sea-weed nor a bunch of lies. Mr. Peach, a gentleman whose name is familiar to all working men of science, as possessing the property of an accurate and intelligent observer, tells us that a few weeks ago a specimen of a singular and rare serpentine fish was cast on shore in Sinclair's Bay, a few miles from the town of Wick in Scotland. This water monster certainly is a very fine sea-snake, though not perhaps the well-known sea-serpent of fiction.

When it was brought in it had been much mangled and cut about by the fishermen; who styled it a Ciel-lonin—a name very apt to be corrupted into Sea Lion by those who have caught, from time to time, only glimpses of the head, which displays a sort of mane.

Only a few specimens of the animal have hitherto been described as having been found on the British shores. Those which have been described were all of considerable size; but the last caught is the monster among monsters. His length is fifteen feet six inches, from the eyes only, to not quite the tip of the tail. The two ends of him are immeasurable, because the tail has been much injured, its tip broken off, while the whole of the head up to the eye has been knocked to pieces, partly by the fishermen and partly by the creature itself in its death struggles. Another foot might therefore be added to the measurable length. The greatest depth of his body is one foot two inches, and it would require a skewer three and a half inches long to transfix him breadthwise in the thickest part. His eyes are perfect, an inch and a half across, having the pupil dark and iris silvery: these eyes are so placed, near the top of the head, that they would be conspicuous objects while the creature swam upon the surface of the water. The head, as before said, is mutilated so much that little can be said about it. There are, visible upon it, stumps of a cluster of spine-like fins, well adapted for the support of a long crest, which probably existed until a boat-hook dealt about the snake's head its destructive blows. Upon the ridge of his back, extending along the whole length, is the dorsal fin; but the top part of it is nearly all rubbed off. The skin is of a beautiful silvery colour, with fine dark bands that pass down from head to tail. The vertebral column—is not of bone at all, but gristly, and not three quarters of an inch across. When cut through it shows merely as a filon filled with a jelly-like substance.

As to the actual nature of this rare visitor, all competent authorities agree that it is a large example of the gymnetrus, a visitor known better by the name of riband-lath or deal-fish.

We do not intend to enter into a debate about the sea-serpent. That would be cruel to our readers. Let us, however, say, that against the possibility of its existence one of the strongest arguments used was, that if such animals were in being, some portion of their skeletons, especially bits of the backbone, would have been thrown ashore. Now here we have a creature of a snake-like form, sixteen feet in length; that is to say, two feet longer than any similar sea monster of the snake kind, before found. It is crowned with a long pendulous tuft on the back of the head, which would well represent the mane which sea-serpent seers have always described. Swimming as the fish does on its edge, and not flat like a sole or halibut, the extreme thinness compared with the depth would give it great rapidity of motion, and

the flexibility of the extremely delicate cartilaginous spinal column—nowhere an inch thick—would cause its manner of progression to be very like that of a serpent.

The greatest wonders of the deep are almost hidden from the eye of man. These meteoric silver-coated fishes appear to reside in the depths, and it is only at long intervals, and after a succession of tempests, that a solitary individual is sometimes cast upon the shore; where its delicate body is found torn and mutilated by the elements, and on the rocks.

Mr. Peach's fish of sixteen feet long, seen at a distance—swimming as it would swim when at the surface of the water with its crest and dorsal fin exposed, its silvery shining sides, and the long wake left by its peculiar motion—might, at a distance, be considered, by surprised eyes, thirty feet in length, or even more. But, when we remember that the samples taken on the British shores have been found in comparatively narrow, shallow, and cold seas, and were probably but small and sickly specimens carried against their will out of the depths of their own oceans, in warmer climes, we may easily conceive that others of the kind very much larger may be dwellers there. It is well known that the backbone of the largest shark becomes a mass of jelly very soon after putrefaction has commenced, and we may argue that should a fish of the kind here mentioned, even ten times its size, be met with, the vertebræ would be only seven inches and a half across; and, being also frailer than the shark's, they would still sooner perish.

It is an interesting fact that the first recorded specimen of the fish here roughly described was found near Land's End, in Cornwall: and this, the last, near John O'Groat's, Caithness: the others in places situated between these extreme points. Thus they take the range of the whole coast of Great Britain, washed by the British Chamnel and the German Ocean; but hitherto the appearance of no such creature has been noticed in Ireland.

STROLLERS AT DUMBLEDOWNDEARY.

The strollers. Have not the righteous powers of law, reform, science, and sectarianism been directed for centuries against the strollers? There have been wise Justices in ruffs, and doublets, and trunk-hose, determined to put the strollers down, and most signally failing in so doing, ever since the time of the Spanish Armada; just as, I dare say, in the mythic time of San Apollo and all the gods and goddesses, the great Justice Midas—for all that he was squire, knight of the shire, and custos rotulorum—failed in putting the strollers of *his* epoch down. Strollers have been declared rogues and vagabonds by all sorts of statutes: pulpit thunder and quarter sessions lightning have been levelled against them times out of number. No matter; the strollers have a principle of life in them stronger than the whole family of Shallows. Hunted from populous neighbourhoods, and threatened with all those legal perils which attend the dire English crime of being unlicensed, they are surely to be found, after apparently irretrievable extinguishment, cosily ensconced in some quiet little village, the marvel and delight of the unsophisticated, as they have been for ages.

Here they are, this blessed spring-tide afternoon, in my dear Dumbledowndeary. Their wheels have been new tired, some fresh stitches have been put into the buskin, an additional inch has been added to the cothurnus, and some extra dabs have been given to the scenery; but here in its entirety is the Thespian waggon at Dumbledowndeary.

Which Dumbledowndeary, I beg to remark, is thoroughly an out of the way place. One of our magnates expresses his opinion that it is left out—at all events, you can't find it in—many maps of England, and it never rains or snows at the same time it does in other places. There is no mint in Dumbledowndeary, no turnip-radishes, no salad-oil, and there are very few carrots. *There is no lawyer;* there was one some time ago, but he made a most signal failure of it, and died. There is very little clergyman; for the incumbent couldn't make the place out, so he spends his living of six hundred a year in Hastings, and the cure of souls is done in job-work by a succession of clerical nonentities, of whom very little indeed is seen, between service. There is never any cholera at Dumbledowndeary, and seldom any fever, and so little sickness and few accidents, that our doctor's principal amputations are confined to the plants in his greenhouse, and he is fain to eke out his time by taking photographic portraits, for pure love of science, of the inhabitants, to their immense delight: mute inglorious Miltons coming out under the process and on the prepared paper, as speaking likenesses, and "Cromwells, guiltless of their country's blood," all generally mild men with sandy whiskers, appearing beneath the influence of collodion and iodine, as the most truculent and black-bearded bravos. We have no crime, and no immorality (to speak of), and our only regret is, that more Londoners do not arrive at our natty railway station; wander in our green lanes and voiceful woods, fill their eyes with the delicious prospect of wood and water, and meadow around them; taste our publicans' neat wines, and avail themselves of their commodious stabling, and at last be so delighted with the place as to buy, build, or hire houses, and settle in Dumbledowndeary altogether. But I am afraid that those who know of and love this queer, pleasant, little spot, keep the secret to themselves, as those Indians do who are aware of the city of gold in Central America, and tell no stranger, lest the profane vulgar should step in and spoil it.

Our taste for the drama in Dumbledowndeary, though not often indulged, is vast. We take trips to town sometimes, and go to the play; and mighty are the discussions that afterwards take place about the plays we have seen. We have settlers amongst us, hermits long since retired from the busy world, who can remember Siddons, the elder Kean, and Young. These "shoulder their crutch and show how" plays were acted. There was a dark man who lodged up the back lane last year, and was supposed to have been formerly a play-actor. It was mooted that he should read Shakspeare in the schoolroom; and he said he would think about it; which I suppose he has been doing ever since, for no more came of the proposition. We have frequent bets of fours and sixes of alcoholic fluids, respecting the exact readings of quotations from the dramatists; and reference being made to the authors' works themselves, both parties are generally found to be in the wrong. Lastly, though we have no regular theatre (not even the smallest provincial one, within ten miles), we are visited, with tolerable regularity, once a year, by a band of those peripatetic histrionics called strollers. They omitted to visit us last year, and I grieved, thinking the dramatic element in Dumbledowndeary was on the decline; but a few days since, walking up street, the time being dinner time, and the object of my journey the fruitless one of procuring a ha'porth of mint, with a view to its conversion into sauce for lamb, I was greeted with the intelligence that the mummers were come.

The announcement was the more pleasant as it followed close on the heels of another class of amusements with which we have lately been favoured. We have seen a sight in Dumbledowndeary within the last fortnight not unfamiliar, I dare say, to my older and travelled readers, but which to the younger portion must be quite novel and surprising. What do you think of five wild and picturesque foreigners appearing in Dumbledowndeary, coming from no man knows where, and going no man knew whither; four of them leading two monstrous bears and two hideous wolves, with chains and muzzles, and the fifth man bearing a drum of uncouth make, which he smote continuously! Bears and wolves in England! They took us back to the time of King Egbert, and the Royal Bear, which lived in the Tower, and washed himself in the River Thames. The bears were brown beasts, with that pitiably half-human appearance, which bears have when on their hindlegs, of being distressed mariners in shaggy brown coats and trousers, much too loose for them: the name of one of them was Martin, and a most woe-begone Martin he was, with paws like very dirty driving gloves, with the fingers coming through, a preposterous muzzle, and a general expression of the most infinite raggedness and wretchedness. He danced, did Martin, and went through the military exercise, and kissed his keeper at the word of command, with oh! such an unmistakable longing in his countenance to amplify the kiss into a hug, and a gnash, and a tear! Martin's brother was a young bear—Martin the foundling, perhaps—who, whether the major part of his sorrows were yet to come, according to the axiom, or not, seemed to have quite enough of them now, and abandoned himself to despair in the dust, at every convenient opportunity, till forced to assume the duopedal attitude by the cudgel of his master. As to the two wolves, they were not performing wolves, nor dancing wolves, nor learned wolves, by any means: they were simply wolves—lanky, brindled, savage-looking creatures, whose existence was embittered by an insufficiency of raw flesh, human or otherwise, and by the necessity of wearing a muzzle, and being tugged about by a chain. They viewed the performances of their ursine brethren with profound disgust and contempt: their masters, whom they unwillingly permitted to drag them along, with more disgust still, mingled with fear and loathing. Man delighted them not, nay, nor woman either; the one sole object on which their attention seemed fixed, and to which their desires were directed, lay in the amalgamated legs of the juvenile population of Dumbledowndeary. For those tender, fleshy, tearable, crunchable howlable-for extremities did their fierce mouths water, their teeth gnash, and their eyeballs glare, and their bushy tails disport themselves, in a manner horrid to behold.

If the bears and the wolves, and their strange keepers (the man with the drum was a study in himself) were a source of amusement, imagine what a fertile source of recreation the strollers must have been. As soon as I heard that the mummers were come, I lost no time, you may be sure, in repairing to the spot where they had set up their theatre. It was not ill-chosen. A green patch of land, with a natural amphitheatre of turf around it, then a path, then another patch, where Mr. Clewline, the sail-maker, spreads out his sails like gigantic table-cloths, and pitches them, or waterproofs them, or does something to them with some mysterious compound; and then the broad shining river with the yachts dancing on its bosom, like trim bits of nautical cabinet-making; the dusky brick-laden barges with heavy sails, that would seem to be impregnated with brick-dust too, so dusky red are they; the squat Prussian and Swedish barks waiting at the ballast wharf; the Gravesend steamer puffing and smoking along the channel on the Essex side; the unobtrusive, yet labouring ant-like little tugs, pilot fishes to great sharks and whales of Yankee liners, and Green's Indiamen and Australian packet-ships, deep in the water with auriferous cargoes. There is one-legged Barker in his

little boat, his oars as he feathers glancing in the wet spray and golden sun like priceless gems, though they are but humble lancewood after all. There is Mr. Thumb, the pilot, shoving off to board and pilot, nolens volens, a homeward-bound ship; there is a neat little skiff pulling in from a yacht with ladies deep in novel reading and crochet work; there, opposite to me, in Essex, are flat marsh lands, and flatter meadows, and the white smoke of another train on another railway, and thereabouts, they tell me, lives the wicked contractor who sold the hay which the horses couldn't eat, and which it was very lucky they did not eat, under the circumstances of cold lamb connected with the forage in question; and here, at my feet, is the grassy patch with the strollers' booth upon it.

It is a very tumbledown edifice indeed, of old boards and canvas, which have evidently done service in countless grassy patches, to say nothing of fairs all over England. There is an outer proscenium supported on a platform, about which there can be no mistake at all, for it simply consists of a few loose boards placed on the body of a van, which evidently serves for the conveyance of the paraphernalia of the company through the country. The proscenium itself, as a work of art, is abominable; as a curiosity, it is laudable. All styles of decoration find representatives on its surface—the intensely Præ-Raphaelite prevailing; for the rules of perspective are wholly set aside, and the avidity of the artist for purity and brilliancy have caused him to throw aside all except the primary colours—red, blue, and yellow. There are two lateral doors, which mean nothing, inasmuch as they lead to nothing, and don't open, and upon which knockers in the Louis Quatorze style are planted in bitter mockery. There is a door, left centre, which is of some signification, inasmuch as it is the box, pit, and gallery entrance, and pay-place. The summit of the proscenium is occupied by those useful domestic animals, the lion and unicorn at issue, as usual, about the possession of the crown, and more frequently, I am afraid, getting more brown bread than white bread or plum cake during the progress of their hostilities; there are a quantity of flowers painted, which, if novelty of design and strangeness of colour met with their reward, would infallibly carry off the gold medal at Chiswick and all other horticultural shows; and, finally, there are the names of the proprietors of the booth—Messrs. Hayes and Walton—glaring in red lead, and yellow ochre, and blue verditer. The "walk up" process to the booth is apparently effected by an inclined plane, with a few battens nailed across it at irregular intervals—an Avernus of which the descent will be, I opine, more facile than the ascent.

There is a side door of ingress, however,—the stage door, I presume, to the Theatre Royal Dumbledowndeary. Close by it is another van with a hood or tilt—a sort of mixture of the Thespian and Rommaney, or Gipsy, very picturesque. There is a ladder leading up to this van or waggon. Between its shafts there is at this moment, smoking his pipe, an individual who, by his smock frock, might be a waggoner; by his tight-fitting trousers, a stableman; by his squad oilskin hat a sailor; by his broken nose and scarred complexion a fighting man; but who, by his wavy black hair (yet bearing the brand of the fillet), his shaven jaw, his stage eye, stage lip, stage step, is, unmistakably a Thespian, a stroller, a mummer, if you will. Can this be Hayes? Walton, perhaps? No, Walton should be short and stout, and, if I mistake not, bald. He can't be both, may be one, is perchance neither. As I muse, another man who, in his blue frock coat, has a smack of the butcher, crosses him, bearing a pail of water, and enters the stage door. *He* puzzles me horribly! What can he want a pail of water for? Not for ablution—that would be too absurd; not for drinking—that were absurder still; perhaps for some dramatic purpose, for something in the play. Anon comes forth from the booth, a female form, closely draped in a dingy shawl that might have been worn as a toga in one of the comedies of Meander, it looks so old. I cannot see her face; but, as she climbs into the waggon, I catch a glimpse of a cotton stocking—pink? Well, not very pink; say lavendered by dirt; and a red leather brodequin. 'Tis a dancer; and as she disappears there protrudes for a second from under the tilt, a human face, and that face is white with chalk, red with paint, and bald, with a cockscomb, and is as the face of a clown, and I get excited.

So do some eighty or a hundred boys and girls, of various sizes and ages, who are standing, like me, on the turf or gambolling on the turf amphitheatre, some with the intention, as I have, of patronising Hayes and Walton, when their theatre opens. Others, oppressed by that perpetual want of pence that vexeth public children, contenting themselves with seeing as much as they can of the outside of the show, hopeless of internal admittance. It is very good to see all these happy poor children, *not* ragged, but in the decent, homely, common clothes that country children wear; it is very good to hear this village murmur as

> The mingling notes come softened from below.

I cannot hear

> The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;

swains don't respond or milkmaids sing in these back parts. I can't hear

> The watchdog's voice that bays the whispering wind;

but I can hear

> The playful children just let loose from school,

the noisy geese gabbling o'er the pool, the sober herd lowing to meet their young, and the loud laugh which speaks (not always, dear Goldsmith), the vacant mind.

Two sober horses feed quietly by the side of the tilted chariot, while the rest of the landscape is made up by a misanthropic donkey which appears to have given up thistles altogether as gross and sensual luxuries, and browses contentedly on chalk and stunted thistles; and a big brown dog that seems to know everybody, and tumbles everybody, and makes a very fierce pretence of barking and biting, belying his fierceness all the time by the wagging of his tail and the leer on his honest countenance—a landscape of happiness and plenty, and quietude, and the Queen's peace.

Of Peace, say I? As I watch the strollers' booth, there comes across the field of the river a little black steamer, with a white funnel, towing a hulkish, outlandish bark, with her mainmast all gone to pieces, with an outlandish flag at her mizzen, and floating proudly above it the English ensign. This is a Russian prize; and, as though looking through a camera, you suddenly drew a red slide between the lens and the eye, this field of peace becomes at once a field of war. See, transport number forty-two is just going down river: she is chock full of heavy guns and munitions of war; yonder little schooner, painted light-blue, a Fruiterer from the Azores, laden with peaceful oranges and lemons, has been chartered by government for the conveyance of stores to the Black Sea; transport number nineteen is expected down shortly with artillery horses, and transport number seventy with hussars and lancers. I begin to remember that, within a few miles of my quiet, peaceful, little Dumbledowndeary, are the most famous arsenals and dockyards to be found in this mortal world—fields of the balls of death—laboratories of destructive missiles. But the waters curl and are blue and sparkling, and the tides have their ebb and flow, whether their burdens be peaceful argosies or armed galleys; and the river-shores remember that they have seen the Danes in the Thames, and the Dutch in the Medway, and the mutiny at the Nore, and that they were none the less green and smiling.

Messrs. Hayes and Walton do not trouble themselves about the war, save in so far as it affects the price of tallow candles and two-inch rope, or influences the minds of their audiences, leaving them (H. and W.) to compose and perform pieces of a war turn or of a military tendency—all to suit the popular appetite for the drama pugnacious. Thus, though the piece originally announced for this evening was the Corsican Brothers, or the Fatal Resemblance and the Murdered Twins; H. and W., finding Dumbledowndeary to be partially a down-to-sea-going place, including among its population coastguardsmen, bargemen, watermen, and fishermen—persons all supposed to have a lively interest in the progress of the war—changed the drama to the Russian War and the Gallant Turk; or, Death, the Danube, and the Tartar Bride.

We have waited a considerable time—so considerable indeed that Mr. Sprouts the peripatetic fishmonger and purveyor of sundries in general, has driven his little truck, drawn by a placid little ass, to the brink of the amphitheatre, and is driving quite a brisk trade in cakes, nuts, apples, oranges, and ginger beer. We almost feel inclined to ask for bills of the play.

By and by a little cheer directs my attention from the proscenium; and my spirits are raised to the highest pitch by the appearance on the platform of an Individual. He makes his appearance, curiously, much in the same manner as I have seen Mr. Calcraft make his appearance on a certain dreadful stage in front of one of Her Majesty's jails, where he does the second tragedy business—cautiously advancing to the front and curiously peering into and scanning the populace. But he wears garments far different from the doomster's sables; having on a pair of gay boots, which I dare swear have been originally ancle-jacks, and are now covered with a coat of red paint; a pair of ample calico trousers, a broad leathern belt with a large brass buckle (pattern the Miller and his Men—size, Grindoff), a velveteen polka jacket with coarse gold lace sewn down all the seams, an imitation point-lace collar, and *such* a turban! a wondrous combination of a wide-awake hat with a dirty shawl twisted round it, and streamers of spangled gauze, and a broken feather—a turban that would make any Cheltenham or Leamington spinster die of envy. This individual, after a cursory but evidently efficient survey of his auditory—having reckoned them all up, and divided the paying from the non-paying ones—disappears into the place from whence he came; soon, however, to re-appear with a long green drum, whose bruised parchments attest how long and often it has suffered the discipline of the stick. This drum he discreetly proceeds to sling by a cord to the posts of the proscenium, and deliberately performs a solo upon it—a solo that has very little beginning and an elastic end—being capable of prologation ad infinitum; or of being cut sharp off when necessity requires.

To him, presently, a man in private clothes, with a trombone. Next, a man with a horn, and a troublesome cough, which makes of his horn-blowing one continual catarrh. Next, a young lady in long black ringlets and long white calico; next, a ditto ditto in red hair braided and short pink calico spangled trousers to match, and blue boots; next a diminutive child-woman or woman-child, I scarcely know which, who,

with her dark eyes and hair and slight figure, would be pretty but for a preternaturally large and concave forehead—a forehead that seems to argue wrong and mismanagement somewhere beyond the inevitable malformation of nature; next a magnificent creation full six feet high, with flowing black hair (or wig), a plumed hat, an imitation point-lace collar, a half modern military, half Elizabethan doublet, a fierce sword, trunk hose, buckskin (imitation) tights, and a pair of jack-boots—large, high in the thigh, acute in the peaks, lustrous with copal varnish or grease—a monarch pair of boots—such boots that had you dared displace them and they had been Bombastes', he would have had your life in a twinkling in King Artaxomines' time. These boots seem to oppress their wearer with a deep and awful sense of the responsibility they involve. They are perchance the only pair of jack boots in the company, and to wear them, perhaps, is as precious a favour as it was of old to wear the king's robe of honour. This booted man moves with an alternate short step and stride. His eyes are bent downward, but not in humility—they are looking at his boots. He has no eyes, no ears, no thought apparently for anything beyond those nether casings. I look at him with fear and loathing, mingled with patriotic hatred; for I seem to recognise in him the Emperor of Russia, and already suspect him of nefarious designs connected with the Tartar Bride.

Two more personages appear in succession, and make up the effective strength of the company. There is an old man with feeble legs and a flaxen wig, ill-concealing a stubbly grey head of hair. He wears a grey jerkin with hanging sleeves; beneath which there is a suspicion of Dirk Hatteraick's pink striped shirt, and hose to match. Besides being the old man of the troupe, physically and dramatically, he is one of the orchestra likewise, and carries a battered old flageolet, of which the music comes out all at wrong holes and produces dismal discord. The last histrionic who makes himself manifest, is a little man, who, by his particularly bandy legs, frill, cockscomb and painted face is of the clown, clowny—the clown I caught a glimpse of in the waggon; and who has a habit of rubbing his face continually with a blue pocket handkerchief rolled up into a very small ball, which, taking his painted face into consideration, is, at the least, inconvenient. The company range themselves on the platform, and there is dead silence in the amphitheatre. You might hear a piece of sweetstuff drop.

I very soon find that the clown does not belie his appearance; for he advances to the front with the man in the wonderful turban, and is immediately addressed by him as Mr. Merriman and desired to be funny.

Upon which he at once stands upon his head. Unfortunately, however, the boards upon which he stands being loose, it occurs to one of them to stand upon its head likewise, upon the fulcrum and lever principle, and Mr. Merriman is very nearly precipitated down the inclined plane, and into the midst of his admirers. He as suddenly recovers himself, and makes a joke which is none the less happy for not having the remotest connection with the event which has just occurred.

"Merriman," says the turbaned Turk, in a jaunty, off-hand manner, "have you ever travelled?"

"All over the world," answers Merriman.

"Have you been in 'Merrikar?"

"No, not there; I said all over the world mind."

"Well, in Afrikar, Europe, 'Stralia?"

"No, no, I said the world."

"Well, where 'ave you been?"

Mr. Merriman scratches his head as if to refresh his geographical reminiscences, and after a pause, answers, "I've been in Dumbledowndeary."

This is taken as a great joke, and is roared at accordingly.

"Merriman," asks he of the turban again, "what is nonsense?"

"Why," to him replies the jocoso, "to eat vinegar with a fork 's nonsense. To try to stop the tide with a teaspoon 's nonsense. And to try to stop a woman's tongue when she's a talking 's nonsense.'

This is received as even a more exquisite witticism than the first, and is greeted with much haw-hawing and clapping of hands by the men, and much blushing and giggling by the women. The little folks laugh, as it is their happy privilege to laugh at everything at which they don't cry.

Merriman is proceeding to make another joke, when the Turk stops him.

"You had better, Merriman," he says, "hinform the company that this hevening we shall have the honor of pfromming the Rooshian War and the Gallant Turk; or, Death, the Danube, and the Tartar Bride."

Merriman makes the announcement with many deliberate mistakes and transpositions of the original text.

"As the pfrommances will be rather long," the Turk adds by way of rider, "we will fust 'ave a shut dence on the outside, and the pfrommences will then kmence in the hinteriar. Hadmission sixpence to boxes, and thruppence to gallery."

The shut dence then takes place. But as the space is extremely limited on which its evolutions are performed, the dancers literally walk through the figures. The clown moves his legs a great deal, but his body not much, and is excessively active within a confined space. The old man, whose legs move naturally of themselves through feebleness, is paralytically nimble, and the young lady in white calico is as energetic as she can be under the

circumstances. I look at her and the little child-woman with a sort of nervous interest, and observe that they cling to each other, and whisper together, and make much of one another. I imagine some relationship between them, or at least some strong sympathy and bond of love and suffering, often stronger, God knows, than ties of blood. As for the Emperor of Russia, he feels it plainly beneath the dignity of his boots to dance, and contents himself with an occasional grim bow to his partner.

There is rather a hitch at the end of the shut dence, and to say the truth, rather a long wait before the pfrummences kmence in the hinteriar. Perhaps the manager is waiting for the approach of dusk, for it is yet broad daylight; perhaps (and the noise of some hidden hammers would seem to bear out this view of the question) the arrangements are not yet completed. Meanwhile the solo on the drum is repeated, and an overture by the whole of the orchestra (any tune or time) and then there is another shut dence, performed however without the co-operation of the Emperor, who, probably disgusted at the levity of the proceedings, disappears altogether.

Just then I become sensible of the presence of young Harry Bett, who is commonly known as the Young Squire, and has made up his mind to drain the cup of delirious excitement known as Life in Dumbledowndeary to the very dregs. Young Harry has a coat with many pockets, and trousers fitting him much tighter than his skin, and, if the constant perusal of a betting-book made a reading man, would take a double first class at any university, ad eundem. He bets freely, does young Harry, upon fights, races, hop-harvests, trotting mares, cribbage, boating, ratting, cricketing, and general events. He has brought with him a gallon of beer, in a flat stone bottle, and a quantity of birdseye tobacco and short pipes. He is quite an enthusiastic admirer of the minor drama, though in rather a violent and turbulent phase.

He startles me at first somewhat by addressing the mighty Emperor of Russia himself by his Christian name, and by making derisive inquiries after his state of health. He alarms me by gallantly offering beer to the lady in white; by breaking into the very marrow of Mr. Merriman's witticisms with adze-headed jokes of his own, and by pouring forth to me the details of an irruption he had made into the dressing-room of the company—which was the stage of the theatre, indeed—and, according to his account, presented an exactly similar appearance to the barn made famous in Hogarth's print. But, when I find that his free-and-easiness is appreciated to the fullest extent; that Hayes evidently thinks him a bold fellow, and Walton a dashing spirit, I begin to think that I have been living behind the time somehow, and that life in Dumbledowndeary is the life for a rackety blade, after all.

Louder beats the drum, and louder still brays the music through the inspiriting strains of Pop goes the Weasel, which dashing melody young Harry has called for, and is now supposed to be heard for the first time in Dumbledowndeary. Hey for dissipation! Let us throw aside the conventionalities of society and be gay and rackety with a vengeance. We spurn the inclined plane, with its servile battens nailed across, and enter the Theatre Royal by the side-door, when we immediately assume nine points of the law—possession of a front seat—supposed to form part of the boxes: young Harry sternly tendering the gallery price, threepence, which after some demur is accepted by the Tartar Bride, who appears to be Argus-eyed; for though taking money at the gallery door outside, she spies us in the boxes, and is literally down upon us in a twinkling.

During an interval of from ten to fifteen minutes, some twenty score of our population come tumbling into the theatre. There is nothing but a coarse canvas covering, supported on poles, overhead, rough deal planks on tressels to sit upon, and the bare grass beneath. The theatre is—well, not brilliantly, but—lighted with somebody's patent gas, which appears to be a remarkably pitchy compound, flaring away in tin cressets. We make ourselves very comfortable, however, with the gallon of beer (which young Harry liberally dispenses to his neighbours), and the tobacco-pipes, while above us rise tiers of seats occupied by brick-makers, ballast-heavers, sand-men, farm-labourers, nursery-maids, decent young women (and in *that* respect my Dumbledowndeary is a very coronal of jewels of pure water), bargemen, boatmen, preventive men, children and dogs. You would be puzzled to find a more motley assemblage at any other theatre in England, major or minor. The aristocracy of the place, such as the butcher, the farmers, and two or three worthy landlords, do not hold aloof from the entertainment altogether, but they are bashful, and will drop in by and by.

All in, and all ready to begin—in front, at least—though by a continued hammering behind all does not seem quite ready there. I see Mr. Merriman and the Turk in anxious confabulation over an old hat; which, from its tinkling when moved, I conjecture must contain coppers. Those coppers must be the receipts, and Merriman and the Moslem must be Hayes and Walton. The convex-headed young lady (who is otherwise attired as a coryphée), laboriously brings down the much-enduring drum; and, placing it before that part of the proscenium where the orchestra should be but is not, grasps the sticks in her tiny little hands and begins battering away at it afresh. I begin to grow very sick of this very long wait, likewise of

the continuous strophes of Pop goes the Weasel, which the brass band drones forth; though I am somewhat diverted by the touching resignation with which the flageolet allows the trombone to wipe the mouthpiece of his instrument on his sleeve, and also by a survey of the coat and hat of the trombone himself. That musician is one diamond of grease, and his clothes form perfect facets of oleaginous matter. Young Harry, however, does not find the time hang heavily. He hands the foaming can about — at least its substitute, a broken mug—he converses familiarly with the ladies of the company who sit familiarly on the front benches till it be their turn to ascend the stage, and he holds earnest parley with some members of the upper gallery who are beguiling the time by pelting us with nut-shells and broken pipes. Two or three "hallos!" and "now thens!" accompanied by a strong recommendation to "cheese it" (*i. e.*, act of cessation), cause these trifling annoyances to cease. Meanwhile, the theatre is getting fuller. I need not say that the free-list is entirely suspended—no! not entirely: there is one exception—the policeman is admitted free. He surveys the assemblage municipally, the proscenium critically, the corps dramatique favourably. The performances have not long commenced before I observe him applauding the Emperor of Russia enthusiastically.

With that potentate, who is sitting majestic in his boots immediately before me, and condescendingly partaking of beer with the young Squire, I enter into brief conference. I am somewhat disappointed to find that he is merely a Russian field-marshal after all, but I still revere his boots. He tells me that I was right in my surmise respecting Hayes and Walton. They are the parties, he says, and very nice parties they are. He apologises for the thinness of the company, saying that it is not yet complete, but that it was very strong at Stepney Fair, where they were doing twenty houses a day. The lady in white is Mrs. Hayes. He thinks Dumbledowndeary a poor place. He anticipates but mediocre business, as the thing isn't known yet, and they haven't as much as sent a drum about. Do I think that the tradesmen would give a bespeak? If so, they would have some bills printed, and—

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! A bell, which has been ringing about once in every half minute as a species of sop to the public impatience, now rings to some purpose, and the curtain rises.

The Russian War! The Tartar Bride! Death and the Danube! The Gallant Turk! Yes; let me see. Azarack (this Turk) is in love with Selima, pronounced Syllabub (lady in white), daughter to Chum-Chum, a Tartar peasant (the old man, and discovered to be a rank Irishman), but is coveted by a Russian Field Marshal (Boots). There is an underplot, treating of the loves of Hilda Chum-Chum's second daughter (Convex) and Wingo, a Wallachian peasant (played by a personage in a costume novel to me, but, if I mistake not, Mr. Merriman in buff boots). The drama is in three acts, averaging twelve minutes each. The scene varies between a woodman's hut, a modern drawing-room, and a dungeon, supposed to be the palace or castle of Field-Marshal Boots. I think I cannot better sum up the plot than by stating that in act the first there is one murder, two fights, Wingo up the chimney (which catches fire), one imprisonment of Chum-Chum, and three appeals (on her knees) by Selima to Boots, beginning with "'ear me." Act the second: three fights, two abductions of Selima, one elopement by Hilda, a torture undergone by Chum-Chum, a comic song by Wingo, and innumerable soliloquies by Boots. Act the third: three fights (one fatal), one ghost, one general reconciliation, and a dance by the characters, ending with the Triumph of the Turks, and Ruin of the Russians. I need not say that Boots is at last totally discomfited and brought to signal shame, and is dragged off, dead, by the toes of those very jack boots he has done so much, by his ruffianly conduct, to disgrace. I may add that all these events appear to take place in that part of Turkey which borders on Tartary, close to the Danube, were it falls into the Baltic Sea; that the dialogue is all carried on in the purest vernacular, including such words as "old Bloke," "blow me," "pickles," "go to Bermondsey," and the like; that it is elevated however by sundry scraps from Othello, Manfred, Venice Preserved, and Richard the Third, sprinkled hither and thither like plums in a pudding, and spouted by Boots; and, to wind up, that there is not one single H in a right place among the whole company.

I must confess that, in my vagabond way, I find it all very pleasant notwithstanding; and that I am charmed with the audience, so charmed with the play, acted out upon the fresh green turf. So I sit through the laughable drama of A Day Well Spent (not to speak of a variety of intermediate singing and dancing) with great content, and, at parting, promise the ex-Emperor (in private life at once a humble and familiar man) that I will interest myself with the tradesmen for a bespeak next Monday.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XX.

"OH my friends, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown! Oh my friends and fellow-countrymen, the slaves of an iron-handed and a grinding despotism! Oh my friends and fellow-sufferers, and fellow-workmen, and fellow men! I tell you that the hour is come, when we must rally round one another as One united power, and crumble into dust the oppressors that too long have fattened upon the plunder of our families, upon the sweat of our brows, upon the labor of our hands, upon the strength of our sinews, upon the God-created glorious rights of Humanity, and upon the holy and eternal privileges of Brotherhood!"

"Good!" "Hear, hear, hear!" "Hurrah!" and other cries, arose in many voices from various parts of the densely crowded and suffocatingly close Hall, in which the orator, perched on a stage, delivered himself of this and what other froth and fume he had in him. He had declaimed himself into a violent heat, and was as hoarse as he was hot. By dint of roaring at the top of his voice under a flaring gaslight, clenching his fists, knitting his brows, setting his teeth, and pounding with his arms, he had taken so much out of himself by this time, that he was brought to a stop and called for a glass of water.

As he stood there, trying to quench his fiery face with his drink of water, the comparison between the orator and the crowd of attentive faces turned towards him, was extremely to his disadvantage. Judging him by Nature's evidence, he was above the mass in very little but the stage on which he stood. In many great respects, he was essentially below them. He was not so honest, he was not so manly, he was not so good-humored; he substituted cunning for their simplicity, and passion for their safe solid sense. An ill-made, high-shouldered man, with lowering brows, and his features crushed into an habitually sour expression, he contrasted most unfavorably, even in his mongrel dress, with the great body of his hearers in their plain working clothes. Strange as it always is to consider any assembly in the act of submissively resigning itself to the dreariness of some complacent person, lord or commoner, whom three-fourths of it could, by no human means, raise out of the slough of inanity to their own intellectual level, it was particularly strange, and it was even particularly affecting, to see this crowd of earnest faces, whose honesty in the main no competent observer free from bias could doubt, so agitated by such a leader.

Good! Hear, hear! Hurrah! The eagerness, both of attention and intention, exhibited in all the countenances, made them a most impressive sight. There was no carelessness, no languor, no idle curiosity; none of the many shades of indifference to be seen in all other assemblies, visible for one moment there. That every man felt his condition to be, somehow or other, worse than it might be; that every man considered it incumbent on him to join the rest, towards the making of it better; that every man felt his only hope to be in his allying himself to the comrades by whom he was surrounded; and that in this belief, right or wrong (unhappily wrong then), the whole of that crowd were gravely, deeply, faithfully in earnest; must have been as plain to any one who chose to see what was there, as the bare beams of the roof, and the whitened brick walls. Nor could any such spectator fail to know in his own breast that these men, through their very delusions, showed great qualities, susceptible of being turned to the happiest and best account; and that to pretend (on the strength of sweeping axioms, howsoever cut and dried) that they went astray wholly without cause, and of their own irrational wills, was to pretend that there could be smoke without fire, death without birth, harvest without seed, anything or everything produced from nothing.

The orator having refreshed himself, wiped his corrugated forehead from left to right several times with his handkerchief folded into a pad, and concentrated all his revived forces in a sneer of great disdain and bitterness.

"But, oh my friends and brothers! Oh men and Englishmen, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown! What shall we say of that man—that working-man, that I should find it necessary so to libel the

glorious name—who, being practically and well acquainted with the grievances and wrongs of you, the injured pith and marrow of this land, and having heard you with a noble and majestic unanimity that will make tyrants tremble, resolve for to subscribe to the funds of the United Aggregate Tribunal, and to abide by the injunctions issued by that body for your benefit, whatever they may be—what, I ask you, will you say of that working man, since such I must acknowledge him to be, who, at such a time deserts his post, and sells his flag; who, at such a time, turns a traitor and a craven and a recreant; who, at such a time, is not ashamed to make to you the dastardly and humiliating avowal that he will hold himself aloof, and will *not* be one of those associated in the gallant stand for Freedom and for Right?"

The assembly was divided at this point. There were some groans and hisses, but the general sense of honor was much too strong for the condemnation of a man unheard. "Be sure, you're right, Slackbridge!" "Put him up!" "Let's hear him!" Such things were said on many sides. Finally, one strong voice called out, "Is the man here? If the man's here, Slackbridge, let's hear the man himseln, 'stead o' yo'." Which was received with a round of applause.

Slackbridge, the orator, looked about him with a withering smile; and holding out his right hand at arm's length (as the manner of all Slackbridges is), to still the thundering sea, waited until there was a profound silence.

"Oh my friends and fellow men!" said Slackbridge then, shaking his head with violent scorn, "I do not wonder that you, the prostrate sons of labor, are incredulous of the existence of such a man. But he who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage existed, and Judas Iscariot existed, and Castlereagh existed, and this man exists!"

Here, a brief press and confusion near the stage, ended in the man himself standing at the orator's side before the concourse. He was pale and a little moved in the face—his lips especially showed it; but he stood quiet, with his left hand at his chin, waiting to be heard. There was a chairman to regulate the proceedings, and this functionary now took the case into his own hands.

"My friends," said he, "by virtue o' my office as your president, I ashes o' our friend Slackbridge, who may be a little over hetter in this business, to take his seat, whiles this man Stephen Blackpool is heern. You all know this man Stephen Blackpool. You known him awlung o' his misfort'ns, and his good name."

With that, the chairman shook him frankly by the hand, and sat down again. Slackbridge likewise sat down, wiping his hot forehead—always from left to right, and never the reverse way.

"My friends," Stephen began, in the midst of a dead calm; "I ha' hed what's been spok'n o' me, and 'tis lickly that I shan't mend it. But I'd liefer you'd hearn the truth concernin myseln, fro my lips than fro onny other man's, though I never cud'n speak afore so monny, wi'out bein moydert and muddled."

Slackbridge shook his head as if he would shake it off, in his bitterness.

"I 'm th' one single Hand in Bounderby's mill, o' a' the men theer, as don't coom in wi' th' proposed reg'lations. I canna' coom in wi' 'em. My friends, I doubt their doin't yo onny good. Licker they 'll do yo hurt."

Slackbridge laughed, folded his arms, and frowned sarcastically.

"But 't an't sommuch for that as I stands out. If that were aw, I'd coom in wi' th' rest. But I ha' my reasons—mine, yo see—for being hindered; not on'y now, but awlus—awlus—life long!"

Slackbridge jumped up and stood beside him, gnashing and tearing. "Oh my friends, what but this did I tell you? Oh my fellow-countrymen, what warning but this did I give you? And how shows this recreant conduct in a man on whom unequal laws are known to have fallen heavy? Oh you Englishmen, I ask you how does this subornation show in one of yourselves, who is thus consenting to his own undoing and to yours, and to your children's and your children's children's?"

There was some applause, and some crying of Shame upon the man; but the greater part of the audience were quiet. They looked at Stephen's worn face, rendered more pathetic by the homely emotions it evinced; and, in the kindness of their nature, they were more sorry than indignant.

"'Tis this Delegate's trade for t' speak," said Stephen, "an he's paid for't, an he knows his work. Let him keep to't. Let him give no heed to what I ha had'n to bear. That's not for him. That's not for nobbody but me."

There was a propriety, not to say a dignity in these words, that made the hearers yet more quiet and attentive. The same strong voice called out, "Slackbridge, let the man be heern, and howd thee tongue!" Then the place was wonderfully still.

"My brothers," said Stephen, whose low voice was distinctly heard, "and my fellow workmen—for that yo are to me, though not, as I knows on, to this delegate heer—I ha but a word to sen, and I could sen nommore if I was to speak till Strike o' day. I know weel, aw what's afore me. I know weel that yo are aw resolved to ha nommore ado wi' a man who is not wi' yo in this matther. I know weel that if I was a lyin parisht i' th' road, yo'd feel it right to pass me by as a forrenner and stranger. What I ha getn, I mun mak th' best on."

"Stephen Blackpool," said the chairman, rising, "think on't agen. Think on't once agen, lad, afore thour't shunned by aw owd friends."

There was an universal murmur to the same effect, though no man articulated a word. Every eye was fixed on Stephen's face. To repent of his determination, would be to take a load from all their minds. He looked around him, and knew that it was so. Not a grain of anger with them was in his heart; he knew them, far below their surface weaknesses and misconceptions, as no one but their fellow laborer could.

"I ha thowt on't above a bit, sir. I simply canna coom in. I mun go th' way as lays afore me. I mun tak my leave o' aw heer."

He made a sort of reverence to them by holding up his arms, and stood for the moment in that attitude: not speaking until they slowly dropped at his sides.

"Monny's the pleasant word as soom heer has spok'n wi' me; monny's the face I see heer, as I first seen when I were yoong and lighter heart'n than now. I ha never had no fratch afore, sin ever I were born, wi' any o' my like; Gonnows I ha' none now that's o' my makin'. Yo'll ca' me traitor and that—yo I mean t' say," addressing Slackbridge, "but 'tis easier to ca' then mak' out. So let be."

He had moved away a pace or two to come down from the platform, when he remembered something he had not said, and returned again.

"Haply," he said, turning his furrowed face slowly about, that he might as it were individually address the whole audience, those both near and distant; "haply, when this question has been tak'n up and discoosed, there'll be a threat to turn out if I'm let to work among yo. I hope I shall die ere ever such a time cooms, and I shall work solitary among yo unless it cooms—truly, I mun do't, my friends; not to brave you, but to live. I ha nobbut work to live by; and wheerever can I go, I who ha worked sin I were no heighth at aw, in Coketown heer? I mak' no complaints o' bein turned to the wa', o' being outcasten and overlooken fro this time forrard, but I hope I shall be let to work. If there is any right for me at aw, my friends, I think 'tis that."

Not a word was spoken. Not a sound was audible in the building, but the slight rustle of men moving a little apart, all along the centre of the room, to open a means of passing out, to the man with whom they had all bound themselves to renounce companionship. Looking at no one, and going his way with a lowly steadiness upon him that asserted nothing and sought nothing. Old Stephen, with all his troubles on his head, left the scene.

Then Slackbridge, who had kept his oratorical arm extended during the going out, as if he were repressing with infinite solicitude and by a wonderful moral power the vehement passions of the multitude, applied himself to raising their spirits. Had not the Roman Brutus, oh my British countrymen, condemned his son to death; and had not the Spartan mothers, oh my soon to be victorious friends, driven their flying children on the points of their enemies' swords? Then was it not the sacred duty of the men of Coketown, with forefathers before them, an admiring world in company with them, and a posterity to come after them, to hurl out traitors from the tents they had pitched in a sacred and a Godlike cause? The winds of Heaven answered Yes; and bore Yes, east, west, north and south. And consequently three cheers for the United Aggregate Tribunal!

Slackbridge acted as fugleman, and gave the time. The multitude of doubtful faces (a little conscience stricken) brightened at the sound, and took it up. Private feeling must yield to the common cause. Hurrah! The roof yet vibrated with the cheering, when the assembly dispersed.

Thus easily did Stephen Blackpool fall into the loneliest of lives, the life of solitude among a familiar crowd. The stranger in the land who looks into ten thousand faces for some answering look and never finds it, is in cheering society as compared with him who passes ten averted faces daily, that were once the countenances of friends. Such experience was to be Stephen's now in every waking moment of his life; at his work, on his way to it and from it, at his door, at his window, everywhere. By general consent, they even avoided that side of the street on which he habitually walked; and left it, of all the working men, to him only.

He had been for many years, a quiet, silent man, associating but little with other men, and used to companionship with his own thoughts. He had never known before, the strength of the want in his heart for the frequent recognition of a nod, a look, a word; or the immense amount of relief that had been poured into it by drops, through such small means. It was even harder than he could have believed possible, to separate in his own conscience his abandonment by all his fellows, from a baseless sense of shame and disgrace.

The first four days of his endurance were days so long and heavy, that he began to be appalled by the prospect before him. Not only did he see no Rachael all the time, but he avoided every chance of seeing her; for, although he knew that the prohibition did not yet formally extend to the women working in the factories, he found that some of them with whom he was acquainted were changed to him, and he feared to try others, and dreaded that Rachael might be even singled out from the rest if she were seen in his company. So, he had been quite alone during the four days, and had spoken to no one, when as he was leaving his work at night, a young man of a very light complexion accosted him in the street.

"Your name's Blackpool, ain't it?" said the young man.

Stephen colored to find himself with his hat in his hand, in his gratitude for being spoken to, or in the suddenness of it, or both. He made a feint of adjusting the lining, and said, "Yes."

"You are the Hand they have sent to Coventry, I mean?" said Bitzer, the very light young man in question.

Stephen answered "Yes," again.

"I supposed so, from their all appearing to keep away from you. Mr. Bounderby wants to speak to you. You know his house, don't you?"

Stephen said "Yes," again.

"Then go straight up there, will you?" said Bitzer. "You're expected, and have only to tell the servant it's you. I belong to the Bank; so, if you go straight up without me (I was sent to fetch you), you'll save me a walk."

Stephen, whose way had been in the contrary direction, turned about, and betook himself as in duty bound, to the red brick castle of the giant Bounderby.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well Stephen," said Bounderby, in his windy manner, "what's this I hear? What have these pests of the earth been doing to *you?* Come in, and speak up."

It was into the drawing-room that he was thus bidden. A tea-table was set out; and Mr. Bounderby's young wife, and her brother, and a great gentleman from London, were present. To whom Stephen made his obeisance, closing the door and standing near it, with his hat in his hand.

"This is the man I was telling you about, Harthouse," said Mr. Bounderby. The gentleman he addressed, who was talking to Mrs. Bounderby on the sofa, got up, saying in an indolent way, "Oh really?" and dawdled to the hearthrug where Mr. Bounderby stood.

"Now," said Bounderby, "speak up!"

After the four days he had passed, this address fell rudely and discordantly on Stephen's ear. Besides being a rough handling of his wounded mind, it seemed to assume that he really was the self-interested deserter he had been called.

"What were it, sir," said Stephen, "as yo were pleased to want wi' me?"

"Why I have told you," returned Bounderby, "Speak up like a man, since you are a man, and tell us about yourself and this Combination."

"Wi' yor pardon, sir," said Stephen Blackpool, "I ha' nowt to sen about it."

Mr. Bounderby, who was always more or less like a Wind, finding something in his way here, began to blow at it directly.

"Now, look here, Harthouse," said he, "here's a specimen of 'em. When this man was here once before, I warned this man against the mischievous strangers who are always about—and who ought to be hanged wherever they are found—and I told this man that he was going in the wrong direction. Now, would you believe it, that although they have put their mark upon him, he is such a slave to them still, that he's afraid to open his lips about them?"

"I sed as I had nowt to sen, sir; not as I was fearfo' o' openin' my lips."

"You said. Ah! *I* know what you said; more than that, I know what you mean, you see. Not always the same thing, by the Lord Harry! Quite different things. You had better tell us at once, that that fellow Slackbridge is not in the town, stirring up the people to mutiny; and that he is not a regular qualified leader of the people: that is, a most confounded scoundrel. You had better tell us so at once; you can't deceive me. You want to tell us so. Why don't you?"

"I'm as sooary as yo, sir, when the people's leaders is bad," said Stephen, shaking his head. "They taks such as offers. Haply 'tis na' the sma'est o' their misfortuns when they can get no better."

The wind began to be boisterous.

"Now, you'll think this pretty well, Harthouse," said Mr. Bounderby. "You'll think this tolerably strong. You'll say, upon my soul this is a tidy specimen of what my friends have to deal with; but this is nothing, sir! You shall hear me ask this man a question. Pray, Mr. Blackpool"—wind springing up very fast—"may I take the liberty of asking you how it happens that you refused to be in this Combination?"

"How 't happens?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bounderby, with his thumbs in the arms of his coat, and jerking his head and shutting his eyes in confidence with the opposite wall: "how it happens."

"I'd leefer not coom to't sir; but sin you put th' question—an not want'n t' be ill-manner'n—I'll answer. I ha passed a promess."

"Not to me, you know," said Bounderby. (Gusty weather with deceitful calms. One now prevailing).

"O no, sir. Not to yo."

"As for me, any consideration for me has had just nothing at all to do with it," said Bounderby, still in confidence with the wall. "If only Josiah Bounderby of Coketown had been in question, you would have joined and made no bones about it?"

"Why yes, sir. 'Tis true."

"Though he knows," said Mr. Bounderby, now blowing a gale, "that these are a set of rascals and rebels whom transportation is too good for! Now, Mr. Harthouse, you have been knocking about in the world some time. Did you ever meet with anything like that man out of this blessed country?" And Mr. Bounderby pointed him out for inspection, with an angry finger.

"Nay, ma'am," said Stephen Blackpool,

staunchly protesting against the words that had been used, and instinctively addressing himself to Louisa, after glancing at her face. "Not rebels, nor yet rascals. Nowt o' th' kind, ma'am, nowt o' th' kind. They've not doon me a kindness, ma'am, as I know and feel. But there's not a dozen men amoong 'em, ma'am—a dozen? Not six—but what believes as he has doon his duty by the rest and by himseln. God forbid as I, that ha known an had'n experience o' those men aw my life—I, that ha ett'n an droonken wi' em, an seet'n wi' em, an toil'n wi' em, and lov'n 'em, should fail fur to stan by 'em wi' the truth, let 'em ha doon to me what they may!"

He spoke with the rugged earnestness of his place and character deepened perhaps by a proud consciousness that he was faithful to his class under all their mistrust; but he fully remembered where he was, and did not even raise his voice.

"No, ma'am, no. They're true to one another, faithfo' to one another, fection-ate to one another, e'en to death. Be poor amoong 'em, be sick amoong 'em, grieve amoong 'em for onny o' th' monny causes that carries grief to the poor man's door, an they'll be tender wi' yo, gentle wi' yo, com-fortable wi' yo, Chrisen wi' yo. Be sure o' that, ma'am. They'd be riven to bits, ere ever they'd be different."

"In short," said Mr. Bounderby, "it 's be-cause they are so full of virtues that they have turned you adrift. Go through with it while you are about it. Out with it."

"How 'tis, ma'am," resumed Stephen, ap-pearing still to find his natural refuge in Louisa's face, "that what is best in us folk, seems to turn us most to trouble an misfort'n an mistake, I dunno. But 'tis so. I know 'tis, as I know the heavens is over me ahint the smoke. We're patient too, an wants in general to do right. An' I canna think the fawt is aw wi' us."

"Now, my friend," said Mr. Bounderby, whom he could not have exasperated more, quite unconscious of it though he was, than by seeming to appeal to any one else, "if you will favor me with your attention for half a minute, I should like to have a word or two with you. You said just now, that you had nothing to tell us about this business. You are quite sure of that, before we go any further?"

"Sir, I am sure on't."

"Here's a gentleman from London pre-sent," Mr. Bounderby made a back-handed point at Mr. James Harthouse with his thumb, "a Parliament gentleman. I should like him to hear a short bit of dialogue between you and me, instead of taking the substance of it—for I know precious well, beforehand, what it will be; nobody knows better than I do, take notice!—instead of receiving it on trust, from my mouth."

Stephen bent his head to the gentleman from London, and showed a rather more troubled mind than usual. He turned his eyes involuntarily to his former refuge, but at a look from that quarter (expressive though instantaneous) he settled them on Mr. Boun-derby's face.

"Now, what do you complain of?" asked Mr. Bounderby.

"I ha' not coom heer, sir," Stephen re-minded him, "to complain. I coom for that I were sent for."

"What," repeated Mr. Bounderby, folding his arms, "do you people, in a general way, complain of?"

Stephen looked at him with some little irresolution for a moment, and then seemed to make up his mind.

"Sir, I were never good at showin o't, though I ha had'n my share in feeling o't. 'Deed we are in a muddle, sir. Look round town—so rich as 'tis—and see th' numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein heer, fur to weave, an to card, an to piece out a livin, aw the same one way, somehows, twixt their cradles an their graves. Look how we live, and wheer we live, an in what numbers, an by what chances, an wi' what sameness; and look how the mills is awlus a goin, an how they never works us no nigher to onny dis'ant object—ceptin awlus, Death. Look how you considers of us, an writes of us, an talks of us, an goes up wi' yor deputations to Secretaries o' State 'bout us, an how yo are awlus right, an how we are awlus wrong, and never had'n no reason in us sin ever we were born. Look how this ha growen an growen, sir, bigger an bigger, broader an broader, harder an harder, fro year to year, fro generation unto generation. Who can look on't sir, and fairly tell a man 'tis not a muddle?"

"Of course," said Mr. Bounderby. "Now perhaps you'll let the gentleman know, how you would set this muddle (as you're so fond of calling it) to rights."

"I dunno, sir. I canna be expecten to't. 'Tis not me as should be looken to for that, sir. 'Tis them as is put ower me, and ower aw the rest of us. What do they tak upon themsen, sir, if not to do't?"

"I'll tell you something towards it, at any rate," returned Mr. Bounderby. "We will make an example of half a dozen Slack-bridges. We'll indict the blackguards for felony, and get 'em shipped off to penal set-tlements."

Stephen gravely shook his head.

"Don't tell me we won't, man," said Mr. Bounderby, by this time blowing a hurricane, "because we will, I tell you!"

"Sir," returned Stephen, with the quiet confidence of absolute certainty, "if yo was t' tak a hundred Slackbridges—aw as there is, an aw the number ten times towd—an was t' sew 'em up in separate sacks, an sink 'em in the deepest ocean as were made ere ever dry land coom to be, yo'd leave the

muddle just wheer 'tis. Mischeevous strangers!" said Stephen, with an anxious smile; "when ha we not heern, I am sure, sin ever we can call to mind, o' th' mischeevous strangers! 'Tis not by *them* the trouble's made, sir. 'Tis not wi' *them* 't commences. I ha no favor for 'em—I ha no reason to favor 'em—but 'tis hopeless an useless to dream o' takin them fro their trade, 'stead o' takin their trade fro them! Aw that's now about me in this room were heer afore I coom, an will be heer when I am gone. Put that clock aboard a ship an pack it off to Norfolk Island, an the time will go on just the same. So 'tis wi' Slackbridge every bit."

Reverting for a moment to his former refuge, he observed a cautionary movement of her eyes towards the door. Stepping back, he put his hand upon the lock. But, he had not spoken out of his own will and desire; and he felt it in his heart a noble return for his late injurious treatment, to be faithful to the last to those who had repudiated him. He stayed to finish what was in his mind.

"Sir, I canna, wi' my little learning an my common way, tell the genelman what will better aw this—though some working-men o' this town could, above my powers—but I can tell him what I know will never do't. The strong hand will never do't. Vict'ry and triumph will never do't. Agreein fur to make one side unnat'rally awlus and for ever right, and toother side unnat'rally awlus and for ever wrong, will never, never do't. Nor yet lettin alone will never do't. Let thousands upon thousands alone, aw leadin the like lives and aw faw'en into the like muddle, and they will be as one, an yo will be as anoother, wi' a black unpassable world betwixt yo, just as long or short a time as sitch like misery can last. Not drawin nigh to folk, wi' kindness an patience and cheery ways, that so draws nigh to one another in their monny troubles, and so cherishes one another in their distresses wi' what they need themseln—like, I humbly believe, as no people the gentleman ha seen in aw his travels can beat—will never do't till th' Sun turns t' ice. Last o' aw, ratin 'em as so much Power, and reg'latin 'em as if they was figures in a soom, or machines: wi'out loves and likeins, wi'out memories and inclinations, wi'out souls to weary an souls to hope—when aw goes quiet, draggin on wi' 'em as if they'd nowt o' th' kind, an when aw goes onquiet, reproaching 'em fur their want o' sitch humanly feelins in their dealins wi' yo—this will never do't, sir, till God's work is onmade."

Stephen stood with the open door in his hand, waiting to know if anything more were expected of him.

"Just stop a moment," said Mr. Bounderby, excessively red in the face. "I told you, the last time you were here with a grievance, that you had better turn about and come out of that. And I also told you, if you remember, that I was up to the gold spoon look-out."

"I were not up to't myseln, sir; I do assure yo."

"Now, it's clear to me," said Mr. Bounderby, "that you are one of those chaps who have always got a grievance. And you go about, sowing it and raising crops. That's the business of *your* life, my friend."

Stephen shook his head, mutely protesting that indeed he had other business to do for his life.

"You are such a waspish, raspish, ill-conditioned chap, you see," said Mr. Bounderby, "that even your own Union, the men who know you best, will have nothing to do with you. I never thought those fellows could be right in anything; but I tell you what! I so far go along with them for a novelty, that *I'll* have nothing to do with you either."

Stephen raised his eyes quickly to his face.

"You can finish off what you're at," said Mr. Bounderby, with a meaning nod, "and then go elsewhere."

"Sir, yo know weel," said Stephen expressively, "that if I canna get work wi' yo, I canna get it elsewheer."

The reply was, "What I know, I know; and what you know, you know. I have no more to say about it."

Stephen glanced at Louisa again, but her eyes were raised to his no more; therefore, with a sigh, and saying, barely above his breath, "Heaven help us aw in this world!" he departed.

BRITISH PHENOMENA.

This is what I am told by a French writer: "Generally the people of a nation are very ignorant concerning the phenomena of their own land; they must turn to strangers to get the solution of them." I am told this in the course of a book, published in Paris, within the last twelve months, which contains solutions of English problems, or, sketches of English manners, thrown into the form of tales. To assist my fellow-countrymen in this praiseworthy struggle to comprehend themselves I will faithfully set down some few of the ideas I have obtained from Monsieur Méry's Nuits Anglaises.

Our first study shall be Mr. William Shoffield, a Birmingham cutler, who retired upon fifteen thousand pounds a year to a house just on the other side of Highgate archway, in the county of Kent.

The retirement of Mr. Shoffield took place in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four, and the establishment set up by him consisted of two servants in blue gloves, a berlin with three horses, and an emancipated negro coachman—berlin, horses, and coachman being sold to him by Milne, the famous coachmaker of Edgar Rood (called, in our ignorance, the Edgeware Road). The Bethford coach, passing his

door, dropped at it every day a fresh salmon and a lobster from the fishmonger's in Adelphi.

Mr. Shoffield having enjoyed a fortnight's happiness, became melancholic and sighed at dinner when he took his knife to cut his salmon. The domestic thought that the knife displeased him, and offered him twelve others on a salver. Mr. Shoffield struck the salver with his fist, and scattered all the knives. The English domestic, because he is born free, and wears gloves, is proud. John instantly discharged himself.

It appearing to Mr. Shoffield that he was afflicted by that universal English malady the spleen, he went for advice to his neighbour, Mr. Kemble. Mr. Kemble, son of the celebrated actor of that name, was the editor of the Quarterly Review. Shoffield had manufactured for Kemble, the father, poniards to be used in the parts of Hamlet or Macbeth. So he became acquainted with the son.

Mr. Kemble, junior, was in a hot-house, writing an article against the Burmese. His conversation with Mr. Shoffield began "in the usual English way." Shoffield sat down and looked at Kemble, Kemble looked at Shoffield, and the exchange of looks lasted for half an hour, neither gentleman speaking. Mr. K., being pressed for time, then said "Oh!" upon which Mr. S. said "Ah!" and the case was opened. Mr. Shoffield explained that he was dying of ennui, and asked what Mr. Kemble, as a clever man, would advise him to do. Mr. Kemble's advice was that he should take in the Quarterly Review; but as he could not entertain himself for a whole year with only the year's issue, he advised him also to purchase the back numbers. In the evening, Mr. Kemble, accordingly, sent across to Mr. Shoffield's house, in a hand carriage, three sets of the numbers of the "Quarterly," from its commencement in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. This date being seven years prior to the date of the interview, and the number of volumes in a set being then, as we are told, forty, about six Quarterly volumes must have been published annually under the editorship of Mr. Kemble, junior.

Mr. Shoffield spent the evening over a volume of the Quarterly, in which he read the report of a sermon three hours long, that had been preached in dumb show by a Protestant missionary to the savages of Owhyhee. Next morning he received a letter from his discharged servant John, briefly stating that if he had been a gentleman his insolence would have been put up with, but that since he was but a wretched cutler, they were equals. and he (John) was awaiting him (Shoffield) with closed fists under the Highgate archway, attended by an umpire and three backers; let him choose his own men and come forward.

Mr. Shoffield, unwilling to be knocked down because he was not a gentleman, determined to apply to the authorities, and called for his horses and his coachman.

Thus, it appeared, that his whole establishment had followed John, and had, moreover, placarded a proclamation about Highgate, Hampstead, and Cricklewood, denouncing the wrath of John against any inhabitant of Kent or Middlesex who should go into the cutler's service. Mr. Shoffield, much alarmed, resolved on flight, He therefore put on the gardener's jacket, and set off on foot, armed with a knife, on the road to London.

As he passed over the Highgate archway, he heard loud voices in the ravine below, and looking over, saw John and his friends upon a bed of blooming thistles, practising their boxing match. Seized with new terror Mr. Shoffield took to his heels, and did not pause for breath until he reached a public house at Hampstead, where he called for a pint of porter. As he was drinking it, he saw John and his friends coming towards the house with fists clenched, and instantly leaped out shouting "God save the King!"

Upon Hampstead Heath it is well known that there are stationed hundreds of English donkeys, saddled and bridled for the journey to the cottage of Cricklewood. Shoffield leaped upon the first that he could seize, and using his knife for spur dashed down the interminable street which leads into the heart of London, and is called Tottenham Road. The boy from the Hampstead-inn vaulted upon another donkey to pursue the customer who owed him for his porter. John and his men swelled the chase. Opposite Wellington Seminary a policeman seeing a pale man dashing forward on a donkey and holding up a bloody knife, leaped forward to arrest him. The officer of law was overthrown, and Mr. Shoffield galloped on till he arrived at the slippery stairs of Humgherford Market. There I will part company from this person whose fifteen thousand a year profited him so little, but whose acquaintance ought to profit much all philosophic Britons, wishing to see themselves as others see them.

Let us be instructed next by a French study of an Irishman—Sir Lively.

On the fourteenth of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, the coach from Golden Cross had passed the village of Bucks on the road to Oxford, and drew up at the door of a solitary cottage. The coachman before alighting gave his whip and reins to a young man who occupied the box-seat, though he was not a gentleman, and though he wore coloured gloves. I must explain here that both in France and Germany much study has been spent upon that curious phenomenon, an English gentleman. In a German account of English manners I have read lately a complete analysis of the subject, under the heads.

Gentlemen-at-heart, Gentlemen-in-manners, Gentlemen-born, Perfect-gentlemen — which is the union of the three. All these genera of the order gentleman are distinguished by certain characters which are as peculiar to this order of men as any other characters may be peculiar to the cruciferæ among plants, or to the marsupials among animals. Every gentleman is known by white gloves upon his hands, concealing very carefully-pared fingernails. So thought the German philosopher, and so thinks Monsieur Méry. The English gentleman wears white gloves constantly, and uses two or three pairs every day. When he goes to a ball he takes—so to speak—a pocketful of gloves, because he must discard each pair as soon as it has suffered the least crack or soil. Having explained this point of manners, I resume the story. The infraction of coach-discipline implied in the occupation of the box-seat by a person who wore coloured gloves, and was therefore not a gentleman, had not been noticed, because this young man had a distinguished air, and wore a grey waterproof qui-capit-ille-facit, bought of Pythian. He owed his place to a close friendship with the coachman, but at the door of the lonely cottage before mentioned, being left in charge of reins and whip, he held them so carelessly that the horses became restive, attention was called to the young man, his gloves were observed, and an outcry arose from the whole outside upon the subject of his usurpation. Patrick the coachman had gone in for a glass of sherry, and being called on by the uproar was forced to depose Sir John Lively. "So much the better," said Sir John Lively, "I will get down and drink a glass of soda-water." He entered the cottage and called for some soda.

It was brought to him by a young lady of ravishing beauty, in a handsome poplin dress. After he had drunk the soda he continued gazing at her, until Patrick warned him to take his seat behind the veritable gentleman who had replaced him on the coach-box. This gentleman was Mr. Copperas, engineer of the Manchester Railway. He went no farther than Oxford, where the coach stopped, where passengers dined at the Swann Inn. The host carved mountains of roast beef, and caused the Barclay-Perkins to foam in all glasses. After dinner John Lively went out to purchase a pair of white gloves, and dream of the lovely creature he had seen at Bucks. Properly gloved, and adjusting carefully on his head his fine beaver qui-capit-ille-facit, he resumed the coach-box and went on to Birmingham.

John Lively was an Irishman who possessed nothing but a little heritage, a cabin near Strafford, on the road to Manchester. He had left work in a factory at Manchester to seek London employment. He had been in London two days, during which he had been too much shocked at the apostacy of St. Paul, as represented by his Protestant cathedral, and by the corruption of the female sex (which Monsieur Méry omits no opportunity of pointing out, together with Protestantism, as the most horrible and universal of all horrors to be found in London). John, therefore, was travelling home, because he preferred a glass of whiskey and a patate out of his own garden to a cover laid for him at the Duke of Northumberland's palace, Charing Cross.

Patrick the coachman was John Lively's countryman and bosom friend, and since Lively had fallen in love with the fair but mysterious lady of Bucks, Patrick promised to obtain during his next journey to London and back some tidings about her. "Ah, Mr. Lively," Patrick said, "it is not soda you have been drinking: it is English poison."

Patrick came back full of tidings about Mr. Copperas, who was troubled by marshes on a proposed line of rail, that would, if completed, interfere with the coach business between Birmingham and London. Of the lady he had learnt nothing: nobody knew her. He had asked her for a glass of Port wine, which she gave him gratuitously, and he had seen in her cottage three members of the titotal abstinence society, who were travelling on foot to make converts between Liverpool and Middlesex, and who drank on the lady's premises twenty pints of wite-bread porter, two bottles of whiskey and three of claret, for all of which, when they got up, the fair damsel refused money; hoping, Patrick supposed, to get the custom of the whole titotal abstinence society. The coachman knew nothing more except that she had on, when he saw her, a faded-leaf silk-dress, and wore roses in her hair.

John Lively having heard all this under cover of the night, in New Street, Birmingham, resumed next day his anchorite life in his cabin, near the village and castle of Stafford, in the lovely plains of Lancashire, where he was parted by the misty mountains of Oxfordshire from the fair maid of Bucks. Having no money left, he determined to go to Manchester, make bricks at Salford, earn a a few sovereigns, and hurry back to Bucks before any lord's son who collected ladies had bought up that lady of his heart. When he had arrived at this determination, he was waited upon by a visitor, who wished to ascertain what land he possessed, and desired leave to work for him upon a bit of hill, that was part of his patrimony and produced nothing but stones. This visitor was Mr. Copperas, who only wanted, as he said, a small bit of dry ground among the surrounding marshes, upon which to lay some rails in safety. He would cut his one hill into two, leave him the two, and give him fifty pounds for the use of the small valley so made in the middle. "Fifty pounds," said John Lively, "is too little." "Do you know, sir, that this railway will cost us a hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" "Make it a hundred pounds," said the Irishman, "I consent."

"You are extortionate, Sir Lively." "I am poor." "Poor, Sir Lively? You are poor. Then it is settled. It is never too late to do good." Mr. Copperas rejoiced in having cheated Lively, while Sir Lively rejoiced in the means of travelling to Bucks.

We will encounter this young man next in the wayside cottage, with his head upon his hand, anxiously sitting at the table, hesitating as to why he came, or what he meant to do. A light rustle of satin thrilled through him, and an ivory arm passing before his face deposited a pint of porter on the table. John Lively seized the pot, convulsively emptied it at a draught, and his head again sunk on his hands. The same rustle was heard, and a divine arm deposited upon the table a second pint of porter. Lively turned quickly round, but the lady had receded to the door, where she stood with her back to him, looking out upon the road. She had splendid shoulders, and wore an airy, voluptuous silk robe from Everington's, in Ludgate Street. The entry of a traveller obliged her to turn round, and to dazzle Sir Lively with her beauty. The traveller—who was a mere beggar—sat down, asking for nothing; but the mistress presented to him, with a divine smile, a pint of hafnaff. The beggar drank it and said, "It is warm to-day." Instantly the lady served him with a second pint of hafnaff. "Very good hafnaff," said the beggar, "better than the porter, more refreshing in hot weather." The lady bowed thanks for the compliment; and the beggar, taking up his stick, marched off without paying.

"Madam, madam," Lively exclaimed, "he has not paid you." "I know it," she replied, with a celestial smile. "He is a poor traveller." Lively offered half-a-guinea with a trembling hand. "Keep your money, my friend," she said; "you will have need of it."

Returned to his inn, Sir Lively received a letter from Patrick, who had, to oblige his friend, quitted the coach-box for a time to keep watch over the operations of Mr. Copperas. Patrick was indignant at the way in which Mr. Copperas was cutting up the hill, and had repaired to Birmingham for two policemen. "Before returning," he wrote, "I send to you for orders. My policemen are ready. Answer at once, or your hill is lost."

Lively's reply was, "Care no more about the hill." Concerning the lady, he next learnt that she had been three months in the cottage with an aged father, that she spent a great deal upon dress, and that she gave gratuitous refreshments to all beggars or to anybody else who did not choose to pay. Every Sunday morning she went in a carriage, behind two post-horses to London, where she attended service at the Catholic church.

The rest of the story, I do not propose to tell, beyond a point or two. This lady was an Irish widow, Mrs. O'Killingham, and moreover, a pious Roman Catholic. An execution was put suddenly into her cottage, and a hundred and fifty pounds were required to rescue her from prison. Sir Lively made desperate efforts to obtain it in London. Patrick raised a part of the sum by selling the stud of his coach running between London and Birmingham: it being a four-horse coach, his stud consisted of four horses, but those (as it was needful they should), very good ones. At the last moment, when all other resources had failed, a coal mine was discovered underneath the hill at Stafford, and Lively was at once in a position to buy back Patrick's horses, and a drive them to Bucks a millionaire. There he saved Mrs. O'Killingham, and learnt her story. He was told by her how she and her father had been riding to London over a desolate country, when her father was taken with spitting of blood, and cried for a draught of water that alone could save his life; how she got out of the carriage and found none; how she vowed on that spot to the Virgin that she would there give refreshment to the thirsty during a whole summer, dressed for the task in bridal clothes, if the Virgin would but send water to her father; and how a man carrying water passed directly afterwards. Her father having been so saved, she had not failed to build a cottage and to strive after the fulfilment of her vow; but she had found its accomplishment beyond her means, and it had ruined her. Lively then implored leave to aid her in its completion, and revealed to her that he was an unworthy and devoted Irish brother—Sir John Lively, son of the noble Arthur O'Tooley, proscribed and condemned for rebellion.

"The son of Arthur O'Tooley!" cried the lady of the cottage—"of one of our martyrs of Ireland! Oh, you are most welcome!"

"I have sworn," said Sir Lively, "never to resume my father's name, until I wed a Catholic woman in the presence of the altar of Saint Patrick!" And so on.

Here is another French sketch, after nature.

A French gentleman, who had been called a frog, by bakers' boys in Highgate (where they make very bad bread) happened to alight at the Red Lion, in Old Woodstock, during Parker's election, and as he could get nothing but rosettes for dinner, walked into the park, where he met with another kind of Englishman, an Anglo-Indian, who looked very yellow, and had an income of two hundred thousand pounds a year. This gentleman he took to be an English lakist, because he was gazing fixedly into a pond. He entered into conversation with him, and found that although resident upon the spot, he knew nothing of Cromwell, nothing of Marlborough, nothing of Mr. Kemble, junior, nothing of Woodstock in connection with Sir Walter Scott. He was the hundredth Englishman met with by the French interlocutor who had never heard of Walter Scott. He had, however, great good will towards the French, and invited his interrogator to rest in his

house for an instant, and take a glass of excellent Barclay-Perkins. The offer was accepted, and while the porter was being prepared, Monsieur looked at the bookcase, and discovered a complete collection of Scott's works. "Charming Cross!" he cried—that being an oath made by him for his own use in England. "Charming Cross, sir! you possess a Walter Scott!"

Every man who possesses two hundred thousand a year, it was explained, must have all the new works bought for him by the steward, who causes them to be bound, and locks them behind glass. Over such and other explanations the new friends finished two pints of Barclay-Perkins.

This Indian gentleman, it afterwards appears, was an escaped slave, and once had been in the power of a Sir Archibald Murphy, who lived near the caves of Elora, and by whom he was offered to Sir Wales, an F.R.S., renowned in West Kent for his learning, as a victim to the cause of science. Sir Archibald had on his estate an upas tree, and upon the power of the upas, Sir Wales was instructed to experiment by Lord Cornwallis, the commander at Madras. This particular upas Sir Archibald had wished to destroy, because it was noxious to surrounding vegetation. It could not be cut down, as when cut it would pour out a fluid of which the vapour is immediately poisonous. He had begged a cannon, with which to shoot it down, from the distance of half a mile, but no cannon could be had without the consent of the House of Commons, and the special authority of the Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Wales asked for a useless slave, who could be tied under the tree for a night, with a view to an investigation of its properties. The body of the slave would, he said, be embalmed for exhibition at the National Gallery, Pall Mall.

From these plotters, the slave Bondha-Var escaped to acquire freedom and a fortune. Chance brought him to reside at Old Woodstock, in the neighbourhood of his old master, Sir Archibald, and his chief amusement, as a retired gentleman, was to terrify the same Archibald, by getting upon his roof, and shouting his misdeeds of a night down his chimneys, with a ghostly voice. Sir Archibald, who was in England a leading philanthropist, had beaten a slave to death to obtain his daughter, had tortured to death four slaves for the robbery of an ounce of indigo, had traded in slaves on the coast of Zanguebar, and committed other such Anglo-Indian enormities, for which he could be brought before no tribunal at Delhi, because as agent of the West India Company, he was responsible for his actions only to the Council of the Admiralty.

Here I will stop. As an Englishman, ignorant of the phenomena of my own land, I feel much obliged to Monsieur Méry for his edifying sketches; I have turned to him as a stranger for the light that is not vouchsafed to ourselves. Some beams of this light have already been shed upon this country through the medium of Household Words, gathered from dramatic and other pictures of the English drawn by foreigners. I add another ray towards the dissipation of our darkness. We are not obstinate; we do take pains to subdue our ignorance about ourselves, and to obtain enlightenment from strangers. We are ready to receive and to diffuse hints vouchsafed to us from abroad. Hearty and perhaps eternal alliance now binds France and England, and we shall not love our neighbours any the less for the keen insight they evidently have into the English character; while, as for them, if they can embrace us, being what they think we are, how fondly they will hug us, if it ever should become manifest to them that we are a little more like what we think ourselves to be! By all means let us all get at all truth; for, in great things as in small things, the more intimately people known each other, the less ready will they always be to exchange hard words, not to say hard blows.

WASTE.

Thanks to science and commercial competition, there is a constant tendency in manufacturing countries to economise residuary and waste products. Science has shown how the mere parings of daily industry may be transformed into important elements of utility; how the refuse of the smithy, the foundry, the stall, the farm-yard, the slaughter-house, the gas-factory, has in itself a value before undreamt of.

But, whilst the waste of the civilised world has been arrested and economised for man's advantage, there is still a prodigious waste going on in half reclaimed and savage regions. Only to limit our attention to articles which are greatly affected by the present wars of China and Russia—tea, tallow, flax and hemp, we are prepared to prove that there are countries—remote it is true, but not so distant that our ships cannot easily get to them—wherein thousands and tens of thousands of tons of those articles, or of excellent substitutes for them, are lost to the world; not merely lightly valued, but, left to perish absolutely. Much of this enormous waste goes on in countries belonging to the British crown.

The imports of tallow, from Russia, amount to three-fourths of the entire consumption of this kingdom; or, in value, to about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum. Our yearly importations of Russian flax, above three-fifths of the entire foreign supply, are valued at one million three hundred thousand pounds sterling. Now, if we were simply about to demonstrate that there are tracts of our own possessions abroad that are suitable for the production of articles which a Russian war

assuredly will, and a Chinese war as certainly may, deprive us of, we might be met with many objections. But we shall point out the identical articles in some cases, and good substitutes in others, ready to our hands, profusely scattered over the face of our own colonies to waste, and needing nothing but collection and preparation.

In a former paper upon the Hudson's Bay Territory,* we alluded to an attempt to open a tallow trade between those northern possessions and this country, by a private dealer at the Red River settlement. Unfortunately, the Hudson's Bay Company took alarm at the novel proceeding of melting and shipping some of the waste tallow of the North American buffaloes; and, with a ready and a strong hand, put down the bold innovator. From that day we have heard no more of Red River tallow; and the exports of a territory equalling the greater part of Europe in extent, is still confined to skins and furs; while many other valuable natural resources are left to rot and to waste.

A portion of the great American continent which maintains its claim so completely to the title of Private and Confidential, is necessarily known to but a small number of persons; nevertheless, we are not altogether without data respecting its natural resources. That the country is rich in animals, the valuable fur trade so long carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company sufficiently attests. Besides the bear, the beaver, the martin, and other creatures, whose furs alone are sought for, there are vast herds of horned cattle subsisting on the open grass-lands and wooded dells of the great central plains lying between the base of the Rocky Mountains and the border of the forests that skirt Hudson's Bay. These creatures have been seen not in hundreds, but in tens of thousands, wild, and in fine condition. Their flesh has been tasted by travellers, and reported to be excellent food. Sir George Simpson, at one time Governor of the Company's territories, tells us, in the account of his journey through that magnificent region, that the only criterion for judging of the abundance of these animals was the immense number of carcases which strewed a part of the districts in which there had been a severe drought, and where the wild cattle of the prairies had died from want of water. Sir George reports their bodies to have been scattered over the country for miles.

Tens of thousands of these wild herds perish yearly in Rupert's Land; and, by the simplest commercial arrangements, they might be made to yield tallow, hides, and horns, for the benefit of this country. There are no geographical hindrances or commercial difficulties in the way. The sole obstacles are a certain knot of gentlemen who, under the style and title of Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, have decreed, in some unexplored corner of this great metropolis, that within their own exclusive three million square miles of private territory, there shall be no trade in tallow,—no traffic except in beaver skins and martins' tails; even though the want of tallow should leave the whole world as completely in the dark as their own benighted policy.

Throughout their enormous tract of country, there are ample means of transport. To the north-east, the waters of Hudson's Bay offer a ready access to many hundreds of miles of territory. To the southward and northward the lakes, and the large rivers pouring down from the Rocky Mountains into them, present an easy means for transporting any quantity of produce. Nature has, indeed, done all in her power to open up this part of the American continent, but man (meaning, of course, the half dozen dozing Directors) has effectually closed it against the industry of the world.

In no way inferior to tallow in importance to our merchants and manufacturers is Russian flax. Forming as it does so large a portion of the entire imports of the country, the mills of Leeds, Belfast, and Dundee, cannot fail to suffer, when the great falling-off in that source of supply takes place. Besides Russia, the only foreign markets are Egypt, Flanders, and France. The two latter furnish none but the finer and most costly fibres, the demand for which is limited; whilst the capability of Egypt is already taxed to the utmost for this article; but the northern provinces of the East India Company have been producing, for years past, enormous quantities of linseed, which is shipped to this country and to the United States of America. The quantity annually exported does not fall short of fifty thousand quarters. The stalk or straw of all this seed is veritable flax; yet no commercial use is made of it. Whilst our manufacturers were paying from one to two millions yearly to Russia for flax, a scarcely less quantity has been left to waste in our own Indian possessions—rotting on the roofs of Indian huts, trodden under foot by Indian cattle, or blazing away in impromptu fire-places, helping to boil Indian meals of rice.

Possessing such an abundant supply of cheap cotton, which is better adapted to their use, the Hindoos have never cared to trouble themselves about their flax-straw. Besides, a degree of skill is needed to prepare it for market, which has hitherto been to them not only objectless, but unattainable. Attempts have been made more than once to prepare the flax of British India for manufacture, but without full success; although samples have been sent to this country and reported upon most favourably, considering the limited means at the command of the experimenters. Those who would argue, that, because these first attempts have been aban-

* Vol. viii., p. 449.

doned, there must be insuperable obstacles to the right preparation of Indian flax, know very little of the natural apathy of the native character or of the sluggishness of the European frame in those regions. But once let an urgent necessity spring up for Indian flax, and means will be quickly found for supplying any amount of demand.

The flax fibre of British India may be wanting in fineness, but it will, in any event, prove a valuable material for the heavy goods manufactured at Dundee; whilst the delicate fabrics of Leeds and Belfast may still be produced from fibres freely abounding in Assam, Cachar, and the Tenasserim Provinces of India. These closely approximate to, if they be not identical with the well-known China-grass from which the most beautiful lawns are manufactured. The plant is the Urtica Tenacissima, known in Northern India by the name of Rheea, and in the Tenasserim country as Pan: in both localities, and doubtless in many others, it is to be found growing wild, and in the greatest profusion.

Besides linen manufacturers, paper makers and paper consumers must necessarily suffer from any diminution in the supply of textile fabrics. For some time past the price of paper has been rising in consequence of the scarcity of fibrous materials; and, looking to the present enormous consumption, not only for literature, but for trade purposes, we shall be quite safe in estimating the future additional cost of paper for one year, at two millions sterling.

It will be a great advantage to save some of this extra charge now that we are incurring other heavy expenses; and, although the coarser East Indian flax and similar fibres may be pronounced indifferent articles for spinning, they cannot fail to prove of immense importance for paper. British India already produces materials sufficient to feed all the paper mills in the world.

India can also furnish many good substitutes for hemp at small cost. There is scarcely a district of the East India Company's territories, where wild plants are not to be abundantly met with yielding fibres, little if at all inferior to those of Russia. Time-honoured prejudices have hitherto kept out of our market the few that have been tried; but, under the pressure of war prices, experiments may be successfully made that otherwise would have been hopeless.

We now pass to tea. The present season's tea crop is safe, but who can tell how the wide-spreading revolution in China may affect the gathering and shipments of the coming year? Yet it may greatly calm the apprehensions of tea-drinkers to know that, for this exotic, we possess a good and pleasant substitute, growing freely within our own colonies. In some of the West India Islands, and in the East Indies, especially in Ceylon, the coffee plant is extensively cultivated. The shipments of coffee, from Ceylon alone, now amount to half a million hundred-weights yearly. It is generally known that the leaves of the coffee plant possess properties and qualities very nearly akin to those of the ordinary tea of commerce: and that, when dried and infused, a beverage is produced in every way as agreeable and as restorative as that made from Souchong or Hyson. In the Brazils, and in some of the islands of the eastern seas, the infusion of coffee leaves has become an ordinary drink; so much so that the labouring population prefer it to any other. A writer in the Pharmaceutical Journal, alluding to Sumatra, says, "With a little boiled rice and infusion of the coffee leaf, a man will support the labours of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rain, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors." We are not inclined to abide by this evidence to the utmost extent, knowing that the natives of warm climates can live on far less substantial food than the labourers in northern latitudes; and by no means holding that what is sauce for the Hindoo goose is equally sauce for the British gander. But we add this personal testimony from the same writer: "I was induced several years ago, from an occasional use of the coffee leaf, to adopt it as a daily beverage, and my constant practice has been to take two cups of a strong infusion, with milk, in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue. The bodily strength is increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of its faculties."

It appears that this leaf may be prepared for the European market for about twopence per pound. Its chemical constituents are said to be theine, a volatile oil, an astringent acid, gluten and gum; all of which approximate very closely to the elementary principles of the tea-leaf.

It is not necessary either to cultivate the coffee plant purposely for the leaf, or to rob it of any of the leaves necessary to its proper development; although, from our own knowledge of tropical agriculture we have little doubt that, in many places, the plant might be economically grown to yield leaves only at a very low rate, and in places where the berry could not be produced. But there is no need of this. After each coffee crop, the planters prune their estates, more or less heavily; the branches and leaves being left to rot on the ground. At a low calculation, two ounces of the dried leaves might be used from the cuttings of each coffee plant, which is usually five or six feet high. In the island of Ceylon alone, there are plantations extending over eighty thousand acres, and numbering eighty millions of plants. As each plant could yield two ounces of choice leaves, there would be an annual

total of one million pounds of coffee-leaves, and the quantity of Ceylon coffee produced is scarcely a tithe of that grown in various parts of the world. In all the other coffee-growing countries, a similar waste is as constantly going on.

Good so frequently arises from evil when least expected, that we are sanguine enough to hope that the conflicts of races and people raging in the north of Europe and in China, may not be without some compensating benefit. When, hereafter, we shall have to sum up the great sacrifices of human life and treasure involved in those struggles, it will be at least some compensation if they shall have been the indirect means of opening to us the pent-up animal and vegetable riches of our American and Indian territories.

THE SAILOR.

A ROMAIC BALLAD.

THOU that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head;
Oh give her to an old man,
Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea.

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die.
He sees no tender mother,
No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him,—
Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.

Thou sayst to me, "Stand up, stand up;"
I say to thee, take hold,
And lift me up from off the deck,
My hands and feet are cold;
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound;
There, take my love's gold handkerchief,
And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart;
See—where these mountains meet—
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet;
Cast anchor here; 'tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft;
The little anchor on the right,
The great one of the left.

And now, to thee, O captain,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
In church or cloister gray.
But on the windy sea-beach,
At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at casting of the anchor
The yo-ho loud and clear;
And at the hauling of the anchor
The yo-ho and the cheer,—
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I never more may steer!

THE LITTLE FLOWER;

HALF the legends of wild countries refer to the exploits, good or evil, of brigands. In general, the tone of such narratives is rather favourable to the lawless than otherwise, and it is easy to understand why this should be. The ranks of Outlawry, when power is in the hands of the violent or the corrupt, are recruited from those very classes which in better times become the warmest friends of society. There is no reason why the Mokan, of whose exploits we are about to speak, should not, under more favourable circumstances, have become an ornament to his name and country.

The Mokans are wandering shepherds from Transylvania, who come down to the plains of Bulgaria and Wallachia, on permission, to pasture their flocks and herds. They are not necessarily of one tribe, or race, and are indeed joined by many free spirits, from the surrounding unsettled countries, who see in that vagabond kind of life a means of escaping the tyranny to which all stationary citizens are liable. Michal the Mokan, as he was generally called after he became famous, was a native of Bulgaria, and was born in the environs of Sophia. Some tyrannical Pasha, when he was very young, endeavoured to seize and make a servant of him, but he escaped, and, after wandering as a beggar through Servia, at length crossed the Danube, and proceeding still northward, met a company of Mokans on their way, with herds of cattle, to the lower plains of Wallachia. He at once enlisted himself amongst them, and having been used to the care of cattle, soon was regarded as a valuable acquisition. In process of time he became a chief herdsman, and prosperously continued his annual voyages in search of pasture, sometimes as far as the levels of Dobritza.

He had reached the age of nearly thirty without having suffered further vicissitudes in his new state than are commonly incident to it, when one autumn, he was returning to his elected country, with many companions and vast herds. By engaging in the pedlary trade across the Austrian frontier, in addition to his ordinary duties, he had now acquired comparative wealth; and although he was attired in worn leather garments, covered with a sheepskin cloak, the wool of which looked rather dirty, any one who had seen him reclining beneath a temporary tent made of a couple of blankets supported by two uprights and a cross stick, a little apart from the rest, near the banks of the Dimbouritza, in its lower course, would have at once guessed him to be a man of respectability. It was near the eventide. The

sun was setting over the vast plain, covered partially with forest beyond the river. The land around, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted by small groups of men, driving in the cattle that had strayed towards a kind of field enclosed on two sides by the winding stream, and on the other by the straggling camps. Tents, if such they could be called, were scattered here and there. Piles of luggage formed pillows for weary men, who had supped, and were smoking their pipes. Fires, fed by half-dried shrubs, hastily collected, smouldered rather than blazed: at intervals sending up columns, as it were, to support the canopy that was gathering overhead.

The Mokan looked with pride at certain vast bulls that hustled unwieldily by, some raising up their horns as if to avoid doing damage, others, going head down, and goring right and left in their hurry to avoid the goad—the kindly and the egotistical of the herd. He knew that those splendid animals bore his marks; and from much association with Turks, could not repress the self-congratulatory exclamation of "Mashallah!" The word was scarcely out of his mouth, when a sharp cry of pain or fear came across the river. He turned somewhat listlessly in that direction, and beheld upon a slip of level land on the opposite side, a number of forms moving rapidly. They were horsemen galloping; but the sound which had attracted his attention must have come from a nearer point than that at which they had arrived when he first saw them. A lad who had drawn nigh to give an account of the bulls, now directed his attention to something that was struggling in the water just in front. It was a swimmer vainly endeavouring to make head against the current. The light was down, but Michal, who had good eyes, exclaimed, "By my saint, 'tis a child hunted by some robbers—or perhaps an escaped serf! I have been hunted too, before now." So away went the sheepskin cloak, and a portion of the other garments, and out plunged Michal into the stream—hand over hand—now rising to look about him—making obliquely to the place where the current would probably carry the weak swimmer. Before long he saw a face glance upwards not far from his; but it went down, and then the arm only was cast into the air. He caught the wrist of the swimming child, and raised its head above the water. "Holy Virgin!" he muttered, "'tis a girl." Though confused with her plunge, the girl had not lost her consciousness, and assented, if she heard what he said, with a wild smile. Michal was swimming powerfully back, when something struck the water sharply close by, making a sound like a pebble on a window-pane. Again and again the same sound was repeated. "As I live," said Michal to himself, "I heard that before. The villains are shooting at us. If I make the bank, then I shall be riddled to a certainty. Girl, are you afraid to dive?"

The girl whispered that she was not. So just as several shots were fired at once, they both went under water, to rise many yards down the stream. As it was now nearly dark, this was quite sufficient; but to make matters sure, they dived once more, and at length came up under the shadow of a Wallachian willow that drooped from the bank. Michal caught one of the long, strong branches, and soon got ashore.

"Now," said he, sitting down, and not heeding the shouts that were passing to and fro across the lines, between the pursuing party and the Mokan herdsmen, who, in great alarm, were asking what this attack meant: "Now tell me, child, the story of thy misfortunes? Hast thou done anything wrong? I will protect thee all the same."

His heart was overflowing with the recollection of his own escape, and he made as if he would embrace the child; but the gesture with which she repelled him and moved a little further off on the grass—whilst, in sign of friendship, she still left her hand upon his arm—showed that he was mistaken as to her age.

"My name is Floriora (the Little Flower)," she replied. "My father's name is Lagir. My mother is dead. I am the slave of the Lord Bibiano. He has sold me to the Pasha, and I have run away. Is this wrong?"

It was not necessary in that country to relate any further incidents. Michal understood the story at once; it is one of the singular parts of his character, and one of the incidents of his life which made him a hero among the people, that immediately, without any fatal delays, he determined to abandon the property he had spent arduous years in amassing, in order to be enabled to save this young girl—who already owed her life to him—from misery and shame. He knew that if he returned with her to the camp, all his companions, however much their feelings might prompt otherwise, would insist that the fugitive slave should be returned to her owners; otherwise they were in danger, not only of the loss of their permission to graze, but of confiscation of all their property. He did not wish to involve a tribe by whose kindness alone he had grown rich, in a dangerous dispute with the authorities of the country; and the idea of giving up the little Flower never occured to him.

There was no time to lose. The pursuers, who had lighted torches, were going up the river to a spot where was a ferry-boat, and they would soon be down to search for the girl, alive or dead. Besides, probably in obedience to orders or threats from the other side, a number of the herdsmen were coming along the great hedge of bushes and trees that lined the river at that place, calling for Michal, and telling him to bring out the slave. They knew his powers of swimming,

and guessed that in the gloom the shots from the enemy could not have taken effect. Michal rose, and taking Floriora by the hand, led her cautiously along the water's edge, round the end of the point.

"Now," said he, "the plain behind is full of people, and we cannot cross it without being seen. Some of my friends would let us escape; others, more selfish, would delay us. Can you swim again, down stream, with your hand on my shoulder?"

She answered that she could, submitting herself implicitly to the faith of the stranger who had saved her, and tacitly accepting his sacrifices, perhaps because she knew she could reward them. They dipped noiselessly into the stream, and in a leisurely manner began to cross. The passage was effected without difficulty, and on emerging, they found themselves many hundred yards below the extreme limit of the camp, the position of which could only be distinguished by a mass of smoke, reflecting a dull red glow. Their difficulties were, however, not yet over; the estates of the Lord Bibiano stretched all along that part of the river, "far, far away," said Floriora, and it would be impossible to traverse them during the night. She knew, however, a village of her own people, where she might perhaps hide in safety. But Michal, who probably knew that the Zigans were not always faithful one to the other, said that he preferred hiding in the woods. They accordingly proceeded for some distance—all night long, indeed—and, as the dawn began to whiten the east, hid themselves in a thick mass of trees to pass the day.

When the sun had risen, Floriora saw with some terror that they were not far from the country villa of her lord; but Michal told her this was the place where their pursuers would be least likely to look for them. And in truth they spent the day on the edge of a little glade in the forest, without seeing any living thing, save a few birds, a squirrel on the tree, and some bright green lizards. Michal, as soon as it was light, contemplated Floriora with amazement. Her beauty seemed to increase as the morning broke more cheerily through the trees; and when the sun suddenly darted a sheaf of golden beams through a cleft in the branchy canopy upon this maiden companion of his, he could scarcely refrain from uttering a cry of wonder. She was small indeed as a child, and delicately formed, but had evidently attained the age when young girls, as they go down to the springs, look furtively over their shoulders to know if they are followed from afar off. Michal computed the relative value of the treasure he had lost and the treasure he had gained, and found that he was a richer man than on the previous eve. Some will wonder that he should thus at once assume a right of property over the maiden whose life he had saved; but he knew the power of gratitude by the experience of his own heart; and, besides, was there not something in the artless look of admiration which Floriora now and then cast up at his countenance, that told what form her thoughts were taking? One question he asked to satisfy himself, in a low voice, as he sat looking down attentively at a blade of grass that was shining in a speck of sunlight:

"Has Floriola left any one behind in the village whom she regrets?"

"My father," she replied with emphasis, "is grieving over my loss, and will rejoice to hear of my safety."

This was enough; and though all was doubt and uncertainty for the morrow, their happy hearts throbbed all day long in the embowered recesses of the forest.

Floriora did not remain inactive all the time; but moved here and there gathering nutritious berries and digging up cool fresh roots from the earth. Michal did not like the look of these at first; but she bit pieces off them, and said laughing, in allusion to "the cup of black coffee," which sends so many great men out of the world:—"I will be the taster." Thus the day wore on; and, when night came, the fugitives continued their journey, taking a northerly direction. Michal had formed a plan for his future life.

On the morning of the fourth day they reached a mountainous country, and soon entered a deep and gloomy glen with which Michal seemed well acquainted. Advancing a little in front of Floriora he came to a cave, where, standing on one side with the girl pressed close to him, he cried; "Lenk! Lenk! Come out and surrender."

A bullet whistled past; and a roar as if a cannon had been fired within, rolled forth.

"Ha! Lenk," again cried Michal, looking shrewd. "If this had been the patrol, what would have been the use of firing before your eyes were open?"

"I have three more charges ready," replied a gruff voice from the interior; "and though you have caught me napping, it would be a hard matter to take me. But I think I know that voice. Is it Michal, playing his foolish jokes?"

"No other."

"Stand out in the light and let me see you."

"I shall make a good mark," said Michal, advancing fearlessly from his cover, whilst Floriola, trembling with terror, endeavoured to restrain him.

Presently the voice from within expressed satisfaction, but wanted to know who the woman was.

"My wife!" said Michal, boldly; and Floriora, though trembling with surprise and pleasure, remained silent.

Presently they entered the cavern, and the newly-betrothed maiden saw indeed that the robber Lenk's boast that he could not easily be taken was well founded. When they had advanced a few paces and her eyes had become accustomed to the half-

light, she saw a dark chasm about three paces wide, stretching across the entrance, and heard a murmur of water far below. Never was there a better moat to a castle. The opposite side of the chasm was several feet above the place where the new-comers stood; and they soon discerned a form engaged in thrusting down a kind of bridge made of a couple of beams lashed together. Over this, they passed; having turned round a huge mass of rock, they found themselves in a cave of considerable size, fitted with a table, a bed, rude cupboards, and other comforts, and lighted by an oil lamp swinging from the roof. In every respect this dwelling-place was superior to the hut to which Floriora had been accustomed.

"It is almost as fine as my lord Bibiano's palace," said she.

Lenk, whose life Michal had saved, some years past, was a jovial host enough. He too had been driven to that wild mode of life, by an act of tyranny; and, though he did subsist by levying tribute on the surrounding country, was in every other respect a good sort of character. The peasantry whom he always spared—partly, perhaps, because they had nothing worth taking, partly, no doubt, from prudential motives—had never a bad word to say against him; and instead of assisting the police, always gave him due warning of any movement against his liberty. This is the reason of the long impunity which the brigands of Wallachia enjoy. It is not uncommon for them to live to a green old age, and when they do close their career young, it is generally in some skirmish. They are rarely taken and tried.

Lenk soon made his guests quite at home; and showed them, as an especial mark of his confidence, a crevice in the rock, which had formerly been open, but had gradually been filled with earth, and through which he was making a back entrance to his retreat. "I know where it comes out," said he. "It is right on the top of the rock, at a place inaccessible except to birds. Then I will place a rope ladder, by which I can swing down when I please to the glen on the other side, which I could not reach except by an hour's walk any other way. So if I am ever hard pressed, I flit; and 'twill be a hard matter to catch me. The earth all goes down the hole you have crossed, and there is no trace of it."

Michal, on the first opportunity, employed Lenk to go and bring a priest from a village down in the plain, and his marriage with Floriora was duly celebrated at the entrance of the glen. He now began to join Lenk in his excursions; and they lived as comfortably as freebooters may. It would be a mistake to suppose that Floriora pined in this state of existence. She thought her husband's calling justifiable and indeed noble; and proudly compared her own independent condition with that to which she was to have been condemned. When Michal remained many days absent, she felt keen misery and regretted that a more quiet lot had not been vouchsafed to her. But, when she saw him, from the entrance of the cave, coming back with a lamb on his shoulder, and Lenk following, driving a bullock laden with spoil, her eyes glistened and she leaped with as much joy and exultation to the neck of her lord, as if he had been a chieftain of many men, returning covered with laurels from the wars.

In due time a son was born to her, and her cup of happiness was full. It had been decreed that bitters should be again mixed with it. One morning Lenk was about to go forth when he descried bright objects flashing far down the glen; and his keen eye discovered that they were the weapons of soldiers. He at once suspected that his retreat had been discovered, and withdrawing the bridge announced the fact to Michal, who was standing in smiling happiness waiting until his little wife should succeed in unfastening the grasp by which his boy had got hold of his black beard. The two banditti made ready their arms, and waited for the near approach of the soldiery. There were about a dozen, but they halted at a respectful distance, and a man moved towards the entrance of the cave and exhorted the inmates to surrender. A scornful laugh was the answer; but the defenders of the cave did not fire on the herald because they saw that he was a peasant. Soon after, the soldiers began to pour volley after volley into the cave; they were answered with effect. There was very little danger for Lenk and Michal, but some of the balls rebounded into the chamber where Floriora sat. She was therefore obliged to take refuge in the crevice; and which had, by this time, been completely opened.

When the combat had continued some hours, the besiegers, who knew that their firing had produced no effect, as the guns still answered from within, drew off, and seemed to consult. The new plan they hit upon has often been adopted in that kind of warfare. Some of them climbed the face of the hill, armed with sharp axes, and began cutting away the brushwood and throwing down the vast mass of dried wood which had been accumulating there, for years. They had resolved to smoke out their enemies. Lenk now applauded himself on the idea of a back entrance; and when the bonfire was lighted the whole party made preparations for an escape. Being perfectly confident that there was no danger, they went up the steep passage laughing, reached the summit of the rock, joked about the foolish police who were roasting themselves that scorching day at the entrance of the cave, coughed a little in the smoke which filled the air, displaced the ladder, and prepared to descend into the valley. Lenk went down first, and sat patiently at the bottom, steadying the ladder;

Floriora followed; then came Michal, with his boy strapped firmly on his back. He was only half way down when a shot was fired; Lenk fell dead; Floriora was seized by a man who rushed forward; and a volley was aimed at her unhappy husband. The missiles clattered in the rock around; but he was only slightly wounded, and the child escaped unhurt; he looked down, and saw a whole group of enemies waiting. His first impulse was to cast himself among them; for he thought that Floriora too had been murdered, as well as Lenk. But the love of life was strong within him; and he had revenge within him. He saw a ledge of rock at no great distance, and by a desperate leap, in spite of his burden, gained it. The men below stood awestruck. Another desperate leap. A shot or two was fired without effect. Another gigantic spring, and he reached a place from which he could scramble back towards the summit of the hill. In brief, he escaped, and an hour afterwards, found himself safe in a distant retreat, where he sat down and wept all the remainder of the day, even until the going down of the sun, for the loss of his Floriora.

It was after this incident that Michal became known in Wallachia as the Mokan. Under that name he committed many ruthless deeds, principally against the Boyards; because he soon learned that the attacking party which had deprived him of his happiness had been directed by the steward of the Lord Bibiano, who, by some means not explained, had discovered that the fugitive slave was living, and had learned the secret of the double entrance. The Mokan tried to ascertain what took place after he effected his escape. He found the body of Lenk, from which the soldiers had cut the head as a trophy; but there was no trace of Floriora. Perhaps the certainty of her doom would have left him less miserable. He tortured his mind with reflections on what might have happened to her. Jealous passion sometimes nearly drove him mad. He inquired of the peasantry. Some said that she had been killed; others that she had been taken away to a prison; others that she had escaped. The last supposition, the Mokan treated with contempt, because he believed that if Floriora were at liberty she would soon find her way to his side. Thus time passed, and by degrees Michal hardened and hardened, and the terror of his name filled the whole country.

Nearly ten years afterwards, when his son had grown to a tall lithe boy, who looked much older than he was, Michal, at his request, took him to a fair, annually held at a village on the Transylvanian frontier, at the foot of the Krapacks. A convent of women stands at no great distance from the village, and the Mokan, disguised as a Bulgarian merchant, asked permission to sleep in the Hall of Strangers. This was readily granted, and the father and son lay down upon a mat, and reposed after the fatigues of the day. The inhabitants of the convent had all come out, curious to look at him; many had chatted with him while he ate his supper. In the dead of night a woman, a nun by her dress, bearing a lamp, cautiously entered the room, and approaching the sleepers, stood over them and gazed in wonder at their faces—in wonder and love; for, a moment afterwards, his wife was on her knees embracing the rough face of the bandit, who awoke. He gazed on the pale suffering face before him; and, as he gazed, a vision of youth and beauty took its place. "Floriora, O my Floriora! Thou art not so changed as I am!" Then they fell into each other's arms, and wept bitterly.

She had contrived to escape from her captors; but, believing that her husband and child were killed, repaired to that convent and asked for hospitality. She had not taken the veil—the pious Wallachian story-tellers particularly insist on this point—because only unmarried and free women were received; but, she had remained for ten years as a kind of lay sister, doing menial services for the others. They had even acquired a claim over her something like that which a lord has over his serf. "I shall not be allowed to go with my lord," said she, faintly smiling, "if the morning finds me here."

Michal arose; and, shaking the boy who still slept, bade him follow. They went forth into the night together. For the second time, the Mokan abandoned the wealth he had amassed, and thought only of preserving the little Flower. Many were the dangers and sufferings they encountered in the passage of the Carpathian mountains; for Michal had resolved to try his fortune in another land. The pilgrims travelled on foot, but Floriora never complained of fatigue, on the contrary, she every day seemed to grow younger and younger; and when they at length crossed the frontier, she romped with her son who was as tall as herself, in a field by the margin of a stream, while Michal sat on a fallen tree, and looked gravely on through tears of joy.

Thus they went on and on in good old story-book style, until they came to the Banat of Temeswar, in the capital of which the late bandit's son contrived to open a shop, and to settle down as a peaceable citizen. The lovers of the marvellous took the Mokan up at a much later period of life, and made him a guerilla hero in one of the wars between the Turks and the Russians, during which he espoused neither side, but inflicted injury on both. There is no reason, however, for supposing that he ever left Temeswar again. He had enough to do to make the little Flower happy after her long period of misfortune. We do not understand him, if he did not think her as beautiful ever afterwards, as when the dawn first revealed

her countenance to him in the forest hiding-place. Michal the younger soon grew up, and had brothers and sisters, some of whose children may be in Temeswar to this day.

CHIPS.

A LESSON IN MULTIPLICATION.

In the year eighteen hundred and one the population of Great Britain was eleven millions; not having doubled in the previous two centuries. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one the population was above twenty-one millions; the doubling had taken place in half a century. At the rate of advance now promised us, our population may be in the year nineteen hundred, about fifty millions. The population of the United States is likely, by the same time, to reach the vast sum total of a hundred millions. Want of space is sometimes talked of as a likely result of the great increase of our population; but British space is, for the present, nearly as inexhaustible as British coal. Allowing a square yard to every person, all of us who at present live on native soil would, if brought together, cover no more than seven square miles of ground.

But it is no question with us now, how to find space, but how to use it properly. Here you may find people by twenties huddled side by side in wretched cottages; there you may find broad miles of fertile land without a speck that indicates the dwelling-place of man. Increase of numbers has taken place chiefly in this country from the growth of town populations: towns-people and country-people (reckoning small towns as country) are at present matched; there being ten millions and a half of each. Nothing hindering, the towns-people, fifty years hence, will be in a very large majority. Towns that are now insignificant and reckoned with the country, will grow as Liverpool and Manchester have grown, and will become, if all goes well, great centres of population.

The change will not be a landowners' grievance; it will be a conversion of so much poor land into rich land; of land worth tens or hundreds of pounds sterling per acre into land worth hundreds or thousands. It will be a multiplication of the means of life more rapid than the multiplication of men to be supported. Within the sphere of its own influence, it will be a slow drawing of the sting from poverty, rendering not only the means of life, but also, it is to be hoped, the best objects of life, more accessible. Every new town set among fields is, to a great extent, and will be to a much greater extent than it now is, another star set in the earthly firmament—a star that shall shine like a teacher. We may say so since they tell us, teachers shall shine like the stars.

Neither is there any physical necessity for decrease in the portion of food yielded by the Earth for each guest at her table because of there being more of us to sit down to meat. For thousands of years population may increase; but food will increase with it. There is elbow room in our own island for the whole existing human race; and, compared with the size of a man, vast indeed is the expanse of the world about us.

There is, also, a physical necessity for the spread of peace as consequent upon the spread of civilisation. Civilization teaches man to trust in and depend on man; and it will establish, by degrees, mutual trust among nations. It will become every year more difficult for any one nation to live alone, spinning its own webs, eating its own fruits, talking its own language, giving and taking nothing with its neighbours. Already the two nations that stand foremost in intellect and power are acknowledging this truth; and France and England, made allies for a year or two, display, by their bearing towards each other and by many a word and deed, the deep conviction that they must eventually be allies for ever. It is no case with us of old foes reconciled, who propose, in sentimental mood, to swear eternal friendship. With us it is no case at all of dropped hostility. Our old quarrels belong to a past state of things; the men of this generation have no part in them. Napoleon is as much sober and calm history to us as Hannibal is, and we care not a farthing more for Crécy than for Cannæ.

We have been led into this dream by the consideration that increase of population gives an irresistible impulse to increase of knowledge and happiness. Children add the results of their own observation and reflection to the knowledge inherited from those who lived before. They see from the shoulders of their fathers. Where there was one who searched about him fifty years ago, now two are searching. The multiplication of men is the multiplication of minds.

DEATH'S DOORS.

More than ever must we turn aside—why turn aside though? Does it not lie in our straight path?—to care about the quiet poor. Hunger is much to bear, fever is much to bear, and cholera we are told broods over the land. To these sorrows are now added the penalties attending on a state of war;—war, pestilence, and famine will make grievous work among those neighbours upon whom so many of us look down daily from back windows, and do nothing but look down.

Good man, born with the power to

> Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
> Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation,

if you have never seen, now go abroad and contemplate the powerlessness of the poor. You must act, we must act, every soul must act. Since I came away with a heart full of sorrow from St. Phillip's, Bethnal Green, I have been thinking about the homes

provided for the very poor and striving, to discover how they may most easily be bettered. "Go," said a friend engaged in the like search, "to this address,"—and he gave me an address written upon a piece of paper. "It is copied from a letter that appeared some time since, in the Times. The proprietor of those houses called attention to the fact, that by a few cheap alterations he had been able to convert them from a state of terrible corruption into Christian dwellings." Then I said, "I will go and study this man's secret."

And I went accordingly, upon a glorious May morning in search of these fortunate abodes, round the Queen's palace, and through a long and spacious square odorous with spring scents from the foliage and flowers. Drawing-room windows were thrown wide in many houses, that the dames and damsels as they sat within might taste the honied spring; and through a break in the trees I saw one balcony daintily trimmed with crimson cushions, over which leant wedding guests, looking down upon a carriage and a coachman with white favours. At the moment when I looked, the street door opened, and I saw the bride with a young step cross the threshold of her baby home. The carriage drove off, and the wedding guests looked after it, and the maid-servant at the bed-room window overhead looked after it, and all the maid-servants at the door of the next house looked after it, and I looked after it, and sent after it the benediction of a passer-by.

Three minutes afterwards I entered the street in search of which I had come out. The spring was left behind me then; for all the flowers of the earth would not have concealed the filthiness of the vile stink in which I seemed to have become suddenly enveloped. Out of the large and pleasant square into a small and unpleasant one; then out of that again into a street not very narrow, with a gin-shop at the corner. The abruptness of the plunge into what then was to be seen, and smelt, and felt, filled me with sudden horror. I stood still. There was a gulf at no great distance before me, of which I saw only the top, and might have supposed, had it been cleaner, that it was a railway cutting. It cut the street in two; there was more street beyond, and there were houses and there were lanes on each side, running along its brink. Houses and lanes so mean and desolate, and rotten, that one might reasonably suppose them to be bred, as men once said of crocodiles, in all their loathsomeness from the surrounding filth. Women and small children with deadly faces, and with skins and rags discoloured by corruption, stirred about in a dull way as maggots that belonged to the unwholesome mass.

The two houses of which I was in search were close before me, on the edge of the gulf, or pit, or cutting. They were much larger than those round about them, stood apart, and had before them a clean paved court within iron railings. They did not seem to be rotten, and there was a silent bird in a cage at a window near the roof. I went nearer, near enough to see to the bottom of the little gulf, and turned away from it bodily sick. There—under the windows of the improved dwellings—rolled the thick, black, putrid stream of a great open sewer. The two houses were parted from it only by a neat door leading to further abominations, doubtless, since it was officially ticketed and labelled as the property of the Commissioners of Sewers. There was no need to go into the houses. I desired no further knowledge, but I did learn more.

Members of the skating club, morning bathers, ladies galloping so gracefully in Rotten Row, or enjoying the fresh breeze from the water when you take your airing in the Ring, this filthy place of which I have been speaking is upon the banks of the river Serpentine! It is the same river that adorns Kensington Gardens and pollutes the slums of Chelsea, as it is the same race of man and woman all the land through. The Serpentine rises, I believe, somewhere about Hampstead, and great pains are properly taken with it in the parks, where it is spread out into a tolerably wholesome piece of ornamental water. Even there, however, it sometimes falls into disfavour, and men exclaim against it for a want of wholesome cleanliness. Afterwards it flows among the poor, becomes a sewer quite as foul as the Fleet Ditch, and no man cares. Under and about good houses it flows unseen, carefully concealed by stout arches from eyes and nose. From these it escapes to pour the whole volley of its poison among the dwellings of the miserable poor; for them no arches are built, from them no filth is kept, no ugliness is hidden; they are quiet; they bear all without remonstrance, and have all to bear. Every dead dog seen in the Serpentine in Hyde Park has been duly denounced in the journals by some public-spirited father of a family, who saw it in his walks. But there are few whose walks take them among the very wretched, and until I was myself half suffocated by it, I never knew, for I had never heard or read, of the poor man's Serpentine, that slips its filth along to a foul outlet in the Thames near Chelsea Hospital.

> Death and despair do many thereof sup,
> And secret poison through their inner parts;
> Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts.

There are not many hundred persons in this country whose pulses would not beat rather more quickly than usual, who would not feel some tingling in their cheeks, and be excited by strong impulse to speech, and more than speech, on behalf of men, women, and children subdued to quietness in the endurance of such homes as are suggested here with all their griefs, if they were only now and

then to see them, though they saw no more than the outside and never looked within.

Within are to be seen sometimes things too horrible to tell, if they were not also things most needful to be told. Mr. Godwin, who has distinguished himself by energetic efforts to direct attention to such matters, and who has lately published some of his experiences of London Homes, tells that when visiting one miserable room, he by chance opened the cupboard, and was startled to find upon one of its shelves, shut up with the bread and the tea-pot, the uncoffined body of a child. The little limbs were decently disposed, and covered with a cloth, and on a shelf above—as they put over a peer his coronet, or over a warrior his arms—there was the little house-fairy's cracked mug, with its golden label; Mary Anne. She lay there till her coffin could be earned. Not many weeks before, the mother of that household had perished, and had been kept in the room for a fortnight, the work room, eating and sleeping room of the widower, and of a family of children.

Thousands who are tottering upon the verge of such distress will be forced into it by the coming pressure of war times. Now is the hour, if ever the hour will strike, when every man with a firm arm must stretch it out, and when every man who can get hearing must speak for those weak and silent sufferers among us whom it would now be more than ever cruel to forget. We must unite to be helpful—helpful each in his own sphere. No hand lent helpfully is weak when it is willing.

I went back through the leafy square. The house where there had been a wedding having been discovered by an organ boy, and wedding guests being still upon the balcony, they were suddenly placed at the mercy of a loon more to be feared than any Ancient Mariner. Of course, as the poet says, they "could not choose but hear," for when a hand-organ plays Pop goes the Weasel, though "Wedding guest may beat his breast, yet he cannot choose but hear." If ever I swear, it is at organs. Yet on that May morning I was more disposed to look pitifully at the ragged organist, and think of the life he had led from his birth under the shadow of far distant mountains, until he brought his pale face out—and from what sort of home?—into that morning's sunshine on the London pavements.

When I had turned the corner of the palace again, and was in St. James's Park, guns were being fired, and all the paths were crowded. A grand carriage, with a white liveried and laced coachman in front, and two white liveried and laced footmen behind, all with large bouquets in their bosoms, came whirling down from Constitution Hill; when it was near enough I saw a mitre on the panel. Disposed to be fanciful, methought, Here is a bishop who has heard of the wretchedness I have just seen, and who is trotting round at a good pace to ascertain what he can do as a father of the Church for the fatherless, to comfort the bereaved poor in their affliction, and to find out how he can best be a friend to them that have no helper. The guns are firing in celebration of this epoch in the modern history of England. Nothing of the sort was the case, of course. That day was her Majesty's birthday—may she see fifty more of them!—and his grace was making haste down to the drawing-room. Soon afterwards round came another carriage, with purple liveries and bouquets, bound in the same direction, another mitre on the panel. I thought in my innocence that since London has two resident church dignitaries, I had seen the grand state of the Archbishop, and the humbler glory of the metropolitan Bishop, the rest of the Bishops being of course at their sees, watching over the important interests committed to their charge. That was again a mistake. More liveries, bouquets, and mitred coaches trotted round the corner. The wind seemed to be blowing Bishops' carriages from the quarter of Constitution Hill. It was not until somewhat later that the coroneted coaches and the coaches of ambassadors began to throng upon the Bird-cage Walk, but the Bishops were especially distinguished by the alacrity with which they hurried to pay their devotions to the court. And who shall blame them? Loyalty is assuredly a Christian grace. Of course their graces can be loyal to the crown of England without prejudice to their allegiance to that great Prince whose subjects are bound to seek Him in the poor, the sorry, and the sick, and to do service to Him in the persons of the least of these. It is a great blessing for London, I thought, that there are so many high-servants of this Prince now in town. How eagerly they will all whirl about in these carriages during the summer months to make themselves acquainted with such miseries as those which I have just now seen. How nobly they will speak when they rise in their places in Parliament one after the other, as originators or supporters of wise measures for the helping of the quiet poor. It is a great blessing for the wretched who are in London that there are so many of their friends and fathers now in town.

Gladly disposed to celebrate the birthday of her Majesty by helping in a loyal cheer, I waited in the crowd before the palace gates, close by the gold-laced trumpeters. From before, I was pressed backward by a stout elderly clergyman, whose wife was encouraging him to admire the beauty of liveries, while he himself was writhing backward in continual fear lest his toes should be touched by the hoof of a life-guardsman's horse; from behind, I was pressed forward by an energetic quakeress who must have maintained herself on that morning for two hours on tiptoe, with a persistent vigour that would have made

Cerito turn white with envy. She made also a free use of her arms and elbows, for she was bent on seeing every plume and every yard of lace belonging to the pomp of the occasion. From the right hand I was pushed to the left by a motherly dame, who was providing for a country gentleman, her friend, two sights at once, by showing him the towers of Westminster Abbey, that are visible above the trees. On the left hand there was no resistance. On the left stood a group of pale, dirty, and ragged children; such children formed also a very noticeable feature in the front line of the rows between which her Majesty was presently to pass. They had crept out into the sun from many a place as filthy as the borders of the Chelsea Serpentine. They were not courtly. The Prince Consort was not ceremoniously referred to by one of them, who had his mind full of a popular melody, and shouted from under my left ear to a young friend at a distance,

"Hollo, Sam! You'll soon see Villikins and his Dinah!" When the great gates opened, and the royal carriages came forth, that little fellow's voice was very audible among the cheering. He meant no disloyalty, not he! Follow him home.

This happy day is Saturday. He will be dirtier to-morrow than he is to-day. Most likely, where he lives, there is no water supply at all on Sundays. There is a flow, perhaps, on Saturday for half-an-hour, during which time there is a rush and scramble at the tap, —women with tin pots, old tubs, and broken pitchers, fight for what they can catch. When they have used that, they must beg or go without; water is even stolen. "For example, in one of these little courts," says Mr. Godwin,* "the people hearing us making inquiries respecting the water, rushed out from all sides, speaking with bitter rage of the inadequate provision. We managed to gather, amid the din, that they suspected a person who keeps a small general shop (one of those curiously squalid attempts at trading met with in these neighbourhoods), and through which the water-pipe passed, of 'thieving the water on the way to them.' On examining the shop we found that the shopkeeper had bored a small hole in the water-pipe, to prevent him, as he said, from struggling and fighting with the people in the court when the water came in, 'there being so many of them, and so little water, that they were often like so many devils.'" When there is a fire in such a neighbourhood, the water is turned on and flows, of necessity as extra supply out of the taps in courts and alleys. The same gentleman relates how, while he was talking to a woman, an alarm of a house on fire resounded through the street. She exclaimed suddenly with pious gratitude, "Thank God there is a fire! We will soon get some water."

* London Shadows: a Glance at the Homes of the Thousands.

As for drainage, thousands are ready to lift up the rotten boards that represent their floors, and show you the poisonous filth trickling underneath. What follows upon this? Ask mothers of the children they have buried. "How many have you had?" "Seven." "How many are living?" "One." "How many have *you* had?" "Thirteen." "How many are living?" Read her answer in her eyes. NONE.

Fit homes must be placed within the reach of these neglected people. We have spoken more than once of the Metropolitan Societies for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes. To the admirable sanitary results obtained by them we referred when calling attention to a small pamphlet recently issued, on the Results of Sanitary Improvement, by Dr. Southwood Smith. The pamphlet does not cost more than a number of this journal, and we cannot do better than distinctly refer to it as containing the best brief exposition of what has been done hitherto, and may be done more effectually hereafter, in the way of amending the homes of working men. We hinted lately an objection to the policy of placing benevolence before profit, *as a motive for shareholding* in these societies. It is the best motive, but, in the Share-List and Money-Market, profit is the strongest, and the whole nervous power of any such society lies in its dividend. Benevolence is the heart, and profit is the brain, of every public body of this kind,—the heart beats in proportion as the brain is active. Of all this it would appear the societies in question have from the first been thoroughly aware; we were misled into a false impression by the very laudable energy of philanthropic advocates, (with whom we thoroughly agree) who took ground that was quite unexceptionable so long as it was not official.

The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, of which the offices are at number nineteen, Coleman-street, City of London, obtained last year from its dwellings for families a return upon outlay of four and four-fifths per cent.; to five per cent.; its dividends are limited by Parliament. Dividends so large, however, it has never yet paid, partly on account of loss hitherto incurred in the article of rooms for single men, partly for reasons that have now ceased to exist. That this society will, in a few years, return a safe dividened of four or five per cent. for all moneys invested in it, we have reasons to believe confidently. The money so invested will, at the same time, be lent to the most valuable uses.

Another association of this nature is called the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes. That has been equally successful, and is equally deserving of support. At present its means are, we believe, more limited, but it has already provided wholesome accommodation for nine hundred residents. The committee-room of this society is at number twenty-one, Exeter Hall.

If the pressing need of such associations were felt thoroughly and widely by the public, and if it were understood how easily they may be made to bless at the same time the rich with dividends and the poor with cheap and decent homes, there would not be one or two, but one or two hundred of them in the country. Their formation is more than a little hindered by the present laws of partnership; but that difficulty is one not very hard to conquer.

Of the existing institutions also, it is to be said that while they are admirably conducted and supply a public want, it is not quite the want on which we find it now so requisite to dwell that they have hitherto commonly supplied. They save rather those who might sink, than those who have sunk, to the lowest depths of sorrow—they are for the poor rather than for the very poor. The lodgings they provide get tenants of a class higher than that which has a right to our profoundest sympathy, and our most active help, in the removal of unjust inflictions laid upon them, not through their own fault, but through our ignorance, indifference, or culpable neglect. There is recognition yet due to the fact, that many thousands of the most wretched homes in this country consist of single rooms, horrible to look at or to think about, for which a price is paid that would yield profitable return to any association willing to take thought only for the wants of the most afflicted classes of the quiet poor. We are not yet entitled to shut our eyes to the fact, that these people do, and must for a long time to come, crowd into single rooms the homes that happier neighbours can disperse through two, three, four, or half a dozen. We could wish that it were not so, but we know that it is so; and we must feel, too, that even such a home, if it be decent, is a holier and wholesomer thing, as well as cheaper, than even the best regulated common lodging house. Let us then fairly recognise the fact that there must be such homes for families, and furnish them upon the best conditions. We can raise up, floor over floor, well constructed buildings planned into cheerful, well-ventilated, well-drained, wholesome rooms, supplied freely with water, and provided at the base with proper storage for the fruits and other wares of hawkers: for the trucks, and carts, and donkeys of those who possess them. Something after the manner of a provision of this kind is made in connexion with the baths and wash-houses in Portpool Lane. Each large block of such rooms might include a set of public baths and wash-houses, for the use, on the customary terms, of the inmates of the rooms, and of the other poor residing in the neighbourhood. In each block, also, there might be comprised a little hall for penny or two-penny concerts, lectures, balls, or other wholesome entertainments — emphatically, entertainments—which would yield a modicum of profit to the main establishment, and go far to make happier its own little homes, and the homes of the poor people round about.

For the filthiest accommodation in one room there must now be paid—and is paid, even by the very poor—two shillings or half-a-crown a week. The same rental, with a more than requisite allowance made to cover loss, would form an ample basis for the maintenance of an establishment like that which has been here roughly suggested.

And still, if all be done that private men can do, there remains a mountain of ill to be removed by sanitary legislation. Let us cry for law, and struggle for it, but not altogether wait for it; we must in the meantime work on without it upon the path of justice. Law is a slow mover, but will, no doubt, get a lift from somebody and overtake us on the road. Our attention to the abject poor is due not in charity alone, but in order that we may pay a long-neglected debt of justice. It is not just that the poison of a sewer should be bricked off from the rich man's mouth, and left to pour itself unhindered down the throats of the men who are helpless. The course of the Serpentine is but a symbol of a hundred things that all point to the same conclusion. Farther off still, there is an end to which they point, when

> They who creep and they who fly
> Shall end where they began;

nothing remaining but the last settlement of accounts between the flyers and the creepers. We all hope to retire some day to our little boxes at Kensal Green, Norwood, Highgate, Père la Chaise, where not. But now so many of us owe so much! and who likes to retire oppressed by debt?

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

GREEK WATERS.

Perhaps our invalided soldiers and sailors would hardly be able to find a place of recovery more convenient and delightful than the island of Mytilene. Steamers from Smyrna and Constantinople touch there four or five times a-week, and it is within pleasant hail of both those places. Provisions are usually cheap and abundant; the inhabitants are hospitable, good-natured, and fond of foreigners. Within a day's journey of Castro (the chief town of the island) are all sorts of interesting places; and really it is almost worth while being moderately ill to have an excuse for a holiday visit to them. There is excellent fishing and pretty good shooting in the neighbourhood.

But if I may expect, as I certainly do, to have a few antiquaries among my readers, I do not know what I have not to say about Mytilene. With the single exception of Attica, not one of the states of ancient Greece was so famous as Lesbos, now Mytilene. Indeed I am able to pick and choose from an overwhelming amount of riches, and I shall

therefore confine myself merely to the business in hand, and look upon the place which gave birth to Pittacus, Theophrastus, and Sappho; where Aristotle taught, and Arion sung; where Cæsar won his first public honor; and where Marcellus and the widow of the last Christian Prince of Trebizond fled as fugitives; simply as a place to get well in.

Lesbos was so renowned for its wine, that even cold Virgil mentions it with approbation; and Ovid, who was a much better judge, is said to have asked for it when dying. The island was so famous for its wheat, that Mercury was sent especially from Olympus to fetch it; and it was used by the bakers of the gods. If this assertion, however, resting as it does merely on poetical authority, should be too much even for the faith of an antiquary, I have still something to say about the Lesbian bread, and support my information by an appeal to the excellent judgment of Archistratos. Archistratos was a lover of delicacies who flourished about two thousand two hundred years ago. He was the Brillat Savarin, the Soyer of the ancient world. He knew where everything worth eating was to be found, as well as was possible. When, therefore, he especially praises the bread of Lesbos, we are bound to believe that it was good.

Then, Lesbos was so remarkable for the delicacy of its oysters, that they are spoken of with a watery mouth and a luscious chuckle, both by Strabo and Pliny; while the beauty of the Lesbian ladies was long a proverb. Now, I ask any conscientious getting-well person whosoever, Can there be anything of pleasanter digestion than an oyster—with fresh lemon-juice squeezed over it? Mytilene cannot be said, in our days, to have a very plentiful supply of fresh butter, but it has abundance of excellent brown bread; so we must look upon the want of fresh butter at Mytilene rather as a misfortune than a fault, and eat our oysters without it. I had nearly forgotten the ladies; for the fact is, I am an old gentleman in a dressing-gown and slippers; so I cannot judge of these things. But the next time our friends in Australia want a few ship-loads of wives, I think they might do many less sensible things than send to Mytilene.

Physicians are agreed that the climate of Mytilene is decidedly the healthiest of even the healthy islands of the Ægean. It is invariably cool in summer from the sea-breezes, and remarkably mild in winter. Frost and snow are unknown to the oldest inhabitants; and there is no day throughout the year upon which the sun does not shine cheerily for a few hours. The ancient writers are unanimous in its praise, and Pompey the Great is one of the many gentlemen who sent his wife here for change of air. Count Razinsky, the most modern traveller of repute, hardly knows how to express his admiration of the climate and scenery of Lesbos; and M. Olivier (a Frenchman) becomes almost incomprehensible from the same cause. Then, every inch of the land is storied. It was from the neighbourhood of the famous ancient town of Methymna, that Achilles bore off the beautiful Eriphile, whose supposed fate has furnished the subject of one of the finest of Racine's tragedies. Mytilene was the residence of the diligent antiquary Pocock, (the Greeks call him Πολκόκιος, which looks odd), during some of the most interesting of his valuable researches. A pensive invalid might go delightfully, book in hand, over the same ground. And, lastly, skipping many things, Mytilene was the theatre of the last Greek war of independence. The fighting began by the destruction of a Turkish man of war, off Erisso; and most of the memorable naval engagements which followed, where Kanaris and Miaoulis gathered their bloody and useless laurels, took place in the same neighbourhood.

The medicinal waters of Lesbos were amongst the most famous of the ancient world—and the ancient world was bathing mad. If they have now fallen off in repute, it is probably because they are unknown, as many things are unknown about Turkey which we should do extremely well to learn.

The baths of Vassilica, perhaps the most important in the island, were of high repute in former times. Careful observation may still trace ruins of considerable extent in their neighbourhood. The waters of the springs of Vassilica were analysed by Pocock, and found to contain iron and sulphur, with a small quantity of copper. Their taste is salt. The water flows in great quantities from a rock, and is caught in a large basin, now used as a bath for men. Its heat is about thirty degrees Reaumur. It is of known efficacy in derangement of the spleen and liver, scrofulous humours, gout, and rheumatism. The last-mentioned disease is unhappily one to which Europeans are particularly liable in these countries—not to mention their own. Finally, the waters of Vassilica are said to have *a specific action in the cicatrisation of wounds;* and were employed with success for this purpose by no less a person than a late minister of Sardinia, at Constantinople, who had been often wounded in the wars. I have it on credible authority, that this gentleman was lifted out of the steamer on his arrival, and was shooting partridges on the hills three weeks afterwards.

The waters of Vassilica are hot enough to boil an egg; but, lest their efficacy in this respect should be proved too often, the country people have a prudent proverb, which says, that the egg "will not boil if it is stolen." For the rest, Vassilica is now a mere collection of huts, situated between Kalloni and Iera. It derived its name from having been the residence of the exiled Erinna, wife of the Emperor Leo the Third, and mother of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. She died there in eight hundred and two. Vassilica is also remarkable for having been the refuge of the

Emperor Stephanos, son of Romanos. Here also fled Ducas, the historian, after the capture of Lesbos by Mohammed the Second. Ducas was the contemporary of Phranza, and far excelled the latter in clearness and elegance of style. It is remarkable that the great abilities of Ducas and Phranza, were, in those remote times, no obstacle to their employment in diplomacy. Now, of course, the employment of men of letters in an office which chiefly requires facility in communicating the results of acute observation, is out of the question. Rule Britannia!

Olivier has described some other springs near Port Iera. They chiefly contain nitre, and are said to have been beautified by Hussein, a capitan-pasha of much more celebrity than he deserves. M. X. Landerer (Professor of Chemistry at the University of Athens) however, has most to say about the medicinal springs of Lesbos. I shall chiefly follow his lights in the remainder of the present article; for M. X. Landerer was a German, and exhausted his subject with national patience and honesty. He is not unreasonably surprised that such valuable waters have not attracted more serious attention in modern times. He attributes their origin to volcanic influence; and quotes Strabo (who was not necessary) to prove that the whole island must have been detached from the main land of Asia Minor from the same cause.

Galinos says that about forty stadia from Mytilene, there existed in his time certain hot salt-water springs, which acted as a diuretic. They were highly astringent, and said (like the water of Carlsbad) to be particularly efficacious in reducing immoderate fat. They were also a remedy for dropsy and unhealthy watery tumours.

One of the most important springs thus mentioned by Galinos, is situated at a place called Korpho, and is now known as the Pasha's Bath. It is within about half an hour's walk of the capital of the island; and its waters are serviceable from the month of April to September. They act as a slight purgative; and are valuable in obstructions of the stomach and liver. Taken internally, they prevent determination of blood to the head. They are also determined enemies of hemorrhoids. Hassan Pasha, one of the heroes of Hope's Anastasius, beautified these baths. Hassan had the amiable weakness of desiring to leave some trace of his passage wherever he went, so that Turkey owes all sorts of public works to him. There is a local tradition here (true, by the way), that he went about with a lion. Luckily, the lion bit him one day, and ceased to be the terror of the neighbourhood.

Another of the hot-baths of Mytilene is situated at a charming village called Thermi. The springs here are of two distinct kinds,—the one sulphureous, the other salt. The latter are merely purgative; but the former act usefully in all diseases of the skin. They are a sovereign remedy against the Turkish rash, as frequent as it is obstinate, during the hot months. They are also reputed to be an antidote to metallic poisons, and especially the effects of mercury. Finally, they are employed in rheumatism, with which our army doctors will have more than enough to do.

Then near the pretty village of Tellonia (abounding with game) are some purgative waters called the Springs of Liota. They gush out from a singular rock, and are usually visited in August. On the twenty-fourth of that month, there is an interesting local festival held here. Near the Springs of Liota is also found a hot sand, in which rheumatic patients are buried for half an hour daily, until cured.

Close by the sea-shore, and near the site of the ancient town of Methymna, is found the last of the Lesbian springs I shall now notice. Its waters are also said to be efficacious in chronic rheumatism, which is one of the most inveterate plagues of imprudent livers in eastern countries.

God forbid that I should play the part of Mr. Croaker in the comedy, and suppose that all sorts of possible and impossible diseases, will follow our soldiers to the East. Let us rather hope that care and prudence will keep them in good health. Still we are not infallible, and if people will now and then do unwise things, it is as well to know how and where to get relief from their consequences. Therefore I have made these present notes, with a serious sense of the responsibility of doing so on no slight research and inquiry; I hope sincerely that the few observations my total want of medical science has enabled me to offer, may direct the inquiries of abler men in the same direction.

I believe that a moderate amount of common sense employed in the use of baths and exercise, early hours, one meal of meat a day, a due respect for the sun, the instant change of damp clothes on returning home, an attention to keeping the feet warm, a wise fear of cold at the stomach, reasonable temperance, and a stout heart, may laugh at medical men and medical waters in the East or anywhere else. But soldiers marching to battle, cannot adhere to a rigid dietary, or take many timely precautions; and, it is for them that I venture to recommend these springs.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was falling dark when Stephen came out of Mr. Bounderby's house. The shadows of night had gathered so fast, that he did not look about him when he closed the door, but plodded straight along the street. Nothing was further from his thoughts than the curious old woman he had encountered on his previous visit to the same house, when he heard a step behind him that he knew, and, turning, saw her in Rachael's company.

He saw Rachael first, as he had heard her only.

"Ah Rachael, my dear! Missus, thou wi' her!"

"Well, and now you are surprised to be sure, and with reason I must say," the old woman returned. "Here I am again, you see."

"But how wi' Rachael?" said Stephen, falling into their step, walking between them, and looking from the one to the other.

"Why, I come to be with this good lass pretty much as I came to be with you," said the old woman cheerfully, taking the reply upon herself. "My visiting time is later this year than usual, for I have been rather troubled with shortness of breath, and so put it off till the weather was fine and warm. For the same reason I don't make all my journey in one day, but divide it into two days, and get a bed to-night at the Travellers' Coffee House down by the railroad (a nice clean house), and go back, Parliamentary, at six in the morning. Well, but what has this to do with this good lass, says you? I'm going to tell you. I have heard of Mr. Bounderby being married. I read it in the paper, where it looked grand—oh, it looked fine!" the old woman dwelt on it with strange enthusiasm; "and I want to see his wife. I have never seen her yet. Now, if you'll believe me, she hasn't come ont of that house since noon to-day. So, not to give her up too easily, I was waiting about, a little last bit more, when I passed close to this good lass two or three times; and her face being so friendly I spoke to her, and she spoke to me. There!" said the old woman to Stephen, "you can make all the rest out for yourself now, a deal shorter than I can, I dare say!"

Once again, Stephen had to conquer an instinctive propensity to dislike this old woman, though her manner was as honest and simple as a manner possibly could be. With a gentleness that was as natural to him as he knew it to be to Rachael, he pursued the subject that interested her in her old age.

"Well, missus," said he, "I ha seen the lady, and she were yoong an hansom. Wi' fine dark thinkin eyes, and a still way, Rachael, as I hae never seen the like on."

"Young and handsome. Yes!" cried the old woman, quite delighted. "As bonny as a rose! And what a happy wife!"

"Aye, missus, I suppose she be," said Stephen. But with a doubtful glance at Rachael.

"Suppose she be? She must be. She's your master's wife," returned the old woman.

Stephen nodded assent. "Though as to master," said he, glancing again at Rachael, "not master onny more. That's aw enden twixt him and me."

"Have you left his work, Stephen?" asked Rachael, anxiously and quickly.

"Why, Rachael," he replied, "whether I ha left'n his work, or whether his work ha left'n me, cooms t' th' same. His work and me are parted. 'Tis as weel so—better, I were thinking when yo come up wi' me. It would ha brought'n trouble upon trouble if I had stayed theere. Haply 'tis a kindness to monny that I go; haply 'tis a kindness to myseln; anyways it mun be done. I mun turn my face fro Coketown fur th' time, and seek a fort'n, dear, by beginning fresh."

"Where will you go, Stephen?"

"I donno t'night," said he, lifting off his hat, and smoothing his thin hair with the flat of his hand. "But I'm not a goin' t'night, Rachael; nor yet t' morrow. Tan't easy overmuch, t' know wheer t' turn, but a good heart will coom to me."

Herein, too, the sense of even thinking unselfishly aided him. Before he had so much as closed Mr. Bounderby's door, he had reflected that at least his being obliged to go away was good for her, as it would save her from the chance of being brought into question for not withdrawing from him. Though it would cost him a hard pang to

leave her, and though he could think of no similiar place in which his condemnation would not pursue him, perhaps it was almost a relief to be forced away from the endurance of the last four days, even to unknown difficulties and distresses.

So he said, with truth, "I'm more leetsome Rachael, under 't than I couldn ha believed." It was not her part to make his burden heavier. She answered with her comforting smile, and the three walked on together.

Age, especially when it strives to be self-reliant and cheerful, finds much consideration among the poor. The old woman was so decent and contented, and made so light of her infirmities, though they had increased upon her since her former interview with Stephen, that they both took an interest in her. She was too sprightly to allow of their walking at a slow pace on her account, but she was very grateful to be talked to, and very willing to talk to any extent; so, when they came to their part of the town, she was more brisk and vivacious than ever.

"Coom to my poor place, missus," said Stephen, "and tak a coop o' tea. Rachael will coom then, and arterwards I'll see thee safe t' thy Travellers' lodgin. 'T may be long, Rachael, ere ever I ha th' chance o' thy coompany agen."

They complied, and the three went on to the house where he lodged. When they turned into the narrow street, Stephen glanced at his window with a dread that always haunted his desolate home; but it was open, as he had left it, and no one was there. The evil spirit of his life had flitted away again, months ago, and he had heard no more of her since. The only evidences of her last return now, were the scantier moveables in his room, and the grayer hair upon his head.

He lighted a candle, set out his little tea-board, got hot water from below, and brought in small portions of tea and sugar, a loaf, and some butter, from the nearest shop. The bread was new and crusty, the butter fresh, and the sugar lump, of course—in fulfilment of the standard testimony of the Coketown magnates, that these people lived like princes, sir. Rachael made the tea (so large a party necessitated the borrowing of a cup), and the visitor enjoyed it mightily. It was the first glimpse of sociality the host had had for many days. He too, with the world a wide heath before him, enjoyed the meal—again in corroboration of the magnates, as exemplifying the utter want of calculation on the part of these people, sir.

"I ha never thowt yet, missus," said Stephen, "o' askin thy name."

The old lady announced herself as "Mrs. Pegler."

"A widder, I think?" said Stephen.

"Oh, many long years!" Mrs. Pegler's husband (one of the best on record) was already dead, by Mrs. Pegler's calculation, when Stephen was born.

"'Twere a bad job too, to lose so good a one," said Stephen. "Onny children?"

Mrs. Pegler's cup, rattling against her saucer as she held it, denoted some nervousness on her part. "No," she said. "Not now, not now."

"Dead, Stephen," Rachael softly hinted.

"I'm sooray I ha spok'n on't," said Stephen. "I ought t' ha hadn in my mind as I might touch a sore place. I—I blame myseln."

While he excused himself, the old lady's cup rattled more and more. "I had a son," she said, curiously distressed, and not by any of the usual appearances of sorrow; "and he did well, wonderfully well. But he is not to be spoken of if you please. He is——" Putting down her cup, she moved her hands as if she would have added, by her action, "dead!" Then, she said, aloud, "I have lost him."

Stephen had not yet got the better of his having given the old lady pain, when his landlady came stumbling up the narrow stairs, and calling him to the door, whispered in his ear. Mrs. Pegler was by no means deaf, for she caught a word as it was uttered.

"Bounderby!" she cried, in a suppressed voice, starting up from the table. "Oh hide me! Don't let me be seen for the world. Don't let him come up till I have got away. Pray, pray!" She trembled, and was excessively agitated; getting behind Rachael, when Rachael tried to reassure her; and not seeming to know what she was about.

"But hearken, missus, hearken;" said Stephen, astonished, "'Tisn't Mr. Bounderby; 'tis his wife. Yor not fearfo' o' her. Yo was hey-go-mad about her, but an hour sin."

"But are you sure it's the lady and not the gentleman?" she asked, still trembling.

"Certain sure!"

"Well then, pray don't speak to me, nor yet take any notice of me," said the old woman. "Let me be quite to myself in this corner."

Stephen nodded; looking to Rachael for an explanation, which she was quite unable to give him; took the candle, went down stairs, and in a few moments returned, lighting Louisa into the room. She was followed by the whelp.

Rachael had risen, and stood apart with her shawl and bonnet in her hand, when Stephen, himself profoundly astonished by this visit, put the candle on the table. Then he too stood, with his doubled hand upon the table near it, waiting to be addressed.

For the first time in her life, Louisa had come into one of the dwellings of the Coketown Hands; for the first time in her life, she was face to face with anything like individuality in connexion with them. She knew of their existence by hundreds and by thousands. She knew what results in work a given number of them would produce,

in a given space of time. She knew them in crowds passing to and from their nests, like ants or beetles. But she knew from her reading infinitely more of the ways of toiling insects, than of these toiling men and women.

Something to be worked so much and paid so much, and there ended; something to be infallibly settled by laws of supply and demand; something that blundered against those laws, and floundered into difficulty; something that was a little pinched when wheat was dear, and over-ate itself when wheat was cheap; something that increased at such a rate of percentage, and yielded such another percentage of crime, and such another percentage of pauperism; something wholesale, of which vast fortunes were made; something that occasionally rose like a sea, and did some harm and waste (chiefly to itself); and fell again; this she knew the Coketown Hands to be. But, she had scarcely thought more of separating them into units, than of separating the sea itself into its component drops.

She stood for some moments looking round the room. From the few chairs, the few books, the common prints, and the bed, she glanced to the two women, and to Stephen.

"I have come to speak to you, in consequence of what passed just now. I should like to be serviceable to you, if you will let me. Is this your wife?"

Rachael raised her eyes, and then sufficiently answered no, and dropped again.

"I remember," said Louisa, reddening at her mistake; "I recollect, now, to have heard your domestic misfortunes spoken of, though I was not attending to the particulars at the time. It was not my meaning to ask a question that would give pain to any one here. If I should ask any other question that may happen to have that result, give me credit, if you please, for being in ignorance how to speak to you as I ought."

As Stephen had but a little while ago instinctively addressed himself to her, so she now instinctively addressed herself to Rachael. Her manner was short and abrupt, yet faltering and timid.

"He has told you what has passed between himself and my husband? You would be his first resource, I think."

"I have heard the end of it, young lady," said Rachael.

"Did I understand, that, being rejected by one employer, he would probably be rejected by all? I thought he said as much?"

"The chances are very small, young lady—next to nothing—for a man who gets a bad name among them."

"What shall I understand that you mean by a bad name?"

"The name of being troublesome."

"Then, by the prejudices of his own class, and by the prejudices of the other, he is sacrificed alike? Are the two so deeply separated in this town, that there is no place whatever, for an honest workman between them?"

Rachael shook her head in silence.

"He fell into suspicion," said Louisa, "with his fellow-weavers, because he had made a promise not to be one of them. I think it must have been to you that he made that promise. Might I ask you why he made it?"

Rachael burst into tears. "I didn't seek it of him, poor lad. I prayed him to avoid trouble for his own good, little thinking he'd come to it through me. But I know he'd die a hundred deaths, ere ever he'd break his word. I know that of him well."

Stephen had remained quietly attentive, in his usual thoughtful attitude, with his hand at his chin. He now spoke in a voice rather less steady than usual.

"No one, excepting myseln, can ever know what honor, an what love, an respect, I bear to Rachael, or wi' what cause. When I passed that promess, I towd her true, she were th' Angel o' my life. 'Twere a solemn promess. 'Tis gone fro me, fur ever."

Louisa turned her head to him, and bent it with a deference that was new in her. She looked from him to Rachael, and her features softened. "What will you do?" she asked him. And her voice had softened too.

"Wheel maam," said Stephen, making the best of it, with a smile; "when I ha finished off, I mun quit this part, an try another. Fortnet or misfornet, a man can but try; there's nowt to be done wi' out tryin'—cept laying doon an dying."

"How will you travel?"

"Afoot, my kind ledy, afoot."

Louisa colored, and a purse appeared in her hand. The rustling of a bank-note was audible, as she unfolded one and laid it on the table.

"Rachael, will you tell him—for you know how, without offence—that this is freely his, to help him on his way? Will you entreat him to take it?"

"I canna' do that, young lady," she answered, turning her head aside; "Bless you for thinking o' the poor lad wi' such tenderness. But 'tis for him to know his heart, and what is right according to it."

Louisa looked, in part incredulous, in part frightoned, in part overcome with quick sympathy, when this man of so much self-command who had been so plain and steady through the late interview, lost his composure in a moment, and now stood with his hand before his face. She stretched out hers, as if she would have touched him; then checked herself, and remained still.

"Not e'en Rachael," said Stephen, when he stood again with his face uncovered, "could mak sitch a kind offerin, by onny words, kinder. T' show that I'm not a man wi'out reason and gratitude, I'll tak two pound. I'll borrow't for t' pay't back. 'Twill be the sweetest work as ever I ha

done, that puts it in my power t' acknowledge once more my lastin thankfulness for this present action."

She was fain to take up the note again, and to substitute the much smaller sum he had named. He was neither courtly, nor handsome, nor picturesque, in any respect; and yet his manner of accepting it, and of expressing his thanks without more words, had a grace in it that Lord Chesterfield could not have taught his son in a century.

Tom had sat upon the bed, swinging one leg and sucking his walking-stick with sufficient unconcern, until the visit had attained this stage. Seeing his sister ready to depart, he got up, rather hurriedly, and put in a word.

"Just wait a moment, Loo! Before we go, I should like to speak to him a moment. Something comes into my head. If you'll step out on the stairs, Blackpool, I'll mention it. Never mind a light, man?" Tom was remarkably impatient of his moving towards the cupboard, to get one. "It don't want a light."

Stephen followed him out, and Tom closed the room door, and held the lock in his hand.

"I say!" he whispered. "I think I can do you a good turn. Don't ask me what it is, because it may not come to anything. But there's no harm in my trying."

His breath fell like a flame of fire on Stephen's ear; it was so hot.

"That was our light porter at the Bank," said Tom, "who brought you the message to-night. I call him our light porter, because I belong to the Bank too."

Stephen thought "What a hurry he is in!" He spoke so confusedly.

"Well!" said Tom. "Now look here! When are you off?"

"T'day's Monday," replied Stephen, considering. "Why, sir, Friday or Saturday, nigh 'bout."

"Friday or Saturday," said Tom. "Now, look here!—I am not sure that I can do you the good turn I want to do you—that's my sister, you know, in your room—but I may be able to, and if I should not be able to, there's no harm done. So I tell you what. You'll know our light porter again?"

"Yes sure," said Stephen.

"Very well," returned Tom. "When you leave work of a night, between this and your going away, just hang about the Bank an hour or so, will you? Don't take on, as if you meant anything, if he should see you hanging about there; because I shan't put him up to speak to you, unless I find I can do you the service I want to do you. In that case he'll have a note or a message for you, but not else. Now look here! You are sure you understand."

He had wormed a finger, in the darkness, through a button-hole of Stephen's coat, and was screwing that corner of the garment tight up, round and round, in an extraordinary manner.

"I understan, sir," said Stephen.

"Now look here!" repeated Tom. "Be sure you don't make any mistake then, and don't forget. I shall tell my sister as we go home, what I have in view, and she'll approve, I know. Now look here! You're all right, are you? You understand all about it? Very well then. Come along, Loo!"

He pushed the door open as he called to her, but did not return into the room, or wait to be lighted down the narrow stairs. He was at the bottom when she began to descend, and was in the street before she could take his arm.

Mrs. Pegler remained in her corner until the brother and sister were gone, and until Stephen came back with the candle in his hand. She was in a state of inexpressible admiration of Mrs. Bounderby, and, like an unaccountable old woman, wept, "because she was such a pretty dear." Yet Mrs. Pegler was so flurried lest the object of her admiration should return by any chance, or anybody else should come, that her cheerfulness was ended for that night. It was late too, to people who rose early and worked hard; therefore the party broke up; and Stephen and Rachael escorted their mysterious acquaintance to the door of the Travellers' Coffee House, where they parted from her.

They walked back together to the corner of the street where Rachael lived, and as they drew nearer and nearer to it, silence crept upon them. When they came to the dark corner where their unfrequent meetings always ended, they stopped, still silent, as if both were afraid to speak.

"I shall strive t' see thee agen, Rachael, afore I go, but if not——"

"Thou wilt not, Stephen, I know. 'Tis better that we make up our minds to be open wi' one another."

"Thou'rt awlus right. 'Tis bolder and better. I ha been thinkin then, Rachael, that as 'tis but a day or two that remains, 'twere better for thee, my dear, not t' be seen wi' me. 'T might bring thee into trouble fur no good."

"'Tis not for that, Stephen, that I mind. But thou know'st our old agreement. 'Tis for that."

"Well, well," said he. "'Tis better, onnyways."

"Thou'lt write to me, and tell me all that happens, Stephen?"

"Yes. What can I say now, but Heaven be wi' thee, Heaven bless thee, Heaven thank thee and reward thee!"

"May it bless thee, Stephen, too, in all thy wanderings, and send thee peace and rest at last!"

"I towd thee, my dear," said Stephen

Blackpool—"that night—that I would never see or think o' onnything that angered me, but thou, so much better than me, shouldst be beside it. Thou'rt beside it now. Thou mak'st me see it wi' a better eye. Bless thee. Good night. Good bye!"

It was but a hurried parting in the common street, yet it was a sacred remembrance to these two common people. Utilitarian economists, skeletons of schoolmasters, Commissioners of Fact, genteel and used up infidels, gabblers of many little dog's-eared creeds, the poor you will have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives so much in need of ornament; or, in the moment of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls, and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn, and make an end of you!

Stephen worked the next day, and the next, uncheered by a word from any one, and shunned in all his comings and goings as before. At the end of the second day he saw land; at the end of the third, his loom stood empty.

He had overstayed his hour in the street outside the Bank, on each of the two first evenings; and nothing had happened there, good or bad. That he might not be remiss in his part of the engagement, he resolved to wait full two hours, on this third and last night.

There was the lady who had once kept Mr. Bounderby's house, sitting at the first floor window as he had seen her before; and there was the light porter, sometimes talking with her there, and sometimes looking over the blind below which had BANK upon it, and sometimes coming to the door and standing on the steps for a breath of air. When he first came out, Stephen thought he might be looking for him, and passed near; but the light porter only cast his winking eyes upon him slightly, and said nothing.

Two hours were a long stretch of lounging about, after a long day's labor. Stephen sat upon the step of a door, leaned against a wall under an archway, strolled up and down, listened for the church clock, stopped and watched children playing in the street. Some purpose or other is so natural to every one, that a mere loiterer always looks and feels remarkable. When the first hour was out, Stephen even began to have an uncomfortable sensation upon him of being for the time a disreputable character.

Then came the lamplighter, and two lengthening lines of light all down the long perspective of the street, until they were blended and lost in the distance. Mrs. Sparsit closed the first floor window, drew down the blind, and went up stairs. Presently, a light went up stairs after her, passing first the fanlight of the door, and afterwards the two staircase windows, on its way up. By and by, one corner of the second floor blind was disturbed, as if Mrs. Sparsit's eye were there; also the other corner, as if the light porter's eye were on that side. Still, no communication was made to Stephen. Much relieved when the two hours were at last accomplished, he went away at a quick pace, as a recompense for so much loitering.

He had only to take leave of his landlady, and lie down on his temporary bed upon the floor; for his bundle was made up for to-morrow, and all was arranged for his departure. He meant to be clear of the town very early: before the Hands were in the streets.

It was barely daybreak, when with a parting look round his room, mournfully wondering whether he should ever see it again, he went out. The town was as entirely deserted as if the inhabitants had abandoned it, rather than hold communication with him. Everything looked wan at that hour. Even the coming sun made but a pale waste in the sky, like a sad sea.

By the place where Rachael lived, though it was not in his way; by the red brick streets; by the great silent factories, not trembling yet; by the railway, where the danger-lights were waning in the strengthening day; by the railway's crazy neighbourhood, half pulled down and half built up; by scattered red brick villas, where the besmoked evergreens were sprinkled with a dirty powder, like untidy snuff-takers; by coal dust paths and many varieties of ugliness; Stephen got to the top of the hill, and looked back.

Day was shining radiantly upon the town then, and the bells were going for the morning work. Domestic fires were not yet lighted, and the high chimneys had the sky to themselves. Puffing out their poisonous volumes, they would not be long in hiding it; but, for half an hour, some of the many windows were golden, which showed the Coketown people a sun eternally in eclipse, through a medium of smoked glass.

So strange to turn from the chimneys to the birds. So strange to have the road-dust on his feet instead of the coal-grit. So strange to have lived to his time of life, and yet to be beginning like a boy this summer morning! With these musings in his mind, and his bundle under his arm, Stephen took his attentive face along the high road. And the trees arched over him, whispering that he left a true and loving heart behind.

MAN AS A MONSTER.

STRANGE things might be written in a chapter upon Supernatural Zoology, being an authentic description and history of dragons, unicorns, basilisks, and other curiosities that once belonged, as properly as owls or lions, to a history of animals. From histories of plants, dating three centuries ago,

there is also a supernatural botany to be extracted, and as for the mineralogy of our forefathers that was supernatural almost from the beginning to the end. Into these gardens of superstition I hope I may, some day, be allowed to pass for a few minutes, but not yet; since, above all things, it is important to be systematic. There have already been discussed in this journal the spirits of the elements and the chief races of the proper goblin world, as they entered into the daily household thoughts of our forefathers, and were household words to them. Nothing has been yet said of the supernatural varieties of man himself as a dwarf, giant, or hero; as ghost, as subterranean watcher, wehrwolf, lamia, and so forth. Man before beast.

And spirit before flesh; let us begin therefore with man as ghost. Ghosts assume many forms, of which Lavater, writing in the year fifteen hundred and eighty, thus specified a few. They appear sometimes in the shape of four-footed animals, as of dogs, swine, horses, stags, cats, hares, &c. Sometimes they take the shape of birds and creeping things, as of the raven, owl, snake, dragon. Now and then they appear in lovely guise, at other times they are disgusting. One may be on horseback, another on foot, and another, it is said, creeping on all fours. On one occasion fiery men are seen, and on another bleeding men, or men ripped up, whose bowels hang before them. At times only a shadow is seen, at times only a hand, at times only a particular instrument, as a dagger or a sword that is being carried by the spectre. Often a wisp of burning straw is observed, or a hoarse voice is heard. It may occur that one is only conscious of an unseen wanderer who moves in certain chambers, turns the leaves of a book, chinks money, sounds an instrument, or raps upon the walls. A strange noise may be heard as of the discharge of great guns at a distance. It will also occur to a man that a spectre grasps him by the arm or by the hair, and in that way becomes his companion for many miles upon a journey.

Out of so many possibilities who could not pick authority for the belief that he had seen or felt a ghost? An ill-favoured stranger in the street, a stray dog, a nervous twitching in the arm or tickling at the roots of the hair, might be enough to justify such an opinion, and all the terrors that it brought. They were substantial terrors, for it was accounted dangerous to see a ghost. "Often it happens," Lavater writes, "that they who have seen spectres or heard them, or have felt their breath, get a swelling of the mouth and of the whole face, or may even lose their reason, as experience has proved."

I think that if men had been as clever at statistics three hundred years ago as they are now, and if the truth could have been set down, we should be amazed at the contents of a sixteenth century blue-book on the subject of insanity. It is proved that, in our own day, the mere folly of belief in one relic of old ignorance, spirit-rapping, has supplied many inmates to the mad-houses. But when men's minds were firmly possessed by a crowd of the most tormenting sort of superstitions, taking a hundred forms and entering into a hundred daily incidents of life; when minds too, were weaker, because bodies were less wholesomely provided for; when half the life of every common-place man or woman was sheer nightmare; how many thousands must have been made as "experience proved men often became who had seen ghosts!" The annals of superstition include much that should properly be only the annals of a mad-house. Men, and especially women—more particularly those belonging to the lower classes—were formerly to be found in almost every town and village, who deserved to be pitied and nursed, but whose lunatic ravings, on the topics that turned their brains, were accepted as so much horrible truth, stored up in evidence of error, and brought death or ruin on their utterers. Thus Fincel, in his second book of Marvels, tells of a poor fellow at Bessan who believed himself a wolf—a wehrwolf—and scampered about the fields. He was caught with difficulty, and earnestly protested to his captors that he really was a wolf, but that he had his skin on with the hairy side turned inwards. "Therefore, some merciless men, who, in good sooth, were devouring wolves, cut his skin through with a sword, and hewed off his arms to ascertain the truth. The man being proved innocent they gave him over to the surgeons, but he died in a few days."

It is in this sense that we must read the strange stories told, and strange confessions made, not only by torture, but voluntarily by people who had all to lose except their wits. More than half the witch prosecutions of our forefathers were instituted against lunatics; the superstitions of the age fastened upon the hallucinations of these poor afflicted people; the borders of the kingdom of terror were enlarged by them. This production of lunacy by superstition, and this reaction of lunacy upon the superstition that produced it, should be always remembered in connection with the whole study of either subject. The importance of a history of insanity, in connection with the social history of Europe up to the end of the sixteenth century, does not seem yet to have been thoroughly felt.

There was a peculiarity about the movement of a ghost, usually pointed out by learned authors. Thus Camerarius writes, upon the testimony of experienced persons, that "the more fixedly a spectre is regarded the more horrible it becomes; but, above all things, it is to be known by its eyes and by its gait. For it does not walk in the natural way by alternately lifting of the feet, but as a ship blown by a light wind over the water, or with

a sliding movement, as if slipping over polished ice."

"Ghosts fly on clouds and ride on winds," said Connal's voice of wisdom.

Of course the theory of them was duly reasoned out by scholars. Plato taught that the souls of good men were raised heavenward by their virtues, but that those of wicked men were miserably weighed down and bound to earth by the burden of their sins. Here, however, our concern is not with Plato, but with Europe, as it was three centuries ago. The prevalent opinions among philosophers concerning ghosts were those taught by Paracelsus and Cardan. Paracelsus followed Servius, Honoratus, and Sabinus, in dividing man into three parts: soul, shadow, and body. The shadow he called the astral spirit. "At the death of a man," he said, "the soul goes to heaven, the body to earth, but the astral spirit, which is kindred to the firmament, and consists of the two superior elements, namely, air and fire, returns also to its own grave, namely, to the air. In this it decays, but slowly. It takes more time in decomposition than the body, because its elements are purer than the body's. Moreover, all astral spirits do not take equal time in rotting; the purer sort are more enduring than the rest, and lie in the air much longer before they can be decomposed." These astral spirits are the spectres.

Cardan's theory brings us to our own day —to Bacon, Reichenbach, and Odzle. Spectres, he says, are emanations from the dead, which, being condensed, terrify men with the image of the body out of which they come.

But they were regarded commonly as astral spirits when they were not evestra; an evestrum being a demon raised by the black arts in shape of a dead man; as it was held to be an evestrum that the witch of Endor raised.

Concerning astral spirits, it was taught by Paracelsus and by others that they are so delicate of texture as to suffer pain when exposed to a blaze of light. Therefore spectres are to be met with in caverns and dark places, and appear abroad only in the night-time. It is of course also for that reason, as the philosophers supposed, that they retire at cockcrow, warned to escape the first stroke of the morning sun.

Spectres were transparent. To quote Macpherson again: "The ghost of Congal came from the cave of his hill. The stars dim-twinkled through his form." Dante's idea of a ghost is thoroughly brought out by his incidents, that contrast the body of himself and Virgil's spirit moving among shades. A ghost, according to Dante, casts no shadow, moves nothing that it touches, or against which it strikes, and — does not breathe.

In the old abbey chronicles kept by the monks, ghosts were registered as quietly as any other incidents of life. We find such entries as these, for example, in the annals of the monks of Corbei: "At the feast of St. John the Baptist, a Will-o'-the-wisp misled Brother Sebastian, who had preached in an adjacent village, and was coming back to Corbei in the twilight. On the succeeding day he died of his terror." "In the oratory on the Solling, huntsmen have seen lights, and heard beautiful voices singing. Upon their shouting, all was dark and silent." "Brother Becelin, librarian, going into the library at noon, on the twenty-third of September, saw a man in our dress, who sat at a table and turned over the leaves of the Psalms of David. He shuddered; but the other, looking round, bade him be of good cheer. He exactly resembled our Ansgarius as he appears in his picture hung up in the convent." "Spectres have abounded nightly in the kitchen and orchard, but by prayers they have been expelled." "Christian Cramur and Christopher von Swichelt having denied that there are ghosts, were cruelly tormented by them, though nobody else in this room has either seen or heard one."

To wind up, with an illustration of its character and tendency, this mention of the good old positive belief in ghosts, I quote a passage from the published records of a little continental tour. "In the year fifteen hundred and sixteen, a wonderful but true thing happened in St. Laurence's church and churchyard. When a pious aged matron went early one morning before dawn, according to her custom, to the Angel's Mass, thinking that it was the right hour, she comes at midnight to the town door, and finds it open; so she goes into the church, and sees an old priest, whom she does not know, celebrating mass before the altar. Many people, most of them strange to her, sit here and there upon the benches on each side; some of them are without heads, and there are some who have been not long dead, and whom she knew when they were living.

"The woman sits down with great awe and terror on one of the benches, and as she sees none but dead people known and unknown, supposes that these are souls of the dead, and does not know whether she shall leave the church or stay in it, because she has arrived too soon, and her hair stands on end. Then comes a woman to her out of the crowd, who in life had been a cousin of hers, and was dead about three weeks, certainly one of God's good angels, and pulls her by her cloak, that is made (as usual among us) of skins, wishes her good morning, and says, 'Why, my dear cousin, Heaven preserve us, how do you come here? I beg you, for mercy's sake, and by the mother of mercy, to take care when the priest begins to come round or consecrate, and mind then that you run as fast as you can without once looking about, or it will be the death of you.'

"Thereupon, as soon as the priest began to move, she ran with all her might out of the church, and heard behind her a mighty tumbling and rattling, as if all the church were falling in, and all the ghosts followed her out of the church, and caught her in the churchyard by the cloak, and dragged it off her neck; but she then, leaving that behind her, got free and outran them.

"Then when she came back to the town gate, she found it still closed, for it was but one hour after midnight, was obliged therefore to rest three hours in a house outside before the door was opened, from which it may be observed that no good spirit could have helped her through the door when she went out, and that the pigs which she had seen and heard at the gate (as if it were the usual time for driving out the herds) must have been so many devils. Nevertheless, as she was a brave woman, and had so far escaped unhurt, she did not take the matter much to heart, but went home and suffered no harm, beyond being confined to bed for two days by the fright. But on the same morning after this had befallen her, when she sent somebody out to the churchyard to look about and see whether her cloak was lying there and was to be recovered, the same was then found torn to small pieces in such manner that upon every grave there lay one little shred of it, at which the townspeople who flocked out in crowds to the churchyard marvelled greatly."

Another superstition connected with man after death, the bleeding of a murdered person in the presence of his murderer, I should be glad, if there were space, to illustrate by quoting from a legal protocol, setting forth the result of an inquiry into a case of murder instituted in accordance with this superstition. The wound was declared not only to have bled when the assassins three times repeating the prescribed oath, touched the corpse with two fingers, on the mouth, the wound itself, and the body; but the corpse indicated also the gradations of guilt in persons accessory to the deed. Before one man who was simply present at and acquiescent in the murder, red foam issued from the mouth. In the presence of another who took part in the fatal quarrel, but was not the striker of the fatal blow, there was the foam, and also a slight flow of blood out of the wound. At the touch of the murderer himself blood flowed rapidly over the sides, and the lips of the wound throbbed, as if the heart—it was a wound over the heart—were beating under them. A murdered man, it was thought, even if buried, bleeds when his murderer walks by.

Many strange things were believed, too, of the bodies of suicides. Such a body, for example, was light as a feather when being dragged up hill, but down-hill as much as a team could move. There existed at the same time strong belief in the life of men, not as spectres, but as supernatural objects of a peculiar kind. The Wandering Jew, who is to us only the subject of a legend, was to our forefathers a person. Matthew Paris tells of an Armenian archbishop who had often entertained him at his table. Then there was Pontius Pilate, who, having committed suicide was thrown into the Tiber, where the evil spirits made such work with his body, that they caused, now floods in the river, now thunder, lightning and hail in the air. The body was for that reason taken out of the Tiber, and cast into the Rhone, near Vienna. The people of Vienna, unable to endure the whirlwinds and the tumult of demons that attended upon the body as it floated on their stream (it would not sink), carried it away into the neighbouring Alps, where they plunged it down a deep well.

Near Lucerne, there is a mountain that had been called, because of the cloud-cap always about its head, the Capped Mountain, which is, in Latin, Mons Pileatus. Superstition fastened upon this name, and declared that on Mount Pilate, Pontius Pilate appears once a year, in judge's robes, and that they who see him, die before the year is out. There, too, they say, is a pond; upon the surface of which you raise a storm by dropping a stone. Luther tells of it, and of another such pond on the Polsterberg. "They are places," he adds, "in which devils lie imprisoned."

Another person who was supposed to remain on earth, and to be sometimes visible, was our own hero, King Arthur. Arthur married in his old age a third wife, daughter of a British prince: and, travelling on hero's business across the seas, left his young wife behind him, to be stolen from him with the kingdom, by his nephew Modred. Arthur came back, and killed Modred in battle, but was himself dangerously wounded, and disappeared. The fairy Morgana, who loved him, took him away to her own island of Avalon, and almost healed him there, but not quite; once every year his wounds broke out, as he himself related to a young man who met him in the wilderness about Mount Etna. Gervasius Tiberiensis tells how the meeting happened. The young man was groom to the Bishop of Catania, and was brushing his palfrey one day, when the horse escaped, and galloped up into the mountain. The groom hunted for him in vain among the precipices until after it had grown dark. What next? A narrow path led suddenly to a wide and lovely plain, on which he saw the palace of King Arthur, and the king in it, sitting beneath a royal canopy. The king asked what brought the young man to his presence, and, being told of the mishap, caused the bishop's palfrey to be brought and handed over to him. He then obliged the young man with some account of himself, and "even," Gervasius goes on to say, "sent presents to that bishop, which have been seen by many, and marvelled at by some." But

in the woods of Great and Little Britain, such things seem often to have occurred, for foresters relate, that on different days, at noon, at nightfall, or in full moonlight, they have often seen a concourse of hunting knights and hounds, who blew their horns, and answered to inquiry, that they belonged to the chamber and train of King Arthur. His reappearance in the world was expected for centuries, and even in the middle of the sixteenth century, that expectation had not ceased. Looking for King Arthur had, however, before that time grown from a common truth into a mocking proverb.

Arthur had the proportions of a giant. With his sword Coleburn, he slew four hundred and sixty enemies in a single battle. William of Malmesbury states that in the reign of Henry the Second, his mighty bones were found under the high altar of Glastonbury abbey. The fact that he was lying by, under the shadow of Mount Etna, at Avalon, in the English forests, or elsewhere, until the time should come when he would again fight for his country, was not thought to be incompatible with this discovery.

Another famous bider of his time is the Emperor Frederick. This is Frederick the Second, the last Suabian emperor, who died in Apulia, in the year twelve hundred and fifty. Dying far from his court, the people believed that the account of his death was a report spread by himself, to the end that he might live in seclusion. Men here and there came forward to assert that they had seen him. Five pretenders in succession took his name, of whom one was burnt by the people at Cologne, and one was put to death by the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg. Still the multitude believed that he was alive. He had withdrawn, it was said, to a remote part of the world, to escape a danger threatened him by his astrologers; but he would come again. After a time it was settled that he kept watch in the castle of Kiffhausen. When this seemed too improbable or impossible, he was provided with a home in the heart of the Kiffhausen mountain. There, it was believed, he waited for the time when he should come forward to save his country. This belief is now the basis of a multitude of pleasant legends, and one at least of these Kiffhausen legends is familiar to all readers of English as forming the substance of the tale of Rip Van Winkle. In the old times, and particularly in the sixteenth century (when the idea revived) the belief in the existence of this subterranean court was very real. When Charles the Fifth was struggling with the enemies of Christianity, Frederick was especially expected to come forward; he was to assist in securing for Charles the mastery of Constantinople and Jerusalem, to destroy the Mahometan faith, and slay the Turk on the soil of Cologne. Even the year of these events was prophesied; they were to be accomplished in the year fifteen hundred and fifty.

By that time a new legend had arisen, to account for the Emperor Frederick's continued life. He had been a learned man: master of five languages, Greek, Latin, Turkish, German and Slavonian. Being captured by the Turks, and held a prisoner for many years, all ransom refused, the grand Turk at last offered him his liberty on one condition.

He, the Turk, had in his gardens many fierce beasts whom no man, for hundreds of years, had approached or dared approach. These beasts had in the midst of them four priceless jewels, with which they could be seen from the palace-windows that overlooked the gardens, playing every day at noon. If the Roman Emperor would fetch those stones for the Turk, he should go free. "And what virtue or power resides in them?" Frederick asked: stones being then valued more for supposed virtues than for beauty. "The first," said the Turk, "has the power of invisibility, its holder cannot be seen; the second confers impassibility, its holder cannot be hurt; the third agility, its holder cannot be overtaken; the fourth immortality, its holder cannot die."

The emperor knew very well that if he had the first stone it would enable him to get the rest, and agreed to undertake the adventure on condition that he should be supplied with some loose clothes or articles of clothing, and that an underground passage should be dug leading to the spot frequented by the animals, in order that he might break his way up to them and come upon them suddenly. These things being arranged, the emperor jumped nimbly out of his hole among the beasts at noon, when they were playing with the jewels. Hurriedly snatching up one stone he threw the cloth down instantly behind him, and sprang back into the mine from which he had issued. The beasts tore the cloth to tatters. Then, the emperor coming again outside the garden and among the people, found that no man noticed him, and soon became aware that he had brought with him the stone invisibility.

After that, he went without any fear to fetch the other stones. The Turk, indeed, saw from his window terrible commotions among the beasts—he saw the jewels go, but neither Turk, nor beast, nor Christian, saw any more of Frederick. After this adventure Frederick retired from human ken to the mountains, in which, said the legend, he now bides his time for reappearing to the rescue of his kingdom, swift, impassible, immortal, and (as long as it shall please him so to remain), invisible.

Of the exact manner of his life in the Kiffhausen mountains there were two or three accounts; one tallies exactly with the account of the solemn men visited by Rip Van Winkle; but that which had most acceptance among the people of the district

represented him as sitting with his companions before a stone table, asleep, and with his head resting in the hollow of his hand. His beard, people said, has grown through the table and now reaches to his feet. He nods perpetually with his head, and blinks with his eyes, for he is one who is not sound asleep, but is about soon to awake.

Legends borrowed from this story of the Emperor Frederick, of later date, and never like their great original, extensively and seriously credited, have been created on behalf of Charlemagne at Nuremberg, and of Frederick the Fourth at Salzburg. A more genuine superstition of the same kind is that of the Three Tells.

William Tell, multiplied by three, has been waiting ever since his death in a cavern, near the lake of Uri, ready to come forward in the day of his country's greatest need. A young shepherd, lost among the mountains, found the sleepers in their cavern. The eldest, the real Tell, stood up and asked, "What time is it in the world?" The boy, frightened out of his wits, replied, "High noon." "It is not yet time for us to come," said Tell, and fell asleep again. The boy's father afterwards went out to wake the Tells whenever he heard that the country was in danger, but neither father nor son ever found the cave.

Of dwarfs, giants, and heroes, we all know tales enough. I shall set down only the theory explaining their existence.

Dwarfs were made when the earth was ill-cultivated and sparely peopled, because the mountains were full of silver, gold, and precious things—stones that gave strength, invisibility, and other virtues. Now, the dwarfs went among these, and had a special power of understanding them. They made fine hollow mountains, and had riches given them by Heaven. When men began to speculate upon old legends and call them myths, dwarfs were said to be the symbols of the busy working classes, whom it should be the care of every brave knight to protect.

Giants were created to destroy wild beasts and dragons, and so to provide more safety for the dwarfs; but, as by great increase, the giants would become too many for the dwarfs and bring them into trouble, heroes were called up to protect dwarfs against unjust giants, and generally to keep giants, and all forces likely to be misdirected, under proper check.

It would be easy to work out an allegory here if it were worth while, but these things were not received as allegory by the unlearned, and (except the poets) rarely indeed by the learned or the wise, until the sixteenth century was ended.

I meant to have included in the list of human monsters, wehr-wolves and lamias, but these are the links that connect man with beast in superstition; and something about supernatural beasts, birds, and fishes, plants and stones, I hope at a future time to have an opportunity of saying. Then we shall have galloped post across the realm of superstition, taking four stages from border to border.

TURKS UNDER ARMS.

No spectacle is more distressingly spoilt by a wet day than a review of troops. However they may stand fire, your men of pipeclay look ridiculous enough under a heavy volley of water from the great sky-batteries. Turkish soldiers, perhaps, are not men of pipeclay; at any rate, I have never seen them under water. When I did see some of them reviewed we had a splendid day under the azure sky Constantinopolitan; we were all full of military ardour—it was last October when we had just buckled on our fighting minds—and we poured out of the suburbs of Pera and Galata with immense enthusiasm to that choice promenade, the Great Field of the Dead. There we were to see the Turkish troops, inspected and encouraged by his Highness the Sultan.

This potentate, only a few days previously, had assembled the Grand National Council, and, by voluntarily renouncing the absolute exercise of his own power, in some way or other, given an example of some sort unparalleled in Turkish annals. The people were gratified not only by this event, but also by the decided steps taken in the Russian question. The liberals were in a state of absolute enthusiasm, and all classes were stirred with unusual excitement.

The review was nothing special in itself, it was the one which takes place every year at the examination of the students of the Polytechnic School.

The Great Field of the Dead at Pera, has a magnificent site, and is famous for the holiday gaieties that take place there. Holidays at Constantinople fall on nearly all days of the week. Friday is the holiday of the Turks, Saturday is the holiday of the Jews, and Sunday is the holiday of Christians; besides these there are Greek, Armenian, Catholic, and Hebrew holidays of many kinds, and be the holiday-keeper Greek, Armenian, Turk, or Jew, the chances are three to one that he comes out to enjoy himself upon the Great Field of the Dead. The Field of the Dead is a vast plain full of poplars, cypresses, tombs, coffee-shops, sherbet-stalls, and tents of story-tellers. The tents and stalls spring up and disappear from one hour to another: established, perhaps, under the shade of a tree, or monument: or perhaps taking a commanding position on the top of a large tomb.

On one side of this plain, sacred to death and frolic, is a long broad road, commonly well crowded with French cabriolets; with taliches,—a taliche is a coach like a cradle, in which passengers recline; and with flarabas

(harubas)—which are cars drawn by oxen dressed with bows of ribbon, hanging ornaments and bells. Furthermore, innumerable horses paw the ground, and suffocate the public. Furthermore, on the road and off the road, and over the whole plain, when holiday is made there, orchestras and single instruments poison the air with noises either on their own account or as accompaniments to songs and dances. Italian cadences break into Greek Klefta songs —which are all lamentations—while drums, timbrels, and certain iron plates struck together so as to produce a sound like the clanking of chains, called the Armenian harmonies, institute a massacre of their own among all other sounds.

The Great Field of the Dead is a beautiful hill flanked by two valleys, which unite on the shore of the Bosphorus, at Benhik-taf, where stands the new palace of the Sultan. It is bounded, as Arrowsmith would say, on the south by the grand barracks built after the design of General Sebastiani, in the reign of Mahmoud, and the vast artillery park; on the north by the barracks of the Lancers and the Polytechnic School; on the west by a long range of houses, and on the east by the Artillery hospital and the Latin Archiepiscopal palace, between which the Bosphorus, the promontory of Scutari, the cemeteries of the Ich-calè, the Olympus of Bithynia, and the islands of the Sea of Marmora, stand out in bold relief between the blue horizon and the bluer sea.

On our arrival on the ground we found the troops, consisting of horse, foot, and artillery, already arranged in two long lines of double file, forming an avenue of considerable length, extending from the Polytechnic School along the northern valley to the point which leads more immediately towards the Sultan's palace. The trains of artillery were planted on the plain which lies over the school.

Already the cannon had announced his Highness's emergence from his own abode, the call to arms was sounded, and the troops fell into order. We were obliged to retreat before them, through a crowd of people shouting joyously and proving wonders as to the good likely to be done by the Turkish climate to those troubled with weak lungs. The dead were close at hand, but happily not awakened. The air was so transparent that I could not detect whether it was rent or not.

The Sultan made his appearance on a superb black charger, riding at an ambling pace. The Grand Seraskier and the Grand Master of the Artillery, immediately followed him. The Grand Seraskier was appearing in his character as commander of the garrison of Constantinople and its environs. Then came the marshals, the generals of division and of brigades, the colonels of regiments, and, after these, the officers of the Imperial palace, grand-master of the ceremonies, and the rest of them.

This last group of officials constituted a great object of attraction in the eyes of strangers. There was one who carried on his breast a large box covered with gold and arabesque ornaments, and foliage, and in the box were white and coloured handkerchiefs; this gentleman was the Ciammasergi-agassi, who takes charge of the linen and dresses in the palace. Another was provided with a bundle of canes of cherry-tree wood and jessamine, ornamented with mouthpieces of amber and diamonds; pipes of the Sultanic majesty, their bearer being called after them the Cibukgi-basci. Another wore a pouch very much like a large cartouche-box; it was of black leather, and suspended from his neck by a string of the same material: this was the Tutungi-basci or tobacco-bearer; he alone had the honour of being allowed to light the Sultan's pipe. Then, because, after the pipe, coffee is indispensable, this officer was followed by the Khaffegi, who, in his bag of state, carried everything necessary for the concoction of coffee, at whatever instant it might be required. This individual was followed by the ibrikgi (water-bearers), and by others who were designated agas, and whose office was not fixed. All these noble gentlemen were mounted, and improved the general effect of the cortége, by galloping promiscuously round about their royal master. This being a Polytechnic field-day, the Sultan was received at the entrance of the school by the director, by the council of public instruction, and by the different professors, who were chiefly Italians, Frenchmen, or Germans. By these good people, to our great discomfort, he was detained about two hours.

The garrison of Constantinople, including the body guard, with the troops in the different forts and castles on each bank of the Bosphorus, from Scutari and Constantinople as far as the Black Sea on one side, and to the castle of Seven Towers on the other, consists of about forty thousand men; but not above one-half of this force was to be seen at the review. There was the first division of the second class, composed of three regiments of infantry, each of them containing four battalions, with two regiments of cavalry, lancers, and chasseurs, forming twelve squadrons, and three companies of horse-artillery, mounting eighteen pieces of ordnance. Then, there was the second division of the first class, consisting of sixteen battalions of infantry, commanded by a chief who, since his head quarters were at Scutari in Asia, had not been required to bring artillery and cavalry across the sea. There was also a body of reserve, which had been called out only a few months, and was expecting to set forth immediately for the Danube. They represented the first division of the district of Constantinople, with only

two battalions. In all there were present about eighteen or twenty thousand men.

The review was a review. The Sultan passed through the avenue formed by the assembled soldiery, and stopping at the end of the plain of Tataula, received the customary salutation, and witnessed with evident pleasure and attention, the various manœuvres. A running fire continued for about an hour without any intermission, frequently changing its direction ; parties were in movement, now attacking, now defending ; the movement was mixed up with the noises of artillery, and it was all of course a very gratifying spectacle. The Sultan, in passing along the line of his troops, bestowed many commendations on the officers of the different corps, and duly praised the men.

We had frequently seen Sultan Abdul-Medjid, even on occasions of great national solemnity. The predominant expression of his countenance seemed to me always that of calmness, and the same quality is evident in all his acts, both as legislator and reformer : constrained to direct the public mind towards beneficial improvement, he proceeds always gradually and moderately, endeavouring to make the advantage of reform rather to appear as a desired benefit, than an imposed obligation. On this occasion, however, his countenance, generally pale, and quiet, was brilliant with life and full of quick emotions. He appeared to be delighted with his people, and to fraternise with them, and with the army ; from free choice, perhaps he was tasting for the first time the exhilarating draught of popular applause. His reign had been too full of liberal ideas to make him to smell sweet in the nose of your true Turk. At last a day was come when he could satisfy all parties by a righteous course, and conscious of their satisfaction, he was lingering among the people, longer than it had been his wont on any previous occasion. It was not until sunset that he retired from the ground, through a volley of acclamations long and loud. His dress on this occasion was, as usual, quite simple, and no stranger would by the clothes have known the Sultan from the pashas who followed him, if it had not been for the fine trappings of his horse, and the great diamond that glittered on its forehead.

The crowd began to disperse, and the soldiers to quit the ground, preceded by bands of music. Some of these bands are led by excellent Italian masters ; one of them by the brother of Donizetti. As for the departing soldiers, I had of course reviewed them as well as the Sultan. My opinion of their behaviour was that, although they were ready and active enough in the execution of their manœuvres, they displayed more vivacity and spirit than regularity and exactness ; indeed, it must be confessed that the Turkish troops still evince a repugnance to that severe and mathematical discipline, which renders the European armies so many machines moved at the word of their commanders. I do not indeed think the Turks are without discipline, or regardless of a certain regularity of movement. I mean only that this regularity is not carried to a point which renders the Turkish manœuvres absolute machine-work, though it is not neglected to the damage of the generality of warlike operations. The troops do not get into confusion, and they waste no time ; they obey promptly the word of command. At the same time they have a freedom of movement which a more scrupulous observer than myself might regard as a defect, but which I own that I like. What the Turkish soldier loses in the simultaneous execution of any movement, I believe he gains in the energy with which he performs it ; he loses in exactness no more than is necessary to ensure the freedom that puts vigour and spirit into what he does. The officers of these troops had an air of great intelligence and quickness ; some of the more youthful were from the Royal School of Artillery, and from the Military School, taught by professors who are almost all Europeans, and obliged to remain in one of these establishments for four, five, or six years, at the expense of the governor, before they can be admitted to any military post. These young men are very competent. But how long have the two schools been in existence? The first was not reorganised upon a new system after the limited foundation granted to it by Sultan Selim the Third, until the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven ; and the second was not founded until the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

The few officials, two or three hundred at the most, which these institutions have supplied, are not yet sufficient in number even for the garrison of the capital ; the powerful army of the provinces, and of the reserve would be entirely unprovided with good officers were it not that the Government had availed itself as much as it could of the services of skilful foreigners.

The Turkish artillery, instructed by Prussian officers, is admirable in point of cleanliness, order, and discipline. It is said that the Turks have extraordinary aptitude for artillery practice, and I readily believe it. The energy displayed by them in the review just described, and on other occasions when we have seen their exercise in the artillery park, almost suggests to me the reason why this is their favourite mode of warfare ; it leaves more scope for action and free movement and perfection in it ; therefore is comparatively easy to them. The mounted artillery have strong and beautiful horses from Anatolia, an Arabian mixed breed.

The cavalry are nearly all placed under French instructions. That I think a pity, for a Frenchman cannot ride, and never does ride. properly, while the Turks have a great talent for horsemanship. Generally speaking, they display firmness, activity, and grace on

horseback, without any particular instruction. In the French riding-school there is taught only the balance-seat and clumsiness. There is scarcely a Turk who has not, from his earliest years, been accustomed to perform upon a fiery steed very long journeys to one of the bazaars that are established every year in the different provinces for interchange and sale of national commodities. Extensive plains and desert sands, broken and rugged paths up and down steep mountains, currents or broad river-beds, never divert the Turkish rider from his path.

The Turks' cavalry horses are of medium size, active and spirited; they are provided by the Government from their stables of Enos and Roumelia, where they have joined the races of Mecklenburgh with that of the Arabian horses of Baghdad.

One peculiarity of the Turkish soldiery ought to be named. They *will* smoke. It is a very common thing to see a sentinel with a cigar in his mouth; and it is not unusual in passing a corps de garde to be respectfully asked, "Have you any tobacco, sir?" Nothing is commoner when one happens to be smoking than to be checked by the military, in a voice pitched between entreaty and command, "Wait, sir! A light, sir, if you please!" This is by no means done in discourtesy, but, because, in spite of all the Bashaws and all their tails, the Turks have a simple democratic way with them which often takes the stately Briton by surprise.

MISS FURBEY.

I MUST have been a very little girl—not quite fourteen years old, I think, when Miss Furbey offered to take me off my guardians' hands, and instruct me (as a useful branch of education) in her business of a milliner and dressmaker. Miss Furbey kept a little shop beside Bow church, near Stratford (she has been dead so many years, and everything is so changed since then, that there can be no harm in mentioning it). Her house was an old, tumble-down tenement of lath and plaster, stuck all over with little indentations, like the marks of giant finger-nails—so old, indeed, that timid gazers through its cloudy lattice windows might once have beheld the company of Puritan soldiers who ransacked the old church opposite, and made a sacrilegious bonfire among its graves. You went down two steps to get into the shop (not forgetting to stoop upon the threshold; and if the sun had been shining in the street, you seemed for a minute or two to have plunged into total darkness, and had to shut your eyes and open them again before you could see the dusty rounds of white chip that hung upon the walls, or the enormous black-silk, coal-scuttle bonnet, which she kept there as a relic of her own apprenticeship days. It was not a cheerful place for a child to begin the world in. It smelt mouldy, and woody; and if by rare chance a sunbeam crept in there, it seemed more full of busy motes than it ever was elsewhere. On wintry evenings, the one wretched, flat, double-wicked candle in the window (gas had not reached those parts then), made the place so dismal, that I would as soon have sat in one of the church vaults opposite. I used to be sent into the shop to snuff it every now and then; but I could never attend to it enough. Before I could get back to my seat in the back parlour, and set a dozen or two of stitches, it had a long crusted wick again, or there was a thief in it, or it was guttering and dropping its tallow upon the white sheets of paper that lined the window show-board. That candle alone was enough to make me wish myself at home again.

My fellow apprentice was a big, slovenly girl of the name of Tunnicliff. Miss Furbey had told me, going home with her outside the Romford coach, that Tunnicliff was a good girl enough, but so giddy at times that she did not know what to do with her. But Tunnicliff, when we were going to bed that night, said such things about Miss Furbey, that I cried half the night to think into what hands I had fallen. She said that she was "a spiteful old maid, a tyrant, a Paul Pry, a screw; ay, and a thief too. Yes, ; a thief." In consequence of which I went about in great fear of Miss Furbey for some time, hourly expecting her to throw off her disguise, and become a Brownrigg. But she continued so long in the same mood, and treated me with such gentleness and consideration, that my fear gradually wore away. She kept no servant, but she never put us to any menial work. Tunnicliff said, "A good reason why: she knew well that she (Tunnicliff) wouldn't do it." An hour or two before we were up, on summer mornings, I have heard her moving about the house; and when we came down, everything was in order. Only once, for many weeks did I catch her in a white nightcap, with broad frills, polishing the fire-irons with a pair of leather gloves on. She told me dress-making was too sedentary for her, and that if she did not do other work she would be ill. But this was an excuse for not keeping a servant, and I quite believed she was a screw. Tunnicliff said I was beginning to find her out; but I soon found out that Tunnicliff had herself no objection to keeping a servant, so long as it cost her nothing. Before breakfast she would ask me to go half-a-mile or more down a back lane into the marshes, to buy her a couple of new-laid eggs, at a cowkeeper's there, with a particular caution to feel them first, and ascertain that they were warm. These she would cook herself, and spread them over her toast, and coolly eat the whole in the presence of myself and Miss Furbey. Her excuse was that she never had any appetite of a morning, and that without some such little relish, she

should eat nothing, and so lay the foundations of a weak constitution. Tunnicliff was often getting money from unknown sources, and bringing it forth, generally in coppers, with a request that I would go and buy her something which she fancied. Sometimes it was a hot roll, or a tea-cake, or a dried fish, sometimes it was grapes—slightly damaged, but a great many for a penny—at a grocer's a long way down the road. Far or near, early or late, were all the same to Tunnicliff. What she wanted must be fetched; and if I was a little behind time, I was grumbled at for my pains. When she complained of Miss Furbey behind her back, it did seem to me strange that she did not think of how she sent me about herself; but I never dared to refuse to go. Tunnicliff's knowledge of the world, Tunnicliff's notions of how she ought to be treated, Tunnicliff's powers of ridicule and contempt for what I should have respected, made me afraid of her. I believed that Miss Furbey would think twice before provoking her. Indeed, I know that she once caught her in the looking-glass making grimaces, and shaking her fist behind her back, and never said a word, pretending that she had not seen anything. When we were all sitting at work by candlelight in the parlour behind the shop, Tunnicliff used to wink at me to bid me notice the shadow of her tall, angular figure on the wainscot, as she sat, quite upright, on her chair. I do not know how old she was. My fellow-apprentice said, "Forty: if she's a day;" but I do not believe she was so old as that. She wore a plain stuff dress, with great bishop's sleeves, and was as hollow-chested as an old man. Her nose was rather longer than becomes a female face, and her left eye had something peculiar about it. I never knew exactly what was the matter with it. It was not a glass eye, I know; for it moved a little; though there was a want of correspondence between its movements and those of the other eye that quite annoyed you. When the one was intent upon her work, the other seemed to be watching me. I had a dread of Miss Furbey's eye, and could not bear, for a long time, to be alone with her on account of it. My companion had, of course, something to say about it. The first day I was there, she said to me privately, "Have you noticed her eye?" She said she could always tell when she was in a bad temper by it. But I never saw any difference in it all the time I was there. Miss Furbey would scold Tunnicliff occasionally, which was generally about her habits of giggling. I believe she thought it the most unfortunate failing she had, and that, but for that, they might have got on very well together. Tunnicliff, every now and then, would break out in a fit of laughter without any reasonable cause, and would end by setting me laughing too, though I hardly ever knew what it was about. There seemed to be a kind of intoxication in it; for Tunnicliff could not help it. The fit would seize her sometimes in the morning, and would be sure to break out again at intervals all day. A sneeze from me, or an ineffectual attempt to thread a needle on the part of Miss Furbey, was sure to set her off. It would generally come on at tea-time, when her mouth was full. Miss Furbey said it made her so nervous that she really could not sit in the room if she gave way to it; and I have often seen her tremble at the sound of it. She even implored her once so earnestly to desist that I could not help pitying her. She was actually pale and breathless, and seemed as much distressed as if she had been subjected to some cruel persecution. There was a careworn look in her face, that I think made me like her from that hour. I talked to Tunnicliff about her conduct afterwards; but she said that she was an old fidget, and it served her right; and that it was rather hard to have to slave all day for nothing, and not to be allowed to laugh if one was inclined.

Tunnicliff's relatives lived a long way off, and Miss Furbey considered herself in some measure her guardian, and bound to look after her moral conduct. The principal grievance of Tunnicliff related to Sunday afternoons, and Miss Furbey's prying anxiety to know where she went at those times; but when I came down, and we used to go out together, Miss Furbey became less anxious about her. Tunnicliff, for fear of an unfavourable report to her friends, feigned a dislike to the preacher at Bow Church, and a preference for one at West Ham: but as soon as we were clear of the house, she boldly proposed tea-gardens. We used to go to Clay Hall, where there was a curious exhibition of puppets; or to the Adam and Eve beside the river at West Ham; or to a public garden down at Old Ford, where two painted sentinels guarded the entrance, and the grounds were ornamented with big figure-heads of old vessels, highly painted, and looking very grim peeping out of the shrubberies. Here Tunnicliff made the acquaintance of a baker, which made me very unhappy in my mind: for the baker began to talk of Miss Furbey (whom he had never seen) with great familiarity, and advised open defiance of her. Tunnicliff bound me, under the most solemn threats, not to tell about her acquaintance with the baker; and when Miss Furbey asked me if we had been to West Ham Church, I am sorry to say that I answered "Yes" in a trembling voice, and so became too deeply implicated in the affair to get out of it.

One day, Miss Furbey told us that she was going away for two days, and spoke so confidently of the trust she reposed in us, that it gave me a pang of remorse. Tunnicliff found out somehow that she was gone to fetch her father at Billericay, and having once heard of somebody who had become reduced, and being compelled to go into the workhouse in

that town, she decided that Miss Furbey's father was in Billericay workhouse; and that the overseers, irritated by her implied neglect, had at last peremptorily insisted on her removing him to her own roof. Having settled this (for Tunnicluff always snapped at a sudden idea of the kind), and being, therefore, convinced that no trap was intended on Miss Furbey's part, arrangements were made for entertaining the baker out of the secret funds. The baker came early, and took us to Bow Fair (which was going on just then), but they let me lag behind, as they always did; and went into shows, leaving me outside; till I felt like a little vagabond, and came home crying, and walked about the door, till they returned in alarm and let me in. When the baker, after supping on beefsteaks and onions, went out and returned with rum in a stone bottle, and began to mix it, and to smoke tobacco in Miss Furbey's back parlour, I was in great terror, and could enjoy nothing. I have but an indistinct remembrance that a grand scheme against Miss Furbey was agreed upon that night; and that I was much petted, and told that those who had stuck by them hitherto would not be forgotten. The baker talked of a snug little place that he knew, which was doing a great many sacks a-week, and was only going to be given up to him on account of ill-health; and added, with a wink, that as soon as an apprentice was actually married, she might fearlessly snap her fingers in the face of master or mistress.

Miss Furbey came home the next night in some kind of a coach. Tunnicliff sat up for her; but I went to bed, and lay awake in great fear of her smelling the stale tobacco smoke. I heard Miss Furbey arrive, and somebody bringing her father in; and it sounded like a number of persons moving a large sofa or pianoforte up a narrow staircase; but I never saw her father, all the time he was there. No more did Tunnicliff; though she opened the door to them on the night of his arrival. He was always in Miss Furbey's bed-room, by which she was compelled to sleep in an attic; and Tunnicliff, from a yard at the back of the house, once saw a grey-headed figure through the little diamond-paned window, sitting in Miss Furbey's old stuffed chair, as motionless as a statue. We knew he was afflicted in some way; but Miss Furbey seldom spoke about him. In her prim and quiet way she went about preparing his food, which he used to rap for, when he wanted it, with a stick, upon the floor overhead. She made him a black velvet cap, with a gilt-wire tassel, and spent half her time in attending upon him—never going out, as she used to do. I think this impoverished her, and was the cause of her stinting herself more than ever. Tunnicliff began to grumble, because we always had boiled mutton now, from which the greater part of the broth went upstairs; leaving us, Tunnicliff said, nothing but boiled rags. Miss Furbey, with more deceit than I ever knew her to be guilty of before, used to make a show of discussing every day what we should have for dinner, and always ended by having mutton. Since her father had been there, she used to ask me to fetch such things; but this particular errand I always detested. My instructions were to ask for two pounds of neck of mutton, at sixpence, and to be sure to get it at Higginbotham's. Higginbotham was a rich butcher, whose shop stood out towards the roadway, a little lower down. He was very sharp and quick with such small customers; and when he got to know me, and my invariable order, he used to make me ashamed by spying me coming from the other side of the road, and beginning to cut and weigh the exact quantity beforehand. I hated him, and if he is living there still (which is not very likely) I hope he will see this. Tunnicliff's matrimonial scheme must have been ripening about this time; for her ideas ran much upon weddings. One day she said to Miss Furbey, after coughing and treading on my toe under the table, "I wonder you never got married, Miss Furbey."

Miss Furbey answered calmly, as if the question had been merely the whispering of her own thoughts: "Well, I was very near being married once." Tunnicliff trod on my toe again, and asked for particulars. Miss Furbey took a pin out of her mouth, pinned her work to her knee,—for she was stitching upward,—and answered: "My papa wished me to break it off." Tunnicliff could not keep down a giggle at this, and when Miss Furbey added that she was firmly resolved never to marry during her papa's lifetime, nothing but Miss Furbey's dreamy absorption in her stitching could have prevented her remarking Tunnicliff's amusement. She trod so much upon my toes, and took (as she always did) so little precaution to prevent its being seen, that I was obliged to move my chair. When the fit had somewhat subsided, she said, "Oh, do tell me who he was like, Miss Furbey." Miss Furbey rose from her chair, and taking a little ring of keys from her side pocket, opened one of an old fashioned chest of drawers, dipped her hand in, and brought up immediately a little casket. And there, in an oval gilt ring, upon a black ground, was the portrait of a gentleman in a scarlet uniform. I recollect it now, for I saw it often afterwards. He had light blue eyes and light hair. His appearance was not very soldierlike; but I think it surprised Tunnicliff, and made her wonder whether Miss Furbey had been good-looking in her youth. I asked Miss Furbey if he had ever been to battle? She said, "No; he was a volunteer, and used only to wear the uniform now and then." But Tunnicliff regarded the bringing out of the portrait as a defeat, and let the subject drop; upon which Miss Furbey put the little casket away again, and locked the drawer. Not

very long after that, Tunnicliff suddenly absconded, having first of all taken away what belonged to her piecemeal, and so stealthily, that I, who slept in the same room with her, and believed myself in her confidence, never perceived any change till she was gone. She had always boasted to me that when the time came, she would boldly declare herself to be the wife of the baker, and defy any one to detain her. But her heart must have failed her; for she stole away, upon some pretence, after breakfast one morning, dressed just as usual (only a little cleaner) and was seen no more. Miss Furbey, after running about frantic half the day, received a letter from her, in which she enclosed certain lines, which she said would let her know what had taken place that morning at West Ham Church, and wound up with the insolent defiance which she had promised to deliver by word of mouth.

We went on very quietly after that, and I got to like Miss Furbey more and more. It was incredible what a difference Tunnicliff's departure had made. Miss Furbey found out now that she had slandered her very much in the neighbourhood, which she said did not matter; but I know it vexed her a little. We managed to get through just as much work as before, and used to chat a little, too. Both of us felt the change; but old Mr. Furbey, overhead, seemed to get worse. She used to get him some prescriptions made up at the Dispensary, in two bottles (a large black wine bottle, and a small phial), and she had to run up to give him some of these, besides both occasionally, every two hours; but he became so irritable at last, that I have seen her come down in tears. If she was but a few minutes behindhand, he would rap so violently on the floor as to make us jump, and repeat his rapping louder than ever before she could get up the stairs. Miss Furbey told me that he got worse and worse, but I remarked that she never seemed to like to send for a doctor; till one morning, just at daylight, she came into my room and shook me till I awoke, and begged me to dress immediately, and go and fetch a physician, who lived in the Bow Road. The physician came twice, and I saw Miss Furbey each time count out ten and sixpence for him, and wrap that sum in a piece of paper; but his patient died on the third day after I had fetched him. Miss Furbey did not seem to me to grieve deeply —whether it was that she had become worn out with her watching, or that the stern business that she had to go about, alone, made her determine to suppress her grief, or whether (which I suspect was the truth), the deceased had been so grievous a burden to her that, in spite of her sense of duty and affection for him, a feeling of relief which she scarcely recognized herself was mingling with her regret. Some mystery was attached to her father of which I never knew the truth. Tunnicliff's last idea, before she ran away, was that he had forged to a large amount, and was there hiding from justice. There was a rumour in the neighbourhood that he had been a bankrupt many years before, and had, for some reason, neglected to give him self up as the law required; but I do not believe that any one (save Miss Furbey herself), knew whence he came, or what was his true history. On the morning of his death, Miss Furbey wrote a number of letters on black-edged paper, which she posted herself, and I think she expected visitors in consequence, but none came. We two were the only persons (except the undertakers), who attended the funeral. This undertaker also professed to be a coal merchant and an agent to a fire and life insurance, which he might have been, but he was no more an undertaker than I was. Miss Furbey learned that he gave the job to a carpenter and joiner, who gave it to a real undertaker, and all that the original person did, I believe, was to attend in a rusty suit of black, and (to use an undertaker's phrase), to see the funeral "performed." Miss Furbey drove a hard bargain with him for eight pounds, five pounds down, and the rest, as he said, to be made easy to her. And so, for a year and a half afterwards, she used to scrape together small sums of half-a-crown, or five shillings, with which I made many a journey to the coal and fire agent, who wrote each instalment down on the back of a bill with sad embellishments, which became worn to tatters before that everlasting debt was paid.

Miss Furbey, I am sure, never deliberately regarded the death of her father in any other light than as a misfortune that had befallen her; but there was a change in her now, and it seemed in the place too—from gloom to a certain degree of cheerfulness—which my youthful mind was quick to detect. I had been nearly twelve months with Miss Furbey when her father died, and for twelve months more we took no new apprentice, and there was scarcely any change in our way of life. But, one afternoon, I came in from a little journey, and found a stranger in the shop, talking with her. He was a pale little man, dressed in black coat and trowsers, shoes fastened with black riband in large bows, and a white neckcloth, which had a yellowish tinge, and was spotted, here and there, with what laundresses call iron-mould. He was not exactly shabby in other respects; but he looked as if he had been brushed and made up to the best advantage. He was slightly bald, but his hair was light, and not so grey as his whiskers, and he might perhaps have been no older than fifty. I did not know then where he came from, nor what was his excuse for coming; but he talked very slowly and deliberately about the weather, and other trifles, and loitered about, and seemed very loath to go. He came many times after that, and gossipped in the same way; till at last I found him sitting in the back parlour. He took

snuff at long intervals, and sat cross-legged with his handkerchief always on his knees, and liked to look at his broad shoes, which had bumps all over them, like the top of a plum-pie. He was rather slow and prim in his ways; but he told anecdotes of the volunteers, and of old actresses, and bucks of long ago, which amused us very much. Miss Furbey told me he was a very old friend; the faithfulest friend that ever was (she said this with tears in her eyes), although they had not seen each other for many years, and that he was a stockbroker, and that his friends were highly respectable; and by degrees I came to the knowledge that he was courting, and to find out, when he laughed, a slight resemblance between his features and those of the portrait in the casket. Miss Furbey used to dress specially to receive him, for she had a large store of dresses of Irish poplin and brocaded silk, rather out of date; but, as she said, "very good," and I several times saw her arranging her two cork-screw curls in the looking-glass, and picking out a grey hair with a pair of tweezers. She was rather fond of talking about her lover. She admitted to me that he was much changed since she first knew him; but, she added, "so am I, I dare say." I believe she still liked the stockbroker very much indeed, in a quiet way. It was arranged, after a while, that he should visit her on three stated nights per week; but he dropped in accidentally one morning just after Miss Furbey had stepped out, and waited to see her in the back room. He talked with me on that occasion a good deal, and asked me whether we were very busy, and whether I was a little apprentice, and whether we were always as busy as we were then, and other questions which I have forgotten, but which I think I answered at the time to his satisfaction. Soon after that, Miss Furbey told me, in great agitation, that they were about to be married, and I went home for a week's holydays. When I came back, the stockbroker was living in the house, and Miss Furbey was no longer Miss Furbey, but Mrs. Parmenter. I know her husband always treated her kindly; but he sat about a great deal with his handkerchief on his knees; and beyond muddling in the garden behind the house, or knocking a nail into the wall, or putting up a shelf when required, he was evidently no great assistance to her. She kept him well supplied with white neckcloths of a better colour than he used to wear, for she starched and ironed them herself. He went up to town now and then. He called it going on Change; but whether he really went on Change, or had anything to do there, I do not know. I fancy his friends gave him a little money now and then; and that his stockbroking business (if he had any at all) was not lucrative.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that in her matrimonial venture, as in everything else, Miss Furbey was, to some extent, the victim of the selfishness of others; though she always spoke well of her husband, and as she survived him, kept the oval portrait hanging on the wall, years after she had put off her widow's cap, and had dropped again into her old, prim, quiet way of life.

BLINDNESS.

It is a curious speculation why so much more compassion and sympathy are shown to the blind than to any other class of sufferers from personal imperfection or infirmity. Their case is sad enough, no doubt, and their privations are great and constant. But their disadvantages are not to be compared with those of persons of deficient intellect, or with those of the deaf, while their personal suffering is much less than that of the deformed or maimed. Those who suppose blindness to be a worse misfortune than deafness, are thinking, we suspect, of total blindness in comparison with partial deafness; whereas we must have both total or both partial, in order to a true comparison. The full power of communication with other minds enjoyed by the blind gives them all that is necessary for the development of every essential faculty; while the deaf and dumb must remain radically deficient in mental power and training all their lives, for reasons which have been assigned in our former account of that class.* Accordingly, no deaf and dumb person has ever yet excelled in any matter in which intellectual power, a vigorous and sound mind, was required; while there is scarcely anything that some blind person or other has not excelled in, except painting and decoration. Yet the blind obtain by far the readiest and most genial sympathy. They are picturesque and affecting on the stage, where the deaf are made simply ridiculous. The deaf are abundantly quizzed; their mistakes being eminently quizzable. But who quizzes the blind? The commonest remark in the world is that the blind are cheerful and agreeable in company, while the deaf are morose and unhappy; yet it does not seem to occur to observers that, to make the comparison complete, they should follow the two into solitude. If they could peep through the keyhole, they would see the counterpart of the contrast; the deaf busy, unembarrassed and happy; and the blind, not necessarily idle or unhappy, but without the animation inspired by social pleasures, which are the delight of their lives. Now this superior sympathy in the case of the blind must be natural, or it would not be so general. It is no doubt owing to the smaller essential differences between the blind and the generality of persons, together with the very evident and appreciable nature of their privations. In proportion as the case of the deaf becomes

* See page 134 of the present volume.

better understood, the sympathy will be more equally balanced; and, we imagine, will finally transcend all that is felt for any other imperfect beings, except the mentally deficient. The blind are, on the whole, pretty well aware of their own case. Not only those who have become blind know what they lose, but those who are born blind, gather enough from the people about them to be in a great degree sensible of their privations; and the thing to be looked to in their case is to keep them cheerful and happy; whereas the deaf and dumb are so oddly complacent, so conceited and flippant, so given to joke and quiz, that their guardians have rather to repress their levity, and take down their complacency. And here again is another natural and general reason why the blind inspire the readier and more general sympathy. They are the superior and the more consciously suffering order; although their case is infinitely the less really unfortunate of the two.

With all this sympathy, however, the case of the blind never even began to be truly considered until the structure and functions of the brain began to be understood. Certain powers and acts of the blind seemed as like a miracle, up to a quarter of a century ago, as the idiot striking the hours in the absence of all clocks and watches. When the blind Dr. Saunderson was dying, he said, in answer, to the astonishment of a friend at his remark about some matter of measurement, "Ah! this is one of the many things we blind people can do, that seem to surprise you very much, but are very simple and natural to us." During Dr. Saunderson's life, which lasted fifty-seven years, his abilities were the amazement of one king after another, one philosopher after another, and doctors, scholars, and common people out of number; yet nobody seems to have learned a lesson from him. He was only a year old when he lost his sight by small-pox; so that he could not be supposed to be qualified for his subsequent attainments by anything he had seen in that time. No doubt, even that much experience of light, form, and colour, was of high value to him. When we consider how an infant of a year old knows father and mother, and the cat, and the moon, and likes flowers and gay colours, and tries to catch flies and birds, we may understand that, whether Dr. Saunderson was conscious of it or not, his notions of persons and things must have been very different from those of one who had never received any impressions through the eye at all. The general action of his mind must have been aided by the brief glimpse of light that was allowed him; but his peculiar attainments were precisely those in which sight is least needed; though observers at the time, and his biographers since, have noted as a sort of miracle his achievement of much that they are accustomed to use their eyes about, and therefore suppose to be impossible of accomplishment without eyes. They are not so much astonished at his telling more accurately than anybody else the size of a room by the sound of the voices and footsteps in it; nor at his telling by the feel in the open air when the smallest fleece of cloud passed over the sun. Whatever he could learn by nicety of sense they can believe in at once. And his classical learning, —so great that he lectured in admirable Latin, with plenty of Greek citation,—they can easily admit, understanding how oral instruction might serve his turn. It was his geography, mathematics, and astronomy that amazed them. That a man who could hardly be said ever to have seen earth or heaven should be the friend and commentator of Newton, should announce discoveries about the equator and the poles, should describe the solar system, with its motions, and its forms, and its spaces, without ever seeing sun, moon, or star; these were the things that seemed marvellous to other people, but very simple and natural to himself. Whereas, now that we know what separate faculties we have for these things, they seem almost as simple and natural to us. Mental arithmetic is a common exercise, in most good schools. The shapes of things are as readily known by touch as by sight, by all who practise going about in the dark; and the blind pupils of every asylum show that this is quite as easy without ever having seen the form. The difference between them and us, is, that if they were to see the objects they would probably not know them before touching them; though even this turns out to be not quite so certain as it was supposed some time ago. More of that when we have done with Dr. Saunderson. As for his geographical knowledge, why should he not have it as well as we? When once he had learned in his walks how much a mile was, why should he not extend the conception to one hundred miles or one thousand, as well as we? And when he had learned any form at all, why not the form of a continent, or a river-course, or a chain of mountains? What he did *not* know was, what they all looked like; which is not precisely the question in geography. Accordingly, in all good schools for the blind, there are globes and maps with an embossed surface, instead of black, white, and coloured marks. In a foreign country where we travelled several thousand miles, twenty years ago, we met with a blind boy, who was much interested in hearing of our travels. He got his embossed map, and traced our route, without a single mistake, up one river and down another; over the mountains, now south, now west; there was not a town, nor any chief stage of that great journey, that he did not put his finger on. To him, as to Dr. Saunderson and all his class when educated, this thing seemed very simple and natural. Dr. Saunderson learned his Greek and Latin at a Yorkshire school, where he took his chance among other boys.

His father, who was an exciseman, took great pains in exercising him in arithmetic; and the success was so remarkable that two gentlemen undertook, when he was about eighteen, to have him taught algebra and geometry. He made his own signs,—an excellent system of them,—on a board which had sets of pinholes, and pins with large and small heads. His geometrical figures he made with pins and threads. One fact worthy of notice is, that he found great difficulty in understanding a demonstration of Dr. Halley's which appeared not very difficult to other geometricians; but when he had got a notion of what was wanted, he worked out the same problem in his own way, so as to make it clear to others as well as to himself. Dr. Halley's statement, in fact, involved a visual idea, of which probably no one concerned, except the blind man, was aware. This blind man succeeded Whiston, by Newton's recommendation, in the mathematical professorship at Cambridge. Queen Anne made him Master of Arts for the purpose; and George the Second made him Doctor of Laws. A higher honour than all, his commentary on Newton's Principia was published simply on the ground of its value, nearly twenty years after his death. Surely the case of a man who, so long ago, used to sit with his board before him, listening to the reading of Euclid and Archimedes in Greek, should have prepared us much sooner than it did to recognise and train the faculties of the blind. How was it that we went on for above a century gaping and staring at this learned man, without setting to work to see what other blind people could do? Some say it was because Dr. Saunderson's temper was very bad. He was extremely quarrelsome, certainly; but, so are some persons who can see; and we are rather accustomed to suppose that education will mend their tempers, than that it can possibly make them worse. The good exciseman who took such pains with his boy may have indulged him too much, and may have treated that temper of his with false tenderness; but we presume it would have been worse if so energetic and industrious a nature had been left without object and employment.

As to the difference between the blind and the seeing about knowing form by the eye, there are some curious facts on record. It is, we believe, a very ancient puzzle whether a person born blind and obtaining sight, would know by the eye a cube from a globe. However ancient it may be, the question was revived when the great surgeon, Cheselden, couched a boy who was born blind, and observed what he could do with his new sense; and again, when, a quarter of a century ago, a great stir was made about educating the blind. We ourselves were fond of putting the question to all manner of persons, and comparing the answers. Take a blind boy, who has handled a globe all his life, and who knows it perfectly well from his mother's square work-box of the same size: restore his sight, as Cheselden did, and show him the globe (taken out of its frame) and the box set side by side on the table. Don't let him touch either; and then see if he can tell which is the globe and which is the box. Can he tell? Ignorant and thoughtless persons say off-hand, "Tell! To be sure he can. If he can see, how can he help knowing?" Metaphysicians say (what we, in our metaphysical years, used to say very confidently), "Certainly *not*. The ideas of one sense are in their very nature different from those of another sense, and need to be combined by association. Here, no association has been permitted, and the sense is wholly new, and therefore he cannot possibly tell the cube from the globe." Now that we know more about the brain and its faculties, men of science speak much less confidently. They wish to try a case before pronouncing; but they would not be surprised at finding that the express faculty of recognising form might serve for the purpose, without the help of touch. In this uncertainty, what facts have we? That same boy was very fond of pears. He was shown a pear and an apple lying side by side, and told: "Now you know an apple from a pear, by feeling it. Tell us, with your hands behind your back, which is the pear, and you shall have it." He looked and looked again, his mouth watering all the time, and he could not make it out. In an instant, he darted out his hand, with his eyes shut, knew the pear by the first touch, and ate it in a trice. So we learn little by that, and that little seems to show that he did *not* recognise form by the eye.

The first feeling after the restoration of sight, is, that everything seen touches the eye, and when the person wants to lay hold of any object, he lays hold of his own eye. These bewildering impressions may well confuse and confound the brain-action of the sense. One of the most curious perplexities of this same boy, came out of the clasp of a bracelet. That clasp contained the minature of his father. He knew the portrait, but was excessively distressed to know how it could come there. Measuring it by his father's face he could not make them agree; and he said it was as unaccountable to him as putting a quart of anything into a pint measure. And yet it is said that Dr. Saunderson could converse learnedly,—really with perfect correctness—on the laws of perspective; a proof, if the assertion be a fact, that some things which seem most to depend on sight are really independent of the eye, as others are of the visual faculty itself.

We now know something of the latent capacities in the blind. If ever we thought that they could only make baskets, and mats, and ropes, and play the organ passably, we now perceive how much we were mistaken, and our sense of duty towards that class of sufferers

must be exalted in proportion. This same sympathy that we are all so prone to feel on their behalf is often very mischievous to them, instead of being any solace. The commonest, —let us say boldly, the vulgarest,—shows itself first in taking excessive care that the blind child does not hurt itself. Pray observe, we say *excessive* care. In its home, we see the mother, and everybody else, removing every thing out of its way, opening all doors, catching hold of its petticoats, or never leaving hold of them, never letting it alone, to do what it can and likes. It is tender-spirited, timid, and excessively cross or passionate. Put the same child into a good school for the blind, and what is it like in a month's time? Why, it runs up and down stairs, scuds along the passages with merely the finger-tips touching the wall, lays a hand precisely on the knob of every door, washes and dresses with perfect neatness, swings, runs races—even playing blind man's buff by the ear—says lessons, dines quite cleverly by the aid of the blind man's fork,—so made as to hold just a proper mouthful—laughing instead of crying, at any tumbles, blunders, or little difficulties not yet surmounted. The mother, coming to visit her child, is all amazement. Can this merry, active, dexterous, agile child be the same that was so lately fretting in her arms, the constant anxiety of the entire household?

Next, when there must be addresses spoken, or hymns sung, on anniversary or other charity occasions by the children, the address and the hymn will always be found stuffed full of the very things the children know nothing about, and would not naturally speak of. They tell the audience precisely what the audience knows, and they themselves do not know;—how much they lose by not seeing sun or star, how beauteous are the hues of the flowers and the rainbow that they shall never behold—that to them nature is a blank, and so on; whereas, if they speak or sing at all, it should be what they can feel, about what they have gained, and not about what they lose. It was bad enough that Dr. Blacklock, in Scotland, and a blind lady, in England, wrote descriptive poems. They had a mind to do it, and they did it; and of course the descriptions were merely wonderful as a matter of memory, and not good as descriptions; but it is far worse to put such things into children's mouths as genuine utterance, and, above all, as religious sentiment. We were once behind the scenes in such a case. There was to be a public meeting for the benefit of a Blind Asylum. An address, in verse, was asked for in various directions, and several were sent in, and thought very beautiful. But a bystander observed that they were all crammed with stars, beams, gleams, hues, and so forth, and suggested that trial should be made to produce one without a single direct visual image in it,—nothing but what some inmate or another of that very school had felt or thought. This seemed a new idea to the managers: but they acted upon it, and with clear success. We do not relish such addresses and public hymn-singing (we mean by a body of sufferers exhibiting themselves to raise money, by means of their privations and devotions together); but, if such utterance must be for a time permitted, at least let it be true.

Next, we object to the false sensibility which would keep the blind (or indeed any other imperfect) persons from "a knowledge of what they lose," as the expression commonly is. Surely they lose quite enough, after the utmost has been done for them; and what right have we to keep from them anything that they are able to learn? We do not mean, of course, that we are to bemoan their lot,—to sit down in the dust with them, like Job's comforters, and enumerate all the blessings they may wish for in vain. All that may be left to the consciousness of the blind. What we mean is, that we do not see the kindness of being silent to a lame person about the view from a mountain top, or to a deaf person about the echoes at Killarney, or to a blind person about a sunrise at sea, or a sunset among the mountains. If the blind person ever saw sunsets, he will be eager to have the impression revived by descriptions. We know one who gets read to him all the critiques upon the picture galleries from the newspapers; as we know a person become deaf, who once was musical, who reads with vast pleasure all accounts of new oratorios, and London concerts. If the blind have never seen, they ought to know as much as they can of what interests other people. Really, one might as well caution young people against dancing in the presence of the old. For that matter, we might as well put our finger in our eye, when a sailor or traveller tells us of the beauties of Batavia, or the glories of the Himalayas. How many of us will see those beauties and glories? The less chance there is of our going to see them, the more important it is that we should learn from those who can describe them to us. A bedridden old lady likes to hear, when her daughter comes in from her walk, about the dew on the hedges, and the purple light upon the hill: and we ought to take for granted that the stricken blind will enjoy the rousing of old visual memories, as we all enjoy reviving the stories of our youth. The fact is, it is now too late to prevent this happy process of participation. The blind can now read—a good many of them—and all will, by and by; and when our literature is opened to them, none shall say them nay, as to any matter that is contained in books. Their nice sense of touch, which used to be little more than an empty marvel to us, we have now learned to make use of in unbarring the doors which shut them out from literature. We now print books for them, in a type which they feel, instead of see; an embossed type which they learn to run over

with their fingers with great readiness. We know a rich lady who spends many of her lonely hours in reading in this way; and we know a poor old washerwoman become blind, who has got over the difficulty of the thickened skin of her finger, and, with eyes upraised, sits enjoying the Pilgrim's Progress during the time that her family are out at work. In our blind schools, the children read in classes, as quickly as, and far more intelligibly than, pupils in most schools; where the custom is to poke over the book, and stop the harsh voice between every two words. A monthly Magazine for the Blind has been recently published by Chapman and Hall, which will be a daily blessing to finger-readers. In Saunderson's time, who would have listened to a prophecy that the blind would be educated much like other people; that the girls would sew and dress their hair as nicely as anybody else,—and that there would be other Saundersons, men learned in mathematics and classics; that all would read and write to amuse their leisure; read books in a raised type, and write on desks so made that they can scribble private letters in all privacy, and fold, and fasten them without help? Yet all this we now see done; and who shall say how much more amelioration may grow out of it?

This embossed printing is tried on various plans, each of which has some merit of its own; but we feel no doubt about sticking to the ordinary alphabet.* We have no doubt that several changes would be desirable if we now had to introduce the whole art of printing; but, as it is only printing for the blind that has to be practised, we think that no advantage can compensate for the hardship to the recently blind of losing their accustomed alphabet, or for the difficulty of preparing good literature for the use of the blind, instead of sending our ordinary books direct to press. We look about us and see—first, tens of thousands of blind persons who want to read—next, a whole literature of noble books, which it would illumine the life of the blind to read — then, a printing-press, and its types ready to bring the other two together; and we say, Do not stand speculating, and inventing, and devising, and keeping all that multitude waiting. Give them what you have ready for them now, and see about improvements afterwards.

The press is Mr. John Edward Taylor's, at 10, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. And either he or his friend, the Reverend William Taylor, 73, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, London, will give any information about this new magazine, or receive any subscribers' names. The monthly numbers are only sixpence each. Six shillings a year will give that great pleasure and benefit to some who said, when the films were gathering over their eyes, and when no straining of their sight would avail any longer, that they should never read again. How pleasant to ask them now whether that was not a little mistake of theirs!

* See vol. vii. p. 421,—"Books for the Blind."

DOING BUSINESS IN FRANCE.

They order this matter better in France, says Sterne, at the commencement of his Sentimental Journey; but, as he does not state what the matter is to which he adverts, we are left to imagine any one of a thousand matters, according to the amount and degree of our faith in French excellence. A little experience of travel in France has satisfied me—who am not of the sentimental class—that in holding up this unknown quality for emulation, Sterne could not have meant to eulogise the way in which business (as we understand the word on this side of the water) is carried on in many parts of that vivacious country.

The passport question — that constant source of irritation to the wandering Briton—is too familiar to a Frenchman to cause him much concern, although he sometimes likes to make a difficulty. I remember a case in point.

Some twenty years ago, a beautiful girl landed at Boulogne from England, surrounded by all the éclat which attaches to a prima-donna's successful first season. The formularies of examination were not so brief then as we now thankfully acknowledge them to be. When Mademoiselle Bellarosa presented herself with her dame de compagnie, to undergo the ordeal, the young Custom-house clerk gazed more intently upon her than was usual with him in passing travellers along. It might have been her fame, or it might have been her beauty, undimmed by the sea-sorrow of a rough passage; or, perhaps it was her fame and beauty combined. He limited himself, however, to the formal questions, and Mademoiselle Bellarosa, glad to be dismissed, sought her hotel. The next morning she was anxious to set out for Paris; but, it was found that the provisional passport usually given in exchange, until the original was returned at the central office in the capital was not forthcoming. The commissionaire of the hotel had charged for it in his bill—it was *his* way of doing business—before he received it; he could not tell why the passport had not been delivered; there must be some little mistake; "I will arrange you that," were his own (English) words, "before you can think twice upon him;" and he really departed with the intention of fulfilling his promise. But in half an hour he returned with a perplexed—and, if he hadn't been a Frenchman and a commissionaire, I should have said, a downcast—air, without the required document. "It must," he observed (in English, which language, as the lady was Italian, he appeared to prefer in communication with her), "it must that

Miss have the goodness to render herself to the office even of passports to retire her own;" which meant that a personal attendance was necessary.

I have known some who—but, without instituting disadvantageous companions, I shall merely remark that Mademoiselle Bellarosa behaved admirably, and walked with her dame de compagnie and the commissionaire to the bureau. The individual who presided there was magnificently attired—perhaps for the occasion. Without describing his toilette, it may be enough to say that he had on a pair of very tight-fitting white kid gloves, so closely buttoned at the wrists, that how he managed to write in them seemed a miracle. It was he who had officiated at the Custom-house, and had taken down the address of Mademoiselle Bellarosa. He was profuse in expressions of courtesy and regret. It desolated him to be compelled to demand the presence of so charming a person, but the rigour of the law (he was telling stories all the time) left him no alternative. A million times would he have preferred to die under the most fearful tortures rather than—of his own free will—have caused the slightest inconvenience to Mademoiselle; but a Frenchman's duty to his country was paramount over every other consideration. His duties did not, however, appear to be very pressing; for, he immediately opened a conversation which, from the variety of its topics, and the energy bestowed on them, would have occupied until the hour for shutting up the office, if Mademoiselle Bellarosa had not brought him to the point by asking for her passport. Recalled to this frail world, the magnificent young clerk dipped his pen in the ink and proceeded to put a series of official questions, making pretence the while of writing down the answers; which, if they had been literally entered, would not have occupied him two minutes had he not frequently left off to look at Mademoiselle. The lady's patience was at last exhausted, and she urged him, rather angrily, to make an end of his task. Like everything else, therefore, it was brought to a close, Mademoiselle signed it, and, tendering the accustomed fee, demanded her passport.

"Such a thing had never been heard of! The bare thought of it was enough to drive him to distraction! To treat Mademoiselle, a person so distinguished, so——" Here he checked himself. "No, he would rather die a thousand deaths (the old story) than not himself carry the passport to the lady's hotel the moment the office was closed."

"But," exclaimed Mademoiselle Bellarosa, in a state of mind divided between vexation and amusement, "I want immediately to leave Boulogne. The horses are already in the carriage; I wait for nothing but my passport."

"It is not yet stamped, mademoiselle," returned her official persecutor, driven to his last resource; "that formality accomplished at another bureau, I hasten to desposit the paper at your feet." There was nothing to be done. Mademoiselle Bellarosa cast an angry glance at the infatuated young clerk, and left the place. When she was gone, he (as he afterwards mentioned to a friend) seized the pen with which she had signed her name, and kissed it "a thousand million times." Then he got the document stamped, and sought Mademoiselle Bellarosa at her hotel. I must make short work of a scene which was much longer in acting than was agreeable to one of the parties. Undismayed by the presence of the dame de compagnie, the young clerk threw himself on his knees before Mademoiselle Bellarosa, and poured forth a passionate declaration of love! Suddenly a commissaire de police, whom some inkling of the affair had reached, entered the apartment. "Madame," said the commissary with a low bow, taking possession at the same time of the clerk and the troublesome passport, and handing her the latter, "I wish you a pleasant journey, and have the honour to salute you. Venez donc, gr-r-r-redin!!!" You would hardly think it possible even for a commissary of police to have had such different tones in his voice.

The paper obtained with so much difficulty was subsequently examined, to see if it were perfectly regular. To her infinite surprise, instead of the usual description—hair, teeth, eyes, height, &c.—Mademoiselle Bellarosa read the following words: "C'est une ange!"

I must be acknowledged that, when the time came for exchanging the paper in Paris, she gave up her provisional passport with regret.

Generous to a fault, and confiding, too, beyond measure, the French are often unnecessarily suspicious. The thorough-going swindler—such a one as lately closed, at the Conciergerie, a career of some five and twenty years' fraud after using up half the names in the English peerage—has only to call himself Milord, order anything, pay for nothing, put on a bold front, and all the world (in France) are at his feet; but the timid traveller, whose honesty is his misfortune, finds it difficult sometimes, with money in his pocket, to obtain credit for a breakfast.

An Englishman generally supposes that a Bank of England note will frank him to its full amount wherever he goes; but it has happened to me on several occasions to discover the fallacy of this notion; for instance, at Vire, that charming little town in the heart of the Roman bocage so famous for its poets, the chief among whom, Olivier Basselin, originated the songs called Vaux-de-Vire, which were afterwards altered into Vaux-de-Ville, and finally gave their name to the popular Vaudeville of the French stage. But however poetically inclined, the prosaic

but not unpleasant fact of having dined well at the table-d'hôte of the Moulin Rouge, the principal inn at that time at Vire, recalled me to one of the consequences of dining at my own expense—the necessity of settling the small bill. I was informed of the amount by a very pretty waitress, who wore a cap like a gigantic extinguisher. "Very well," I observed, "but I have no French money. You must change this," and as I spoke, I took a ten-pound note out of my pocket-book, and poured out another glass of the very excellent Bordeaux with which I had been rewarding my morning's exertions. "What is it, Monsieur?" said the girl. "It is English money," I replied; "I wish to have it changed." The fair Norman took the tissue paper between her finger and thumb as if it had been a spider's web, with the spider in the centre, looked at me for a moment with a smile, and then took it to the bureau of the mistress of the establishment, at the farther extremity of the dining-room. What she said I could not hear; but I saw by her gestures, to which those of her mistress corresponded with telegraphic accuracy, that the appearance of a ten-pound note at that bar was a novelty. The landlady called her husband by the name of Jules. Jules came from a corner of the room where he had just sat down to a bout of dominoes (and cider) with a friend. A consultation took place, —I was frequently referred to, by signs, both by wife and waitress. Jules shook his head, looked serious, and summoned his friend. Another consultation, more serious looks, more gestures, more shaking of heads: the bank-note passing from hand to hand meanwhile, a hieroglyphic which none could decipher. At length the conclave appeared to have arrived at a decision. They advanced in a body to where I was sitting, sustaining myself (which was not unnecessary) with my Bordeaux. Monsieur Jules, the host, was the spokesman, though there was a chorus of four voices at the end of each remark he made. He addressed me with all the courtesy of manner for which the Normans are distinguished, regretting extremely the fact of his being under the unfortunate necessity of informing me that the piece of paper which I had done him the honour to send to his wife was utterly worthless. I did not at first apprehend the true condition of affairs, but imagined that he fancied the note a forged one. "Suppose," I thought,—"but no, I had it from a London banker—I know it's a good one;" and I told him so. Still smiling, Monsieur Jules replied that he doubted not it was good—for some purpose or other—but that he could not do it the honour of calling it money; in short, that it was, as he had already permitted himself to observe, to him, useless. I now saw the whole bearing of the case: my ten-pound note was, simply, not negotiable. "Was there no money-changer in Vire, the same as in all other French towns?" A shrug of the shoulders all round was the reply. "What was I to do?" I asked, as the circle closed me in, and I faced them, with my back to the table, unable to fly, and not at all disposed to fight. A second shrug, succeeded by the remark from Madame Volpecq, the hostess, that "probably Monsieur knew somebody in Vire who would satisfy her claim;" as to anybody changing the note, that seemed never to enter into her calculation. "No. I was a perfect stranger. Had only arrived that morning." Might Monsieur Jules ask in what way I was travelling? A hired carriage. Then the driver could testify something respecting me. Did I oppose myself to his being sent for? On the contrary, I was only too glad. The man came, and in a few words relieved my anxiety; he had twenty francs, which were quite at my service. I gladly borrowed them, settled with Madame Volpecq (who then restored my ten-pound note), ordered the horse to be put-to, and a quarter of an hour afterwards took leave of Vire, making a mental memorandum never to go there again unprovided with the coin of the realm.

I could speak of other places in France, more in the common route of travellers, where I have known similar doubts to prevail as to the solvency or respectability of the Bank of England, chiefly arising from the circumstance of the existence of "the old lady in Threadneedle Street" being entirely unknown. But what surprised me more than the refusal to discount paper, which might or might not have been of value, was what befel me on another occasion, at Saint Lo, also in the province of Normandy. It was the ordinary predicament, want of change, to obtain which, I went to the shop of a certain Monsieur Babou, who announced himself to the public as a jeweller and goldsmith; and, moreover, a dealer in specie, so that it appeared to me if one thoroughly cognisant of metallic values were wanted in Normandy, Babou would probably have been the individual selected. The shop-window did not make much show—a silver crucifix, a coffee-pot on an ebony pedestal, under a glass shade, and half a dozen very sharp-pointed tea-spoons, appeared to comprise the whole of the stock paraded for public admiration; but there was the announcement that specie met with every polite attention within, and that was sufficient for me. Accordingly I entered. Behind a counter, on which was a case not over full of ornaments, such as ear-rings, hearts, and crosses made of much attenuated gold, sat a young lady of about sixteen years of age, with her head dressed à la Chinoise, and a small curled lock (the "accroche-cœur") gummed close to each cheek, which performed, amidst other duties, the office of a feminine whisker. I inquired if the shop were not a Money-changer's, to which the young lady, who was a demoiselle of the

house of Babou, replied in the affirmative, and begged me to give myself the trouble of being seated. I obeyed her wish, and placing myself on a somewhat lofty stool, with a very shiny surface, took out my purse, and placed a few sovereigns on the counter. "Ah, you desire to change some gold!" said Mademoiselle Babou. "Wait." I waited, and with some effort, she drew from beneath the counter an enormous folio, which she opened wide upon the glass case, at the imminent risk, as I thought, of grinding it to powder. She then began carefully to turn over the leaves—and from the number of plates—all of them representing similar objects—I judged that it was a work on coins, and served the purpose of a Numismatic Cambist.

"Business," I said, to myself, while the young lady poured over the huge tome—"business can't be very brisk at Saint Lo, if this is the way they set about it." Presently there was a pause; a smile dimpled the pretty cheek of Mademoiselle Babou, she extended her taper fingers, and taking up one of the sovereigns placed it on the page, side by side with one of the engravings. "I see," she said, with an air of supreme satisfaction, "those are guineas!" I rectified the mistake by remarking that the coins to which she referred were sovereigns, bearing the effigies of George, of William, and of Victoria. She examined them more closely. It was true. The obverse bore some resemblance to her engraving, but the other side was very different. Moreover, the "milling" puzzled her. "I should not be surprised," she said, "if this were gold"—I assured her it was—"but I am not in a position to say how much it is worth." I explained the actual amount in francs. "It is possible," was her reply, "but see, sir, I am all alone to-day; my papa, who understands perfectly all these things, is gone to visit my aunt to arrange some family affairs. The house of my aunt is two leagues distant, and papa, who dines there, will not return until late in the evening. Still, if Monsieur desires, and will confide to me one of these guineas (she could not get out of that track) I will send the servant with it to my papa, who will instantly know its exact value, and, when I am once informed on the subject, I can, without difficulty, calculate how much the whole of this comes to!" I answered that the arrangement which Mademoiselle Babou proposed was excellent in all respects except one: that her messenger could not reasonably be expected to return in less than five hours, and I was obliged to leave Saint Lo by the diligence for Caen in about ten minutes. Mademoiselle Babou was very sorry; did I desire any other thing? her papa had recently invented a very ingenious mécanique for catching flies, which had been patented by the Government; he made them of silver-gilt as well as pure silver, and if Monsieur would like——"

I was obliged to cut short the proposition that was about to follow, by pleading my immediate departure, and bowing to Mademoiselle Babou, I left her to study numismatics, or catch flies, whichever she preferred, while I went to the diligence office, where my sovereigns were converted into five-franc pieces without a syllable.

This is the opposite phase of French character: implicit belief in the pecuniosity of any Englishman who chooses to aver it. At Bordeaux once, on High Change, I tendered a bank note for twenty pounds to an old lady who sat before a small table covered with piles of silver and gold. Without looking at it, she asked me what was the amount; and, on my assurance, gave me the value in French money with the additional premium. I could not help saying that if she gave herself no more trouble with others than she did with me, she ran the risk of being cheated. Her reply was an indescribable grimace, and then followed the admission that she had been "done" once to the tune of three or four thousand francs. But it did not seem to have made her a whit more cautious. In Paris, too, amongst people who are so eternally on the qui vive, every one knows the facility with which notes are changed, but then, it may be said, that the quick eyes of the changers can detect a forgery as rapidly as a banker's clerk. That is true enough, but all their skill cannot enable them to tell at sight whether the note presented be your own or stolen property; it may have been advertised in the Times of the day before, or it may not; the chances, at any rate, are in favour of the offerer, and against the money-changer; but he is content; a certain profit attaches to the exchange, and he tosses the note into the window, while he methodically piles up the five-franc pieces, or hands the rouleau.

But supposing you have neither gold, nor bank notes; only a credit. In Paris this makes no difference, but there are some capitals I wot of where you may present the best letter of credit in the world, and get for answer—what? That which I received at a certain city, where I was informed that nothing could be done that day because the principal had gone to the mountains for a day's hunting!

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. JAMES HARTHOUSE, "going in" for his adopted party, soon began to score. With the aid of a little more coaching for the political sages, a little more genteel listlessness for the general society, and a tolerable management of the assumed honesty in dishonesty, most effective and most patronised of the polite deadly sins, he speedily came to be considered of much promise. The not being troubled with earnestness was a grand point in his favour, enabling him to take to the hard Fact fellows with as good a grace as if he had been born one of the tribe, and to throw all other tribes overboard, as conscious impostors.

"Whom none of us believe, my dear Mrs. Bounderby; and who don't believe themselves. The only difference between myself, for example, and any professor of virtue or benevolence, or philanthropy—never mind the name—is, that we know it is all meaningless, and say so; while they know it equally and will never say so."

Why should she be shocked or warned by this reiteration? It was not so unlike her father's principles, and her early training, that it need startle her. Where was the great difference between the two schools, when each chained her down to material realities, and inspired her with no faith in anything else. What was there in her soul for James Harthouse to destroy, which Thomas Gradgrind had nurtured there in its state of innocence?

It was even the worse for her at this pass, that in her mind—implanted there before her eminently practical father began to form it—a struggling disposition to believe in a wider and higher humanity than she had ever heard of, constantly strove with doubts and resentments. With doubts, because the aspiration had been so laid waste in her youth. With resentments, because of the wrong that had been done her, if it were indeed a whisper of the truth. Upon a nature long accustomed to self-suppression, thus torn and divided, the Harthouse philosophy came as a relief and justification. Everything being hollow, and worthless, she had missed nothing and sacrificed nothing. What did it matter, she had said to her father, when he proposed her husband. What did it matter, she said still. With a scornful self-reliance, she asked herself, What did anything matter—and went on.

Towards what? Step by step onward and downward, towards some end, yet so gradually that she believed herself to remain motionless. As to Mr. Harthouse, whither *he* tended, he neither considered nor cared. He had no particular design or plan before him; no energetic wickedness ruffled his lassitude. He was as much amused and interested at present as it became so fine a gentleman to be; perhaps even more than it would have been consistent with his reputation to confess. Soon after his arrival he languidly wrote to his brother, the honorable and jocular member, that the Bounderbys were "great fun," and further, that the female Bounderby, instead of being the Gorgon he had expected, was young and remarkably pretty. After that, he wrote no more about them, and devoted his leisure chiefly to their house. He was very often in their house in his flittings and visitings about the Coketown district, and was much encouraged by Mr. Bounderby. It was quite in Mr. Bounderby's gusty way to boast to all his world that *he* didn't care about your highly connected people, but that if his wife, Tom Gradgrind's daughter, did, she was welcome to their company.

Mr. James Harthouse began to think it would be a new sensation, if the face which changed so beautifully for the whelp, would change for him.

He was quick enough to observe; he had a good memory, and did not forget a word of the brother's revelations. He interwove them with everything he saw of the sister, and he began to understand her. To be sure, the better and profounder part of her character was not within his scope of perception; for in natures, as in seas, depth answers unto depth; but he soon began to read the rest with a student's eye.

Mr. Bounderby had taken possession of a house and grounds, about fifteen miles from the town, and accessible within a mile or two, by a railway striding on many arches, over a wild country, undermined by deserted

coalpits, and spotted at night by fires and black shapes of engines. This country, gradually softening towards the neighbourhood of Mr. Bounderby's retreat, there mellowed into a rustic landscape, golden with heath and snowy with hawthorn in the spring of the year, and tremulous with leaves and their shadows all the summer time. The bank had foreclosed a mortgage on the property thus pleasantly situated: effected by one of the Coketown magnates who, in his determination to make a shorter cut than usual to an enormous fortune, overspeculated himself afterwards by about two hundred thousand pounds. These accidents did sometimes happen in the best-regulated families of Coketown, though the bankrupts had no connexion whatever with the improvident classes.

It afforded Mr. Bounderby supreme satisfaction to instal himself in this snug little estate, and with demonstrative humility to grow cabbages in the flower-garden. He delighted to live barrack fashion among the elegant furniture, and he bullied the very pictures with his origin. "Why, sir," he would say to a visitor, "I am told that Nickits," the late owner, "gave seven hundred pound for that Sea-beach. Now, to be plain with you, if I ever, in the whole course of my life, take seven looks at it, at a hundred pound a look, it will be as much as I shall do. No, by George! I don't forget that I am Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. For years upon years, the only pictures in my possession, or that I could have got into my possession by any means, unless I stole 'em, were the engravings of a man shaving himself in a boot, on the blacking bottles that I was overjoyed to use in cleaning boots with, and that I sold when they were empty for a farthing a-piece, and glad to get it!"

Then he would address Mr. Harthouse in the same style.

"Harthouse, you have got a couple of horses down here. Bring half a dozen more if you like, and we'll find room for 'em. There 's stabling in this place for a dozen horses; and unless Nickits is belied, he kept the full number. A round dozen of 'em, sir. When that man was a boy, he went to Westminster School. Went to Westminster School as a King's Scholar, when I was principally living on garbage, and sleeping in market baskets. Why, if I wanted to keep a dozen horses—which I don't, for one's enough for me—I couldn't bear to see 'em in their stalls here, and think what my own lodging used to be. I couldn't look at 'em, sir, and not order 'em out. Yet so things come round. You see this place, you know what sort of a place it is; you are aware that there's not a completer place of its size in this kingdom or elsewhere—I don't care where—and here, got into the middle of it, like a maggot into a nut, is Josiah Bounderby. While Nickits (as a man came into my office, and told me yesterday), Nickits, who used to act in Latin, in the Westminster School plays, with the chief-justices and nobility of this country applauding him till they were black in the face, is drivelling at this minute—drivelling, sir!—in a fifth floor, up a narrow dark back street in Antwerp."

It was among the leafy shadows of this retirement in the long sultry summer days, that Mr. Harthouse began to prove the face which had set him wondering when he first saw it, and to try if it would change for him.

"Mrs. Bounderby, I esteem it a most fortunate accident that I find you alone here. I have for some time had a particular wish to speak to you."

It was not by any wonderful accident that he found her, the time of day being that at which she was always alone, and the place being her favourite resort. It was an opening in a dark wood, where some felled trees lay, and where she would sit watching the fallen leaves of last year, as she had watched the falling ashes at home.

He sat down beside her, with a glance at her face.

"Your brother. My young friend Tom—"

Her color brightened, and she turned to him with a look of interest. "I never in my life," he thought, "saw anything so remarkable and so captivating as the lighting of those features!" His face betrayed his thoughts—perhaps without betraying him, for it might have been according to its instructions so to do.

"Pardon me. The expression of your sisterly interest is so beautiful—Tom should be so proud of it. I know this is inexcusable, but I am so compelled to admire."

"Being so impulsive," she said composedly.

"Mrs. Bounderby, no; you know I make no pretence with you. You know I am a sordid piece of human nature, ready to sell myself at any time for any reasonable sum, and altogether incapable of any Arcadian proceeding whatever."

"I am waiting," she returned, "for your further reference to my brother."

"You are rigid with me, and I deserve it. I am as worthless a dog as you will find, except that I am not false—not false. But you surprised and started me from my subject, which was your brother. I have an interest in him."

"Have you an interest in anything, Mr. Harthouse?" she asked, half incredulously and half gratefully.

"If you had asked me when I first came here I should have said no. I must say now—even at the hazard of appearing to make a pretence, and of justly awakening your incredulity—yes."

She made a slight movement, as if she were trying to speak, but could not find voice; at length she said, "Mr. Harthouse, I give you credit for being interested in my brother."

"Thank you. I claim to deserve it. You know how little I do claim, but I will go that

length. You have done so much for him, you are so fond of him, your whole life, Mrs. Bounderby, expresses such charming self-forgetfulness on his account—pardon me again—I am running wide of the subject. I am interested in him for his own sake."

She had made the slightest action possible, as if she would have risen in a hurry and gone away. He had turned the course of what he said at that instant, and she remained.

"Mrs. Bounderby," he resumed, in a lighter manner, and yet with a show of effort in assuming it, which was even more expressive than the manner he dismissed; "it is no irrevocable offence in a young fellow of your brother's years, if he is heedless, inconsiderate, and expensive—a little dissipated, in the common phrase. Is he?"

"Yes."

"Allow me to be frank. Do you think he games at all?"

"I think he makes bets." Mr. Harthouse waiting, as if that were not her whole answer, she added, "I know he does."

"Of course he loses?"

"Yes."

"Everybody loses who bets. May I hint at the probability of your sometimes supplying him with money for these purposes?"

She sat, looking down; but, at this question, raised her eyes searchingly and a little resentfully.

"Acquit me of impertinent curiosity, my dear Mrs. Bounderby. I think Tom may be gradually falling into trouble, and I wish to stretch out a helping hand to him from the depths of my wicked experience.—Shall I say again, for his sake? Is that necessary?"

She seemed to try to answer, but nothing came of it.

"Candidly to confess everything that has occurred to me," said James Harthouse, again gliding with the same appearance of effort into his more airy manner. "I will confide to you my doubt whether he has had many advantages. Whether—forgive my plainness—whether any great amount of confidence is likely to have been established between himself and his most worthy father."

"I do not," said Louisa, flushing with her own great remembrance in that wise, "think it likely."

"Or, between himself, and—I may trust to your perfect understanding of my meaning I am sure—and his highly esteemed brother-in-law."

She flushed deeper and deeper, and was burning red when she replied in a fainter voice, "I do not think that likely, either."

"Mrs. Bounderby," said Harthouse, after a short silence, "may there be a better confidence between yourself and me? Tom has borrowed a considerable sum of you?"

"You will understand, Mr. Harthouse," she returned after some indecision: she had been more or less uncertain and troubled throughout the conversation, and yet had in the main preserved her self-contained manner; "you will understand that if I tell you what you press to know, it is not by way of complaint or regret. I would never complain of anything, and what I have done I do not in the least regret."

"So spirited, too!" thought James Harthouse.

"When I married I found that my brother was even at that time heavily in debt. Heavily for him, I mean. Heavily enough to oblige me to sell some trinkets. They were no sacrifice. I sold them very willingly. I attached no value to them. They were quite worthless to me."

Either she saw in his face that he knew, or she only feared in her conscience that he knew, that she spoke of some of her husband's gifts. She stopped, and reddened again. If he had not known it before, he would have known it then, though he had been a much duller man than he was.

"Since then, I have given my brother, at various times, what money I could spare; in short, what money I have had. Confiding in you at all, on the faith of the interest you profess for him, I will not do so by halves. Since you have been in the habit of visiting here, he has wanted in one sum as much as a hundred pounds. I have not been able to give it to him. I have felt uneasy for the consequences of his being so involved, but I have kept these secrets until now, when I trust them to your honor. I have held no confidence with any one, because—you anticipated my reason just now." She abruptly broke off.

He was a ready man, and he saw, and seized, an opportunity here of presenting her own image to her, slightly disguised as her brother.

"Mrs. Bounderby, though a graceless person, of the world worldly, I feel the utmost interest, I assure you, in what you tell me. I cannot possibly be hard upon your brother. I understand and share the wise consideration with which you regard his errors. With all possible respect both for Mr. Gradgrind and for Mr. Bounderby, I think I perceive that he has not been fortunate in his training. Bred at a disadvantage towards the society in which he has his part to play, he rushes into these extremes for himself, from opposite extremes that have long been forced—with the very best intentions we have no doubt—upon him. Mr. Bounderby's fine bluff English independence, though a most charming characteristic, does not—as we have agreed—invite confidence. If I might venture to remark that it is the least in the world deficient in that delicacy to which a youth mistaken, a character misconceived, and abilities misdirected, would turn for relief and guidance, I should express what it presents to my own view."

As he sat looking straight before her, across the changing lights upon the grass into the

darkness of the wood beyond, he saw in her face her application of his very distinctly uttered words.

"All allowance," he continued, "must be made. I have one great fault to find with Tom, however, which I cannot forgive, and for which I take him heavily to account."

Louisa turned her eyes to his face, and asked him what fault was that?

"Perhaps," he returned, "I have said enough. Perhaps it would have been better, on the whole, if no allusion to it had escaped me."

"You alarm me, Mr. Harthouse. Pray let me know it."

"To relieve you from needless apprehension—and as this confidence regarding your brother, which I prize I am sure above all possible things, has been established between us—I obey. I cannot forgive him for not being more sensible, in every word, look, and act of his life, of the affection of his best friend; of the devotion of his best friend; of her unselfishness; of her sacrifice. The return he makes her, within my observation, is a very poor one. What she has done for him demands his constant love and gratitude, not his ill-humour and caprice. Careless fellow as I am, I am not so indifferent, Mrs. Bounderby, as to be regardless of this vice in your brother, or inclined to consider it a venial offence."

The wood floated before her, for her eyes were suffused with tears. They rose from a deep well long concealed, and her heart was filled with acute pain that found no relief in them.

"In a word it is to correct your brother in this, Mrs. Bounderby, that I most aspire. My better knowledge of his circumstances, and my direction and advice in extricating him—rather valuable I hope as coming from a scapegrace on a much larger scale—will give me some influence over him, and all I gain I shall certainly use towards this end. I have said enough, and more than enough. I seem to be protesting that I am a sort of good fellow when, upon my honor, I have not the least intention to make any protestation to that effect, and openly announce that I am nothing of the sort. Yonder among the trees," he added, having lifted up his eyes and looked about; for he had watched her closely until now. "'Tis your brother himself; no doubt, just come down. As he seems to be loitering in this direction, it may be as well, perhaps, to walk towards him, and throw ourselves in his way. He has been very silent and doleful of late. Perhaps, his brotherly conscience is touched—if there are such things as consciences. Though, upon my honor, I hear of them much too often to believe in them."

He assisted her to rise, and she took his arm, and they advanced to meet the whelp. He was idly beating the branches as he lounged along: or he stopped viciously to rip the moss from the trees with his stick. He was startled when they came upon him while he was engaged in this latter pastime, and his color changed.

"Halloa!" he stammered, "I didn't know you were here."

"Whose name, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse, putting his hand upon his shoulder, and turning him, so that they all three walked towards the house together, "have you been carving on the trees?"

"Whose name?" returned Tom. "Oh! you mean what girl's name?"

"You have a suspicious appearance of inscribing some fair creature's on the bark, Tom."

"Not much of that, Mr. Harthouse, unless some fair creature with a slashing fortune at her own disposal would take a fancy to me. Or she might be as ugly as she was rich, without any fear of losing me. I'd carve her name as often as she liked."

"I'm afraid you are mercenary, Tom."

"Mercenary," repeated Tom. "Who is not mercenary? Ask my sister."

"Have you so proved it to be a failing of mine, Tom?" said Louisa, showing no other sense of his discontent and ill-nature.

"You know whether the cap fits you, Loo," returned her brother sulkily. "If it does, you can wear it."

"Tom is misanthropical to day, as all bored people are, now and then," said Mr. Harthouse. "Don't believe him, Mrs. Bounderby. He knows much better. I shall disclose some of his opinions of you privately expressed to me, unless he relents a little."

"At all events, Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, softening in his admiration of his patron, but shaking his head sullenly too, "you can't tell her that I ever praised her for being mercenary. I may have praised her for being the contrary, and I should do it again if I had as good reason. However, never mind this now; it's not very interesting to you, and I am sick of the subject."

They walked on to the house, where Louisa quitted her visitor's arm and went in. He stood looking after her as she ascended the steps and passed into the shadow of the door, then put his hand upon her brother's shoulder again, and invited him with a confidential nod to a walk in the garden.

"Tom, my fine fellow, I want to have a word with you."

They had stopped among a disorder of roses—it was part of Mr. Bounderby's humility to keep Nickits's roses on a reduced scale—and Tom sat down on a terrace-parapet, plucking buds and picking them to pieces, while his powerful Familiar stood over him, with a foot upon the parapet and his figure easily resting on the arm supported by that knee. They were just visible from her window. Perhaps she saw them.

"Tom, what's the matter?"

"Oh! Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, with a groan, "I am hard up and bothered out of my life."

"My good fellow, so am I!"

"You!" returned Tom. "You are the picture of Independence. Mr. Harthouse, I am in a horrible mess. You have no idea what a state I have got myself into—what a state my sister might have got me out of if she would only have done it."

He took to biting the rosebuds now, and tearing them away from his teeth with a hand that trembled like an infirm old man's.

After one exceedingly observant look at him, his companion relapsed into his lightest air.

"Tom, you are inconsiderate; you expect too much of your sister. You have had money of her, you dog, you know you have."

"Well, Mr. Harthouse, I know I have. How else was I to get it? Here's old Bounderby always boasting that at my age he lived upon two-pence a month, or something of that sort. Here's my father drawing what he calls a line, and tying me down to it from a baby, neck and heels. Here's my mother who never has anything of her own, except her complaints. What *is* a fellow to do for money, and where *am* I to look for it, if not to my sister!"

He was almost crying, and scattered the buds about by dozens. Mr. Harthouse took him persuasively by the coat.

"But, dear Tom, if your sister has not got it."

"Not got it, Mr. Harthouse? I don't say she has got it. I may have wanted more than she was likely to have got. But then she ought to get it. She could get it. It's of no use pretending to make a secret of matters now, after what I have told you already; you know she didn't marry old Bounderby for her own sake, or for his sake, but for my sake. Then why doesn't she get what I want, out of him, for my sake? She is not obliged to say what she is going to do with it; she is sharp enough; she could manage to coax it out of him if she chose. Then why doesn't she choose when I tell her of what consequence it is? But no. There she sits in his company like a stone, instead of making herself agreeable and getting it easily. I don't know what you may call this, but *I* call it unnatural conduct."

There was a piece of ornamental water immediately below the parapet, on the other side, into which Mr. James Harthouse had a very strong inclination to pitch Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, Junior, as the injured men of Coketown threatened to pitch their property into the Atlantic. But he preserved his easy attitude, and nothing more solid went over the stone balustrades than the accumulated rosebuds now floating about a little surface-island.

"My dear Tom," said Harthouse, "let me try to be your banker."

"For God's sake," replied Tom, suddenly, "don't talk about bankers!" and very white he looked in contrast with the roses. Very white.

Mr. Harthouse, as a thoroughly well bred man, accustomed to the best society, was not to be surprised—he could as soon have been affected—but he raised his eyelids a little more, as if they were lifted by a feeble touch of wonder. Albeit, it was as much against the precepts of his school to wonder, as it was against the doctrines of the Gradgrind College.

"What is the present need, Tom? Three figures? Out with them. Say what they are."

"Mr. Harthouse," returned Tom, now actually crying; and his tears were better than his injuries, however pitiful a figure he made; "it's too late; the money is of no use to me at present. I should have had it before, to be of use to me. But I am very much obliged to you; you're a true friend."

"A true friend! Whelp, whelp!" thought Mr. Harthouse, lazily; "what an Ass you are!"

"And I take your offer as a great kindness," said Tom, grasping his hand. "As a great kindness, Mr. Harthouse."

"Well," returned the other, "it may be of more use by and by. And, my good fellow, if you will open your bedevilments to me, when they come thick upon you, I may show you better ways out of them than you can find for yourself."

"Thank you," said Tom, shaking his head dismally, and chewing rosebuds. "I wish I had known you sooner, Mr. Harthouse."

"Now, you see, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse in conclusion; himself tossing over a rose or two, as a contribution to the island, which was always drifting to the wall as if it wanted to become a part of the mainland; "every man is selfish in everything he does, and I am exactly like the rest of my fellow creatures. I am desperately intent;" the languor of his desperation being quite tropical; "on your softening towards your sister—which you ought to do; and on your being a more loving and agreeable sort of brother—which you ought to be."

"I will be, Mr. Harthouse."

"No time like the present, Tom. Begin at once."

"Certainly I will. And my sister Loo shall say so."

"Having made which bargain, Tom," said Harthouse, clapping him on the shoulder again, with an air which left him at liberty to infer—as he did, poor fool—that this condition was imposed upon him in mere careless good nature, to lessen his sense of obligation, "we will tear ourselves asunder until dinner-time."

When Tom appeared before dinner; though his mind seemed heavy enough, his body was on the alert, and he appeared before Mr. Bounderby came in. "I didn't mean to be cross, Loo," he said, giving her his hand, and kissing her. "I know you are fond of me, and you know I am fond of you."

After this, there was a smile upon Louisa's face that day, for some one else. Alas, for some one else!

"So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

FRENCH DOMESTICITY.

A Frenchwoman's characteristics are generally that she is unexceptionally shod; that she wears inimitable gloves; that she has a toilette of two colours only, with a distracting way of wearing a shawl; that her manners are bewitching, full of small graces and delicately-shaded coquetteries, but never wanting in the nicest appreciation of external proprieties, to which her flirtations are always subordinate; that she has a marvellous facility of walking clean through the dirty streets of Paris, and as marvellous a knack of holding up her skirts with one hand over her left hip (I have seen many Englishwomen try to imitate this, but I never saw one succeed); that she has a supernatural preservation of youth, and a bewildering habit of mistaking her friend's husband for her own. These are popular characteristics, and few people allow her any other; but those who know her well, know that other thoughts besides dress and flirting work beneath those smooth bands of glossy hair, which look as if they had taken a lifetime to bring into their present high condition of polish and intricate arrangement, and that the hands, in their close-fitting gloves, can do something better than make up caps or crotchet purses; that she is not only an agreeable woman of society, but also a careful housekeeper, an affectionate mother, and a submissive wife.

Look at that pretty little woman, tripping pleasantly along the boulevard, and chatting gaily with the bonne in the high white Normandy cap, who walks familiarly by her side. The bonne is carrying an infant, clothed all in white down to its boots, or in blue and white, which shows that it is voué au blanc, or au bleu et blanc: that is, consecrated to the Virgin for one, perhaps for two years, either for fear or for gratitude. Our little woman herself is dressed in perfect good taste; from head to foot not an incongruous colour, not an ill-fitting line. Her bonnet alone would madden the country milliner who should try to discover the structural secret of all those clippings of silks, and laces, and ribbons, and how it was that each colour and material seemed to belong so entirely to the others, and to harmonise with, or form the complement of the whole. Examine closely, and you will find this pretty bonnet, and that elegant looking gown which fits like wax, are both of the simplest material; they appear to be good enough for an English duchess, but it is the richness of good taste and arrangement, not of stuff, that our Parisian coquette delights in; and she knows how to look better in a cheap print than many others in satin or in velvet. She has an elegantly shaped basket in her hand, and she carries it gracefully, and not at all as if it were filled with common household stuff. But lift up the cover, and you will find a bunch of sorrel leaves (oseille), or a thick slice of pumpkin (potiron), for to-day's dinner, if it be Friday, when they must have soupe maigre for conscience' sake; or, perchance, if inclined to expenditure, and the dinner may be gras, you will see a small ris de veau (in a bill we know of, this article of food, called in English sweetbread, was charged as the smile of a calf), or a mutton cutlet, or a piece of bifstek from the entre-côtes, or anything else small and relishing for the plat de viande. Anyhow, it is sure to contain something useful and domestic, whether in the shape of fruit, vegetables, meat, or butter and eggs, of which there is a large consumption in a French household; something that few English ladies would buy for themselves, and fewer still carry home through Regent Street, when dressed, as our little friend is to-day. We have seen a marquise of the real old nobility, a rich woman too, carry a big flower-pot from the Marché des Fleurs, at the Madeleine, with as much indifference as our fine ladies would carry a bouquet or a fan.

Let us follow this little woman, and see how she lives in her own house, and if she be there only the gay butterfly she looks in the streets, or if she have any graver notion of the duties of life than dress and flirting. We follow her into a by-street, and into another by-street, a third, and a fourth—perhaps to the Quartier du Roule, perhaps to Chaillot, or just in the contrary direction, to the Marais, or to Bercy. She suddenly extinguishes herself in the yawning jaws of a port-cochère in one of these by-streets, let us say in the Rue de la Pépinière, near the Faubourg Saint Honoré. She stops at the porter's lodge to take her key, and speak a few words pleasantly to the porter: in all probability more than a few, for our little woman loves talking, and is usually well informed on all the gossip of the quartier. She hears all that has happened in her absence, including the arrest of certain unfortunate brigands, who have been marched between files of soldiers with fixed bayonets, to the house of the commissaire, opposite: or that Madame Une-telle has gone out in a petit coupé with Monsieur Un-tel; and, Mon Dieu!—but some people are blind. Our friend shrugs her shoulders in virtuous indignation, and, mindful of a possible future, calls the concierge Monsieur or Madame with praiseworthy perseverance; for she pays respect to every one. In France the rendering, in England the exacting, of respect, marks the true blood, in rather diverse manners. She

and her child, and the bonne, now mount the stairs. First, second, third, fourth flights; again another, and at the fifth the bonne unlocks the door, and the family enter.

It is an apartment of four pieces, or rooms, inclusive of the kitchen, and exclusive of the antichambre: a small vestibule without light, where, if they want an additional room, the servant is often put, to sleep, when not domiciled in the kitchen. The rest of the suite is composed of a salle à manger, a salon, one bedroom, and a kitchen. This is a very common partition of the upper stories in Parisian houses, and goes under the name of a petit appartement. The rooms are well furnished, and the first thing which strikes the visitor is the lightness of the general effect. The window-curtains are of muslin, clean and pure; they cost very little, yet they are exceedingly elegant; there is no carpet, but little round pieces, woven expressly for the purpose, and placed before each chair, and a few low footstools, or tabourets, do carpet duty; and the floors are highly polished, and generally of wood, worked diagonally. The chairs, tables, and sofas are of beautiful shapes, and the easy chairs are delightful. Flowers grow in a jardinière in the window, and cut bouquets are in vases on the table, and on the chiffoniers, and, on each side of the ormolu clock, which is sure to be in the centre of the chimney-piece against the mirror—for you may be certain of the mirror over the fire-place; that is one of the great facts of French furniture, never absent. This is the salon. The dining-room is more scantily furnished. The floor is of hexagon-shaped tiles, and there is no fire-place, but a stove instead, which is pretty sure to smoke, and quite certain to stifle, without warming you; and in summer, flowers and flower-pots stand on the stove instead of on the chimney-piece. There is a table, there are some chairs, and two arm-chairs, a kind of side-board, and a clock—not so handsome as the drawing-room clock, but still a clock. We pass now to the bed-room, which opens into the drawing-room. Indeed, we ought to have given the description of the rooms as they stand. First, the antichambre, which opens into the dining-room; through the dining-room is the salon, and through the salon, with a door leading into the antichambre and facing the kitchen, is the bed-room. The bed-room is almost more tastefully arranged than the salon, for the mistress spends chief part of her in-door life here. The two beds are close together, and very small; they stand within a kind of alcove or recess, and are almost entirely screened by white curtains, bordered with pink, and tied up with large pink rosettes, that hang before the recess. The armoire, or wardrobe, is of mahogany, and has large mirrored doors; and there is a round glass, framed in muslin, tied up also in pink, as in the days of Louis Quatorze; and the dressing-table, where it stands is clothed in the like drapery. The washing apparatus, we are bound in sorrowful truth to say, is small and inefficient. A skeleton tripod holds one baby basin for the whole family, and the ewer is not much larger than the milk-jug used for the coffee at breakfast. The skeleton has two small ribs; the upper one for the soap-dish, and the lower one for a tooth-glass—rarely used; but there are none of the luxurious addenda of sponge-basin, nail-brush, dishes, &c., &c., which we have made necessities. We cannot help wondering how the French are able to make themselves even look clean with such scanty provision for the purpose. But, passing by that lean tripod, we come to vases of artificial flowers, placed on the table close by; to another clock, not quite so handsome as the one in the drawing-room, but very pretty, nevertheless; to a sofa, an easy chair, a table covered with woman's work, more rounds of carpet and circular tabourets, and a second wardrobe, also with glass doors, for Monsieur le Mari. This completes the inventory of the bedroom, which does service for the lady's boudoir as well. The servant's room (when she does not sleep in the antichambre) is up stairs, still higher; and the child or children sleep with the parents.

This is an exceedingly common style of house arrangement in Paris, and is by no means a despicable style. It secures a good position and a respectable appearance, with modest private accompaniments. It does not stamp poverty with degradation, and force the less wealthy to herd together in low neighbourhoods, where house-rent is cheap because houses are badly built and badly situated. In such a house, barons and marquises may live on the best floors, while the other occupants graduate off, through the well-to-do middle-classes, up to workpeople in the attics; the general arrangements being public to the noble and the workman alike. Small as this circumstance may seem, it is one of the many causes which refine the French workman and bring him into pleasant brotherhood with the rich and high.

In an apartment such as we have described; where all is simple, elegant, plain, and thoroughly well-assorted; where there has been very little expense and a great deal of artistic taste in the choosing of the furniture; our young wife begins her housekeeping, when she does not live with the parents of one or the other side, as often happens with newly-married people, and which is indeed the mode if the wife be young, as she generally is. But the little woman we have followed over the pavement of the Italians, has earned herself the right of independence now, by her motherhood; so she and her husband, who is an employé in a government office, have established themselves in their present home, and have taken their stand as one of the nuclei of society.

But there are other things necessary to domestic life besides chairs and tables; and a ménage must have a well-organized commissariat, as well as an upholstery department. Here it is that our true Frenchwoman shines pre-eminent. How best to market—how to save a few centimes by haggling, cheapening, stinting, without absolute dishonesty or starvation—employs her faculties to the utmost; as much so as a general's victualling his troops in a hostile country. Early in the morning, our little woman, so fresh and gay in the afternoon, sallies out to market, dressed in garments that defy appearances and fashion. She enquires the price of everything she sees, whether she wants the article or not, and offers about a third, sometimes half, less than the sum demanded for what she does intend to buy. In vain the marchands scream at the top of their voices to madame, exhorting her to be reasonable—in vain they pluck her by the sleeve and assure her that Monsieur son Mari will be charmed with her if she take him home these delicious greens, or that ravishing asparagus. She tells them they must talk common sense, and bids them ask such prices of the English, who know no better. She generally ends by bargaining her articles down to her own prices, and walks off with them in triumph: for she has saved perhaps a couple of sous by half an hour's vociferation. At the butcher's it is the same.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought; for servants are wasteful with charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvellous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove, cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal fires have no conception of—she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. She mixes up the milk and eggs that make the foundation of the soup a l'oseille, if it be meagre day. This sorrel soup is a great favourite in economical households, and is vaunted as being highly rafraîchissant for the blood; indeed, one of the most refreshing things you can take, next to a tisane of lime flowers. She mixes the salad—oil, salt, and pepper are all she puts into it; she fries the potato chips, or peeps into the pot of haricots, or sees that the spinach is clean, and the asparagus properly boiled. And then she turns to the plat sucré, or sweet dish, if she have one for dinner—the riz au rhum, or the œufs à la neige, or the crême à vanille—all simple enough and cheap, and not to be unwittingly rejected, if properly made. In fact our friend does the work of head cook; the servant doing the dirty work. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan—sometimes, if not very strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables dressed and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish. If not that, a little fruit, such as may be cheapest and in the ripest season. But there is very little of each thing; and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little on eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere idleness. No Frenchwoman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine-ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.

A word, too, on the more feminine matters of economy; for they are curiosities in their way, and may be of use to one class of the readers of Household Words. Only those who have seen the results of this side of saving would believe in their possibility, unless initiated in the process. A Frenchwoman cleans her gloves, light boots, ribbons, silks, and laces, at the cost of a few sous, and with surprising success. They pass for new at any but the closest inspection, and are worthy to do so. A Frenchwoman never buys a lining for a new gown; she cuts up her old gowns, or worn-out petticoats instead. She unpicks and stitches up again, changes, turns, irons, and renews, until every inch of the stuff has served half-a-dozen purposes, and there is not an unworn thread left in the whole garment. A Frenchwoman is always noticeable for her clean linen—cuffs and collars always white and fresh; but then she works them herself, and washes them at home; and thus procures another large feminine luxury at small cost. It is the same with her table-linen. Napkins at breakfast, napkins at dinner, and fresh tablecloths or upper napkins constantly renewed. These real luxuries are also gained by industry and energy, for the bonne washes them at home. But perhaps, if she have only one child, our little woman keeps no servant, and gets on with a femme de ménage, or a femme de journée, who comes twice in the day; to clean the house in the morning, and again in the afternoon to help prepare dinner, and wash up the service afterwards. In this case, there is a frotteur once or twice a week—a man who scrubs and polishes the floors by skating over them on brushes. The water, wood, and

charcoal are brought up by men; and, by the way, the water-carrier is generally one of the honestest men of the quartier, and may be trusted like a commissioner, or the horloger who winds up the clock in an hotel. And it is our little woman's supreme delight, after she has dusted all the ornaments in her rooms, and superintended the second déjeûner, to dress herself smart and gay, and sit at the open window and work; an amusement varied in the summer by leaning out of the window, which she will do many times in the day; especially if it commands a street. After dining she may be invariably seen there, side by side with her husband, who is probably smoking, and frequently, if it be very warm, in his shirt-sleeves. After they have lounged there for half-an-hour, they stroll into the Champs Elysées, or on to the Boulevards, and, if he is in a good humour, they take chairs at a café chantant, and sip a glass of sherbet, or a cup of black café; and thus for a few sous — perhaps she saved them between the butcher's and the greengrocer's to-day—they enjoy music, fresh air, society, and gaiety, in their most innocent and attractive forms. Or they go to the play; especially on Sundays, after they have done their duty at the eleven o'clock mass.

Our government employé is poor, it is true. He has only about a hundred pounds a year,—perhaps he may make up three thousand francs, or a hundred and twenty pounds; but thousands of well-dressed young married people have no more, and many who look every bit as well as they, have not so much. They think their fine toilettes and their theatre tickets well purchased by a few stinted dinners, and a little extra handiwork. They would rather slave in the mornings, and enjoy themselves in the evenings, than spend a monotonous existence of dull idleness and lazy respectability. Perhaps they are not so far out in their code of social philosophy.

Nothing can be more innocent than the pleasures of a French family, and nothing more domestic, if domesticity mean family union, and not house incarceration. A French father and mother take their children with them wherever they go. Into the Tuileries gardens, that paradise for little people; into the Bois de Boulogne, and under the shadow of the stately trees of Saint Germains; or through the royal avenues of Versailles. Wherever they are, there is mon fils of six or seven years old, and ma fille of two or three. They see no degradation in amusing even their youngest children; and you will often observe a stalwart fellow, six foot high, dandling his baby as deftly as a professional nurse; and that before the open eyes of the whole Tuileries world. People don't laugh at him for it; some respect him, but most take it as a matter of course—they do just the same themselves. This does not look like that aniversal renunciation of family ties which has long been a popular idea among us concerning the French. Indeed, they live more with each other than we do; and are both more respectful to the aged and more careful of the young. The affectionate respect paid to parents is peculiarly delightful, and must strike every English person who mixes in French society. As for the children, they live entirely with the parents. After a certain age, generally after they are four years old, they dine with them at six o'clock, and they are never absent from the mother's side until they go to a college or a convent to be educated. Thousands of young French girls have never slept a night away from the paternal roof; and, if thoroughly well brought up, their bedrooms open into, and are only approached from, the mother's. French nurses and mothers are exceedingly indulgent, and have a great horror of English women, whom they believe to be harsh and cruel. Only those deeply bitten by the Anglo-mania, which Béranger reprobates, would place an Englishwoman near their children. It is a common saying that those who keep an English servant must keep a servant to attend on her.

However, it is certain that a little wholesome discipline might not be thrown away on the Adolphes and the Eulalies of our acquaintance; and a strong-hearted Saxon, of good sense and vigorous mind, might work a salutary reform among many of those tiny Gallic rebels who set at naught all law, and utterly despise all order. Still, if the result be that the children are overspoiled, at least it proves the kind-heartedness and patience of the parents. It is a strange and at first sight an anomalous fact, that a nation so free and individual as the French in many things, supports such stringent parental discipline as their code allows. Up to the age of twenty-one, a son may be imprisoned by his father for vicious, or, as we should term it fast, habits—gaming, contracting debts, and so forth. At no time of his life, if he be not a widower, can he marry without his parents' consent, unless he have recourse to three judicial citations. A mother has power over her daughter to the end of her life, if she be not married; and it is a common form of punishment for unworthy mothers, to deprive them of this power for a term of years. Again, the practice, universal even among the poorest, of saving up marriage portions for the daughters, shows that the parental affections can take the form of self-sacrifice as well as of over indulgence. Then, as to the more purely domestic habits. In the middle class, once a week certainly, perhaps oftener, they have family réunions of fathers and brothers, and sisters and mothers, and they make dinners, and form parties, only among themselves, with wonderful zeal and constancy. Our little woman, for instance, has a married brother, and her husband has

another married brother, and a sister also married; and these several fraternities, with their children, and fathers, and mothers, make up a goodly company. Yet, large as this home circle is, it all converges into a point once or twice a week; and dinners and soirées are given in the most domestic manner possible. True, the husbands sometimes go out and smoke their cigars in a café, and read the newspapers there, while sipping their absinthe and water, or chocolate; and sometimes, too, they dine out together at a restaurant, instead of at home. But these facts argue no want of family feeling. They are simply characteristics of Parisian life, not necessarily including either license of habits or indifference. Indeed, the whole tenor of the French middle-class life is strongly the reverse; although we know this is a new view of French character, and one which many will not accept.

On the whole, there are many worse things than a French ménage, with its cheapness, its gaiety, its out-of-door pleasures, its social charms and artistic arrangement. And though that little dark-eyed woman has the terrible fault of perverting the thing that is, and of reading letters that don't belong to her, and of suspecting every one she knows, sees, or hears of, of immoral practices, yet, in spite of these fearful misdemeanours, there is something so arch, animated, and bright in her, that, between her tact and her cleverness, her gracious manners and her spirituelle conversation, she is a very fascinating little person. If she were but truthful and severely honourable —which she is not always, more's the pity!— she would be an admirable specimenof feminine attractiveness and loveable womanhood.

DONE TO A JELLY.

Professor Owen, when lecturing on the results of our late Exhibition, spoke warmly and well respecting the economical value of little fragments from the animal world—little bits which our forefathers were wont to throw away. He dwelt on the fact that the most uninviting, and seemingly most worthless parts of animal bodies, are turned to uses of the most unexpected kind by the inventive skill and science of man. He remarked that the most signal progress in the economical extraction and preparation of pure gelatines and glues from the waste remnants of the skins, bones, tendons, ligaments, and other gelatinous tissues of animals, has been made in France, where the well-organised and admirably-arranged establishments for the slaughter of cattle, sheep, and horses in large towns, give great and valuable facilities for the economical application of all the waste parts of animal bodies. Indeed, this is one way to measure our social progress. While some men are striving to make better use than our forefathers of substances always recognised as valuable, others are directing their attention to humble and lowly bits and scraps which a former age would have spurned, kicked, trampled on, despised, burned, and otherwse ill-used and maltreated.

Given, a bone—to find a basin of soup in it. Here is a problem in gelatinous mathematics; and a very sensible problem it is too. Many generations ago the French chemist, Papin, set to work in good earnest on this matter. He made a vessel which he called a digester, closed everywhere except at a small hole at the top, which was provided with a safety-valve; the digester was enormously strong; insomuch that when the valve was weighed down heavily, water could be made to boil at a much higher temperature than the familiar two hundred and twelve degrees. This was the gist of the whole matter; for whatever may be extracted from bone by hot water, much more can be extracted by doubly hot water. Papin broke his bones, put them into the digester, made the water boil at a fierce heat, and obtained a gelatinous extract which became a tremulous solid when cold. Another old philosopher of those days, Boyle, found the means to make the most of a cow-heel. He exposed it to a moderate heat for four hours in a perfectly close vessel, without any water; he then found the entire cow-heel to be so softened, that he could cut it up with a knife, as if the softer parts had furnished moisture for mollifying the rest. The late Mr. Aikin found that, after extracting much gelatine from bones by ordinary boiling, there was another portion which nothing but a higher boiling heat could liberate from the cellular structure of the bone. During the long Napoleonic wars, bone-soup was made in some of the hospitals and military head-quarters of France, by Papin's method; and many pamphlets were written in advocacy of the plan of collecting bones as a soup-making article of food in besieged garrisons. Those who have tasted it say, however, that bone gelatine extracted at this high temperature, has a sort of unpleasant burnt flavour; and certain chemists have suggested quite a laboratory-like mode of proceeding. First take, or beg, or borrow, or pick your bones; boil them to extract the fat; steep them in very diluted muriatic acid, to dissolve the earthy basis; wash the remaining semi-transparent gelatinous mass in water; dissolve it in forty times its weight of boiling water; evaporate the jelly thus produced to a state of greater consistency;—and there is your soup. Whether bone soup is really made, let the scientific cooks declare; but it is certain that the scrapings, shavings, and sawdust of bones are used by pastrycooks as a material for jelly, which is yielded the more readily on account of the attenuated state to which the fragments of bone have been previously reduced; and the jelly is said to be nearly as good as calf's-foot jelly. Bone

gelatine, too, is imported from France in cakes or sheets, to take part in preparations for the table.

A well-disposed cow or sheep would not be niggardly in the bestowal of these gelatinous treasures. Skin, membranes, tendon, ligament, bone, hoof, horn, feet—all yield gelatine. In producing that gelatinous substance which artisans call by the somewhat unmeaning name of size, it is customary to use clippings of hides, hoofs, horns, and feet; and the refuse from the skins of horses, dogs, and cats; and the shreddings of parchment, vellum, and white leather,—all are welcome to the size-tubs: these are cleaned and boiled, and skimmed and strained, and cooled. But the making of glue is a yet more curious affair. Go into one of the glue-factories between London Bridge Station and Greenwich. You find heaps of flaps, roundings, scrapings, and cuttings of skins—all sorts of refuse, indeed, from the tanners' and leather-dressers' yards. You see how these bits and scraps are cleansed in lime-water, rinsed in clean water, dried on hurdles, boiled to a jelly; you see how this jelly is clarified, cooled in large masses, cut by a spade into square cakes, and further cut by brass wires into slices; you see how these slices are placed upon nets stretched across wooden frames; how these frames are piled up in the open air; how they are roofed over to protect them from rain; how the slices are turned two or three times a day to facilitate their drying; how they are kept in lofts for some months to harden; and how they then become glue.

There has been a new claimant to gelatinous honors within the last few years, under the name of marine glue. Wonders are told of the adhesiveness of this stranger; that it makes wood stronger than unglued wood could be; that it takes twenty tons of pulling force to remove a glued splinter; that an oaken cannon-ball will not split in the seams cemented with marine glue; with many other marvels. But this we have little to do with here; the marine glue is a cement, and a remarkable one; but it has, we believe, no animal gelatine in its composition.

Gelatine casts are a pretty example of one mode in which glue may be made ornamental, or at least subservient to ornament. They are not properly casts, but moulds for casts; and the reason why they are valued is, that the elasticity of the material removes many of the objections attending the use of sand, clay, wax, or plaster for moulds. Pure gelatine, or gelatine mixed with treacle, will furnish a very elastic material for moulds. Casts from anatomical preparations, casts from calcareous concretions, casts from vegetable substances, casts from ivory carvings, have been obtained in great beauty from gelatine moulds; the material is so elastic, that no amount of alto-relievo, or under-cutting, will baffle it. Gelatine casts from gelatine moulds can even be produced; and as these casts are very elastic, we may obtain carved bas-reliefs from flat or plain originals. The extraordinary electrotypic arts are not altogether unindebted to these gelatinous casts and moulds; for the gelatine may be impressed upon an electro-coppered work of art; or the electro-coppering may be effected upon a gelatine cast, properly coated on the surface with blacklead or some other material. In fact, gelatine, or else that peculiar mixture of glue and treacle whereof printers' inking-rollers are made, has a degree of elasticity which bids fair to give it a gradually extending range of application in the arts.

It may be within the memory of many who read this, how dazzling and holiday-like was the display of gelatine sheets in Hyde Park three years ago. Beautiful they certainly were, for their thinness, their smoothness, their glossiness, their transparency, and their rich colours. The French manufacturer who exhibited these sheets, and who designates himself a Gelatineur, tells us, in his trade circular, that until recently, the high price of pure gelatine has rendered this substance available only for articles of luxury; but now, when it can be obtained either from bones or from common glue, it is and ought to be cheaper. He magnanimously announces that he does not wish, by his improved processes, to injure the trade of his brother gelatineurs; and that he is quite ready to describe his own processes to all whom it may concern. By this means, he thinks, gelatine-making might rise to the dignity of a science.

The gelatineur enumerates, one by one, the several purposes to which this really pretty substance is applied. First, he says, he can apply it as a layer to the surface of an engraving or woven material, to which it serves as a varnish. He can make it into a thin carton, for address cards, visiting cards, or images réligeuses, which may be either coloured or colourless. He can make it of the same thickness, but yet more transparent, to assist wood-engravers and others in transferring or copying their designs. He can make it as exquisitely thin as the thinnest paper, as supple as silk, as transparent as glass. In this state he calls it paper-crystal, or crystal-paper; and he sells it to the perfumer as envelopes and wrappers for his dainty boxes and bottles; to the fleuriste as a material whence to make transparent artificial flowers; to the lithographic printer, as a delicate paper whereon he may print in gold, silver, or colours. It was this crystal paper which shone so brightly at our Exhibition, in sheets as large as five feet by four. We suppose the gelatineur to refer to a sort of tapestry-hangings or drapery adornments, when he says, that with these sheets of crystal-paper "on pourra tapisser des salles de bal." He claims for these thin films a power of resisting all the variations in the humidity of the atmosphere.

It may be interesting to know in what way

these curious preparations of gelatine are sold in Paris. The gelatineur tells us that the sheets generally measure about fifty centimètres by thirty-four (equivalent to about twenty inches by thirteen). There are the thin sheets for cards, about fifty francs per hundred; there is the crystal-paper for perfumers and fleuristes, about twenty-five francs per hundred sheets; there is the papier glâcé, for designers and engravers, forty francs per hundred; there is the crystal-paper, with printed adornments in gold, or silver, or colours, about a hundred and twenty francs per hundred; there is the varnish film, twenty francs; there is the impermeable quality given to any of the varieties, at twenty francs per hundred additional. Lastly, our gelatineur gives a specimen of the kind of productions which may serve as shop-bills or address-cards; he gives one of his own, about six inches by four, printed in gold on thin crimson-coloured gelatine sheets; and states that such productions he can supply at five francs per hundred.

We are quite prepared to learn that these prettinesses are made in London as prettily as in Paris; but the great fat Post Office Directory does not throw any light on this matter. There is, it appears, another Frenchman to whom precedence is given in this interesting art. This is M. Grenet of Rouen. Professor Owen, in the lecture before adverted to, speaks of "the different kinds of gelatine in thin layers, adapted for the dressing of stuffs, and for gelatinous baths, in the clarification of wines which contain a sufficient quantity of tannin to precipitate the gelatine; pure and white gelatines cut into threads for the use of the confectioner; very thin white and transparent sheets of paper glâcé, or ice-paper for copying drawings; and a quantity of objects of luxury or ornament, formed of dyed, silvered, or gilt gelatines, adapted to a variety of purposes, and to the fabrication of artificial and fancy flowers;" and he spoke of M. Grenet as having been the first to fabricate largely, out of various residues of animal bodies, of little value, these beautiful and diversified products, many of which previously were derived from the more costly substance, isinglass.

What is this isinglass here spoken of, and one of the two sources of groups of gelatinous substance mentioned in an earlier paragraph? There are many kinds of isinglass, good and bad, but all are fishy—whether "ancient and fishlike" we will not say—but fishy certainly. The best isinglass, it is said, is prepared in Russia, from the membranes of the sturgeon, especially from its air-bladder and sounds. These membranes, when removed from the fish, are washed with cold water, and exposed to dry and stiffen in the open air. The outer skin is removed, and the remainder is cut out and loosely twisted into rolls. The rolls, called staples, are of different sizes, according to the purposes to which they are to be appropriated. The substance is also brought to market in two other forms—scrapings, called leaf-isinglass, and packages, called book-isinglass. We are more familiar with isinglass in the state of slender filaments. These are prepared through the intervention of cutting machines. The purposes to which this isinglass is applied are numerous—jellies, ices, creams, blancmange are made with its aid; beer is fined or refined with it; isinglass glue, and diamond cement, are two preparations of isinglass employed as adhesive compositions. As man is naturally prone to cheapness, and as isinglass is not always cheap, a substitute is not unfrequently sought for; one substitute is the cod-sound, which is brought from Scotland in a dried state, and melted into an inferior kind of isinglass. The nutritive as well as the adhesive quality of isinglass, of cod-sounds, of bones, of skins, of tendons, of ligaments, of membranes, of hoofs, of horns, of feet, result from the simple fact that these substances can be done to a jelly.

EXILED.

My brighter hours, like pleasant dreams, have fled,
And left me here an exile, and alone;
I hear no welcome sound of human tread,
No voice except the echo of my own.
My life has pass'd its noon of sunny light,
And entered twilight shades; my hopes are gone;
I watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight,
Like stars that fade, and mingle with the tints of dawn.

And this I know, that when on wood and wold
The setting sun his bright embroidery weaves,
And when the latest of his darts of gold
Is shivered on the brazen shield of leaves,
And, like kind visions at the step of night,
Upon the thankless world the star-beams fall,
I know that all those mingled hues of light
Are only Nature's paintings on my prison wall.

I roam at will on wooded hill and plain,
Their leafy folds by gentlest breezes stirr'd;
But I would gladly give this wide domain
To hear a single kindly-spoken word.
I count the waves,—they are my only friends;
All day I watch them perish on the shore:
But I would lose the charm their music lends
To see a form again that I have seen before.

Or in the wood I wait, when, with soft tread,
The shades of twilight glide among the trees,
Stirring no leaf, like spirits of the dead,
Whose only voice is in the midnight breeze;
When all the pomp and glory of the day,
Like a bright palace, not composed of stone,
But built by spirits, has long sunk away,
And darkness, its sole ruin, stays on earth alone.

A melancholy joy my bosom fills
When the bright moon, with perfect calm endued,
Stands her full height upon the misty hills,
Which are but pedestals for solitude,

And stretching o'er the world her arms of light,
She scatters blessings from the sky's broad dome;
For then I know that in the cheerless night
The same pale moon falls light upon the hills at home.

THE RUINED POTTER.

James Fielding was the son of a potter, and bred up to his father's trade. He married young—long before he could keep a wife—and with both his parents' consent, or rather with their forgiveness, as they could not help themselves. For, as they said, it war very nat'ral, an' he might ha' done worse: 'twar, to be sure, the first time, an' belike he wouldn't do it agen. And so they cordially shook hands with him, and pledged the pretty bride in a flagon of old Burton, and were both present at the first child's christening. But the cholera came soon afterwards, and took off the old man and his wife. This was the opening scene of James Fielding's sufferings—want, pestilence, and death. His wife and himself were soon afterwards both seized with the disorder, and, though they recovered slowly, it was only to find their father and mother, and first-born child, removed from their once comfortable home to the church-yard, and they themselves with feeble bodies and accumulated debts, which had run on wildly during sickness. First, James was put into jail for the doctor's bill, and then the landlord distrained for rent, and turned them on the world; and so they were ruined.

To be in prison never serves a man; he gets a habit of shifting and shuffling, and leaning, and talking, and idling; he has the short hand-in-the-pocket walk, and the hang-down look of a jail companion; he is never a man again. James Fielding came out of Stafford jail, a changed character; more clever and less capable of work—daintier, but not so refined—prouder, but not more honourable; the edge was taken from the mind and given to the appetites; nevertheless, he was a fond father, for he shortly became one again, and a loving husband to a wife who doated on him. But a thoroughly fallen man seldom rights himself, and bankruptcy is a break-up for life in the constitution of successful industry. James Fielding laboured, but his toil was thriftless; he found friends, but, one way or other, he let in every body who had anything to do with him. By degrees, he got, as was natural, a very bad character, and, as is generally the case under such circumstances, without altogether deserving it. He was an unfortunate, but not an evil man; and we all know how falling bodies quicken in their descent.

Still, he was a man born to suffer, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Men of all countries, stations, and fortunes, labour—from the serf to the lord—and Fielding's destiny was only that of his sex. But, the gentle, pretty girl, whom he had taken from her father's home to comfort and cherish, to keep his fireside clean, and to nurse his little ones around him—her lot was not cast by God for labor, for toil and moil, and anguish; yet who can tell what arrows of grief pierced that woman's heart during her twelve years' apprenticeship to wifedom! Who shall describe the unwomanly miseries, alas, too common in England! of her daily shifts and struggles, her pigmy gaunt looks, her threadbare clothes insufficient to protect her from the winter weather, her hard day-labour, her sharp endurance of her children's hunger, and forgetfulness of her own; her long sad catalogue of distresses, compared with which the pains of childbirth and even the death of the child at the breast, are nothing, being feminine sufferings.

This poor woe-begone mother stood before good curate Godfrey, one of a noiseless wayfaring body of Christian men who make little stir beyond their own parish, but are there constantly felt and heard of; the true disciples of the Father of the poor, the world's first teacher of quiet charity.

"He be goin' fast, indeed he be," said Mary Fielding, speaking of the potter, who had been down some weeks in a low fever. "'Tis hard to lose the father of one's child'en, I could ha' borne any stroke but thisn. Everywhere is a church-yard now—the life is dug out o' me."

"Do not murmur, but think of the past. I remember christening some of those children, when he and you were full of health and joy. In this journey of life, Mary, there is no hill without its hollow. Your neighbour Susan Jackson will not have to mourn the loss of a husband, for she has never known the love and protection of one; and when she goes, she will not leave orphans to grieve for her. But, for all that, Susan is very lonely and destitute, and says nobody cares for her."

"Mayhap; but Susan Jackson can't be sorry for what she never had; and poor folk didn't ought to be fanciful. 'Tis me, sir, partin' wi' my husband that should fret."

"But you should remember, Mary, that when James and you were married, it was on the condition you were to part one day. We must not forget the ninety-nine favours because the hundredth is not granted. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."

"Oh, sir, 'tis beautiful to hear ye talk; you alway say summut so comfortin', feelin', an' sensible like. One is ashamed to grumble afore you, 'tis so selfish and ill-natured."

"But how are the little ones, Mary?"

"I can't say much for 'em, sir—they be but poorly."

"They have had some food to-day, I hope?"

"'Tis early yet, sir." It was past midday. "But indeed they hante well."

"Did they eat anything last night before lying down?"

"Baby had a sup o' gruel out o' James's

cup, but Billy an' Jackey, an' the t'other ent had nothing."

"And you?

"Oh, sir, God be praised, I am used to it. Ten years is a long 'prentisage. 'Tis surprisin' how the famine feeds itself. An' then, the children's cries, an' him a dyin', drives the thought away from me. I ant got the hard stomach o' hunger, sir; 'tis unfeelin' in a mother."

No wonder she did not feel the gnawings of want; she had passed her being into other existences; she had lost her identity in the wife and the mother.

"Well, well, we must do something for the children, Mary."

"Oh, sir, I did na come for that. What I wants is work. You ha' comed atween us an' death, many's a time. But indeed, what I am here for, is, afore Jeames goes I wish he could see you, sir, an' talk wi' you a bit. His mind be strange an' uncomfortable like, about religion."

"I thought him a believer, Mary."

"Mayhap he be; but men tell their wives what, if they could, they would hide from God; an' I ha' heerd him say awful things; he war alway so courageous like. Howsomedever, his hour be come, an' he ha' losed his darin', an' believes jist like a child. I thought, if he could only see you, sir."

Mr. Godfrey rang the bell. An aged but notable servant woman came.

Martha, bring Mrs. Fielding a little warm bread and milk."

"Oh, no, no, sir! 'Tis only my way, what you see in my face; I war alway palish like —leastways this many a day."

Martha, who had promptly obeyed her master, returned in a few minutes with a basin.

"There, take that gently, Mary; it will warm you."

"Will you forgive me, sir? Indeed I cannot. It 'ud choke me. The child'en—the poor hungry child'en, sir!"

"They shall be thought of." Mr. Godfrey left the room, returning shortly after with his long surtout buttoned closely up, and a small parcel in his hand.

"This contains a loaf, Mary—and something else—you know what to do with it. Let me have the ticket when I call, which will be in the course of the evening. Leave me now."

The comforted mother looked on Heaven's minister, and then up to heaven, and passed noiselessly through the small door, with faith, hope, and maternal love—the three strongest pulses of the heart—to support her. She had had the only full and perfect lesson of religion —charity. But she did not know, until she got to the pawnshop, that the poor curate had taken his only waistcoat from his back to feed her children. Then, indeed, the tide of religion came strong upon her. So true it is, that one act of kindness is worth a volume of sermons in converting people. The curate's vest was a baptismal robe to the unregenerated spirit of Mary Fielding, the freethinking potter's wife.

It was on an evening in the middle of June, that Mr. Godfrey passed along to the potter's cottage. There had been some smart, refreshing showers during the day, and the grass was healthily green, and the flowers were vigorous and balmy, and here and there was the restless uneasy chirp, in the tree or hedge, of the young bird in its nest. The sheep were settling down for the night in the meadows; and the cows, after milking, were scattered over the distant pasturages. At intervals there was an unyoked horse exulting in abundance and freedom. The poor saluted Mr. Godfrey as he passed, and the rich cordially greeted him, for he was universally beloved.

"All God's works are beautiful and happy," said he to himself, as he wound among the green lanes, and gazed upon the broad benignant sky. "Man alone makes the world miserable. I cannot think the design of Providence was to make the chief of a joyous creation wretched; there must be some key to human felicity. The departing sun shines on these dingy cottages, and the few straggling flowers bloom cheerfully, and cast their sweetness abroad on the air. Outside is God's work; within is man's."

And the curate entered the cabin of James Fielding the potter.

There had evidently been preparations to receive him. The clay floor was newly sprinkled and swept, and the few articles of crockery and china, nearly all misshapen, or otherwise defective, were as clean as the pebbles in a river. The children's faces, hands, and feet—for they had no shoes—were all fresh from the washing-basin, and their hair was sleekly combed across their foreheads. There was evident poverty, but an equally evident wish to conceal it. Not a vestige of furniture or ornament was in the room, beyond the few articles of earthenware mentioned; all the rest, to the three-legged stool for the baby, had either been sold or burned for fuel. There were three or four hassocks of hay for seats, but these too had been preyed on for fuel, and ran out at the sides; and there were some layers of chipped, dried-up straw, as a bed in the corner. On this was stretched the dying man. The eldest boy ran to borrow a chair as Mr. Godfrey entered, and the thrifty housewife had just drawn the old rags from the three lower panes of the glassless and only window in the hovel, to let the sun and air in. This was the abode of an Englishman in the heart of England.

The patient had been propped up somewhat on his straw, and a neighbour had shaved him and lent him a shirt, which, though old, was clean. So, what with well-washed skin, and combed hair, and a cup of refreshing tea, he was prepared to receive the

curate's visit in something of a decent and Christian manner. One of the boys was in or rather on, the bed—for there was no covering—from sheer nakedness. He partly nestled in the straw and was partly concealed by the rags taken from the window; he was contented and happy, for he had had the blessing of a full meal: a rarity in the hut of the dying potter.

The curate took the chair borrowed for him, placed it by the bedside, and leaned towards the sick man.

"Well, James, how do you feel now?"

"Better, sir, thank you, but still weakly. God will bless you for what you ha' done. 'Tis mony a long day sin' I could prove my gratitude to anybody."

"Never mind that. The Searcher of all hearts knows your intentions, James."

"Yes—true! But d'ye think God heeds a poor critter like me?"

"Undoubtedly. Our Father."

"Ah! Good—good. But I never found a true friend but Him and yourself, sir—they all forsook and misbelied me. I never was as bad as people made me: He knows that, and the children. One's hearth is a fair assize."

"True, a fond husband and a kind father cannot be a very bad man. I never believed you ill-disposed, Fielding."

"No, bless thee for it, and *He* will bless thee. Ye ha' made me a Christian; the ways o' the world made me an infidel long ago. A man kindly treated, feels like a Christian, sir."

"But we must give up resentments, now. I see, by your countenance, you will soon meet your God. Prepare, Fielding, for that great judgment."

"Yes, I know it will come soon, an' that ha' changed me. But, indeed, sir, I am aweary of the world. If it were not for her and the children, I had gone years back."

"The Christian religion always supposes poverty and suffering, James. Were all the world sinless and happy, the Atonement had been useless."

"I can well believe thisn o' thee, sir. If yer wer dumb an' blind, yer han' would preach; 'tis the on'y sarmint as goes home to a hungry man. Fine words be o' small account. But when a rich parson, or a bishop or such as never gives, an' never suffers, tells starvin poor fellows like me to bear their crosses as the only road to heaven, it looks like humbug, sir. If heaven is to be won by poverty—sartinly nothing is so easy for 'em as to give all they ha' more than enow, to feed the hungry, an' comfort the afflicted."

"Ah, James, this is bad grace in a dying man. It is enough for every one to look to himself; to bear his own burden, and to know that in the midst of trial, and sorrow, and suffering, he can have recourse to One who knew them all on earth. This, surely, is fair comfort."

"It be, sir. 'Tis at the point I am at now, a man feels he must believe in some religion, an' there is none so nat'ral like as our own. A dyin' man is not a doubter. I wish I ha' been o' this way o' thinkin' long ago—'twould ha' made me content—an' a contented man is a regular man, an' a regular man is a toilsome man, an' a toilsome man is a thriving man; but when one begins in grumblin' one ends wi' sorrow. Mary dear, gi' me a drink. I feel faintish."

The curate took the teapot from the yearning and attentive wife's hand, and the fevered patient, from the broken spout held to his mouth, drained the vessel greedily, till the few leaves at the strainer whizzed with their dryness. As he drank, Godfrey had an opportunity of observing his countenance. "This man," said he to himself, "was formed for a lofty destiny, but with him ignorance has marred nature. When will man vindicate the purposes of God to his fellows? When will England provide education for all her people?" As these thoughts passed rapidly through the pastor's mind, the sick man spoke with a fainter voice, but with renewed energy: "'the spirit war willing, but the flesh war weak.' Well, sir, I know I am a dyin'. I war never a coward, but I does fear death. 'Tis like a goin' over a common one don't know, on a dark night—there be none about you but sperits."

"Keep your eyes steadily on your guiding star, James. That light sufficeth."

"I believe, sir. O Lord, help my unbelief."

"Thank Heaven for those words," said the curate; "and now, Fielding, since you are in this good frame of mind, I must tell you one thing that will lighten your last moments. Old Mrs. Williams is getting too aged for the parish school, and as she is to retire on a small pension, I have secured the post for Mary. I know she will fill it well. This will keep the wolf from the door, and I will look to the little ones. So you see things are not so bad as you expected. You will leave those dear to you pretty middling off, and they will remain, under Providence, to be a blessing to themselves and to their country."

"Thank God, thank God! My soul is at peace now. She is provided for, and they, too. Read to me, sir, please; 'twill rouse me up—I feel drowsyish."

The curate opened his pocket Bible, and in a sweet low voice read from the fourteenth to the seventeenth of John. As he proceeded, the little boy peeped up from his straw, and sucked in the words. The sick man opened his stiffening lids from time to time, and murmured a prayer from unparted motionless lips, which sounded strange and unearthly in the small chamber. The pale wife, with her infant daughter in her lap, wept silently; and the little boy, Jemmy, was seated on one of the worn-out hassocks, holding the candle, which was stuck in a

bottle, for the good pastor as he read. The other boy was gone of an errand for a neighbour. Night had set in, and a gentle breeze fanned the chamber through the open door and paneless window. People glided cautiously by, from time to time, urged by pity or curiosity.

After about an hour's stillness, the sick man stirred, then tried to sigh, but the groan died within him, and for a time he whispered; but nobody knew what he said. At length, after the curate had applied a few drops of moisture from an orange to his lips, he spoke audibly.

"I was dreaming, Mary, as we war happy with God. The children had enow to eat; they give me my good name back agen; an' we war all very happy." After a pause, and much internal muttering, he resumed with a perceptible spirit of energy, although his spent powers made him scarcely audible. "Oh, Mr. Godfrey, if more would, like thee, on'y come and see the poor, an' what they suffers! Tell the lads, sir, to wait a bit—but to struggle on, for there is hope for the working man. An' bid the rich folk consider the laborer, an' the parsons to be all like thee, an' England will be right. Mary, a drink, dear: the heart is as dry as a cinder within me."

His wife brought him a little cold water, into which the curate squeezed some orange juice.

"Mary! To our Father, I commit thee, girl, when I am gone. I am dead afore I am dead, leaving my Mary. Kiss my forehead, girl. God bless thee! Comfort these little children, God! they be orphans now."

And he prayed inwardly. In that hour he had no succour but prayer, and the remembrance of any good he had done in his life. The baby was crying on its mother's breast, and the candle trembled in the hands of the weeping boy who still held it. The wife was still and pale; her heart was being rifted from her. The curate had bent his knee in prayer, and comforted the dying and the desolate.

TURKS AT SEA.

Five-and-twenty years ago, the adventurous traveller on his way to Constantinople suffered many hardships altogether unknown to the traveller of the present year. He was fortunate, if he were not detained for a couple of days at some fording place in France, in an auberge without windows; if many unpleasant incidents did not check his progress through Piedmont; if, on his Mediterranean voyage under the auspices of a garlic-eating captain, he did not find it absolutely necessary to sleep in top boots, to preserve his feet from the ravages of enormous ship rats; if, in short, he did not suffer under calamities too numerous to mention. As regards the rats, let us note that the Genoese admiralty allowed a sou a day for the support of a cat in each ship of war.

Arrived at Constantinople, the traveller was troubled for backsheish the instant he arrived at the entrance to the port. The captain of the port rowed off to the ship, begged for a gratuity, and if money were refused, talked about his sick wife, and requested a donation of maccaroni. On landing, the traveller was introduced to the Turkish custom-house officers by an Armenian dragoman. These officers were seated in a row, on a divan: each provided with a chibouque and an attendant to serve coffee. They were also provided with implements for writing, and scraps of muslin, in which they enclosed letters to persons of distinction. They wrote a passport, or teskereh, holding the paper on the palm of the left hand.

Once fairly in Turkey, the traveller, if provided with proper letters of introduction, was soon the object of great attention. The fair wife of his host sprinkled his bed with rose-water; and to the clinking of the watchmen's iron-shod staves on the pavement, he fell asleep. At five o'clock the following morning, he was at the breakfast table. And then he strolled out to pay visits. He smoked chibouques at one house, and drank sherbet at another, so frequently, that he was soon in a most indolent condition, and was kept on his legs only by the various passages of life he met on his way. In one street he saw a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post, and coolly stroking his beard in that unenviable position. The exposed tradesman was suffering punishment for having played tricks with his bread in a time of scarcity. In an open space he saw some miserable troops under drill by a foreign drill master, watched from a window at hand by a little, ugly, red-faced man, dressed in a hussar uniform, and smoking his chibouque. This little man was the seraskier pasha, a minister of war. In another quarter of the town he would meet an araba—the ladies' barroche or chariot in Constantinople. The araba was a waggon without springs, drawn by oxen gaily decorated with ribbons. Before the palace, he heard a band playing lively airs, under the leadership of a young Piedmontese: afterwards the famous Donizetti. This band consisted of the royal pages, the embryo grandees of the empire. He saw the Turkish fleet—then preparing for a cruise in the Baltic against Russia.

To an English sailor of that year (eighteen hundred and twenty nine), many details to be noticed in that fleet were curious, and often ludicrous. Now, we propose to follow an adventurous English sailor of those days—no other than Captain Adolphus Slade—on board the capitan pasha's first-rater, the Selimier, and to accompany him on a cruise of observation in the Black Sea.

Paint had done its utmost to give the ships a respectable appearance. The Selimier (with

her bower cable bent round a large plane tree) was really a fine first-rate without a poop. From her peak, a gay crimson silk ensign drooped into the Bosphorus. A motley crowd of idlers were lying about her in various lazy positions. Achmet Papuchi, the capitan pasha, a sickly-looking man, dressed from head to foot in orange-coloured silk, was stretched on a couch in the middle of the quarter-deck, smoking, from a porcelain narghilez. He was surrounded by obsequious attendants. The admiral did not know his letters: his secretary was therefore reading his despatches to him.

In various parts of the ship, the sailors were lounging, or eating bread and olives, or playing chess on the deck marked into squares with chalk, or performing their devotions. But, when the capitan pasha signified his pleasure to descend to his cabin, there was a great stir. Two officers supported him under the arms, as he made his way to the state apartment of the Selimier. It was a cool, elegant room; furnished with sun and moon decorated chairs, and adorned with emblazoned sentences from the Koran, and two paintings of the ship. Piles of lemons, heaped in the cabin windows, gave a refreshing pungeney to the air; and the fresh orange boughs twined about the rails of the steps, imparted to it a sweet odour. Amid the Turkish decorations were Damascus sabres, a Dollond's telescope, and French pistols. Pages were at hand to fan the flies from visitors, as they smoked and sipped sherbet. Here was the captain, dressed in a white suit, with a red fez and red slippers; when he addressed the capitan pasha, he kissed his robe. He took orders, and went off nimbly to execute them. The fleet was going on a cruise in the Black Sea, for the ostensible purpose of giving battle to the Russians. It was droll to see a number of loosely-draped fellows tear down the fore-tack, and make the mast bend as the noble ship escaped on her way to the Euxine, at the rate of nine knots to the hour. As the sun went down gloriously, Imamis, from the mizen-rigging of each ship, called the faithful to prayer. The call was devoutly obeyed, and the crews of the ships were in a few minutes on their knees: each man on his own coat; each officer on a carpet. Their devotions at an end, the capitan pasha's supper hour had arrived. This meal was spread on a carpet between two guns on the main deck. The capitan and his English naval friend sat down upon the carpet opposite one another. Having washed their hands in ewers, held by kneeling agas, and having had a napkin tied by these functionaries round their necks, the two began the evening meal by helping themselves to conserves, bread, and cake, &c., placed before them, in little saucers upon a metal tray. The English sailor saw at once that knives and forks were not to be expected; for, on the appearance of the second dish (a pile of red mullet), his host proceeded to turn over each fish with his fingers, in the unselfish search after the most acceptable specimen.

It may be supposed that his guest was careful in selecting that mullet which had undergone the least handling. The fish fairly disposed of, a fowl was produced; whereupon the capitan, placing his left thumb firmly upon the bird, wrenched off a wing with his right hand. Unhappily for the Englishman, he failed to imitate the dexterity of his host, being restrained by a lingering sense of delicacy, from unceremoniously plunging his fingers into the dish. An attendant advanced to help him. This officer seized the fowl, pulled its limbs off, and then dexterously proceeded to peel the flesh from the breast with his nails. The bracing nature of the Black Sea air enabled the Englishman to avail himself of the officer's kind interference, and to set aside all delicacy when dealing with the lamb and olives, and other dishes which followed. After eating a little more than he required, the Englishman was silently hoping that the meal was at an end, when, to his horror, a substantial dish of greasy pilaff was placed upon the carpet. An honour which he did not anticipate, awaited him. The capitan pasha dipped his lean hand into the mess, and drew forth a substantial lump, which he proceeded to roll into a ball. Having handled it for a few minutes, until it was reduced to the proportions of a grape-shot, he leaned forward, and holding the ball between his fingers. fairly pushed it into his guest's mouth. The attendants stared to see a capitan pasha pay so great an honour to a stranger; the stranger felt that it was possible to pay a compliment in a more acceptble manner, and hastened to dip his tortoise-shell spoon into the bole of koshub which followed. Chibouques and coffee were afterwards served to the harsh strains of an Albanian bagpipe, and then the pasha's jester, attired in scarlet and gold, amused his master by turning somersaults, and saying sharp things.

To amuse the pasha, and to superintend his comforts, seemed to be the main duties of the Selimier's crew. He could not read; his rank shut him out from all conversation; so there he sat, surrounded by slaves, with his narghilez to his lips, and his lazy fingers wandering about his comboloyo, or rosary. If he drank, the glass was held to his lips; if he expectorated, an officer was at hand with a cloth to receive the result. During the heat of the day, he crept into the little box, six feet by three, which served him for bedroom and dressing-room. Here, he lay until the cool evening came, when (after the performances of his band, consisting chiefly of drums and cymbals) his crew amused him with various coarse games. At one time they ducked in tubs of water, for money; at another, the game was bear and monkey—the bear and the monkey being rewarded for

the sound blows they received in the course of the sport, by a few piastres; at another, two seamen hung by the spanker-boom until one cried quarter. Whether at sea or in port, the pasha wanted some game, some luxury, to while away the hours. But he was no worse than the generality of officers he commanded. Nourrez, for instance, the captain of the finest frigate in the Turkish navy, had been within six months a royal page, and had never been to sea before. But then his second in command was more experienced. Our English sailor has described the government of an Ottoman ship of war, twenty years ago, in a few words: "The commander of an Ottoman ship of war, whatever duty is performing, sits on his bench on the quarter-deck, leaving the second captain to carry on the war. By the time that his chibouque wants replenishing, something may happen to disturb him; if a squall, a sail splits; if an action, the shot come in. In either case, he gets nervous, and imagines faults in his subordinates. He jumps into his slippers, and gives orders that cannot be understood; seizes a speaking-trumpet; knocks down the second captain; runs forward on the forecastle; repeats the same operation on the boatswain; then returns to smoke another pipe, exclaiming, 'Mashallah!'"

Our fleet, of which the frigate commanded by Nourrez formed part, consisted of three brigs, five corvettes, three frigates, and one three-decker. On board these ships, were men who had fought at Navarino; some of these (the pilot and captain of the Selimier, for instance), were brave men and experienced seamen. This respectable force—or rather this force that should have been respectable—sailed out of the Bosphorus behind those beautiful gulls, tame as doves, so ardently admired and protected by the Osmanlis, which float about the cypresses of Buyukderé, or skim round about the vessels and caiques. It was with ill-concealed fear that the Turks found themselves in quest of the enemy; and the suggestions of the English captain that they should clear out Sevastopol, or perform some striking exploit, met with the coldest response. Indeed, the Osmanlis were little prepared to meet even the most timid enemy. All their shot was so bad that it broke by the concussion at the bore, and the English captain declared that the Selimier would have been an easy prize to an English frigate in twenty minutes. Her crew of fourteen hundred men (speaking twenty different tongues), drilled by aid of the topchi bashi's rattan, were in as disorderly a state as it was possible for them to be in. They were laziness personified. The fine ship was a floating castle of indolence. The gunners *could* manage to load, without putting the shot before the cartridge; but they never thought of stopping the vent. To be sure, the loss of a man's arms was not much. As to pointing the guns at the object it was desired to hit, they made no pretence of possessing any knowledge of the way to go to work, and the whole broadside would be fired, with every gun wide of the intended mark. The quarters were magnificent, but the matches were fastened to spiked sticks, and stuck about the decks in the most dangerous disorder. There were guns on board, which none of the crew had the courage to fire—not even the comboradgi, who had been drafted on board, specially for this duty. All ran away when the English sailor fired, to try the effect of the seventy-five pound granite balls, with which they were charged.

The prevailing carelessness with the matches excited the Englishman's apprehension, and he requested permission to examine the powder magazine. The captain very nervously assented, and the Englishman left the old man vigorously handling his comboloyo. The visitor was accompanied by the topchi bashi and four mates, each carrying a crazy lanthorn, from which they wished to withdraw the candle, that their distinguished guest might the more easily admire the arrangements. These arrangements consisted of an entire absence of fire-screens and cartridge-boxes; the English sailor, seeing the carelessness with which unprotected powder was carried along the decks, past flaming matches, thought that the Turks were their own most formidable enemies.

Still, in the face of the prevailing ignorance of naval affairs, the English sailor endeavored to persuade the capitan pasha to sail for Sirepolis and Varna—even to Sevastopol—to damage the Russian shipping at these ports, and then to return and force a passage; but a council of war rejected the proposal, and the Turkish fleet very cautiously continued to seek the enemy, in the hope that the enemy might not make his appearance. The pasha possibly felt that an engagement might interfere with the enjoyment of his chibouque, or damage his natural relish for pilaff. And he was right. The danger he ran was not insignificant on board the Selimier: a ship that had no gunners, and was manned by a crew who went to sleep on their watch at night, with the lower deck ports up. One night, this carelessness or ignorance would have sent the noble ship to the bottom, had not our English friend been awake to notice that all the crew were fast asleep, and that the vessel was moving ahead, with her royals set, her yards anyhow, and her lower ports open. A squall was rapidly forming, and the Englishman had barely time to kick two or three fellows into a perfectly wakeful condition to trim and shorten sail, when it burst. The capitan crept out of his little box, only to order the chief of the watch to be thrown overboard immediately, for his negligence; from this fate, however, the Englishman saved the unhappy wretch, who repaid this intercession with his lasting enmity.

At length, after many days of idle cruising,

the English sailor prevailed upon the pasha so far to screw up his courage as to chase a Russian frigate and corvette. But the pasha while urging the vessels of his fleet ahead, kept the Selimier under easy sail, so that nothing might happen to put his chibouque out. Had he been inclined to come up with the enemy, his noble ship might have been alongside the Russian frigate in three hours. The Russians escaped into Sirepolis; the pasha, rushing about the deck with a glass in his hand, followed by two attendants holding up the ends of his coat, gave orders to tack, and expressed his intention of engaging the Russians at anchor, or of meeting them at sea, to-morrow. This determination set the entire crew in commotion, and everybody pestered the pasha with advice. The jester had something more or less funny to say on every point: the chief butler declared that it was too dark to see anything; the man in charge of the tobacco advised his master not to run the risk of wetting his august person; at last even the cook tumbled up to explain his views. This last adviser fairly exhausted the patience of the English sailor, who seized him by the shoulders and precipitated him towards his proper sphere of activity. The arrangements for action were complete: the desire for retreat was general. The English sailor went to sleep, expecting to awake within sight of the enemy. But he was roused from his slumbers by rushing water. He ran upon deck and found the fleet sailing twelve knots off the wind, and away from danger. The pasha was joking with his officers. For the first time he did not notice his English visitor, fearing his dangerous advice. The little captain, however, sighed when he saw the brave Briton, who would have led the fleet to glory. And so the Turks flew into the Bosphorus, came to anchor, and throughout that war the tame gulls were never again disturbed from their resting places amid the rigging of the fleet at its moorings.

The description of this cruise exhibits the Turks at sea, twenty-five years ago, as very indifferent sailors. Since that time, however, busy scenes have passed in the Bosphorus under the direction of the English sailor, to whom we are indebted for the facts of the present article, and who is now in command of the fine Turkish squadron, now armed and disciplined to do effective work against the Russians. To Adolphus Slade (now a Turkish Admiral), and to Sir Baldwin Walker, the Sultan owes that effective naval force which commands the entrance to the Black Sea. Turkish guns are now excellently worked; and men used to salt water have replaced the effeminate landsmen who once lazily smoked their chibouques and sipped their sherbet on the quarter-decks of the Sultan's men-of-war. The sailors on board *do* fire the guns; the lower ports are not kept open at night; the men do not sleep on the watch; and naval jesters enjoy sinecures.

Therefore we have every reason to hope that the Turks at sea, at the present moment, do not very closely resemble the Turks at sea in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, as described by Adolphus Slade, now Michavez Pacha.

THE WAR WITH FEVER.

We receive encouraging news from one of the chief seats of the war against Fever, which we may head, if we please, Latest Intelligence. Defeat of the enemy by a British army thirty-thousand strong—loss by killed and wounded only ten. We take the particulars from a despatch just issued to the world,—a capital report—short and to the point—the second report of the indefatigable police-commissioner, Captain William Hay, on the operation of the Common Lodging-houses Act, in the Metropolis.

The Common Lodging-houses Act gives certain inspecting power to the police, and certain compelling power to the magistracy, for the purpose of keeping poison, whether generated of cesspools, filth, overcrowding or want of ventilation, from passing down the throats of "common lodgers." The end attained by this power of interference would justify the strictest means that honesty permits. There are fourteen hundred and forty-one registered lodging-houses in London, in which thirty thousand people have been living under the circumstances of simple decency required by the act, and during the year now accounted for, among all these thousands of persons, how many cases have there been of fever? Only Ten.

That is the end: the means used to attain it are by no means of the strictest. Even in its amended form the Common Lodging-houses Act, like every act of Sanitary legislation, has yet to be revised and made more vigorous. Poisoning with filth in every form should be as illegal as poisoning with prussic acid. The Act provides authority for removing dangerous nuisances that exist "in or about" a common lodging-house, and magistrates have ruled that "about" a place does not mean in its immediate proximity but anywhere upon it. Filth of the most disgusting kind creeps and stagnates, lies in heaps before the windows of such houses; yet, under this act, the police has no distinct authority to interfere. No landlord has any more right to let a poisoned house than a brewer has to sell fatal drugs in his beer. It is the province of law to see that men who sell to their neighbours any necessary of life furnish the article in a reasonably wholesome state. The law that condemns bad meat and bad fish as unfit for human food, is not only entitled to condemn, but is bound to condemn, all houses that are unfit for human habitation. The obligation

upon the law is rendered greater by the carelessness or ignorance or helplessness of those for whom it has to care. Many a poor housewife who would not fail to put her nose to a mackerel, neglects to apply the same test to her house.

No choice between right and wrong can honestly be left to house-owners. The house-owners who have the very poor for their tenants often belong to a class of men unable to understand more of their duty than the duty of securing the receipt of rent. There was a house, Captain Hay tells us, beset with more filthiness than we care to express further than by mildly saying that the cesspool overflowed into the kitchen. The tenant's wife said they had lost their health and money, and it was no use applying to the landlord. The owner did nothing, even when he had notice of proceedings that were to be taken against him under the act. It was only when compelled by a magistrate's order that he filled the cesspool up, and drained his premises into the common sewer. Another example :—A cesspool that contained the long-accumulated filth of four houses, overflowed and ran into a room used as a sleeping apartment. One child had died in the room, and the inspector found another lying ill. The drain in the yard was stopped, causing the yard to be covered with filthy water, in the midst of which stood the butt that contained the water drank by the inmates of the house. The owner would do nothing but look after his rent. He was summoned before a magistrate, and held the language of an injured Briton. "He thought," said the police report, "he ought not to be dictated to as to the way his property was to be managed." By mistake, the order for correcting this state of things was made against the name of the poverty-stricken tenant. The owner took advantage of the error, and did nothing. It was not until a fresh notice had been served against him in his proper name, and the case had again been brought before a magistrate—it was not until he was thoroughly and perfectly compelled that he would stir a finger to save himself from becoming the murderer of other people living in his house. Such men are very mercifully used when they are only forced into the better path, and are not fined, imprisoned, or transported as offenders.

The truth is, however, that they are only in a few cases forced to give honest return for the money of their victims. The police exercise this supervision only over common lodging houses. and for the more real homes of the very poor little or no thought has yet been taken. Even the common lodging-house is an expensive home for the poor who live in little families : twopence a night for each bed would make a weekly rent beyond the two shillings—more or less—that suffices for the hiring of an independent room. The homes made by these people are cursed as often as ever common lodging-houses were cursed by the neglect of landlords, and they still remain under the curse. Legislation on their behalf, and that, too, of a most stringent kind, is absolutely needed.

It is also needed that the provisions of the Building Act—and of other laws that, if fully and properly enforced, would, in many respects, amend the condition of the humbler orders—should be acted upon to the letter. There is still plenty of room for the achievement of much good by a right use even of the few powers that have been already placed within men's reach.

Before we shut up Captain Hay's report, we shall do well to quote from it four or five lines, on a topic which we have ourselves quite recently discussed. We have shown that there is need of accommodation for families poorer than those provided for by the existing societies, that erect wholesome dwellings for the poor. Very poor families that have to pay, and continue to pay, two shillings and half a crown a week for single rooms, of the most wretched and unwholesome character, might have provided for them at the same price, by any associations taking thought for their especial wants and accepting the restricted conditions under which they are compelled to live, accommodation infinitely better. This truth we lately urged. Captain Hay points to families that pay for their single rooms still lower rental, for whom it may be more difficult, but surely is not impossible to provide decent homes, and for whom it is not less necessary to take thought. "The model lodging-houses that have been erected," he says, "secure to respectable artisans, who occupy them, much of the comfort of a private residence ; but the charge for this accommodation is quite beyond the means of those who have no regular employment, and whose means of subsistence are narrow and uncertain. Accommodation for a family at a rental of a shilling or eighteenpence a week, as a maximum, for this class of poor, is what is urgently required, and should in some way be found."

The requirement certainly is not extravagant. The building of tall houses lessens the expense of ground-rent to each room that they contain, and it is not too much to ask that in such houses wholesome rooms should be planned, if small, especially well ventilated, letting each at about three pounds a year. They would be always full, and the losses by unpaid rent would be trifling, as they are always trifling under a system of weekly payments, maintained with a reasonable strictness. It would be essential of course to the success of any undertaking of this kind, and as necessary for the good of the poor who are supplied with homes, as of the richer men who seek an honest profit by supplying them, that the punctual payment of the weekly rent, either by halfcrown or by shilling rent payers, should be enforced with

the utmost strictness short of inhumanity; there should be the firmest adherence to the spirit of the contract short of a too obstinate adherence to the letter.

GENERAL AND MRS. DELORMO.

Uncle John has been the terror and admiration of all our family for twenty years. He has passed his whole life in town, and it is amazing what an immense advantage that gives him over his country relations. He knows everything; and convicts my cousin (who farms his own land in Devonshire) of ignorance of the first principles of agriculture, and writes letters filled with shiploads of guano, and successions of crops. He also superintends the navigation of another cousin who has gone thirteen voyages to China, in command of a twelve hundred ton ship. He is, in fact, profuse of his advice on all subjects and at all times. And the provoking part of it is, he is constantly right. He waits his time, and a blight comes on the potatoes in Devonshire, or a storm dismasts the merchantman off the Cape: then he triumphantly dwells on the hints he gave about farming and seamanship, and, as he is unmarried, and has thirty thousand pounds in the funds, there is not a word to be said.

I don't think I am a favourite. He is fond of talent—he meets so much of it at his clubs and everywhere else in London—and I have none. In short, I sometimes think he considers me rather deficient in intellect. Perhaps I am. He has told me two or three times I am a fool, but he used to do the same perpetually when I was at school, and always accompanied the unpleasant observation with a tip. This leads to an agreeable association of ideas, and I rather like to hear him revert to his old opinion. When I told him I was going to be married, and to whom, he was very decided in his declaration of my silliness; but when the deed was done, he furnished our drawing-room, and presented Marianne with a twenty-pound note. This seemed rather odd to me, for he couldn't possibly have thought Marianne a fool. Me, he is quite welcome to despise—I never set up for a wit or a learned man — but Marianne! I sent him up her album, with such lovely poetry in it. I am sure if she published, she would be thought equal to Mrs. Hemans. There can be no doubt whatever on the subject of my wife's talents. I say nothing about her beauty, nor about her speaking French, nor about her music, nor about her thousand brilliant accomplishments, which endear her to all who have the delight of her acquaintance. Many of her friends I confess become jealous of her and leave off their visits—but she doesn't care. She has a world of her own into which she retires, and sometimes admits me for a short time to hear the beautiful lines she has been composing. Oh it is a splendid world, the world of imagination, where Marianne has everything her own way, and talks of nothing else but roses and tombstones.

For she is very melancholy in her verses, is Marianne, and regularly makes me cry. We married a year ago, and Uncle John refused to be present at the wedding, but sent a note to say that he liked me very much as a good-natured honourable ass, and could not refuse his consent, since I seemed to have chosen a very congenial mate. This was very kind, for of course he did not mean the ass to have the slightest reference to Marianne. So, we accepted his blessing, and twenty pounds to purchase a pony. We fled from the noisy haunts of men. Marianne insisted on that. We left the metropolis behind us, and found out a nest of sylvan blessedness (Marianne's own expression), in a village near the New Forest, in Hampshire. She wouldn't let me call it a village. She insisted on its always being talked of as our hamlet, and in fact, she wrote some lines upon it in the first month of our residence, which I sent to Uncle John, and which he said were below contempt. I did not tell her this cruel opinion. How could I? I thought the lines very clever. Here they are:

"*On the difference between Shakespeare's Hamlet and ours.*

"Of Shakespeare's Hamlet we are never tired;
Our Hamlet too is very much admired."

Nothing could be neater or more complete, and she composed them in so short a time! I don't think the whole poem occupied her above an hour.

I saw she began to hate Uncle John, though of course she never suspected him of such ridiculous bad taste as to be really indifferent to her productions. She began to hate other people too. In fact, she soon began in our sylvan solitude to be rather ready to take offence. Our curate called—a nice old gentleman as ever I saw—always pottering about in the poor people's cottages, and I have heard giving away more half-crowns than he received for salary. He had only been in London once in his whole life, and that was forty years ago, and he had ready only one poet since Tom Warton—whoever Tom Warton may be, for *I* never heard of him—and that was Bowles. He knew nothing of Byron or Moore, but had a great lot of absurd looking books in the small dining room in the old parsonage house, which were all covered up in parchment, with their names written in old letters on the back. I saw one, once, on the table, and it was either in Greek or German, I could hardly make out which—but very learned—and must have been nearly impossible to understand. We got on famously at first. Marianne was enchanted with his fine old white hair and gentle manners; but, all of a sudden, when he told us of the dangers of intellectual pride, and

said it led to an undue appreciation of ourselves, and was fatal to Christian humility, she disliked him, in spite of his reverend locks and paternal smile. She said he preached at her in the pulpit; that she could not help being cleverer than other people, and that his own daughters—a set of unideal prosaic dowdies—were just as vain as if they could write. She said, "the world is turning away from me, beloved! I shall be left desolate." "No!" I said, "Marianne! I will never leave you." "I want a congenial spirit," she said; "my soul sighs for sympathy." "My dear," I said, "we live too lonely here. I must invite a friend occasionally—perhaps Uncle John would not mind coming for a week."

I never thought Marianne could look so savage. She said nothing, but I felt as if I had had a violent blow between the eyes. I expected to find the mark of it next day. I did not mention Uncle John any more.

But the hint had been taken. We took a paper once a week. It contained all the news of fashion, and had a page devoted to charades in rhyme. She saw an advertisement in it. It was headed, "No Salary Required"—just the thing for us. "A lady of rank and accomplishment desires a happy home. A sympathetic heart required—and nothing more." Arrangements were speedily made. I went over to the station in a car, and brought back Mrs. Delormo, a fat lady of fifty, with very little luggage—in fact, none but a small basket in her hand—and the most prepossessing manners I ever saw. We were all united at once: three happier people did not exist in the world. I wrote to Uncle John that we had secured the society of a highly-cultivated companion. He wrote back that people now-a-days seemed to get foolisher instead of wiser as they grew older, and he had not expected even me to be such an egregious ass. He enclosed, however, a cheque for twenty-five pounds to buy a gig, and I left him to the enjoyment of his ill-nature.

Marianne was enraptured. "The tears of genuine sensibility," she said, "tremble in the eyes of Mrs. Delormo when she read her some of her poems." Mrs. Delormo's voice was delightful, and her experiences of life had been so sad that I wondered she had any grief to bestow on fictitious sorrow. A dreadful life to be sure. Separated from the husband she adored, who had volunteered into the service of some struggling people (somewhere in America) who were casting off the yoke of ages, she said, and spurning the despot's throne,—how had she struggled through years of poverty and neglect! Her father had died impoverished by legal expenses in trying to recover the forfeited title and estates of his noble ancestor, who had bled on the scaffold for his injured sovereign—and whose castles and even whose honours were held by an intruder into the possessions of the earldom. Marianne wept for hours, and in about a week we resolved, in deference to the rank and sufferings of our guest, to resign the best bed-room in her favour. She took it—for she said the generous soul finds its true reward in sacrifice of itself. Her trunks had not come, Marianne's wardrobe was hers, and I loved Marianne more and more: she was so mindful of other's comforts, so neglectful of her own—and also of mine. We slept in the garret, for we had only furnished one bed-room; and Mrs. Delormo's correspondence was so great, and her love of privacy during the forenoon so strong, that we gave up the drawing-room to her as a sort of library, and she soon looked on it as her sanctum. The letters she wrote, I suppose, were beautiful. Those she received were touching in the extreme. The nobility of England is not rich; the dignitaries of the Church are not overpaid. The number of Duke's grandchildren who confided the tale of their necessities to Mrs. Delormo was enormous. Marianne, dear liberal little soul, pinched our domestic economy to a frightful extent, and sent all the money she could collect. Deans seem to me to be in the habit of giving away all their income in charity, and leaving their families unprovided for. We sent our humble aid to the daughters of thirteen deans in one month. The widow of a general officer offered to come as cook—shame on the parsimony of a paltry government, as Mrs. Delormo said, that leaves its brave defenders exposed to the sting of want! They were most of them her cousins, or persons whom she had known in happier hours. "I am but the almoner of your bounty," she said to Marianne, "and my poor cousin finds a warmer response from your sympathetic heart than from her uncle the bishop, or her grand aunt the Irish marchioness."

A letter came one day. Joy beamed in Mrs. Delormo's eyes as she asked us to come into her room, and threw herself on Marianne's neck in a burst of gratitude. "He is returned," she exclaimed. "The General is restored to me, covered with glory—but poorer than when he went. But oh! what is wealth, my darling Marianne!" She had never called her Marianne before; and my little wife was proud of the familiar expression. "What is wealth," repeated Mrs. Delormo, "compared to honour! He is on his way hither: we must meet him at the station. In two hours he will be here to thank you for your care of his unprotected wife. I envy you the feelings of this moment, when your kindness to me will be so nobly repaid."

Marianne sobbed out her congratulations, and I got ready the gig. A tall and noble figure was standing on the platform when I arrived. By a sort of intuition he knew me at once, lifted up a small portmanteau, and hurried towards the gig. Just when he had said, "My benefactor, my friend!" the porter touched him on the shoulder and said,

"Beg pardon, old gentleman, I think you've took the wrong luggage." A flash of pride suffused the General's face. "A mistake," he exclaimed, "I give you my honour," and handed the portmanteau to the man, receiving in exchange a small parcel wrapt in a blue cotton handkerchief with white spots, out of which projected the heel of a Blucher boot. "I have had so much baggage to attend to," he said, "that I sometimes get confused; but drive on, my kind protector. I long for the first glance of Lady Serena's smile—I mean, of Lady Delormo's, pardon the indiscretion, and don't mention it."

He was a man of about sixty years of age, with scanty white hair falling over his ears, very large eyebrows, a long high sharp nose, and eyes which seemed to me to look everywhere at once. He had thin colourless lips, and his front teeth were remarkably yellow. A very military personage he was; but his trunks and his uniforms and orders had been lost in the transport, which was wrecked on its way home; and he had escaped by swimming ashore, and had accepted the loan of the surgeon's apparel, whose wife he had saved at the risk of his life. The meeting between the noble pair I will not attempt to describe. It will suffice to say that Marianne was a witness to it with a burst of tears, and that her description of the interesting scene had an irresistible effect on my feelings. We sat down to tea. How the General ate! He told us in the few intervals when his mouth was nearly empty, that before even flying to his darling wife, he had gone to discover his nephew—the brave, the good, the gallant, but unfortunate Sir Cecil; and, merciful Heaven, what did he find? A cornet of thirty years of age hanging over the couch of his dying wife, while in a neighbouring bed three lovely children were lying in the crisis of scarlet fever! An adverse lawsuit, a series of unforeseen misfortunes, giving his name to a bill to oblige a friend, and the burning of his uninsured house, had reduced that charming family, that handsome father, that angelic wife, those innocent children, to want, to beggary; ay, to starvation! He gave them his all. Little was that all; but it preserved life for a day. By this time the wretched fund was exhausted, and he trembled to think of the agonising subject." Marianne trembled too; but it was with pride. "General," she said; "the tea-spoons are all gone, and all the silver forks but three, to the daughters of your cousin the late archdeacon, but the teapot remains—will Sir Cecil excuse the humbleness of the offering? We have an earthenware teapot in the kitchen."

"Excuse it, lady?" he said. "Forgive my sobs." Mrs. Delormo covered her face with her handkerchief. I pressed Marianne's hand. "Bless you, my little wife!" I said; and there was silence for a long time, except when the General broke the shells of three or four more eggs. When tea was over, the General took the teapot. "Will you pardon me for thanking you once more?" he said. "Ah! would the precious gift could be divided!—my poor sister—my lost Sophia! I say no more!" And with a tear in his eye, the gallant officer went up stairs to the bed-room, and locked the teapot in the drawer.

"What does he mean, my friend?" inquired Marianne of Mrs. Delormo. "Who is his sister?"

"The loveliest woman in England—once the most guilty—always the most unfortunate. The General never utters her name except under the pressure of extraordinary feeling; there is disgrace as well as misery connected with her story. She left her husband—she suffers for it now—she is lost, lonely, miserable, starving—but penitent; and oh, so submissive!"

"She shall NOT starve!" cried Marianne, with a flush upon her cheek. The cream jug and sugar bowl remain. My husband and I are content with china—aren't we, dear?"

"Oh yes!" I said. "I never met with such lofty intellect, combined with so pure a heart!" I kissed the dear girl as I spoke; and Mrs. Delormo joined her husband upstairs, with the silver articles in her hand, without being able to utter a word of her gratitude and admiration.

That night my clever and enchanting wife read us a great many of her poems. Such power! Such pathos! The General had been intimate with Byron; had held his dying hand, and supported his dying head at Missolonghi. He had lived some weeks with Shelley on the Lake of Geneva; had met Thomas Moore at the French Embassy three times a week for nine years; and preferred Marianne to them all. And certainly, if I am any judge, she is more pathetic than any of them. What a happy night it was!

But such domestic joy was too much for Mrs. Delormo. She was attacked with a hysteric complaint to which she was subject when greatly agitated, and ordered a kettle of hot water, a little sugar, and a bottle of brandy, into her room at an early hour. Marianne and I retired to the garret, happy in the consciousness of having done our duty; and in the middle of the night I knew our guests were happy too, for I heard the noble General singing Old King Cole. I wrote to uncle John an account of all our doings. I told him of the General I begged him to exert himself on behalf of Sir Cecil. I sent him a list of the young ladies we had relieved, and the aged prebendaries to whom we allowed a few shillings a week. I expected a note for fifty pounds to enable us to extend our donations.

A letter came which turned me purple with indignation. He said I was the most infern— But why commemorate the harsh language in which he conveyed his feelings of contempt? He said we were ruined: and that Marianne was a perfect idiot, and ought to be sent to

Doctor Conolly. And in a postcript he added, "Tell your friend the General that in three hours after the receipt of this letter he will receive a visit from me, accompanied by my philanthropic friend, Mr. Horsford, who is strongly of opinion he has often met him before. So make ready to receive us." I conveyed the intelligence to our friends. They were startled at first, but soon recovered, and said the pleasure of being introduced to our good uncle and his philanthropic companion was the crowning happiness of their visit to dear Marianne. "The joy of your reception of so kind a relation will be too sacred for the intrusion of comparative strangers, so we will retire, the General and I, for an hour or two, and join the happy family circle when the meeting is over. You will drive me, my dear General, through the glades of the New Forest. It will remind me of the happy time when you used to carry me in that noble phaeton through the woods of your illustrious uncle the field-marshal. But he was harsh to his next of kin. He was indeed the Iron Duke!" She rang, and ordered the gig to the door. Marianne caught me by the arm. "Joseph," she said. My name is Joseph. "Only think! The General is a nephew of——"

"I know it, my love," I said: "and the nose is very like."

"What an honour!" she continued. "I don't the least regret the silver plate—nor my dresses—nor my rings and bracelets. Oh! I will write some lines on this charming discovery which shall surpass all my previous efforts!"

"Adieu," they said, as they stood at the front door. "We will be back in two hours. But, by the by," said Mrs. Delormo, "how are we to know the time? The General is so strict a disciplinarian he considers unpunctuality as bad as cowardice. Lend him your watch, my dear Joseph"—(calling me—me!—by my Christian name!) "and we shall be back to the minute fixed." "God bless you, my sweet friend," said the General, taking his seat, and smiling to Marianne. "Heaven recompense you, my excellent Joseph, for all that you have done?" He lifted his eyes to heaven with such a holy air that we were quite overcome. But no wonder—for he had an uncle a bishop.

The hour appointed for Uncle John's arrival passed without his appearance. The General and Mrs. Delormo—Lady Serena we used to call her when we were alone—were much behind their time. Dinner grew cold; the evening began to close in; I became uneasy for the safety of the interesting pair; Uncle John we knew to be unpunctual—so did not care much for his non-appearance; but the strict disciplinarian, the military man, who had actually borrowed my watch on purpose: that *he* did not return surprised us. I put on my thick shoes and walked across to the railway station. I met a man in my gig—a man I did not know—a man with a pipe in his mouth, a man in top boots, and corduroy shorts, a red waistcoat, a glazed hat, and carrying a flexible whip in his hand such as is used by horsedealers at a country fair.

I said to this man, "Are you going to Rosebower Cottage?"

"No, I ain't," he said, pulling up, and looking not at all respectful.

"Then, where *are* you going," I said to this man, "with my gig and horse?"

"*Your* gig and horse?" he said. "I tell you what, young man; you looks soft, so I'll gie ye some advice. Don't you interfore with another gentleman's property, or you'll get the worst on't. I've bought this trap from Hulky Bill, which has been in the trade for years."

"Hulky Bill is a thief and a robber," I replied, "and has imposed on the confidence of General Delormo."

"Why, that's him—and no mistake. He said it was give him as part payment of his wife's salary, which was companion to a young woman which was out of her mind in this neighbourhood, and didn't like to go into an asylum; so I gave him ten pound for the concern. I don't mind handing it over to you for a tip of five more."

I was struck silent. I wandered home and did not speak a word to Marianne all night. Next morning a letter from Uncle John. "By this time," it said, "your visitors have left you, for I knew the very name of Horsford would be enough. Sell off the remainder of your furniture, gather in your bills, promise never to admit anybody into your house desiring a comfortable home and sympathetic hearts, and to whom salary is no object. Let Marianne burn her manuscripts, and learn to sew, and to keep accounts, and I will set you straight once more, and endeavour to get you into some government office, where no great intellect will be required. But we must make haste; for if a preliminary examination is introduced, you will infallibly be plucked."

Uncle John, as I began by mentioning, always considered me an Ass. I think he will die in that opinion.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE next morning was too bright a morning for sleep, and James Harthouse rose early, and sat in the pleasant bay window of his dressing-room, smoking the rare tobacco that had had so wholesome an influence on his young friend. Reposing in the sunlight, with the fragrance of his eastern pipe about him, and the dreamy smoke vanishing into the air, so rich and soft with summer odors, he reckoned up his advantages as an idle winner might count his gains. He was not at all bored for the time, and could give his mind to it.

He had established a confidence with her, from which her husband was excluded. He had established a confidence with her, that absolutely turned upon her indifference towards her husband, and the absence, now and at all times, of any congeniality between them. He had artfully, but plainly assured her, that he knew her heart in its last most delicate recesses; he had come so near to her through its tenderest sentiment; he had associated himself with that feeling; and the barrier behind which she lived had melted away. All very odd, and very satisfactory!

And yet he had not, even now, any earnest wickedness of purpose in him. Publicly and privately, it were much better for the age in which he lived, that he and the legion of whom he was one were designedly bad, than indifferent and purposeless. It is the drifting icebergs setting with any current anywhere, that wreck the ships.

When the Devil goeth about like a roaring lion, he goeth about in a shape by which few but savages and hunters are attracted. But, when he is trimmed, varnished, and polished, according to the mode; when he is aweary of vice, and aweary of virtue, used up as to brimstone, and used up as to bliss; then, whether he take to the serving out of red tape, or to the kindling of red fire, he is the very Devil.

So, James Harthouse reclined in the window, indolently smoking, and reckoning up the steps he had taken on the road by which he happened to be travelling. The end to which it led was before him, pretty plainly; but he troubled himself with no calculations about it. What will be, will be.

As he had rather a long ride to take that day—for there was a public occasion "to do" at some distance, which afforded a tolerable opportunity of going in for the Gradgrind men—he dressed early, and went down to breakfast. He was anxious to see if she had relapsed since the previous evening. No. He resumed where he had left off. There was a look of interest for him again.

He got through the day as much (or as little) to his own satisfaction, as was to be expected under the fatiguing circumstances; and came riding back at six o'clock. There was a sweep of some half mile between the lodge and the house, and he was riding along at a foot pace over the smooth gravel, once Nickets's, when Mr. Bounderby burst out of the shrubbery with such violence as to make his horse shy across the road.

"Harthouse!" cried Mr. Bounderby, "Have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said Harthouse, soothing his horse, and inwardly favoring Mr. Bounderby with no good wishes.

"Then you *haven't* heard!"

"I have heard you, and so has this brute. I have heard nothing else."

Mr. Bounderby, red and hot, planted himself in the centre of the path before the horse's head, to explode his bombshell with more effect.

"The Bank's robbed!"

"You don't mean it!"

"Robbed last night, sir. Robbed in an extraordinary manner. Robbed with a false key."

"Of much?"

Mr. Bounderby, in his desire to make the most of it, really seemed mortified by being obliged to reply. "Why, no; not of very much. But it might have been.'

"Of how much?"

"Oh! as a sum—if you stick to a sum—of not more than a hundred and fifty pound," said Bounderby, with impatience. "But it's not the sum; it's the fact. It's the fact of the Bank being robbed, that's the important circumstance. I am surprised you don't see it."

"My dear Bounderby," said James, dis-

mounting, and giving his bridle to his servant, "I do see it; and am as overcome as you can possibly desire me to be, by the spectacle afforded to my mental view. Nevertheless, I may be allowed, I hope, to congratulate you —which I do with all my soul, I assure you —on your not having sustained a greater loss."

Thank'ee," replied Bounderby, in a short, ungracious manner. "But I tell you what. It might have been twenty thousand pound."

"I suppose it might."

"Suppose it might? By the Lord, you may suppose so. By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, with sundry menacing nods and shakes of his head, "It might have been twice twenty. There's no knowing what it would have been or wouldn't have been, as it was, but for the fellows' being disturbed."

Louisa had come up now, and Mrs. Sparsit, and Bitzer.

"Here's Tom Gradgrind's daughter knows pretty well what it might have been, if you don't," blustered Bounderby. "Dropped, sir, as if she was shot, when I told her! Never knew her do such a thing before. Does her credit, under the circumstances, in my opinion?"

She still looked faint and pale. James Harthouse begged her to take his arm; and as they moved on very slowly, asked how the robbery had been committed.

"Why, I am going to tell you," said Bounderby, irritably giving his arm to Mrs. Sparsit. "If you hadn't been so mighty particular about the sum, I should have begun to tell you before. You know this lady (for she *is* a lady) Mrs. Sparsit?"

"I have already had the honor—"

"Very well. And this young man, Bitzer, you saw him too on the same occasion?" Mr. Harthouse inclined his head in assent, and Bitzer knuckled his forehead.

"Very well. They live at the Bank. You know they live at the Bank perhaps? Very well. Yesterday afternoon, at the close of business hours, everything was put away as usual. In the iron room that this young fellow sleeps outside of, there was never mind how much. In the little safe in young Tom's closet, the safe used for petty purposes, there was a hundred and fifty odd pound."

"Hundred and fifty-four, seven, one," said Bitzer.

"Come!" retorted Bounderby, stopping to wheel round upon him, "let's have none of *your* interruptions. It's enough to be robbed while you're snoring because you're too comfortable, without being put right with *your* four seven ones. I didn't snore, myself, when I was your age, let me tell you. I hadn't victuals enough to snore. And I didn't four seven one. Not if I knew it."

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, in a sneaking manner, and seemed at once particularly impressed and depressed by the instance last given of Mr. Bounderby's moral abstinence.

"A hundred and fifty odd pound," resumed Mr. Bounderby. "That sum of money, young Tom locked in his safe; not a very strong safe, but that's no matter now. Everything was left, all right. Some time in the night, while this young fellow snored—Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, you say you have heard him snore?"

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I cannot say that I have heard him precisely snore, and therefore must not make that statement. But on winter evenings, when he has fallen asleep at his table, I have heard him what I should prefer to describe as partially choke. I have heard him on such occasions produce sounds of a nature similar to what may be sometimes heard in Dutch clocks. Not," said Mrs. Sparsit, with a lofty sense of giving strict evidence, "that I would convey any imputation on his moral character. Far from it. I have always considered Bitzer a young man of the most upright principle; and to that I beg to bear my testimony."

"Well!" said the exasperated Bounderby, "while he was snoring, *or* choking, *or* Dutch-clocking, *or* something or other—being asleep —some fellows, somehow, whether previously concealed in the house or not remains to be seen, got to young Tom's safe, forced it, and abstracted the contents. Being then disturbed, they made off; letting themselves out at the main door, and double-locking it again (it was double-locked, and the key under Mrs. Sparsit's pillow) with a false key, which was picked up in the street near the Bank, about twelve o'clock to-day. No alarm takes place, till this chap, Bitzer, turns out this morning and begins to open and prepare the offices for business. Then, looking at Tom's safe, he sees the door ajar, and finds the lock forced, and the money gone."

"Where is Tom, by the by?" asked Harthouse, glancing round.

"He has been helping the police," said Bounderby, "and stays behind at the Bank. I wish these fellows had tried to rob me when I was at his time of life. They would have been out of pocket, if they had invested eighteenpence in the job; I can tell 'em that."

"Is anybody suspected?"

"Suspected? I should think there was somebody suspected. Egod!" said Bounderby, relinquishing Mrs. Sparsit's arm to wipe his heated head, "Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, is not to be plundered and nobody suspected. No, thank you!"

Might Mr. Harthouse inquire, Who was suspected?

"Well," said Bounderby, stopping, and facing about to confront them all, "I'll tell you. It's not to be mentioned everywhere; it's not to be mentioned anywhere; in order that the scoundrels concerned (there's a gang of 'em) may be thrown off their guard. So take this in confidence. Now wait a bit."

Mr. Bounderby wiped his head again. "What should you say to;" here he violently exploded; "to a Hand being in it?"

"I hope," said Harthouse, lazily, "not our friend Blackpot?"

"Say Pool instead of Pot, sir," returned Bounderby, "and that's the man."

Lousia faintly uttered some word of incredulity and surprise.

"O yes! I know!" said Bounderby, immediately catching at the sound. "I know! I am used to that. I know all about it. They are the finest people in the world, these fellows are. They have got the gift of the gab, they have. They only want to have their rights explained to them, they do. But I tell you what. Show me a dissatisfied Hand, and I'll show you a man that's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is."

Another of the popular fictions of Coketown, which some pains had been taken to disseminate—and which some people really believed.

"But I am acquainted with these chaps," said Bounderby, "I can read 'em off like books. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I appeal to you. What warning did I give that fellow, the first time he set foot in the house, when the express object of his visit was to know how he could knock Religion over, and floor the Established Church? Mrs. Sparsit, in point of high connexions, you are on a level with the aristocracy,—did I say, or did I not say, to that fellow, 'you can't hide the truth from me; you are not the kind of fellow I like; you'll come to no good.'"

"Assuredly, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "you did, in a highly impressive manner, give him such an admonition."

"When he shocked you, ma'am," said Bounderby; "when he shocked your feelings?"

"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a meek shake of her head, "he certainly did so. Though I do not mean to say but that my feelings may be weaker on such points—more foolish, if the term is preferred—than they might have been, if I had always occupied my present position."

Mr. Bounderby stared with a bursting pride at Mr. Harthouse, as much as to say, "I am the proprietor of this female, and she's worth your attention, I think?" Then resumed his discourse.

"You can recall for yourself, Harthouse, what I said to him when you saw him. I didn't mince the matter with him. I am never mealy with 'em. I KNOW 'em. Very well, sir. Three days after that, he bolted. Went off, nobody knows where: as my mother did in my infancy—only with this difference, that he is a worse subject than my mother, if possible. What did he do before he went? What do you say;" Mr. Bounderby, with his hat in his hand, gave a beat upon the crown at every little division of his sentences, as if it were a tambourine; "to his being seen—night after night—watching the Bank? —To his lurking about there—after dark!— To its striking Mrs. Sparsit—that he could be lurking for no good—To her calling Bitzer's attention to him, and their both taking notice of him—And to its appearing on inquiry to-day—that he was also noticed by the neighbours?" Having come to the climax, Mr. Bounderby, like an oriental dancer, put his tambourine on his head.

"Suspicious," said James Harthouse, "certainly."

"I think so, sir," said Bounderby, with a defiant nod. "I think so. But there are more of 'em in it. There's an old woman. One never hears of these things till the mischief's done; all sorts of defects are found out in the stable door after the horse is stolen; there's an old woman turns up now. An old woman who seems to have been flying into town on a broomstick, every now and then. *She* watches the place a whole day before this fellow begins, and, on the night when you saw him, she steals away with him and holds a council with him—I suppose, to make her report on going off duty, and be damned to her."

There was such a person in the room that night, and she shrunk from observation, thought Louisa.

"This is not all of 'em, even as we already know 'em," said Bounderby, with many nods of hidden meaning. "But I have said enough for the present. You'll have the goodness to keep it quiet, and mention it to no one. It may take time, but we shall have 'em. It's policy to give 'em line enough, and there's no objection to that."

"Of course, they will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law, as notice-boards observe," replied James Harthouse, "and serve them right. Fellows who go in for Banks must take the consequences. If there were no consequences, we should all go in for Banks." He had gently taken Louisa's parasol from her hand, and had put it up for her; and she walked under its shade, though the sun did not shine there.

"For the present, Loo Bounderby," said her husband, "here's Mrs. Sparsit to look after. Mrs. Sparsit's nerves have been acted upon by this business, and she'll stay here a day to two. So, make her comfortable."

"Thank you very much, sir," that discreet lady observed, "but pray do not let My comfort be a consideration. Anything will do for Me."

It soon appeared that if Mrs. Sparsit had a failing in her association with that domestic establishment, it was that she was so excessively regardless of herself and regardful of others, as to be a nuisance. On being shown her chamber, she was so dreadfully sensible of its comforts as to suggest the inference that she would have preferred to pass the night on the mangle in the laundry. True, the Powlers and the Scadgerses were accus-

tomed to splendor, "but it is my duty to remember," Mrs. Sparist was fond of observing with a lofty grace: particularly when any of the domestics were present, "that what I was, I am no longer. Indeed," said she, "if I could altogether cancel the remembrance that Mr. Sparsit was a Powler, or that I myself am related to the Scadgers family; or if I could even revoke the fact, and make myself a person of common descent and ordinary connexions; I would gladly do so. I should think it, under existing circumstances, right to do so." The same Hermitical state of mind led to her renunciation of made dishes and wines at dinner, until fairly commanded by Mr. Bounderby to take them; when she said, "Indeed you are very good, sir;" and departed from a resolution of which she had made rather formal and public announcement, to "wait for the simple mutton." She was likewise deeply apologetic for wanting the salt; and, feeling amiably bound to bear out Mr. Bounderby to the fullest extent in the testimony he had borne to her nerves, occasionally sat back in her chair and silently wept; at which periods a tear of large dimensions, like a crystal ear-ring, might be observed (or rather, must be, for it insisted on public notice) sliding down her Roman nose.

But Mrs. Sparsit's greatest point, first and last, was her determination to pity Mr. Bounderby. There were occasions when in looking at him she was involuntarily moved to shake her head, as who should say, "Alas! poor Yorick!" After allowing herself to be betrayed into these evidences of emotion, she would force a lambent brightness, and would be fitfully cheerful, and would say, "You have still good spirits, sir, I am thankful to find;" and would appear to hail it as a blessed dispensation that Mr. Bounderby bore up as he did. One idiosyncrasy for which she often apologised, she found it excessively difficult to conquer. She had a curious propensity to call Mrs. Bounderby "Miss Gradgrind," and yielded to it some three or four score times in the course of the evening. Her repetition of this mistake covered Mrs. Sparsit with modest confusion; but indeed, she said, it seemed so natural to say Miss Gradgrind: whereas, to persuade herself that the young lady whom she had had the happiness of knowing from a child could be really and truly Mrs. Bounderby, she found almost impossible. It was a further singularity of this remarkable case, that the more she thought about it, the more impossible it appeared; "the differences," she observed, being such—"

In the drawing-room after dinner, Mr. Bounderby tried the case of the robbery, examined the witnesses, made notes of the evidence, found the suspected persons guilty, and sentenced them to the extreme punishment of the law. That done, Bitzer was dismissed to town with instructions to recommend Tom to come home by the mail-train.

When candles were brought, Mrs. Sparsit murmured, "Don't be low, sir. Pray let me see you cheerful, sir, as I used to do." Mr. Bounderby, upon whom these consolations had begun to produce the effect of making him, in a bull-headed blundering way, sentimental, sighed like some large sea-animal. "I cannot bear to see you so, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Try a hand at backgammon, sir, as you used to do when I had the honor of living under your roof." "I haven't played backgammon, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "since that time." "No, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, soothingly, "I am aware that you have not. I remember that Miss Gradgrind takes no interest in the game. But I shall be happy, sir, if you will condescend."

They played near a window, opening on the garden. It was a fine night: not moonlight, but sultry and fragrant. Louisa and Mr. Harthouse strolled out into the garden, where their voices could be heard in the stillness, though not what they said. Mrs. Sparsit, from her place at the backgammon board, was constantly straining her eyes to pierce the shadows without. "What's the matter, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby: "you don't see a Fire, do you?" "Oh dear no, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "I was thinking of the dew?" "What have you got to do with the dew, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby. "It's not myself, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "I am fearful of Miss Gradgrind's taking cold." "She never takes cold," said Mr. Bounderby. "Really, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, and was affected with a cough in her throat.

When the time drew near for retiring, Mr. Bounderby took a glass of water. "Oh, sir?" said Mrs Sparsit. "Not your sherry warm, with lemon-peel and nutmeg?" "Why, I have got out of the habit of taking it now, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby. "The more's the pity, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "you are losing all your good old habits. Cheer up, sir! If Miss Gradgrind will permit me, I will offer to make it for you, as I have often done."

Miss Gradgrind readily permitting Mrs. Sparsit to do anything she pleased, that considerate lady made the beverage, and handed it to Mr. Bounderby. "It will do you good, sir. It will warm your heart. It is the sort of thing you want, and ought to take, sir." And when Mr. Bounderby said, "Your health, ma'am!" she answered with great feeling, "Thank you, sir. The same to you, and happiness also." Finally, she wished him good night, with great pathos; and Mr. Bounderby went to bed, with a maudlin persuasion that he had been crossed in something tender though he could not, for his life, have mentioned what it was.

Long after Louisa had undressed and lain down, she watched and waited for her

brother's coming home. That could hardly be, she knew, until an hour past midnight; but in the country silence, which did anything but calm the trouble of her thoughts, time lagged wearily. At last, when the darkness and stillness had seemed for hours to thicken one another, she heard the bell at the gate. She felt as though she would have been glad that it rang on until daylight; but it ceased, and the circles of its last sound spread out fainter and wider in the air, and all was dead again.

She waited yet some quarter of an hour, as she judged. Then she arose, put on a loose robe, and went out of her room in the dark, and up the staircase to her brother's room. His door being shut, she softly opened it and spoke to him, approaching his bed with a noiseless step.

She kneeled down beside it, passed her arm over his neck, and drew his face to hers. She knew that he only feigned to be asleep, but she said nothing to him.

He started by and by, as if he were just then awakened, and asked who that was, and what was the matter?

"Tom, have you anything to tell me? If ever you loved me in your life, and have anything concealed from every one besides, tell it to me."

"I don't know what you mean, Loo. You have been dreaming."

"My dear Brother," she laid her head down on his pillow, and her hair flowed over him as if she would hide him from every one but herself: "is there nothing that you have to tell me? Is there nothing you can tell me, if you will? You can tell me nothing that will change me. O Tom, tell me the truth!"

"I don't know what you mean, Loo."

"As you lie here alone, my dear, in the melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere one night, where even I, if I am living then, shall have left you. As I am here beside you, barefoot, unclothed, undistinguishable in darkness, so must I lie through all the night of my decay, until I am dust. In the name of that time, Tom, tell me the truth now!"

"What is it you want to know?"

"You may be certain;" in the energy of her love she took him to her bosom as if he were a child; "that I will not reproach you. You may be certain that I will be compassionate and true to you. You may be certain that I will save you at whatever cost. O Tom, have you nothing to tell me? Whisper very softly. Say only 'yes.' and I shall understand you!"

She turned her ear to his lips, but he remained doggedly silent.

"Not a word, Tom?"

"How can I say Yes, or how can I say No, when I don't know what you mean? Loo, you are a brave, kind girl, worthy I begin to think of a better brother than I am. But I have nothing more to say. Go to bed, go to bed."

"You are tired," she whispered presently, more in her usual way.

"Yes, I am quite tired out."

"You have been so hurried and disturbed to-day. Have any fresh discoveries been made?"

"Only those you have heard of, from—him."

"Tom, have you said to any one that we made a visit to those people, and that we saw those three together?"

"No. Didn't you yourself particularly ask me to keep it quiet, when you asked me to go there with you?"

"Yes. But I did not know then what was going to happen."

"Nor I neither. How could I?"

He was very quick upon her with this retort.

"Ought I to say, after what has happened," said his sister, standing by the bed—she had gradually withdrawn herself and risen, "that I made that visit? Should I say so? Must I say so?"

"Good heavens, Loo," returned her brother, "you are not in the habit of asking my advice. Say what you like. If you keep it to yourself, I shall keep it to *myself*. If you disclose it, there's an end of it."

It was too dark for either to see the other's face; but each seemed very attentive, and to consider before speaking,

"Tom, do you believe the man I gave the money to, is really implicated in this crime?"

"I don't know, I don't see why he shouldn't be."

"He seemed to me an honest man."

"Another person may seem to you dishonest, and yet not be so."

There was a pause, for he had hesitated and stopped.

"In short," resumed Tom, as if he had made up his mind, "if you come to that, perhaps I was so far from being altogether in his favor, that I took him outside the door to tell him quietly, that I thought he might consider himself very well off to get such a windfall as he had got from my sister, and that I hoped he would make a good use of it. You remember whether I took him out or not. I say nothing against the man; he may be a very good fellow, for anything I know; I hope he is."

"Was he offended by what you said?"

"No, he took it pretty well; he was civil enough. Where are you, Loo?" He sat up in bed and kissed her. "Good night, my dear, good night!"

"You have nothing more to tell me?"

"No. What should I have? You wouldn't have me tell you a lie?"

"I wouldn't have you do that to-night, Tom, of all the nights in your life; many and much happier as I hope they will be."

"Thank you, my dear Loo. I am so tired, that I am sure I wonder I don't say anything to get to sleep. Go to bed, go to bed."

Kissing her again, he turned round, drew the coverlet over his head, and lay as still as if that time had come by which she had adjured him. She stood for some time at the bedside before she slowly moved away. She stopped at the door, looked back when she had opened it, and asked him if he had called her? But he lay still, and she softly closed the door and returned to her room.

Then the wretched boy looked cautiously up and found her gone, crept out of bed, fastened his door, and threw himself upon his pillow again; tearing his hair, morosely crying, grudgingly loving her, hatefully but impenitently spurning himself, and no less hatefully and unprofitably spurning all the good in the world.

THE LEARNED SAILOR.

Once upon a time it was the ne'er-do-well of any family who went to sea, and he went out under the impression that he would not do very well, even if he should rise among sailors to the head of his profession: always supposing that he had not entered the navy or John Company's service. He would be, when at his best, only the captain of a trading vessel, a man scarcely distinguished intellectually from a dealer in marine stores. His occupation was held to be no voucher for his respectability, or for his knowledge of anything more than a few practical details about ropes and sails and compasses. Little more science was credited to him for his power of guiding his ship from London to Rio Janeiro than would be supposed to be in the possession of a cab-driver able to guide his horse from Peckham to the Bank. Now, however, times, if they are not much changed, are changing, and the advance from barber-surgery to an age producing Jenners and John Hunters, was not greater than the advance will be from the decaying race of skippers to the age that will produce merchant officers looking upon their profession as a learned one, and ranking with the best class in the aristocracy of intellect.

That the youngster who goes to sea shall ever be considered by his friends really to have embraced one of the learned professions may seem a remarkably foolish expectation. Time will show. Medicine was once a calling exercised only by slaves, who had no reason to anticipate its present dignity. But a boy, it will be said, goes to his ship while very young, and afterwards has little time for study. For book-study, perhaps. Yet, inasmuch as book-learning consists largely of intelligence received by hearsay from all quarters of the world, he may be no bad scholar whose work carries him about the world, and who is qualified to observe those things for himself in nature which are by others only seen in print. As one may learn French among Frenchmen, Spanish among Spaniards, almost without opening a dictionary, so may a sailor, who is always seeing that about which shore-going philosophers can only read and write, become, with a right use of his time and opportunities, ten times more truly learned than a landsman,—and that, too, perhaps, by help of but a tenth part of the landsman's literary toil. A certain quantity of book-work is of course essential, as the means by which a sailor becomes qualified to understand what he sees, knows what to look for, and how to observe. The learned sailor will not be in a condition to dispense with books; we only contend that he can become learned without more reading than his mode of life will readily permit.

And there will hereafter be great need that the merchant officer should be, in the broad and true sense of the word—by which we steadily abide—a learned man. The same change is coming over the profession of the sailor that has come over other professions long ago. Its means and appliances are enlarging. Knowledge has increased enough to make it evident that an investigation of many secrets, and an application of many known principles of nature, are more and more becoming necessary for its perfect practice. The sailor in a hurricane now uses, or ought to use, his knowledge of the theory of storms, and saves his vessel from distress or loss easily enough by help of a little of his learning. The sailor on a voyage observes winds and currents; and, thanks to a subtle comprehension of what we may call the internal anatomy of the seas traversed by his vessel—such, for example, as may be found broadly displayed in Lieutenant Maury's Wind and Current Charts, and his Sailing Directions—he makes clipping voyages, that bless the man of trade with quick returns, and bless the world through the increased vitality of commerce. Nearly a thousand merchant captains now leave the American ports freighted with results of the latest investigations, and at the same time instructed how to investigate, so that fresh information may be stored. Their voyages to California are, through such knowledge, shortened by a third; and the seamen who are competent to take notes, sailing abroad in all directions, have determined accurately the limits within which sperm-whales and other whales are found, to the great help of the whale-fishery; have discovered a system of southwardly monsoons in the equatorial regions of the Atlantic, and on the west coast of America; have determined a vibratory motion of the trade-wind zones, with their belts of calms and their limits for every month of the year; have added greatly to the distinctness of our knowledge on the subject of the Gulf Stream; have discovered the existence of currents nearly as remarkable in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of China, and on the north-western coast of America, besides storing up other knowledge, all in the most direct way conducive to the

interests of commerce, besides being gains to exact science. The rapid expansion both of commerce and knowledge for which we have in these days reason to look, will produce in the next generation higher and more numerous demands than ever on the energies of the merchant officer; the sea will become in a greater degree than it ever has been, the highway of nations; and the sailor's vocation will become one of the noblest in the world.

How much the sailor has to learn and teach, Lieutenant Maury, we think, was the first to show, and to cause to be felt in an effective way. We doubt whether any seaman hitherto has done so much as this gentleman for the real elevation of his calling among all nations and in every kind of service. He belongs to the American navy, but he seeks cordial co-operation with all merchant officers.

There is the sea, he says in effect, covering three-fourths of the surface of the globe, the widest field for discovery and observation that this planet offers. There is the atmosphere over earth and sea; the sailor has three-fourths of the whole human power of investigating that. More than three-fourths, for the sailor's atmosphere is found always subject only to its own uncomplicated laws; its winds blow over a vast plain of water, offering them no such hindrance, forcing them into no such shifts as they are put to in passing over land, where they are vexed by mountain-tops, valleys, plains, woods, lakes, and rivers, that all meddle with the movement of the air. By applying to their use the secrets of the air and water, ships travel from shore to shore. The better they know such secrets—and more than half of them still remain unrevealed—with the greater safety, certainty and speed, will the ships travel. The sailor has only to carry with him proper instruments, a mind instructed to observe, and an accurate and punctual habit of note-taking, to become not merely a promoter of the interests of his own calling—though he is that in the first place—but also a benefactor to all kinds of men. The observation that may mean little when taken by itself, has only to be placed in the hands of an instructed hydrographer, or meteorologist, who has at the same time laid before him the contemporary records of observations made by other sailors at different points of the surface of the sea, and truths of the grandest kind are confirmed or elicited. Whom does it not concern to understand exactly, as only sailors can enable us to understand, the laws that regulate certain conditions of the atmosphere? We call weather capricious, only because we are not yet clever enough to penetrate its mysteries. Moist winds, essential to the growth of plants, all blow from the sea; the cultivators of the vine and olive may be helped by the same knowledge that is collected for the service of the mariner; the husbandman, the merchant, statesman, and philosopher, all look for most important aid from the learning that is developed and acquired at sea.

To the mind of the learned sailor, everything will bring knowledge. "The wind and rain," here we quote Lieutenant Maury's own words, in the preface to his Sailing Directions, "the wind and rain; the vapour and the cloud; the tide, the current, the saltness and depth, and temperature and colour of the sea; the shade of the sky; the temperature of the air; the tint and shape of the clouds; the height of the tree on the shore, the size of the leaves, the brilliancy of the flowers; each and all may be regarded as the exponent of certain physical combinations, and, therefore, as the expression in which Nature chooses to announce her own meaning; or, if we please, the language in which she writes down the operation of her own laws. To understand that language, and to interpret aright those laws, is the object of the undertaking which those who co-operate with me have in hand. No fact gathered in such a field as this, therefore, can come amiss to those who tread the walks of inductive philosophy; for in the handbook of Nature, every such fact is a syllable; and it is by patiently collecting fact after fact, and by joining together syllable after syllable, that we may finally seek to read aright from the great volume which the mariner at sea and the philosopher on the mountain see spread out before them." So speaks Lieutenant Maury, not as an innovator, but an exponent of that chapter in the history of seamanship which is to be found on the new leaf that society is just now turning over.

Of Mr. Maury's part in such a chapter mention has been once or twice made in this journal. A few lines of narrative are all that we need now supply. In November, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, application was made by the English to the American government for certain aid in enabling officers of the Royal Engineers, on American soil, to take meteorological observations upon an uniform plan, and for any co-operation that the scientific men of the United States might be disposed to afford. To Lieutenant Maury, in his capacity of Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, this application was in the natural course of business referred. His reply was not merely approval of the idea, but extension of it to a systematic and uniform plan of observation, not only on the soil of every country, but among sailors over the surface of all seas. This notion coming back to England, our Royal Society reported against the idea of attempting to procure the substitution of any uniform system for the various plans of observation used by various men of science in one country and another, inasmuch as their labours were already very valuable, and (as we understand the report) they

would not at all like to be interfered with. The idea of an uniform system of observation, carried out by all countries in their ships, the same society approved, and to this, therefore, the assent of England to the American suggestion was confined. In deference to the Royal Society, Lieutenant Maury limited his proposal to this, when there was established afterwards a conference of practical and learned men of all nations, which met last year at Brussels, in the months of August and September, to discuss the subject. Enough was then said to prove that our Royal Society underrated the liberal dispositions of philosophers in Europe. An uniform system of land observations would have been readily agreed upon; but inasmuch as that question lay beyond the declared purpose of the conference, it was not formally discussed; and, after planning a model form of log for the tabular record of those matters from which it was most important that each sailor should bring information home, the conference was closed. The form of log recommended by the conference was to be applied to use in the navies of the chief European states; and though the employment of it was never to be made binding upon merchant officers, yet the voluntary use of it by them was to be encouraged to the utmost. For the sake, therefore, both of providing such encouragement and qualifying merchant seamen to observe, the American government undertakes that every merchant vessel carrying the Brussels log, and filling up punctually—not necessarily the whole, but at least a certain number of its columns, its barometer and thermometer being compared with standard instruments, shall be officially and gratuitously supplied with all the nautical works which its observations help to make. They go out fitted up with instruments by private enterprise, supplied by the state with all the newest charts; there are a thousand such trading vessels as we have said already in the service of the United States; and so we have already the sea dotted with floating observatories.

For having given the first strong pull in this excellent direction, it is our duty heartily to express our obligations to America. But merchant seamen in this country do not mean to be inactive. Obstinate and ignorant skippers still exist, of course, on each side of the Atlantic, but the men who make themselves heard abroad and at home are they who are working hard for the development of their profession. A handsome work has been lately issued by an English captain, who has commanded six or seven trading vessels, and commands now one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers—Captain Methven. It is a book called the Log of a Merchant Officer, describing what a sea life is, and what it ought to be, what a log is, and what it ought to be, presenting at the close a real log in fac-simile, elementary in its teaching, agreeable in its style, pleasantly embellished by the author's pencil, and just costly enough to make it valued by the young gentleman who, having made up his mind to go to sea, shall have received it as a present from some thoughtful uncle. So much we undertake to say of it, though we are not reviewers. Captain Methven's whole purpose seems to us to be the hastening of the day when the profession of the sailor shall be what we have a right to call a learned man. Sir William Reid, who, by his work on Storms, ranks with the first of those whose labours tend to this essential and inevitable end, says of the mercantile marine that "he can imagine few pursuits of a higher kind than this," and, pointing out how "the increasing application of science to practical navigation calls for new acquirements in the sea commander," expresses cordial appreciation of Captain Methven's efforts. And Dr. Lyon Playfair, ushering the Captain's book into the world, adds, still in the same vein, "Certainly there is no profession embracing a higher kind of knowledge than that of the seaman. Even in its most limited range there is a necessity for an empirical if not a rational acquaintance with the fundamental truths of physical geography, astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, magnetism, meteorology, and the laws of health. In advancing competition, scientific knowledge, in every trade and profession, has become the condition for true success, both among individuals and nations."

We therefore warn young men going, or just gone to sea, that the vocation of the unlearned sailor is departing, and that they must qualify themselves, so that they may hold their ground under a new order of things. As hints to them we will not intrude any impertinent ideas of our own, but take advantage of the experience of Captain Methven, and cite three or four of his suggestions.

In the first place we will call attention to the fact that although the ships at the port of Blackwall offer more advantages than perhaps any other to young gentlemen who "go to sea," yet of all the lads of good connexion who have entered on a sea-life at that port during the last fifteen years, not twenty have risen to the command of a ship. Why do the youths fail? For want of right preliminary training. The men, again, who really have risen to command, have, as a class, not been equal to their duties. The standard set up for captains of the old Indiamen, is rarely reached by men who go out in command of vessels as to size, model, and canvas, far superior to those old Indiamen, and carrying crews that increase by a great deal the weight of responsibility. Shipbuilding, and ship-commanding have not kept pace with each other—one has advanced, the other has, in some respects, stepped backward. All quick eyes, however, are now well on the alert; other days are coming for the

merchant sailor, and they have, in part, already come. A boy gains nothing by going to sea at a too unripe age; let him wait till he is fifteen years old, and take care that by that time he can translate Cæsar, is well versed in arithmetic, and has the best elementary knowledge he can acquire of algebra, geometry, the use of logarithms, trigonometry, and the chief branches of natural philosophy. He cannot be too skilful with the pencil, and should understand shading with Indian ink, and as much as he can acquire of the use of colour. He should have learnt one modern language, and if he stay ashore some months beyond the age of fifteen, he may spend them in reading Riddle's "Navigation."

Let him then enter, we will say on board a Blackwall ship, and make his first voyage without books, studying with his eyes, ready to do anything, spending his leisure rather among the men in the tops, learning from them how to knot, reefing and furling with them, and becoming familiar with all the ropes and all their mysteries. Let him keep also a neat log journal. In the interval between his first and second voyage, let him work at Riddle with a master, and take lessons in languages, in drawing, painting, or any other subject that may be worked at afterwards, in leisure hours at sea. Let the career be continued in this spirit, and the end of it will be success.

It is not only the merchant officer who is to take a new position. It would be fit that the common seaman should rise with him, Captain Methven speaks truth in the seaman's cause. Merchant officers, he says, generally dislike merchant crews, and want faith in the men. They should be pitied rather than disliked, and they are better he says, than one might suppose they would be made by their position. The ordinary position of a common sailor on board a trading vessel, has been dwelt upon repeatedly in Household Words. We have nothing to add to what has been already said of the miseries of the forecastle; of the harassing and worse than useless watch and watch system; and of the other causes of that premature old age so often to be found written in the faces of young seamen. For ourselves, we have spoken; but we are not sorry to add here Captain Methven's testimony upon two important points. It is the testimony of a merchant officer whom a just devotion to his profession induced, on three several voyages, to lay aside the quarter-deck jacket, and make himself at home with the men in the forecastle. He learned to respect them, and to revolt from their home. "It is important," he writes, yet "to make great amelioration in the accomodation provided for the labouring occupants of a merchant ship; for when it is considered that this is the home-life of men who have to do the brunt of the work, and that the home of the working man should be a rest from his labour, the short periods which the sailor has below should be both a relaxation and an enjoyment to him. The forecastle should, therefore, at least, contain provision for a clean, dry bed, a comfortable well-set-out meal, with space, light, and ventilation; and these, it will be candidly admitted are, in theory, the minimum conditions for comfort. The crowding up of this space, as is generally the case, by filthy bunks, and still more filthy hammocks, occupied by discontented idleness, under the baneful system of watch and watch, makes it a place whence the fair sisters Godliness and Cleanliness have withdrawn, shuddering."

The only other point upon which we shall cite Captain Methven is, again a hint to owners. Though the ship's log is the most important thing on board, it is, in ordinary cases, practically useless; the log-slate is carelessly written up, and as the need of carefulness increases, it becomes less possible to get it, even with the best intentions. Fancy an officer in a storm stooping over the binnacle, with the rain dripping from his hat, taking after dark, what the captain styles flying shots at the barometer, with a spot of light from a dark lantern, and then going to look at a sympiesometer in another place, that is fixed where it is subject to another temperature. There should exist, it is urged, on board every merchant vessel, proper convenience for writing up the log slate in all weathers, accurately and with punctuality. Ships' logs cannot continue to be what they have been. There should be a deck-house, however small, lighted up at sundown, containing the log slate and all the ship's instruments, proper convenience for writing, and the chart of the ship's voyage spread out for reference. In large vessels, this deck-house should be a regular chart-room. Everywhere it should be the accepted workshop of the learned sailor.

Of the mysteries of charts and logs themselves, we do not speak. We content ourselves with recording this fact as a memorial of the departing epoch of unlearned seamanship. It occurs in a note to Captain Methven's work, and is as follows: "One of the very few officers whom I have ever met who took an interest in a log-book, was employed in the Hooghly and in the head of the Bay of Bengal, which is rife with storms. He provided his vessel with a superior class of log-book, arranged so as to meet the circumstances of the weather with which he was brought in contact, and had the volume bound in a plain neat strong cover. His owner, one of the leading ship owners of England, disallowed the bill as being unusual and not needed; cartridge paper, with a pasteboard cover and extemporaneous ruling, being considered more fitting." Yet it is the log-book which professes to define that vital fact, a ship's position. "I have repeatedly," says the same authority, "given corrections of two degrees of longitude (!) generally to foreign, but also

on one or two occasions to English ships running between America and Europe." After this, who does not cry, All-hail to the new race of sailors, who will put this ignorance aside, and rise to a true comprehension of their noble calling?

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE PASHA.

THE Pasha is a pleasant elderly gentleman, and a friend of mine. He is about forty-two, he says, not being very particular on the subject: but he looks a fair fifty. He attributes this circumstance to his having married at fifteen. I inwardly believe this is a libel on the Turkish ladies, but I could not banter the Pasha on such a subject, for the Harem is forbidden ground even for a hint to stand upon. Upon the whole, therefore, I think it is best to acquiesce in the forty-two, and take those years for granted. The Pasha himself believes devoutly in them. So do I.

Picture a tall, spare, aristocratic-looking gentleman—Gentleman is the only word which would give you an idea of the Pasha; it is written by Nature's own hand on every quiet dignified movement, in every subdued smile, in every lofty and winning courtesy. The man would break his heart if his ermine were defiled. He was born a knight after the old romantic idea of such an individual, and he will live and die with a crest as unsullied as Bayard or Amadis of Gaul. I believe it would be physically impossible for him to utter an untruth, to forget his honourable pride, or to do one mean, paltry, or unworthy action to any human being. I would take his plain, simply spoken word, in almost any possible circumstances, and I would place any interest I held dear in his keeping, fearlessly. His dress is a plain single-breasted coat of the rich plum-colour which the Turks love. It is made of a peculiar cloth which I understand comes chiefly from Belgium. The Pasha's trousers are too large for him: I cannot deny that. They give him the appearance of being bow-legged. They are too long, too wide, too baggy, generally. In fact, it is surprising to me how he keeps them on, as braces appear to be an undiscovered mystery in Turkey. The Pasha wears two pairs of shoes, one over the other. The under shoes are of exquisitely fine Russian leather, about the consistence of a kid glove. His overshoes, which he wears when he goes abroad, are the unromantic blucher. The top of the Pasha's head is surmounted by a small fez, or red cap, which the late Sultan brought into fashion. It has a tassel of at least half a pound weight of corded blue silk. Beneath it is a finely worked linen lining detached from the cap, and peeping in a snowy ring all round it. This is the sign of a Turkish dandy. His cap is also surmounted by a broad, flat, circular piece of gold. This is the sign of his being a Turkish officer, and I wish the sign were always worn as worthily. It is of course, needless to add that the Pasha wears his coat buttoned up to the chin, and is far too military a genius to display anything in the shape of shirt collar. On his right hand little finger, however, he wears a diamond ring, which once belonged to the Dey of Algiers, and cost a thousand pounds. The expression of the Pasha's face is mild and placid, almost to a fault. His nose is aquiline, his beard spare, his mouth well cut, and his eyes are lively and well opened. His voice is as habitually low and soft as those heard in English drawing-rooms. When he is at home he sits generally wrapped up in a dressing-gown lined with furs, and put on over his other clothes (for he tells me the climate even in June is treacherous). With his legs curled up beneath him on the sofa, he gives his mild audiences to suitors, who prostrate themselves before him when they enter his presence. When he wants anything he touches a little spring-bell which is placed beside him—it makes one tink, and in a minute several of the fifty-six servants he keeps come noiselessly in and await his commands, with their hands placed above their hearts. When he has spoken they touch their foreheads, in sign of unquestioning and implicit obedience; then they disappear as silently as they had entered.

Generally speaking, it may be said to be an agreeable thing to be a Turkish Pasha; he is, nevertheless a personage of great power and authority. He is about as absolute a provincial governor as can be conceived. It is, therefore, pleasant to add that he is as easy and good-humoured as the majority of his fellow Pashas in other places. Indeed, his power of late years has been rather nominal than real. He is fettered a good deal by personal enemies in the Medglis, or mixed tribunal, by the intrigues of the Greeks, and by the growing power of the press. He is obliged, therefore, to be something of a trimmer in his official conduct; and he is mightily afraid of the European consuls, who all watch him like so many policemen in private clothes, and often worry him out of health and spirits with their litigious and troublesome conduct. They interfere in the affairs of his command on the most improper occasions, and they hector him with singular effrontery. Of course, if the Pasha were well acquainted with European politics, and understood these gentlemen, he would not tolerate their pretensions upon any terms; but the Pasha is not a traveller. He is of the old school, and his education has been neglected.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the Pasha profits by his post, in a pecuniary point of view. On the contrary, it costs him money. His pay is about seven hundred pounds a year, and his mere charities, with the necessary, or customary expenses of his post, must exceed one thousand pounds. After the

fashion of his brethren, he keeps a whole army of retainers; and every now and then he finds it good policy to send a valuable present to Constantinople, otherwise he would lose his place; or, at least, this event would be highly probable. Upon the whole, perhaps, in round numbers, the Pashalik costs him one thousand five hundred pounds a year, besides the pay he derives from it. The sum, however, is a mere bagatelle to him, for though he would not own it on any account, he is really one of the richest gentleman in Turkey; his father and grandfather having both made very large fortunes in trade. When I say that he is one of the richest gentlemen in Turkey, I mean that he may have twenty thousand, or twenty-five thousand pounds a year in land: of course there are many far richer; but this may still be called a first-class fortune in the East. Having said this, it is proper to add that my Pasha is not a portrait. He is the type of a class, and few persons who have lived familiarly with the higher order of Turks will fail to recognise him in many places.

I have said the Pasha would be sorry to avow that he is a rich man; but, in reality, he goes much further than this. So strong is the force of tradition, and so dangerous was it, at one time, to be reputed wealthy, that there is no nobility in the world more deeply indebted than the Turkish Pashas. They borrow money at exorbitant interest, not because they want it, but to conceal the true state of their fortune; and a man who has, perhaps, one hundred thousand pounds sterling, buried somewhere in the ground, will designedly seem to have the utmost difficulty in paying five pounds. The Pashas, as a class, are kept poor by the number of their useless retainers; the constant drain for presents to the higher authorities, and the general muddle which seems to cling inevitably to all Turkish affairs. Besides, they are bad financiers, and though some of them have acute ideas enough on trading matters, very few can be made to comprehend the advantages of profitable investments. Until lately, there was no national debt in Turkey. There are still no banks, no railroads, none of those enterprises on a grand scale which present a secure employment for private fortune; and if there were, the Turk would long look shyly on them.

Let me describe a visit to the Pasha. It is early morning, and I have something to communicate to my friend, so I shall send to know when he can receive me. The polite answer is soon returned. His Excellency will receive me at once. I may as well say that so great is British influence in Turkey, however, that I believe his Excellency would receive me in the middle of the night, if he had just gone to bed with a severe cold. Foreign officers usually pay official visits, preceded by a cavass, to clear the way, and accompanied by their secretary and interpreter. I, of course, being a shadow, and going to a shadowy Pasha, proceed alone. A quarter of an hour's walk brings me to a large rambling white-washed house. This is the Konaki, or Pasha's residence. A score of armed men are lounging about the court-yard, also some suitors, and some dogs. A rabble rout of slippers of all sizes and denominations encumber the threshold. Having passed over these, without being tripped up, I am received by the Pasha's chief secretary, who conducts me up a broad flight of wooden stairs, the banisters of which are painted red. Making our way through a bowing crowd of cavasses, hojas, suitors, and all sorts of people, who already throng the anteroom, we soon come before a heavy curtain, which serves for a door to the Pasha's private room. This curtain is noiselessly drawn back. The word is passed to the men-at-arms, that the Pasha is giving private audience, and is not to be disturbed. The next moment we are in his presence. He has risen, and advanced to meet his shadowy guest; and takes me by the hand, and presses it almost affectionately; then he leads me to a place beside him, and we sit down together.

It would be a breach of all etiquette to begin upon business at once, so we look round the room. It is a large apartment, with a bright copper mangal, or charcoal burner, placed in the centre of the matted floor. It has a sofa and some chairs for furniture: nothing more. The ceiling, and the little cupboards (like pigeon holes), let into the wall, are quaintly painted. The open windows have a grand view of the surrounding country, and a fine Dollond telescope beside my friend, testifies to the interest he takes in the prospect. Indeed, looking through this telescope is, I know, one of his most favorite and constant amusements. It is his occupation, his relief, and consolation amid the affairs of state. As I am taking mental note of these things two servants enter, always in the same silent way. They bring two pipes, each of the same size, and each with jewelled amber mouth-pieces. The attendants draw themselves up opposite to us, like automatons. Each places his right hand on his heart, two other servants place the silver pipe-trays, and the next moment we are inhaling wonderful tobacco, the first draught of smoke penetrating both our lungs at precisely the same time, though the Pasha had half a second the advantage of me in the presentasion of the pipe, to mark his quality of host. He would explain this, if I were to ask him, by saying it is Turkish hospitality first to taste yourself whatever you offer to a guest.

The pipe business being disposed of, there enter two other attendants; one bears a crimson napkin richly embroidered with gold, over his left shoulder; the other a coffee tray with cups of elegant filagree work. These servants are usually the most favoured of an

oriental household. We are presented in the same manner, with two small cups of unsweetened and unstrained coffee, and then the attendants retire, and I open my business.

Everything, of course, goes upon wheels, Sir Palaver Tweedledum himself could not make things pleasanter than the Pasha. If I wanted his signet ring (upon which he has just breathed, and has used on the spot to sign an official document I have requested of him) I might have it. If I asked for the best horse in his stable, for the loan of the wonderful fur dressing gown, or any possible thing under the moon, I might have it. Never mind. We must try the more earnestly to ask nothing incompatible with the strict principles of justice and good feeling; we must be the more fully aware of the solemn responsibility which rests at this moment upon every British public servant in Turkey. Let us turn the conversation. Let us tell the Pasha all sorts of stray odds and ends of news from Europe which he asks after so thirstily. Let us listen in return to his ideas on things in general, and on politics in particular. You and I, and Smith and Thompson, all think the same way: I would not give a button to hear any of you, I might as well talk to myself; but the Pasha has quiet ideas of his own stowed away in sly corners of his mind, such as might make the hairs of common men to stand on an end.

Well, we shall go chatting away very pleasantly for an hour or two, smoking chibouques, and laughing in our sleeves, until his Excellency has quite a colour with the invigorating exercise. Then I shall go. Again the Pasha will get up and lead me by the hand to the doorway, and then he will draw his gallant figure up to its full height, and take leave of me with the air of a prince and the cordial smile of an honest man. And to-morrow, or the day after, a gorgeous apparition of arms and gold embroidery will appear at my house, and ask when I will receive the Pasha, and I also shall answer at once. Then the Pasha will come on horseback, with running footmen and pipe bearers beside him; and the folding doors of my little cottage will be thrown wide open to receive him. The neighbourhood will assemble with a mixture of awe and admiration. There will be a clattering of arms in the hall; and the Pasha, with his sword on his thigh, will stride through with the mien of a king. My Greek servant, who has been sent to borrow some coffee cups next door, and who has a talent for getting things in a pickle, will enter behind him, and, as I step forward with a smile and a bow to welcome my grand acquaintance, I shall see Demetri, coffee cups and all, tripped up by the cavass's sword, and falling with a mighty crash. But the Pasha never turns his head; he knows very well what a European household is in Turkey.

There is but one thing more to be noticed, and that is, that whereas I gave but thirty shillings as the official present to the Pasha's servants, I learn, when he has departed, by the exultation of Demetri and the statelier joy of Hamet, that his Excellency has given mine two pounds.

PROGRESS.

All victory is struggle, using chance
And genius well; all bloom is fruit of death;
All being, effort for a future germ;
All good, just sacrifice; and life's success
Is rounded-up of integers of thrift,
From toil and self-denial. Man must strive
If he would freely breathe or conquer: slaves
Are amorous of ease and dalliance soft;
Who rules himself calls no man master, and
Commands success even in the throat of Fate.
Creation's soul is thrivance from decay;
And nature feeds on ruin; the big earth
Summers in rot, and harvests through the frost,
To fructify the world; the mortal Now
Is pregnant with the spring-flowers of To-come;
And death is seed-time of Eternity.

SMOKE OR NO SMOKE.

Why do a vast proportion of the inhabitants of London, and other dense towns, die of diseases of the lungs? Why does the spruce linen that starts pure and spotless every day from Camberwell, Camden Town, and other suburbs, reach the City and public offices smudged and grimy? Why do the Londoners pay above a million sterling a year more to their laundresses than washing costs provincials? Why do the pictures in the National Gallery constantly require to be cleaned, and (according to Cunningham and Moore), destroyed? Why are foreigners made to believe that our oldest public edifices are built of coal, and our statues carved in ebony? Why do flowering shrubs and young children transplanted from the country to within the bills of mortality sicken and die? Why cannot the cultivators, upon back-window-sills, of drooping mignonnette and limp wall-flowers, gather a stalk without defiling their hands? Why do the sheep in the parks wear the livery of woe and appear in perpetual half mourning? Why is a smoky house placed first in the list of domestic tortures; even before a scolding wife? Why have smoke, and chimney sweepers, and chimney sweeping cost the legislature almost as many Acts of Parliament as Game, or the National Debt. Why? Because the eight hundred thousand domestic chimneys, and the uncounted factory chimneys of London are not made to consume their own smoke, in spite of Lord Palmerston.

The first and most important of the questions asked above is answered by all the others: the great destruction of life from pulmonary disease is due to the

fact that the soot which smudges the collars and chitterlings of our citizens, that ruins our finest paintings, that blackens our public buildings, that suffocates our country-born babies, that kills our plants, that fleeces our sheep of their whiteness, that blackens our faces, and buries our whole bodies in palls of fog, is also constantly passing into our lungs; and, as the cells of that organ were not intended to act as soot-sifters, any more than Sam Slick's watches were made to be bruised under sledge-hammers, they soon become the "vile prisons of afflicted breath;" and, stopping it altogether, add mournful entries to the books of the Registrar General of Deaths.

By Lord Palmerston's Smoke Abatement Act, all furnaces in London must, after the first of August next, be so constructed or altered as to consume their own smoke; but it has been stated that compliance with the Act will be next to impossible. To test the accuracy of this prediction, let us see not only whether smoke is destructible, but whether it cannot be converted into fuel. In order to solve the problem, look at a gas-light: see how brightly and clearly it burns, yet the carburetted hydrogen which feeds the flame may have been smoke as dense and as black as that which the river steamers pour over you whenever you have occasion to cross London Bridge; for, every addition of coal that is made in the retort (or still) at the gasometer first gives off smoke, which becomes inflammable gas by the action of increased heat, just as the smoke of a domestic fire which is generated when first coal is put on, becomes flame when there is a bright fire. Smoke, therefore, which on cooling becomes soot, becomes, when heated to more than six hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, inflammable gas. Every wreath of smoke that curls up a chimney is so much wasted fuel; and, when we know that, in the regular manufacture, one pound of coal suffices to make four cubic feet of luminiferous gas, we can easily believe Count Rumford's statement that five-sixths of the ordinary heat of an English fire goes up the chimney.

The way to destroy smoke, then, is simply to burn it; and the heat required to do this being very great, it seems easier to destroy smoke in a furnace than in a grate. Among the most effectual plans hitherto adapted to furnaces, are those by Messrs. Jucke, Hall, Hazeldine, and Lee Stevens. Three of these systems are based upon the effectual expedient of not putting on too much coal at a time; and the supply of fuel in small quantities is so regulated by machinery, that it becomes almost instantly heated to the non-smoking degree. The other plan is that of projecting a streaming wall of hot atmospheric air against the smoke in its passage from the fire to the chimney, and so converting it into an inflammable gas. At the back of the fire a plate of iron faced with fire-brick is so placed nearly upright, as to reach from the ashpit to the crown of the furnace, at the back of it, but in front of the mouth of the chimney. This plate eventually becomes intensely heated; and the air, rushing under the bottom edge of the plate in the ashpit (where a space is left for it to enter), becomes inconceivably hot before it reaches the top, where it meets the dense gases passing over the upper edge of the plate. The oxygen contained in this heated air attains, by expansion, a great affinity for the carburetted hydrogen and other combustible gases that are flowing off from the fire; and, by this means, such of the carbonic gases as would otherwise pass wastefully away in volumes of opaque smoke, are perfectly united, and completely perform the function of fuel by burning in clear, white, and elongated flame, whose caloric is rapidly absorbed by the heating surface of the boiler, copper, pan, still, or other boiling, steam-producing, or evaporative vessel to which it is applied. This is Mr. Lee Stevens's plan, and it has the great advantage of requiring no machinery; so that no inattention or unskilfulness of the stoker can affect its action. We have witnessed and tested its efficacy at the office of the *Times* newspaper, at the famous blacking mart of Day and Martin, and at the great sweetmeat factory of Hill and Jones. With necessary attention the other inventions perform their functions thoroughly, and we have seen them also in such effectual operation as to leave no doubt that the smoke nuisance from factories and steam engines can be utterly abated.

But, supposing the Act of Parliament to be complied with by all the tall chimneys of the metropolis, before we can count upon a clear atmosphere, there will be an enormous balance of short chimneys belonging to some eight hundred thousand domestic houses, to deal with. And here we turn to Dr. Arnott; whose simple and ingenious improvement upon Cutler's grate we can verify is even more efficient for domestic use than the expedients we have described are for steam furnaces. We have already explained that smoke is generated when coal is first put on, from imperfect combustion. Dr. Arnott never puts coal on, and therefore his fire never smokes. He pushes it up. He does not smother the fire by pouring fuel upon the top, but causes fuel to ascend from the bottom. Neither is his a new grate; but simply a receipt for making old grates and chimneys smokeless: take out the bottom of your grate, fix close under the void an open iron box, six or eight inches deep, with a moveable bottom; let the bottom of the box be supported by a piston-rod, fastened to the hearth, so that, by means of the poker, it may be pushed upwards at will: fill the box with coal enough to last the whole day—say from twenty to thirty pounds' weight—then light your fire in the ordinary manner, upon the

black coal which now forms the bed of the grate. As the fire burns down, lift up the bottom of the box by the application of the poker to certain holes or catches in the piston, and you will enjoy a clear, bright, smokeless fire until the bottom is pushed up into the fire, to denote that the box is empty; which, in well-regulated families, will not happen until bed-time. When you want to put the fire out, remove most of the red-hot lumps; for, by this improvement, the smallest coal cakes into lumps. When you don't want to put it out, and to keep it gently alive all night, do nothing. Even after nearly all the coal which is surrounded by the fire bars has been consumed, the air will dive into the coal-box and keep the fire there gently alight—like a torch burning from the top downwards—until almost all the fuel is consumed, and thus the fire will remain burning for a whole day or night, without stirring or attendance, yet it is ready to burn up actively at any moment when the piston is raised. The fire never need be let out all the winter, and that with a considerable economy of fuel.

It will be perceived that no air can pass through the fire from the bed of the grate—a defect as respects draught, but a merit in preventing the body of coal in the reservoir from igniting before it reaches above the lower bar. The defect is converted into a merit, in the chimney, which is gradually contracted and fitted with a throttle-valve having an index outside, by which the size of the orifice inside can be regulated so as to increase or diminish the draught. Any grate can be fitted with Dr. Arnott's expedients for from twenty-five to thirty shillings, and any person who may have the good sense to wish to adopt them, had better procure the Journal of the Society of Arts, for the twelfth of May last, and read a report of the full, clear and easily understood explanations, which Dr. Arnott publicly and most liberally gave at a meeting of the Society, without reserving to himself any sort of patent right or advantage whatever.

Mr. Julius Jeffries, another leader of the legions of smoke-haters, has made a proposition, which must be mentioned. He says, remove all the gas-factories to a distance from London, bring up the carburetted hydrogen in pipes, and use it to heat coke in your grates. That is to say, take your lumps of coal to the gasometer; extract the gas (which send travelling per pipes), send it up to London in the form of coke, and then burn the two together, to make a cheerful fire. Dr. Arnott and Mr. Jeffries differ only in this: the former manufactures his coke and cheerful fire all at once on the premises, while Mr. Jeffries puts his combustibles out to make.

There is no reason whatever why the atmosphere of London, and other great towns, should not be as clear, the public buildings as white, and the linen a great deal cleaner than the air, the monuments, and the linen of Paris, or Munich, or St. Petersburgh.

TATTYBOYS RENTERS.

That gregarious tendency common to men, as well as to the inferior orders of animation, that leads the devouring lion to howl in company with the Leo vorans, minnows to flow together into the net of the snarer, herrings to be taken in shoals of thousands, blacklegs to horde with blacklegs, lords with lords, children with children, birds of a feather, in fact, human as well as ornithological, to flock together—has brought a considerable number of eccentric parties together in Tattyboys Rents. For the Rents being decidedly eccentric of themselves as Rents, it was but natural and to be expected that at least one party of eccentric character should, in the first instance, come to reside in them. After this it was not of course surprising, carrying out the birds-of-a-feather theory, that other eccentric parties should come and join party number one; and the glorious and yet natural result has been, that we possess in Tattyboys Rents perhaps as queer a lot of parties as you could find (though we are perfectly solvent) out of Queer Street.

I strove so hard, remis atque velis, in the first instance, to give you a sufficient idea of the Rents, architecturally speaking, that I had little space to dilate on the characteristics of the inhabitants. You might have been able to discern something like eccentricity in Miss Tattyboys, but I cannot bring her forward with anything like certainty as a character: she is so unsubstantial, so mythic. As it had been often and bitterly complained of by her tenants—you don't know where to have her. But the Rents can boast other characters about whom there is no mistake, who stand out in bold and well-defined relief, and who, whether tradesmen or dealing at one another's shops, are emphatically rum customers. Will you allow me to introduce you to a few? You will? Mumchance, stand forth!

Right up at the further end of the Rents, where the thoroughfare is blockaded by the high frowning walls of Smelt and Pigg's foundry, dwells, in a house—one of the dingiest, shabbiest, queerest houses in Tattyboys Rents—P. R. Mumchance. Would you know for what stand the initials P. R.? For Peter Robert, haply? For Peregrine Reuben, or Pietro Rolando, or Paul Ralph? Not at all. Mumchance's father (commonly known as Old Nutcrackers, from the strong development of his fascial muscles) was a great admirer—some say friend and creditor—of that virtuous, illustrious, and magnanimous prince, the penultimate possessor of the British throne; and young Mumchance, now of that ilk, being born about the year eighteen hundred and eleven, was christened, in a moment

of loyal enthusiasm, Prince Regent Mumchance. This patronymic is a sore point and grievous stumbling-block with Mumchance. The Prince Regent is his old man of the sea, his white elephant of Ava. He is fond of political discussion. What could an individual bearing so illustrious a name be but an out-and-out, an ultra-cerulean Conservative. So Mumchance is a Tory of the bitterest description; and as the majority of the Renters are as bitter Radicals, opposing rates, taxes, rents, or indeed any other imposts, vehemently, the discussions that nightly take place in the parlour of the Cape of Good Hope are not of the pleasantest description. Moreover, Mumchance is fond of his glass; and could you expect an individual bearing the august name of the great champion of rare beverages (it is whispered, even, the inventor of hock and soda-water) to consume such vulgar liquids as porter, or gin, or rum? No. P. R. Mumchance never asks you if you will take a glass of ale, or a "drain" of gin. "Glass of sherry wine, sir?" is the Prince Regent's hospitable interrogatory; and a good many glasses of sherry wine does the Prince Regent take in the course of the twenty-four hours.

Mumchance keeps a shop—a stationer's shop. He sells stationery, account books, slates and slate pencils, tops, marbles, string, paste, and, by some curious idiosyncracy, pickles. How he got into that line, or how he can reconcile pickles with writing paper, I cannot imagine; but there are the pickles—walnut, onion, and mixed—in big earthen jars; and at all hours of the day you may see small brigades of children bearing halfpence and cracked teacups or gallipots, bound to Mumchance's for "a pennorth of pickles, please."

But pray don't think that although Mumchance is a stationer and account-book manufacturer, his shop is at all like a stationer's. Not at all. It is considerably more like the warehouse of a wholesale tobacconist who has sold his stock out; and it has, if I must be candid, a considerable dash of the marine store and of the rag-shop. There is a ghostly remnant of a whilom gigantic pair of scales; there are mysterious tubs and packing-cases, and bulging parcels tied with rotten cord. Mumchance does not deny that he buys waste paper; the evil-minded whisper that he buys and sells rags: nay, old Mrs. Brush, the veteran inhabitant alluded to in a former paper, minds the time when a doll—a real black doll—swung backward and forward in the wind over the door of Toby, commonly hight old Nutcrackers, the father of Prince Regent Mumchance.

That Mumchance is mad many have declared; but I, for one, do not believe it. That Mumchance is queer, very queer in manners, appearance, and general character, no one can deny. He is an under-sized man, whose portrait can be succinctly drawn if I tell you that he is an utter stranger to the brush. By the brush I mean the clothes-brush, and the hat-brush, the hair-brush, the tooth-brush, the nail-brush, and, I may add, the flesh-brush. Buhl-work is a beautiful style of ornamentation, so is marqueterie, so is Venetian mosaic; but when you happen to find buhl, marqueterie, and mosaic, all represented in a gentleman's face and hands by a complicated inlaying and ingraining of dirt, the spectacle will hardly be so pleasant, I fancy, as examples of the same arts in a cabinet, an escritoire, or the cupola of St. Mark's church. So mosaicised is Mumchance. Bets have been freely made that he never washes; but he has been observed to rub his face occasionally with a very mouldy pocket handkerchief of no discoverable size or colour, conjectured to be either a fragment of an old window-blind, or one of the old rags purchased by his father Toby in the way of business. Even this occasional friction of his countenance, however, is not supposed to advance in Mumchance the cause of that state which is said to be next to godliness; he wipes his face indeed; but he only removes the impurities of the day, of the hour, to show, in all its distinctness, the inlaid dirt of perchance years. It is just as when examining an old picture you pass a wet cloth over its surface; and lo! the mellowness of centuries becomes visible to you beneath.

Mumchance's head is, if I may use the expression, rhomboidal. His hair is, as before stated, utterly unbrushed, somewhat of the colour of an unbaked brick, and generally in a state which I may characterize as fluffy. In fact, minute particles of straw, paper, cotton, bread, and other foreign substances, may freely be detected on its surface by the naked eye alone, which may partially be accounted for, by his carrying most of his purchases, sometimes his letters, and always his lunch, in his hat. His whiskers, which are of the same colour, or the same discolouration, as his hair, do not appear to have made up their minds yet as to where they shall settle, and have grown irregularly about his face, just as things happen to turn up. His complexion I may describe heraldically as a field gules, semé (I believe that is the word). with sable or dirt. No sign of shirt appears in the entire Mumchance. A big black stock confines his neck, and to his chin rises his closely-buttoned blue swallow-tailed coat—that woeful blue coat with the odd buttons once gilt, and once tightly sewn on, but now drooping like Ophelia's willow, askant the brook; the sleeves too short, the tails too long, the many darns, and the nap all turned the wrong way. Add to this coat (without the connecting isthmus of a waistcoat) a pair of corduroy trowsers, of which the pockets, apparently disgusted with their long seclusion, have burst forth to see the world, and stand agape, on Munchance's hips, at its wonders;

suppose these trowsers to be much frayed at the bottom, much inked (he makes calculations on their knees frequently), and much too short, and conclude them with Wellington boots, patched till they resembled that knight's silk stockings that were darned so frequently that they changed their texture from silk to worsted—and you have Mumchance before you, all but his shamble, his watery eye, his rich though somewhat husky voice.

For all his shabby appearance, however, once a year Mumchance throws aside his chrysalis garb, and comes forth a full-blown butterfly. Once a year he dines with his Company—the Stationers—at the grand old hall in the dim regions of the city; for Mumchance is a citizen, a liveryman, a worshipful stationer—who but he—and so was Toby his father before him. He goes to the dinner of his company, clean, rosy, shaven, with a shirt, aye, and a shirt frill, a blue coat and gilt buttons, but new, glossy, well brushed, a shiny hat, and shiny boots. Thus he goes; but how he comes back no inhabitant of Tattyboys Rents has ever been able to discover. The policeman should know; but he affects ignorance; and though I do not wish to impute corruption to that functionary, it is certain that Mumchance is always leaving private drains of liquor for him at the bar of the Cape of Good Hope, for at least a week following his Company's dinner.

Some of the renters have affirmed that they have heard with the chimes at midnight dismal ditties trolled forth in incoherent accents; and these are surmised to have issued from Mumchance while in a state of conviviality, and to have been occult Stationers' songs, taught him along with the other arts and mysteries of the worshipful craft in his earliest youth. Mrs. Mumchance (an elongated female of an uncertain age, with a vexed cap and a perturbed gown) is a lady with a fixed idea. That idea is Fisher. Fisher, whether he be the family doctor, lawyer, nearest kinsman, dearest friend, or most valued adviser, is at all events Mrs. Mumchance's Law and Prophet. Fisher recommends her change of air. Fisher has inexorably prophesied her dissolution within six calendar months, if she continues worreting herself about her family. Fisher warned her against the second floor lodger, who ran away without paying his rent. Fisher advises her to stand it no longer with Mr. Mumchance's recalcitrant debtors, but to employ Barwise, and summons them all forthwith. When Fisher said Mrs. Mumchance, said he, beware of Mrs. Tuckstrap, were not those the words of truth? On all emergencies, in all difficulties and dilemmas, Mrs. Mumchance throws herself upon Fisher. He is intimately mixed up with the whole family. Mumchance professes the highest respect and veneration for him. Mr. Fisher, he says, a man of the first, of the very first. Coat buttoned up to here, sir. Great friend of poor fathers, sir. Frequently does he escape curtain lectures on late and vinous returns to his Lares and Penates on the plea that he has been along with Fisher. If you ask Charley, Mumchance's youngest, who his godfather was, he will answer. "Missa Fisser;" if you ask him who or what Missa Fisser, or Fisher may be, he will answer, a "chown;" from which, however, it is not to be inferred absolutely that Fisher is connected with the stage in a red ochre and bismuth view as a clown; Charley's ideas of trades and professions being necessarily vague as yet; and his whole bump of admiration having been so engrossed by a pantomimic performance of which he was lately the spectator, that he applies the epithet chown, or clown, to everything great, or good, or pleasant; being even known to address as chown, horses, sweet stuff, hoopstics, fenders, and halfpence.

I never had the pleasure of seeing Fisher; but Mrs. Brush, the oldest inhabitant, has seen him, and describes him as a pleasant spoken body. Mrs. Spileburg, of the Cape of Good Hope, declares him to be a born gentleman, as takes his drink quite hearty, like which it would do you good to see. I should like to know Fisher.

Mumchance has an indefinite number of children. I say indefinite, for they are always being born and going out to service, and walking out with Tom or Dick So and So, and marrying, and so on. There is always, however, an eldest daughter Annie, tall, lanky, and fourteen, who must begin to do something for herself shortly, and a youngest boy, at present Charley; but the whole family have such a curious way of shooting up and growing into maturity suddenly, that I should not be at all surprised on my next visit to the Rents to learn that Annie was suckling her second, or that Charley had enlisted in the Life Guards.

Mumchance's trade and manner of doing business, puzzle and amaze me sorely. Men repute him to be wealthy: I know he spends a great deal of money, yet I seldom see him sell anything more considerable than a haporth of slate pencil, a sheet of writing paper, a penn'orth of wafers, or a penny bottle of ink. The man who could purchase a quire of foolscap, or half gross of steel pens, was never yet known, I opine, to enter Mumchance's. He tries to force the market sometimes, and to create a factitious excitement about his wares, by displaying in front of his establishment placards in pen and ink, containing such announcements as Cheapest wafers in the world! Paper down again! Great news! Ink a penny a bottle; but the passers-by regard these notifications irreverently, and point to the inferior quality of the paper and ink of the placard, in depreciation of the stationery within: nay, even raise objections against Mumchance's pens, because Mumchance's writing is none of the

best, and his orthography none of the most correct.

Mumchance puts the coldness of the public all down to the fault of the times. What's the good of painting the shop, sir? he asks. Poor father never did, sir, and we had nobility here. Nobility, sir. But look at the times. Would nobility come here now, sir?

I generally admit, when Mumchance asks me this question, that nobility would not.

"That's it, sir," says Mumchance triumphant (he always says sir, even to the ragged little boys who come in for a penn'orth of pickles). "That's it, it's the times. Nobody buys stamps now a days. In poor father's time, we sold 'millions of stamps, sir. Lord Cabus, sir. Proud man, sir. Coat buttoned up to here, sir. Sit on the counter, sir. All in black, sir. With his coat buttoned. Mumchance, he'd say to poor father, Mumchance, bless your eyes, fifty pounds, worth of bill stamps. Proud man, sir, Lord Cabus; never would take hold of the handle of the door with his hand; always took the tail of his coat to it, like this, sir," and Mumchance suits the action to the word.

I may remark as one of the most eccentric among Mumchance's idiosyncracies that the very great majority of his titled or celebrated acquaintances are always dressed in black, and have their coats buttoned up to here, meaning the chin. Thus, when Mumchance went to see Edmund Kean, and there was, in consequence of a certain trial, a violent commotion in the house against the tragedian, Mumchance described Kean as coming forward to address the audience attired in black, with his coat buttoned up to here. Similarly attired, according to Mumchance, was wont to be the famous Jack Thurtell, who was a great customer of poor father's, for bill stamps. Likewise all in black, with coats buttoned up to here, were a mysterious company of four and twenty forgers who, according to Mumchance, were discovered sitting round a long table with a green baize cover (forging with all their might and main, I presume), by Townshend the officer (vide Little Blitsom Street gang). I can imagine Townshend with his coat buttoned up; but with the traditions of his white hat, red waistcoat, and top boots, still in my mind, I cannot form to myself an idea of him—all in black.

The number of extraordinary characters with whom Mumchance has been acquainted and connected, and whose little peculiarities he descants upon, is astonishing. His anecdotes bearing upon Colonel Bubb alone, would fill a volume. The Colonel is to Mumchance what Fisher is to Mrs. M. On all political, parochial, financial and social questions, he is his chief adviser, and his heroic advice is ordinarily, "Mumchance, be firm." I met Mumchance the other day, just previously to the opening of the session of Parliament by her gracious Majesty. There had been some silly mares'-nests found about that time by some sillier politicians, and grim whispers circulated about an illustrious personage, treason, the Tower. tampering with treaties, and such twopenny trash. Mumchance was full of it. He had scarcely time to gasp out his customary invite of "glass of sherry wine, sir, and a crust?" and to dive into a previously invisible public-house (he knows all the slip in and slip out public-houses in London), before he had me fast with Colonel Bubb on the illustrious question. Saw him this morning, sir. Got his leathers on, sir (I conjecture the Colonel to be in the cavalry). Got his cloak over his leathers, sir (a cloak this time, but well buttoned up you may be sure of it). Mumchance, he says, I've got my army in the park. Drawn up (in their leathers, I suppose). Mumchance, blood before night. Blood! With which horrifying conclusion, Colonel Bubb departed in his leathers, as Mumchance took care supplementarily to inform me, to rejoin his army. I did go down to the park that day, where I saw the usual number of big lifeguardsmen; but I missed Colonel Bubb, his cloak, and his leathers, and I saw no blood, either that night or the next.

I cannot part with Mumchance without telling you that in his crazy, dingy, unpainted house in Tattyboys Rents he has something else besides slate-pencils, pickles, and penny bottles of ink. Up stairs, amid much dirt, and dust, and flew, he has some nobly carved oaken bedsteads and rare old cabinets filled with real porcelain, yet rarer, and yet older. Also down in his cellar Mumchance has stores of considerable value. Here, among the dirt and dust. and above a sort of subsoil of the rags in which Mumchance was libellously supposed to deal, lie hundreds of books, many of them bygone and worthless pamphlets and tracts, but many rare and beautiful copies of expensive works. How he came by these Mumchance vouchsafes not to tell; neither will he explain how he became possessed of the copper-plates engraved in line and mezzotinto and aquatint, which lumber the floor, and on whose dusky surfaces I can observe dim shadowings of landscapes after Wilson, and beauties after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Poor father would appear to have had something to do with the original acquisition of these rarities, and the hardness of the times to prevent their conversion into money; so here they, and proofs from the plates themselves, and the books, and papers, and rags, all mildew and rot in Mumchance's cellar.

Rummaging among the heap one day I found a huge oak-bound, iron-clasped volume, written in black and red letter on vellum, in Saxon and Latin. It was the Rent Roll of Glastonbury Abbey! I confess that I immediately broke the tenth commandment, and began to covet my neighbour's goods; in fact,

I offered Mumchance several small sums, increasing in amount at every bid, for the volume. He seemed at first disposed to acquiesce, but requested time in order that he might consult Fisher. The upshot of it was that Fisher (seconded no doubt by Colonel Bubb) strongly advised him not to sell the book until the arrival of a lady—name unknown—then sojourning at Jerusalem, who knew all languages, and could read the volume, as easy as a glove. As I never saw the oak-bound volume again, and as I heard that Mumchance had sold it to the trustees of a public library for forty guineas, I concluded either that the lady possessing the lingual accomplishments had come back from Jerusalem rather sooner than was expected, or that Mumchance was not so mad as his neighbours took him to be.

Thus have I drawn the portrait of Prince Regent Mumchance, en pied, yet still grossly, broadly, sketchily. Were I to stay to define, to detail, to stipple the little points of his character, as Mr. Holman Hunt does his faces, I should weary myself and you ; nay, more than that, I should leave no space for a three-quarter portrait of another eccentric party in the Rents, old Signor Fripanelli.

What Gian Battisto Girolamo Fripanelli of Bologna, professor of singing and the pianoforte, could have been about when he came to lodge at Miss Drybohn's, number eighteen in the Rents, I am sure I don't know, yet with Miss Drybohn he has lodged for very nearly twenty years. They say that he came over to England at the Peace of Amiens, that he was chapel-master to Louis the Sixteenth, and that he only escaped the guillotine during the reign of terror, by composing a Sonata for the fête of the Goddess of Liberty. At any rate he is of a prodigious age, although his stature is but diminutive. I regret to state that the boys call him Jacko, and shout that derisive appellation after him in the street. These unthinking young persons affect to trace a resemblance between the venerable Signor Fripanelli, and the degraded animal which eats nuts and grins between the bars of a cage in the Zoological Gardens. To be sure, the Signor is diminutive in stature. His head is narrow and long, his ears are large, his eyes small, his cheekbones high, his complexion sallow and puckered into a thousand wrinkles ; to be sure his hands are singularly long and bony, and he walks with a sort of stumbling hop, and is, generally munching something between his sharp teeth, and has a shrill squeaking voice, and gesticulates violently when excited; but is a gentleman to be called Jacko—to be likened to a low monkey for these peculiarities? Signor Fripanelli wears, summer and winter, a short green cloak, adorned with a collar of the woolly texture, generally denominated poodle ; a white hat stuck at the very back of his head, threadbare black pantaloons, and very roomy shoes with rusty strings. This costume he never varies. In it he goes out giving lessons ; in it, less the hat, he sits at home at Miss Drybohn's ; in it he goes twice every Sunday, in his own simple, quiet, honest fashion to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Lateran-street, out of Turk's-lane.

It would seem to favour the insolent Jacko theory concerning the poor Signor that Miss Drybohn, who it is generally acknowledged has the worst tongue in her head of any spinster in the Rents, and who, though Fripanelli has lodged with her for twenty years, and has never been a fortnight behindhand with his rent—that Miss Drybohn, I say, declares that when the Signor returns home at night and retires to his bed-room, which is immediately above hers, she always hears (though she knows that he is alone) the noise of four feet pattering above. She accuses nobody, she states nothing, but such (she says) it is—and the by-standers shake their heads and whisper that the Signor, on return home, fatigued with teaching, assumes his natural position—in other words, that he crawls about on all fours, like a baboon on the branch of a tree. Horror !

Seriously, although the little man is like a monkey, he is one of the bravest, worthiest, kindest creatures alive. He has very little money ; none but those who know what the life of an obscure foreign music-master is can tell how difficult it is for him to live, much less to save, in England ; but from his scanty means he gives freely to his poor fellow-countrymen, yea, and to aliens of other climes and other creeds. Fifteen years ago, the Signor had a fine connection among the proudest aristocracy of this proud land. Yes, he taught singing at half a guinea a lesson, in Grosvenor Square, and Park Lane, and May Fair. You may see some of his old songs now, yellow tattered and fly-blown on the music book-stalls : Cabaletto, dedicated by permission to the most noble the Marchioness of Antidiloof, by her obliged, faithful, and humble servant, Gian Battisto Girolamo Fripanelli. Aria, inscribed with the most devoted sentiments of respect and reverence to Her Grace the Duchess of Fortherfludd, by her Grace's etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. There have been scores of the fairest and noblest young English ladies, whose taper fingers have been taught by poor old Jacko to fall harmoniously upon the ivory keys, whose ruby lips and pearly teeth he has tutored with much stress of sol-faing, to give due and proper, and gentle, and impassioned utterance to the silver strains of Italian song. Gian Battisto has been asked to lunch by Dukes—aye, and to dinner too, and has sat next to Ambassadors and Plenipotentiaries—parties to the Holy Alliance and hung with stars and crosses, as that patient gentleman near the Bank of England (who also sells pocket-books) is with dog-collars. He has played the grandest of grand sonatas and symphonies on the grandest of pianofortes, at

fashionable soirées; the fairest of the fair have brought him ices and macaroons; Lords, Baronets, and Chief Justices have called him Fripanelli, and given him to snuff out of their gold and jewelled boxes; and the list of his pupils, with their half-guinea lessons, has been at times so swollen, that, work from morning till night, however hard he might, some were sure to be in arrear.

But, ah me! what changes take place in fifteen months—what Worlds are upheaved, demolished, and built up again in fifteen years; Fripanelli did not change! he had always been, or seemed to be, as old and as ugly as he was before; but fashion changed—time changed. The fifteen years, in their remorseless whirl, have caught him up scornfully from Grosvenor Square, and the half-guinea lessons have dropped him in Tattyboys Rents, to give lessons in singing, in instrumental music, in French and German, even should they be required, in tenth-class schools, to the daughters of small tradesmen about the Rents and Blitsom Street, and Turk's Lane, for a shilling a lesson, for sixpence a lesson, for seven shillings a quarter, for anything that poor Gian Battisto can get to buy a crust with.

Such is life for Art in the world's Rents, as well as Tattyboys. The educated and titled mob, which is ten times more fickle, false, and capricious than the grossest Flemish rabble that ever idolized an Artevelde, or massacred a De Witt, will quietly drop you, when it has had enough of you, and will let you starve or die, or go hang, with admirable indifference and composure. And it serves you, and all other lions, thoroughly right, who have not had the modest manhood to be quietly superior to such mob, and to let it go its way. I do not say this of poor old Fripanelli, for he was a stranger in the land before he came to the Rents, and he may easily have taken its surface for its core.

OUR SISTER.

London's eldest sister, Liverpool, may be said to rank second only to herself—in some matters, she is even before her. Placed on a spot the most favorable for self-development, Liverpool has made a progress more remarkable than that of any other city in the kingdom. There are several elements causing the great prosperity of Liverpool, some of a general, others of a special character. It has partaken, in common with other ports, of the benefits arising from ocean and coast steam-navigation, from the opening of the trade with India and China, and from free trade with foreign nations. But it has at least one special advantage: it is the cotton depot of the Lancashire spinners. It has grown with them; it has shared in their prosperity; and, like them, has become a mighty section of the state. Its position on the western shores of England gives it other advantages: it is the most convenient port for the importation of Irish produce of all kinds, as well as for American flour, corn, and other merchandise, familiarly termed breadstuffs, and for Canadian timber, planks, staves, and those other wooden sundries which help to constitute the lumber trade of our North American colonies.

At the death of Alfred the Great, there was not an edifice of any kind upon the shores of the Mersey; and it was not until the reign of William Rufus that the then small cluster of humble dwellings first received its name of "Liverpole," as it continued to be spelt for some centuries later.

When the Spanish Armada made its vain attempt upon the English shores, and the citizens of London equipped a fleet of well-manned barques to repel the foreign invaders, Liverpool possessed little more than a dozen of vessels, not exceeding two hundred tons in the aggregate; whilst the total of seafaring men did not amount to more than a hundred.

It would appear, that, in spite of their early obscurity, the citizens of Liverpool were not a whit less hospitable than those of more thriving places. There were no reform banquets, no free-trade festivals in the sixteenth century; nevertheless, at about the same time that the unfortunate Mary of Scotland was effecting her escape from Lochlevin Castle, the worthy burghers of Our Sister were deeply engrossed in preparations for a sumptuous entertainment, which was given to their "good lord, the Earl of Derby"—not in St. George's Hall, where his present lordship would doubtless be feasted—on St. George's Day. The city chronicles record that the corporation charged for this banquet the sum of twenty-four shillings and sixpence: a modest sum enough, no doubt, but probably in fair proportion to their municipal ways and means, seeing that when King Charles levied his fatal ship-money, the amount at which Bristol was assessed was a thousand pounds sterling, whilst Liverpool was asked to contribute no more than twenty-five pounds.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the yearly revenues of the Liverpool customs amounted to not more than two hundred pounds: the imported goods consisting of linen yarns from Ireland, to be woven at Manchester; oil, hides, and a little wine; the shipments were made up of Manchester cotton, Yorkshire cloths, stockings, silkwares, cutlery, and hardware. At this period, our whole imports of calicoes, pepper, indigo, and drugs from India, did not exceed in value two hundred thousand pounds.

The early progress of Our Sister may be attributed to the Stuarts. The persecutions, by that wrong-headed race, drove the Puritans to the young settlements in North America, and laid the foundation of a trade between the new world in the west and

the new city on our western coast. In the latter years of this dynasty, the trade extended greatly. Many extensive tracts of land in Lancashire were drained and rendered available for building and cultivation, while English manufacturers began to make considerable progress. From this epoch may be dated the settlement of certain manufacturers and handicrafts in particular localities; which, for the first time, were perceived to be specially favourable for them by reason of the supply of coal, or water, or ores. The cotton trade of Lancashire became permanently seated there, because of the contiguity of those localities to Liverpool, the port of the American cotton ships, and because of the abundant supply of fuel.

When Arkwright and Hargraves brought science to bear upon the rude cotton apparatus employed in the middle of the last century, they could have formed no conception of the wonderful influence their inventions would exercise upon the future of the then humble shipping port on the Mersey, with its four hundred trading vessels entering it during the year. At that period, the town stood upon a third of its present area; the London post arrived and departed three times a week, bringing and taking all foreign correspondence, which was then carried on by way of London. Not a bale of cotton had reached this country from North America; supplies being chiefly drawn from Egypt and the West Indies.

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy, there were imported into Liverpool three bales of cotton wool from New York, four bales from Virginia and Maryland, and three bales from North Carolina. Thirty years after, the importations into the same place from those sources amounted to nearly eighty millions of pounds weight. Eighty-two years later, the imports of cotton into Liverpool had reached the astounding average of a thousand tons daily, throughout the year.

The first Liverpool dock was opened in seventeen hundred and nine, the town owning as many as one hundred and twenty ships: in thirty years, a second dock was formed. In seventeen hundred and fifty-six, the first local newspaper made its appearance. Canal navigation, which was commenced in seventeen hundred and twenty-nine, by the opening of the Mersey and Irwell canal, exercised a great influence upon the trade of the port, in developing the cotton industry of Lancashire. More than half a century later, a Liverpool paper, the Mercury, startled the British public by announcing that, at Pittsburgh, in the United States, a vessel, propelled by steam, was expected to convey goods and passengers, at the extraordinary rate of fifty miles a day. A marvellous ship actually did appear at Liverpool, in the shape of a Clyde-built steamer, after the twenty-two years' war. The first year of the peace witnessed the first steamboat on the waters of the Mersey. In the following summer, the first application of steam-power to sea-going vessels took place between Holyhead and Dublin; and, three years later, the first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic, arrived in Liverpool from the United States. It was a vessel of some three hundred tons. From that time, a record of the progress of the shipping business of Liverpool would be a history of steam navigation and cotton manufacture. Year by year, it has grown silently but rapidly: advancing with giant strides, until at length it treads upon the heels of its elder sister, London.

There are now more mercantile firms in Liverpool than there were ships belonging to the port, in the first part of the last century. And one single railway, the London and North-Western, conveys more goods from the town, in one day, than, a century and a half ago, were imported into it in six months. No wonder that the Liverpool brokers prosper, when we know that the yearly commissions on the sales and purchases of but one article—cotton—amount, in round figures, to a quarter of a million sterling. Even a commission upon that commission would form a very handsome sum.

You never hear of a Liverpool man travelling to Manchester or London by any but the express-train, or corresponding on business without the aid of the electric telegraph. He will be in the full vigour of commissions on Change at London, to-day, at ten minutes past four in the afternoon; to-morrow morning he will be seen as usual in the thick of Liverpool life, in the purlieus of the Exchange or the Docks, or hovering about some of those quiet quaint-fashioned counting-houses in the old churchyard. He has no sort of objection to talking; on the contrary, he is a practised adept in the art; but he prefers work to words.

It is seldom that there is no business at Liverpool. If the Lancashire spinners will not buy, or if the cotton men are obstinate, and there is no such thing as moving a bale, they knock up a little gentle excitement among themselves, and buy and sell on speculative account, as it is called, professedly for dealers, but most frequently for dummies: that is to say, for themselves, in the hope of future profit from a rising market. The speculative account will sometimes embrace as many as twenty or thirty thousand bales, in a single week. Idleness does not exist at Liverpool. Frozen-out gardeners perambulating the snowy streets, in doleful guise, are familiar objects; but, last winter, the good people of Liverpool beheld a body of frozen-out brokers on 'Change: not in lugubrious vein, ice-bound in spirits as in occupation, but jovial and active, as on a bright summer day. A heavy fall had occurred during

the previous night—not in cotton, but in snow. Streets and roads were impassable to all the light-footed pedestrians. Eddies of wind had heaped up insurmountable barriers of snow across the large open stone-paved square in which the Goliaths of cotton industry were wont to congregate and meet their brokers. For once the brokers were beaten out of their own field, the Liverpool Exchange: it was a sheer impossibility to office sales on the summit of those Exchange alps, or in the chilly valleys between. The young stock and share brokers were equally at a non-plus; for the morning mail-trains were snow-bound half way from Manchester and orders from customers were wanting. In this dilemma a snow-ball was flung from the corridor among the Stags across the open square, and in an instant a whole battery of snow-balls was driving in return amongst the Cottons. The conflict was entered upon with all the pent-up energies of disappointed brokers and frozen-out speculators. The share-market had not been so animated since 'forty five. Cotton was remarkably buoyant, and knowing men who had the day before been speculating for a rise, found themselves in for a heavy fall.

The same spirit which rode rampant over the snowy barriers of the Exchange has achieved great things for Our Sister. In Liverpool there are noble public buildings, whether considered as works of art, or as facilities for the dispatch of its gigantic business. The energy which has erected St. George's Hall, has likewise given the town magnificent warehouses and docks that are worthy counterparts of those studding the shores of the Thames. The Liverpool railway termini are perhaps the finest in the world as regards the perfect system under which they are worked. Were it otherwise, indeed, the immense trade pouring its mighty tide through the port, would overwhelm the place in hopeless confusion.

It is not alone in the article of cotton that Liverpool has made vast strides. Her denizens are likewise extensive dealers in Canadian timber and Irish emigrants. The importation of Canadian timber during the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, amounts to exactly a thousand tons or loads for every consecutive day throughout the year: being precisely the same quantity as the imported cotton. The whole of the Irish emigrants from Northern America arrive in the Mersey, and last year these amounted to a quarter of a million: equal to the entire population of Liverpool in the time of the Stuarts. Inasmuch as our western capital is simply the depot for its ultimate distribution, it may be imagined how numerous and systematic must be the machinery of ships, railways, and canals, by means of which this mass of raw material, dead and living, is scattered far and wide for ultimate conversion into ships, houses, and colonies. Large as the local trade in timber of all kinds may appear to the general reader, it forms but a fraction of the aggregate annually brought into the country from foreign lands, and which, independent of our home-grown supply, has increased within twenty years from half a million of tons to two millions and a half.

What Liverpool has done for herself and others, may be best seen by a reference to the returns from the Board of Trade, showing, as these do, the yearly growth of our commerce, with all parts of the world. The first railway in this kingdom was that connecting Manchester with Liverpool, the application to Parliament for which was made in eighteen hundred and twenty-five. Five years later, that line was opened and made memorable by the untimely death of Mr. Huskisson. Among other reasons given for the construction of a railway-line for goods to Manchester, was the reason, that the yearly quantity of cotton dispatched thither had increased from one hundred and ten millions of pounds weight, to one hundred and sixty millions. It is not difficult to ascertain the great boon conferred on the manufacturing interest of Lancashire by the construction of railways. In eighteen hundred and thirty-five the quantity of cotton imported into this country was three hundred millions of pounds, or double the weight of the imports when railways were projected ten years previously. Last year, the import amounted to a fraction short of nine hundred millions of pounds. Of the two millions and a quarter of bales brought into Liverpool in one year, two millions were dispatched to the Lancashire mills. The railways conveyed one and a quarter million of those bales, while three quarters of a million went by canals and highway conveyances. It is clear therefore that had the cotton manufacture of this country expanded, as it has done, without railways, it would have needed for its supply four times the present means of transport by canal-boats and ordinary waggons.

The mercantile marine of Liverpool is as numerous and as efficient as any in the world. Some of the very finest and fastest passenger-ships leave this port for the States and the Colonies, and so well established is the world-wide reputation of their sea-going ships, that we have heard natives of India, while gazing in wonder at a beautiful clipper-craft under a spread of canvas, inquire whether it was an English or a Liverpool ship.

The merchant princes of Liverpool are a numerous body, not a few of them having carved out their fortunes with their own hands—and goodly fortunes too. They have their suburban villas, their marine villas, and their town mansions, on a princely scale. They are hospitable and generous; and the good taste and splendour of their public entertainments are proverbial. They have lived

to achieve what Englishmen know so well how to accomplish, the building up of palaces from the rudest materials.

THE INCOMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

There is a movement just now, and very desirable it is that such a movement should be made, for facilitating, by reduction of cost and regularity of transmission, the correspondence that passes between our soldiers and sailors on active service in the Black Sea and Baltic, and their relations in this country. Seeing what has been accomplished in the way of cheap and rapid postal arrangements, for purposes commercial and social, it is scarcely too much to ask for their extension, when the claim upon our sympathy is so much more widely spread, and when the many for whom the boon is prayed are those to whom we are likely to owe the political security of the country. But leaving this subject, which, I trust, is being treated in a satisfactory way by the authorities, who can, if they please, do good, without detriment to Her Majesty's Service, I wish to consider the general question of letter-writing amongst the illiterate: illustrating by authentic specimens the way in which the operation commonly takes place.

The natural tendency of man has been defined a hundred times over, according to the whim or impression of the definitionist. By some he has been called a cooking animal, by others a thinking one, by others again, an animal of pugnacious or locomotive or colonising propensities,—and so on—and I think it will not be denied that, among his attributes, he may fairly lay claim to be called a letter-writing animal. The myriads of additional letters which have passed through the general post-office every year since the penny stamp was substituted for the former heavy charges, show how strong the general desire for writing must be. But this does not exactly prove the uncontrollable impulse; facility for correspondence only brings it out; it is the want of facility that demonstrates its strength and declares it to be an inherent principle. Gentlemen and ladies who have nothing to do, may very well afford to fill up some part of their precious time, and occupy—advantageously or not, as it may happen—a good deal of the time of others, by inditing reams of gossip; the proverbial ready-writer may flourish his pen at his ease: but what is their employment to the serious occupation, the intense labour—I do not say of the merchants' or lawyers' clerk, who do a little in that way, and against the grain too—compared with the tremendous effort made by him—or her—who not being able to spell, nor possessing the remotest idea of grammar, sits doggedly down with the resolute determination to write a letter; in many instances without there being any particular necessity (as far as appears from the context) for him—or her—to do so at all.

As Sterne took his Captive to describe him, let me take my letter-writer. He shall be a sturdy, thick-set fellow, a good deal freckled, with hair not over-well combed—disturbed, perhaps, by his fingers—and of a yellowish hue, or decidedly red, if you prefer it. He shall have taken off his coat, waistcoat, and neck-handkerchief, and be attired simply in corduroys, ribbed worsted stockings, and highlows; he shall have seated himself at a kitchen-table, with plenty of elbow-room; one huge hand shall be spread out before him, which, like Macbeth's, shall occasionally clutch at nothing, fancying it the object of his thoughts, when not engaged in scratching the back of his head; his tongue shall refuse to remain in his mouth, but shall traverse that feature from side to side in a finely-pointed condition; there shall be a tea-cup on the table, with a very small quantity of ink in it; a saucer, near it, shall hold two large wafers, one red and one yellow; and he shall despairingly brandish a pen which, when brought to the scratch, shall splutter forth a letter like the following, which he, a huntsman, addresses on the subject of his professional avocations to his master the Squire.

S——, Oct. 23, 1845.

Sir—Monday the 20 kernall found A Brace of foxis Run one thir for hour and Alf And kild him then went to Nut Grove Drue it Blank then the Long Cops Drue it Blank then to Park Cops Drue it Blank then to Boldens Drue it Blank then Went home—Wensday 22 hampstead Beech wood found A old fox And away he went to Park Cops then to Long Cops And i lost him then i went Back to hampstead Beech Wood And found A nother And he Gave hus A Ring Round thir and then Away hee Whent [the spelling shows here that our friend was getting excited] threw Park Cops then threw Norgate Wood Back threwgh Long Cops then Back to Norgate wood And Run him in a Rabit ole a Dughim hout in A bout in A Bout forty Minits And thin Come hom the horses is hall quit well An the houns. I Remain

your humble survent

And Obedient survent,

J G

May we not still further picture our huntsman taking a very long pull at something in a very large jug, after he has brought this run to a close? It has been no blank with him, as he thinks, though he would have looked blank enough had he known that his letter would one day find its way into print.

In what guise does imagination pourtray the writer of the next letter? Was a fine frenzy rolling in her eye, or did a tear subdue its brightness? There was cause enough, perhaps, for both these moods, for she writes from the C—— Union, and another kind of union was probably in her thought.

My dear Mike—I felt very much concearned about you looking so down this morning. i should like to know Wether i have affronted you in anything or Wether miss reed as takin your fancy insted of me that you are so altred towards me. i Wich to see you across the yard

at the Jorge to morrow night wen we are at the shop as i want to see you very Particular about something.. i hope you Wont be angry With me for sending this note to you. i must now conclude as i have not time to say more as they keep runing up stirs but i remain your until death. F L.

For Mike H.

It was to the guardians of the same Union that this appeal was made; and many, very many, I dare say, they had of the same kind.

November 1838.

Gentlemen being Dif i put wot i Got to say on this paper i am out of implowment and i have being at work for Mr. S—— Farmer at —— for sum tim but my Site is se Week that i wos ablight to Give oup Thrishing the Carn and he has no outer Dors Work for me to Due at Presant and i have applid to the pepild of W—— and tha have nothin for me to Due and i hav 6 Small Childring at home that is not abel to Urn a peney.

i am Gentelmen your Duteful and humbel Survint

T H

Again the fair sex claims attention. It is the old story from Dido downwards; indeed; ever since the time of Lamech:

"He, in love, the first deceiver."

The writer in question was a discharged female servant. Her letter is dated from Bath, a long time ago, though perhaps the "desetful man" is not forgotten yet. Thus it runs:

Dear Maddam

aving enfortunitly Left your Service as I Latley Perseve throw A desetful Man that you so Hoften have cotioned me A But Who I Bleve Whod ave runned my Sole and Boddy both and I mit Be Thankful to God that I am Parted from him and as my Bible tells me I Bleve that all thing Works toegether For good to them that Lov God Dear Maddam I ave taken the Key of the Carrag Blinds throw a innosent mistake, and I ave Sent it to you and ave take the Libbery to rit those few Lines to you and I hope it will not be offencive to you or to my master. I did wish much to see you Maddam Befor I Let yor service But I did not take the Libbery to ask for you Maddam had I taken your advice I mit ave don Better But Little did I think I had A Snake in my Bosom Maddam I am your and your Fambleys most Obedient and Most Humble Servant

Francis Bullery

For a complete business-like production commend me to the following. It is a gardener who wants a situation.

Sir Mr Salter Send a leatter to you about Gardner and have not had no anser it was for me Mr Salter know me veary well this 10 year I lived with Mr Thomas Cuthell Salters weskett Street No 4 wish I can have a carroter from him in fosing Coucumers or Mellons or kiching Gardnering or manage Grass Ground making of hay or rick of hay I lived with Mr provice [not "Tom Provis" surely, yet the neighbourhood is suspicious] Shepmallot 2 years in house I should be veary happy to wait upon you Sir when you plees if you and Me Can a Gree 30 years of age my name is John Clark of bath No 2 petter Street plees to Send to Mr Sallter or me 45 pouns a year in house or 28 shillings pear week out of house and bear and find myself wich you plees I was born at brinkworth Near Wotton basot pen Loge farm my mother live at know rent 200 year bin that farm 30 years of Lord Soffolk I lived with him 2 years mySealf 5 Arks Gardning

John Clark's letter is slightly unintelligible towards the close, but perhaps the exertion of writing was too much for him. I will not, however, perplex the subject still more by being his commentator.

From the date of the next letter it might be supposed that the progress of which we boast so much in the nineteenth century had not extended to the nineteenth thousand, when it appears to have been written. The opening is both zoological and startling; but it shows how easily a difficult matter may be handled.

March ye 29 18019.

Sir,—I have send you thes fue Lions to Let you no I have got a Millman For you If you dos think proper and he is a Good Millman as any in the Contery he have worked at one ples for forty yeer a good carreter from his master at mr. Eveartt he his a soled sober honest man and a good Millman this man dos leves at Crocketton his Nem is Solaman michell my *kekmenaistron* edward miles your humbel Sarvent he have no famely but a wiff.

In this case I venture to suggest that the word in italics means the "recommendation" of Mr. Edward Miles.

The old lady who penned the following "wigging" knew how to make her strokes effective; all her piety, however, failed to reconcile her to the fact that "drars" had not been paid fair.

My Dear Grandfather, I have ben Long in Expectin that mony wich I payed for you to Mr. Lite for som drars you had of him when you went two London have you forgot how you Bege and intreted me to pay Mr. Lite three tims and you ould pay me again the first opportuney I desierd your sister to ask you for it you told Her your granfather gev you and you could sho it on a letter of sophia are you so ardend as to make Lite of telling a ley Looke in to the Bibel and see ananice and sofia they was both Strok Ded for telling of a ley oh Trembel at the thougt and Look wel to your words and Deedes remember the two great commandments your duty to God and man I allways thought Mr. Coppman wer a man of Prencabel and I belive he is Shuld be hapy could I say so by you your sister told me you was cumming down to your brothers shortly Should be Glad to See you and hope you are alterd for the Best I no you are fond of dress and Company but what will that do for you fead you vain mind with more vanety o conceter your ways and be wise that is Wisdonm to God and be often on your ness praying enernestly that the Lord would be plesd to show you what you are by netther and what you must be by Grays dont forget to Read your bible for that will make you wise to Salvashon now I commend you to God and the werd of his Grays which is Abel to Bind you Up. And I conclud wishing you Both Every Blessen fortin and eaternety is the Prare of your affectnat Granmother.

G. Merryweather.

P.S. The mony I pays Mr. Lite for you was 4 pounds sins you ben mared have Ped for you 20 Pounds.

The form in which the next letter is written conveys the idea, at the first glance, of its being a poetical effusion. It is, however, as plain prose as ever was written, and it is to the purpose. There is something of iteration in the style, but the use of it is effective :

October 17 Sor I Spencer Have send
My man this marnen with the sum of £8 0s 0d.
And ei will com over an Pay the Balons
At Gret morket nex on Satred nast
It was out that I had no one two send
Else I shud send yall the money and yoll Pleas
Two send thot Bead that hear that I order
For by your man las weak you Pleas send the
Day as quick as possible.

I remain yours
J S

For a full, true, and particular account of how a whole family are getting on, J. G.'s letter, which follows, comes near the mark :

Dear Uncle Ant I send these few lines hopeing to find you in good health as it leaves us at press ant thank god for it your sister and Brothers are all very well Granmother have not been well but she is very well now and Granfather and Granmother gives their Kind [love] to you both we believe your Brother John is going to be married for they are both going to leave there places at May and father is makeing a new clockcase for him again May and uncle thomas's wife was never married before and Sprags wife is dead and molly wat kins husband is dead and you forgot to send me word whether you did receive the apples and note and my mother thinks to put me to be a watchmaker this Summer and it is likely to be a very plentious year of syder and everything and we shall be very glad to se you both down in the Country this summer father and mother their kind love to you both and likewise myself and no more at present from your well wisher.

J G

Pity the sorrows of a very much put-upon butcher's boy.

Dear Parents—If you do not take Jane away she has been abuseing me all the Morning and I cannot do any of my work and now breckfast time is come lots of meat in shop spoiling and not a bit in house cooked for breackfast I never saw the like and its what I call a scandalous shame Stay here I will not to be treated and scandleised and expersed in the kind of way that I am for its what I call a miserable Home instead of a comfortable Home for any Poor fellow.

The class of whose letters I am giving a sample do not always write in the first person ; they sometimes affect the third, and then they ring the changes almost as grammatically as any nobleman suddenly called upon to form a ministry and writing to the Queen. Here is a specimen :—

Dr Sir, Chas V —— Presents His Compelments to D—— C—— Esq and Begs to State that he has a very Hevey Payment to make on Wensday Next and if Quite Convenant Mr V—— will be much oblige by his Setteling the Littel Bill as a few small Amounts will Assist your Obedient Servant Chas V

As all correspondence consists, more or less, of black and white, it may not be out of place to show how a lady of colour can write to her friend.

Hamilton. Bermuda May 26th.

Miss Adams Bags to Put Miss —— in mind as She is inn Such a cheepe Place as inglen And my Self in Bermuda That She will Bee much O. Blige to her to send the Pricte of her Glass which my Self Brooke for hir the Price I gabe was 11 dollows and I shall Bee glad to Get it in such as I shall mention I Pound Starling in laining at 1 shilling Per yeard and the other 1. Pound. 4. s. in what Callico or Collourd for a dress So I shall be glead to habe Them as soon as you can Either to Mr S—— or Mr B—— for me for I must habe the Money.

A a specimen of what, in these times, may be termed the strides of cooks, the subjoined correspondence will serve.

A certain "M. R.," professing to be "a good plain cook," advertises for a situation without mentioning particulars. The advertisement is seen by a lady who answers it as follows :

Mrs. H. being in want of a good plain cook, wishes to see the advertiser as early as possible. There are five in family, the washing is put out, but no man servant is kept. Coach-hire will be paid one way.

There was nothing particularly insulting in this communication, but is elicited the following reply :

i have advertised for a cook place in a gentelmans familay and am surprised you should send for me as i do not understand being a servant of All work and i thank it a great peace of impertanance

In his own language, perhaps, the "French priest"—an emigrant of the first revolution —who sent the following epistle to a deceased peer, might have written more correctly, but he could scarcely have better kept the word of promise to the ear, even had he been one of the weird sisters, or Professor Puffendorff himself :

Asmansworth November 22th 1814.

My Lord—Mr. Jolly, french priest. Tooke the Liberty and the Honour, to Informe your Lordship, if his Lordship Desire to be Cure'd By the Poison's of the Gout; he will Give to his Lordship, the Recept of it; and the Roule who is to follow, and his Lordship Shall be Cure'd Radically Before Long-time, and if his Lordship, Got the Gout in his Marrow Bone, he shall be Cure'd, if his Lordship will folly Mr. Jolly Roule &c.

Mr. Jolly will Oblige Any time his Lordship with Great Care and attention.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. SPARSIT, lying by to recover the tone of her nerves in Mr. Bounderby's retreat, kept such a sharp look-out, night and day, under her Coriolanian eyebrows, that her eyes, like a couple of lighthouses on an iron-bound coast, might have warned all prudent mariners from that bold rock her Roman nose and the dark and craggy region in its neighbourhood, but for the placidity of her manner. Although it was hard to believe that her retiring for the night could be anything but a form, so severely wide awake were those classical eyes of hers, and so impossible did it seem that her rigid nose could yield to any relaxing influence, yet her manner of sitting, smoothing her uncomfortable, not to say gritty, mittens (they were constructed of a cool fabric like a meat-safe), or of ambling to unknown places of destination with her foot in her cotton stirrup, was so perfectly serene, that most observers would have been constrained to suppose her a dove, embodied, by some freak of nature, in the earthly tabernacle of a bird of the hook-beaked order.

She was a most wonderful woman for prowling about the house. How she got from story to story, was a mystery beyond solution. A lady so decorous in herself, and so highly connected, was not to be suspected of dropping over the banisters or sliding down them, yet her extraordinary facility of locomotion suggested the wild idea. Another noticeable circumstance in Mrs. Sparsit was, that she was never hurried. She would shoot with consummate velocity from the roof to the hall, yet would be in full possession of her breath and dignity on the moment of her arrival there. Neither was she ever seen by human vision to go at a great pace.

She took very kindly to Mr. Harthouse, and had some pleasant conversation with him soon after her arrival. She made him her stately curtsey in the garden, one morning before breakfast.

"It appears but yesterday, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that I had the honor of receiving you at the Bank, when you were so good as to wish to be made acquainted with Mr. Bounderby's address."

"An occasion, I am sure, not to be forgotten by myself in the course of Ages," said Mr. Harthouse, inclining his head to Mrs. Sparsit with the most indolent of all possible airs.

"We live in a singular world, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"I have had the honor, by a coincidence of which I am proud, to have made a remark, similar in effect, though not so epigrammatically expressed."

"A singular world, I would say, sir," pursued Mrs. Sparsit; after acknowledging the compliment with a drooping of her dark eyebrows, not altogether so mild in its expression as her voice was in its dulcet tones; "as regards the intimacies we form at one time, with individuals we were quite ignorant of, at another. I recall, sir, that on that occasion you went so far as to say you were actually apprehensive of Miss Gradgrind."

"Your memory does me more honor than my insignificance deserves. I availed myself of your obliging hints to correct my timidity, and it is unnecessary to add that they were perfectly accurate. Mrs. Sparsit's talent for—in fact for anything requiring accuracy—with a combination of strength of mind—and Family—is too habitually developed to admit of any question." He was almost falling asleep over this compliment; it took him so long to get through, and his mind wandered so much in the course of its execution.

"You found Miss Gradgrind—I really cannot call her Mrs. Bounderby; it's very absurd of me—as youthful as I described her?" asked Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly.

"You drew her portrait perfectly," said Mr. Harthouse. "Presented her dead image."

"Very engaging, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, causing her mittens slowly to revolve over one another.

"Highly so."

"It used to be considered," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that Miss Gradgrind was wanting in animation, but I confess she appears to me considerably and strikingly improved in that respect. Ay, and indeed here *is* Mr. Bounderby!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, nodding her head a great many times, as if she had been

talking and thinking of no one else. "How do you find yourself this morning, sir? Pray let us see you cheerful, sir."

Now, these persistent assuagements of his misery, and lightenings of his load, had by this time begun to have the effect of making Mr. Bounderby softer than usual towards Mrs. Sparsit, and harder than usual to most other people from his wife downward. So, when Mrs. Sparsit said with forced lightness of heart, "You want your breakfast, sir, but I dare say Miss Gradgrind will soon be here to preside at the table," Mr. Bounderby replied, "If I waited to be taken care of by my wife, ma'am, I believe you know pretty well I should wait till Doomsday, so I'll trouble *you* to take charge of the teapot." Mrs. Sparsit complied, and assumed her old position at table.

This again made the excellent woman vastly sentimental. She was so humble withal, that when Louisa appeared, she rose, protesting she never could think of sitting in that place under existing circumstances, often as she had had the honor of making Mr. Bounderby's breakfast, before Mrs. Gradgrind—she begged pardon, she meant to say, Miss Bounderby—she hoped to be excused, but she really could not get it right yet, though she trusted to become familiar with it by and by—had assumed her present position. It was only (she observed) because Miss Gradgrind happened to be a little late, and Mr. Bounderby's time was so very precious, and she knew it of old to be so essential that he should breakfast to the moment, that she had taken the liberty of complying with his request: long as his will had been a law to her.

"There! Stop where you are, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "stop where you are! Mrs. Bounderby will be very glad to be relieved of the trouble, I believe."

"Don't say that, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, almost with severity, "because that is very unkind to Mrs. Bounderby. And to be unkind is not to be you, sir."

"You may set your mind at rest ma'am.—You can take it very quietly, can't you Loo?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a blustering way, to his wife.

"Of course. It is of no moment. Why should it be of any importance to me?"

"Why should it be of any importance to any one, Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, swelling with a sense of slight. "You attach too much importance to these things, ma'am. By George, you'll be corrected in some of your notions here. You are old fashioned, ma'am. You are behind Tom Gradgrind's children's time."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Louisa, coldly surprised. "What has given you offence?"

"Offence!" repeated Bounderby. "Do you suppose if there was any offence given me I shouldn't name it, and request to have it corrected? I am a straightforward man, I believe. I don't go beating about for sidewinds."

"I suppose no one ever had occasion to think you too diffident, or too delicate," Louisa answered him composedly: "I have never made that objection to you, either as a child or as a woman. I don't understand what you would have."

"Have?" returned Mr. Bounderby, "Nothing. Otherwise, don't you, Loo Bounderby, know thoroughly well that I, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, would have it?"

She looked at him, as he struck the table and made the teacups ring, with a proud color in her face that was a new change, Mr. Harthouse thought. "You are incomprehensible this morning," said Louisa. "Pray take no further trouble to explain yourself, I am not curious to know your meaning. What does it matter!"

Nothing more was said on this theme, and Mr. Harthouse was soon idly gay on indifferent subjects. But, from this day, the Sparsit action upon Mr. Bounderby threw Louisa and James Harthouse more together, and strengthened the dangerous alienation from her husband and confidence against him with another, into which she had fallen by degrees so fine that she could not retrace them if she tried. But, whether she ever tried or no, lay hidden in her own closed heart.

Mrs. Sparsit was so much affected on this particular occasion, that, assisting Mr. Bounderby to his hat after breakfast, and being then alone with him in the hall, she imprinted a chaste kiss upon his hand, murmured "my benefactor!" and retired, overwhelmed with grief. Yet it is an indubitable fact, within the cognizance of this history, that five minutes after he had left the house, in the self-same hat, the same descendant of the Scadgerses and connexion by matrimony of the Powlers, shook her right-hand mitten at his portrait, made a contemptuous grimace at that work of art, and said "Serve you right, you Noodle, and I am glad of it!"

Mr. Bounderby had not been long gone, when Bitzer appeared. Bitzer had come down by train, shrieking and rattling over the long line of arches that bestrode the wild country of past and present coal-pits, with an express from Stone Lodge. It was a hasty note to inform Louisa, that Mrs. Gradgrind lay very ill. She had never been well, within her daughter's knowledge; but, she had declined within the last few days, had continued sinking all through the night, and was now as nearly dead, as her limited capacity of being in any state that implied the ghost of an intention to get out of it, allowed.

Accompanied by the lightest of porters, fit colorless servitor at Death's door when Mrs. Gradgrind knocked, Louisa rumbled to Coketown, over the coal-pits past and present, and was whirled into its smoky jaws. She dismissed the messenger to his own devices, and rode away to her old home.

She had seldom been there, since her marriage. Her father was usually sifting and sifting at his parliamentary cinder-heap in London (without being observed to turn up many precious articles among the rubbish), and was still hard at it in the national dust-yard. Her mother had taken it rather as a disturbance than otherwise, to be visited, as she reclined upon her sofa; young people, Louisa felt herself all unfit for; Sissy she had never softened to again, since the night when the stroller's child had raised her eyes to look at Mr. Bounderby's intended wife. She had no inducements to go back, and had rarely gone.

Neither, as she approached her old home now, did any of the best influences of old home descend upon her. The dreams of childhood—its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise—what had she to do with these? Remembrances of how she had journeyed to the little that she knew, by the enchanted roads of what she and millions of innocent creatures had hoped and imagined; of how, first coming upon Reason through the tender light of Fancy, she had seen it a beneficent god, deferring to gods as great as itself: not a grim Idol, cruel and cold, with its victims bound hand to foot, and its big dumb shape set up with a sightless stare, never to be moved by anything but so many calculated tons of leverage—what had she to do with these? Her remembrances of home and childhood, were remembrances of the drying up of every spring and fountain in her young heart as it gushed out. The golden waters were not there. They were flowing for the fertilisation of the land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles.

She went with a heavy, hardened kind of sorrow upon her, into the house and into her mother's room. Since the time of her leaving home, Sissy had lived with the rest of the family on equal terms. Sissy was at her mother's side; and Jane, her sister, now ten or twelve years old, was in the room.

There was great trouble before it could be made known to Mrs. Gradgrind that her eldest child was there. She reclined, propped up, from mere habit, on a couch: as nearly in her old usual attitude, as anything so helpless could be kept in. She had positively refused to take to her bed; on the ground that if she did, she would never hear the last of it.

Her feeble voice sounded so far away in her bundle of shawls, and the sound of another voice addressing her seemed to take such a long time in getting down to her ears, that she might have been lying at the bottom of a well. The poor lady was nearer Truth than she ever had been: which had much to do with it.

On being told that Mrs. Bounderby was there, she replied, at cross-purposes, that she had never called him by that name since he married Louisa; that pending her choice of an unobjectionable name, she had called him J; and that she could not at present depart from that regulation, not being yet provided with a permanent substitute. Louisa had sat by her for some minutes, and had spoken to her often, before she arrived at a clear understanding who it was. She then seemed to come to it all at once.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Gradgrind, "and I hope you are going on satisfactorily to yourself. It was all your father's doing. He set his heart upon it. And he ought to know."

"I want to hear of you, mother; not of myself."

"You want to hear of me, my dear? That's something new, I am sure, when anybody wants to hear of me. Not at all well, Louisa. Very faint and giddy."

"Are you in pain, dear mother?"

"I think there's a pain somewhere in the room," said Mrs. Gradgrind, "but I couldn't positively say that I have got it."

After this strange speech, she lay silent for some time. Louisa, holding her hand, could feel no pulse; but kissing it, could see a slight thin thread of life in fluttering motion.

"You very seldom see your sister," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "She grows like you. I wish you would look at her. Sissy, bring her here."

She was brought, and stood with her hand in her sister's. Louisa had observed her with her arm round Sissy's neck, and she felt the difference of this approach.

"Do you see the likeness, Louisa?"

"Yes, mother. I should think her like me. But"——

"Eh? Yes, I always say so," Mrs. Gradgrind cried, with unexpected quickness. "And that reminds me. I want to speak to you, my dear. Sissy, my good girl, leave us alone a minute."

Louisa had relinquished the hand; had thought that her sister's was a better and brighter face than hers had ever been; had seen in it, not without a rising feeling of resentment, even in that place and at that time, something of the gentleness of the other face in the room: the sweet face with the trusting eyes, made paler than watching and sympathy made it, by the rich dark hair.

Left alone with her mother, Louisa saw her lying with an awful lull upon her face, like one who was floating away upon some great water, all resistance over, content to be carried down the stream. She put the shadow of a hand to her lips again, and recalled her.

"You were going to speak to me, mother."

"Eh? Yes, to be sure, my dear. You know your father is almost always away now, and therefore I must write to him about it."

"About what, mother? Don't be troubled. About what?"

"You must remember, my dear, that whenever I have said anything on any subject, I have never heard the last of it; and consequently, that I have long left off saying anything."

"I can hear you, mother." But, it was only by dint of bending down her ear, and at the same time attentively watching the lips as they moved, that she could link such faint and broken sounds into any chain of connexion.

"You learnt a good deal, Louisa, and so did your brother. Ologies of all kinds, from morning to night. If there is any Ology left, of any description, that has not been worn to rags in this house, all I can say is, I hope I shall never hear its name."

"I can hear you mother, when you have strength to go on." This, to keep her from floating away.

"But there's something—not an Ology at all—that your father has missed, or forgotten, Louisa. I don't know what it is. I have often sat with Sissy near me, and thought about it. I shall never get its name now. But your father may. It makes me restless. I want to write to him, to find out for God's sake, what it is. Give me a pen, give me a pen."

Even the power of restlessness was gone, except from the poor head, which could just turn from side to side.

She fancied, however, that her request had been complied with, and that the pen she could not have held was in her hand. It matters little what figures of wonderful no-meaning she began to trace upon her wrappers. The hand soon stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out; and even Mrs. Gradgrind, emerged from the shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain, took upon her the dread solemnity of the sages and patriarchs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. Sparsit's nerves being slow to recover their tone, the worthy woman made a stay of some weeks in duration at Mr. Bounderby's retreat, where, notwithstanding her anchorite turn of mind based upon her becoming consciousness of her altered station, she resigned herself, with noble fortitude, to lodging, as one may say, in clover, and feeding on the fat of the land. During the whole term of this recess from the guardianship of the Bank, Mrs. Sparsit was a pattern of consistency; continuing to take such pity on Mr. Bounderby to his face, as is rarely taken on man, and to call his portrait a Noodle to *its* face, with the greatest acrimony and contempt.

Mr. Bounderby, having got it into his explosive composition that Mrs. Sparsit was a highly superior woman to perceive that he had that general cross upon him in his deserts (for he had not yet settled what it was), and further that Louisa would have objected to her as a frequent visitor if it had comported with his greatness that she should object to anything he chose to do, resolved not to lose sight of Mrs. Sparsit easily. So, when her nerves were strung up to the pitch of again consuming sweetbreads in solitude, he said to her at the dinner-table, on the day before her departure, "I tell you what, ma'am; you shall come down here of a Saturday while the fine weather lasts, and stay till Monday." To which Mrs. Sparsit returned, in effect, though not of the Mohammedan persuasion: "To hear is to obey."

Now, Mrs. Sparsit was not a poetical woman; but she took an idea, in the nature of an allegorical fancy, into her head. Much watching of Louisa, and much consequent observation of her impenetrable demeanor, which keenly whetted and sharpened Mrs. Sparsit's edge, must have given her as it were a lift, in the way of inspiration. She created in her mind a mighty staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom: and down these stairs, from day to day and hour to hour, she saw Louisa coming.

It became the business of Mrs. Sparsit's life, to look up at the staircase, and to watch Louisa coming down. Sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, sometimes several steps at one bout, sometimes stopping, never turning back. If she had once turned back, it might have been the death of Mrs. Sparsit in spleen and grief.

She had been descending steadily, to the day, and on the day, when Mr. Bounderby issued the weekly invitation recorded above. Mrs. Sparsit was in good spirits, and inclined to be conversational.

"And pray sir," said she, "if I may venture to ask a question appertaining to any subject on which you show reserve—which is indeed hardy in me, for I well know you have a reason for everything you do—have you received intelligence respecting the robbery?"

"Why, ma'am, no; not yet. Under the circumstances, I didn't expect it yet. Rome wasn't built in a day, ma'am."

"Very true, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head.

"Nor yet in a week, ma'am."

"No, indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an air of melancholy.

"In a similar manner," said Bounderby, "I can wait, you know. If Romulus and Remus could wait, Josiah Bounderby can wait. They were better off in their youth than I was, however. They had a she wolf for a nurse; *I* had only a she wolf for a grandmother. She didn't give any milk,

ma'am; she gave bruises. She was a regular Alderney at that."

"Ah!" Mrs. Sparsit sighed and shuddered.

"No, ma'am," continued Bounderby, "I have not heard anything more about it. It's in hand, though; and young Tom, who rather sticks to business at present—something new for him; he hadn't the schooling *I* had—is helping. My injunction is, Keep it quiet, and let it seem to blow over. Do what you like under the rose, but don't give a sign of what you're about; or half a hundred of 'em will combine together and get this fellow who has bolted, out of reach for good. Keep it quiet, and the thieves will grow in confidence by little and little, and we shall have 'em."

"Very sagacious indeed, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Very interesting. The old woman you mentioned, sir——"

"The old woman I mentioned, ma'am," said Bounderby, cutting the matter short, as it was nothing to boast about, "is not laid hold of; but, she may take her oath she will be, if that is any satisfaction to her villainous old mind. In the mean time ma'am, I am of opinion, if you ask me my opinion, that the less she is talked about, the better."

That same evening, Mrs. Sparsit, in her chamber window, resting from her packing operations, looked towards her great staircase and saw Louisa still descending.

She sat by Mr. Harthouse, in an alcove in the garden, talking very low. He stood leaning over her, as they whispered together, and his face almost touched her hair. "If not quite!" said Mrs. Sparsit, straining her hawk's eyes to the utmost. Mrs. Sparsit was too distant to hear a word of their discourse, or even to know that they were speaking softly, otherwise than from the expression of their figures; but what they said was this:

"You recollect the man, Mr. Harthouse?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"His face, and his manner, and what he said?"

"Perfectly. And an infinitely dreary person he appeared to me to be. Lengthy and prosy in the extreme. It was very knowing to hold forth, in the humble-virtue school of eloquence; but, I assure you I thought at the time, 'My good fellow, you are over-doing this!'"

"It has been very difficult to me to think ill of that man."

"My dear Louisa—as Tom says." Which he never did say. "You know no good of the fellow?"

"No, certainly."

"Nor of any other such person?"

"How can I," she returned, with more of her first manner on her than he had lately seen, "when I know nothing of them, men or women?"

"My dear Mrs. Bounderby! Then consent to receive the submissive representation of your devoted friend, who knows something of several varieties of his excellent fellow-creatures—for excellent they are, I have no doubt, in spite of such little foibles as always helping themselves to what they can get hold of. This fellow talks. Well; every fellow talks. His professing morality only deserves a moment's consideration, as being a very suspicious circumstance. All sorts of humbugs profess morality, from the House of Commons to the House of Correction, except our people; it really is that exception which makes our people quite reviving. You saw and heard the case. Here was a common man, pulled up extremely short by my esteemed friend Mr. Bounderby—who, as we know, is not possessed of that delicacy which would soften so tight a hand. The common man was injured, exasperated, left the house grumbling, met somebody who proposed to him to go in for some share in this Bank business, went in, put something in his pocket which had nothing in it before, and relieved his mind extremely. Really he would have been an uncommon, instead of a common, man, if he had not availed himself of such an opportunity. Or he may have made it altogether, if he had the cleverness. Equally probable!"

"I almost feel as though it must be bad in me," returned Louisa, after sitting thoughtful awhile, "to be so ready to agree with you, and to be so lightened in my heart by what you say."

"I only say what is reasonable; nothing worse. I have talked it over with my friend Tom more than once—of course I remain on terms of perfect confidence with Tom—and he is quite of my opinion, and I am quite of his. Will you walk?"

They strolled away, among the lanes beginning to be indistinct in the twilight—she leaning on his arm—and she little thought how she was going down, down, down, Mrs. Sparsit's staircase.

Night and day, Mrs. Sparsit kept it standing. When Louisa had arrived at the bottom and disappeared in the gulf, it might fall in upon her if it would; but, until then, there it was to be, a Building, before Mrs. Sparsit's eyes. And there Louisa always was, upon it. Always gliding down, down, down.

Mrs. Sparsit saw James Harthouse come and go; she heard of him here and there; she saw the changes of the face he had studied; she, too, remarked to a nicety how and when it clouded, how and when it cleared; she kept her black eyes wide open, with no touch of pity, with no touch of compunction, all absorbed in interest; but, in the interest of seeing her, ever drawing with no hand to stay her, nearer and nearer to the bottom of this new Giants' Staircase.

With all her deference for Mr. Bounderby, as contradistinguished from his portrait, Mrs. Sparsit had not the smallest intention of interrupting the descent. Eager to see it

accomplished, and yet patient, she waited for the last fall as for the ripeness and fulness of the harvest of her hopes. Hushed in expectancy, she kept her wary gaze upon the stairs; and seldom so much as darkly shook her right mitten (with her fist in it), at the figure coming down.

HER MAJESTY'S CONSULAR SERVICE.

THERE are one or two important consulates in the Levant about to become vacant; and as it is a very sensible proverb which tells us that prevention is better than cure, I shall go on to say a few words upon this subject. To understand clearly, however, the duties and precise position of our consuls in this part of the world, it will be necessary to go back a little.

Bad as the state of Turkey still is, it was formerly very much worse. The Greeks had given the Turks such an indifferent opinion of the Christian world that they looked upon our race as a species of game it was lawful to hunt. Unbelievers had, therefore, neither justice nor mercy to expect from the followers of the Prophet. Thus, if one Frank did wrong, the cadi not only punished the sinner, but every other Frank who was to be found. Ships were stopped on the high seas in time of peace, and made to deliver up their cargoes and cabin boys; sometimes the ships also were taken. Turkish officers not only exacted arbitrary taxes and custom dues, but they levied them as often as they pleased. They would not give receipts for money paid to them; and tax-gatherers who had nothing to do, were calling on the Franks all day long. Merchants were compelled to exchange their money for the debased currency of Turkey, and to take it at its nominal value. There were all sorts of vexatious monopolies. Merchants were obliged to sell their goods to Turks, in preference to better paymasters. Whenever the Sultan wished to reward a favourite, he was apt to give him a charter to annoy the Franks in some way. Even the lowest employments in private houses were disposed of by law. All commercial travellers were Jews; and if one of them was turned away for misconduct or dishonesty, he had a claim for indemnity, and was able to enforce it. Turks pretended to have bills of exchange upon Frankish merchants, and insisted on being paid on their mere assertion to that effect. Franks were often detained in captivity, under pretence of making them discharge the debts which they did not owe; if they refused to ransom themselves, the Turks stormed and plundered their houses. If a Frank had ever had any charge brought against him, the cadi reopened the case whenever he felt in the humour, till that Frank's life became a weariness, and he was obliged to buy the cadi off. If a Turk brought a charge against a Frank, the latter was not allowed time to prove his innocence; if he had witnesses on the spot, their evidence was inadmissible by law. One Frank was not unfrequently even put to death for the sins of another. The Turkish tribunals insisted that all the parties to a suit should appear in person, so that a troublesome fellow might take up the whole of a busy man's time by bringing the absurdest charges against him. Many persons made a trade of this, and it was not a bad business in a lucrative point of view. The cadi decided all questions with a lofty contempt of evidence; and as even the man who gained a process paid the expenses of it, there was no punishment for the most wanton malice. The giving and receiving of presents was also a gigantic evil; they were required upon all occasions, and they were merely an authorised species of robbery.

At last, after centuries of the most extraordinary patience, the Christian powers began to take heart, and to make treaties for the prevention of these things. The result was the gradual blossoming into fuller and fuller flower of the Levant consuls. I shall, however, for the present, limit these remarks to our own.

The British consul in the Levant is entrusted with both civil and criminal jurisdiction. Fortunately, he has not the power of awarding capital punishment; but he has almost every other. He may banish, dishonour, imprison, and fine at pleasure; he is banker, notary, arbitrator, judge, priest, registrar and administrator of dead men's goods. Untold property is confided to his care; the many interests of travellers and merchants are almost entirely entrusted to him. Finally, he has power to enforce attendance at his office by a fine. He is recommended to prefer summary decisions, and not to give his mind to juries.

The British consul has such weight and authority among the Turks that he may cause almost any amount of mischief unchecked. There is no press to watch his doings; no society to cry shame on him; no means by which an ignorant Maltese or Ionian can make a grievance known or obtain redress; there is, indeed, no control of any kind over your British consul; and a very august and singular personage he has become in consequence. If we grant that your British consul is always a high-minded and conscientious man (and I am not doubting it), it must still be borne in mind, he has to deal with a numerous class of persons who speak no English, and whose depositions he is obliged to receive through dragomen who are not always honest, and whom he cannot always understand. He has to decide cases, also, where every effort is made to deceive him; where evidence is often particularly difficult to sift; and thus, however upright himself, your British consul is often made the involuntary instrument of cruel wrong. I know that this is not the tenor of the reports sent in some time ago by the consuls to the Foreign Office; but I have seen the system at work.

"Her Majesty's Government," indeed, "expect" that your British consul "will exercise great caution in using the large powers confided to him;" but, lest this language should seem a little rough, "Her Majesty's Government" courteously adds that it "will always be disposed to place the best construction" on a consul's conduct, "and will make all due allowance for the errors into which he may inadvertently fall."

Now, all this is very polite and pretty; but not quite right. Persons should not be employed in responsible posts who are at all likely to fall into errors which may be avoided; and they should be punished if they do so. It is not sufficient for "Her Majesty's Government" to "trust that powers so extensive will be used with prudence and moderation." It is their imperative duty to provide that they shall not be otherwise used, by appointing them to be wielded by proper and efficient persons, learned in the laws they are called upon to administer.

I can recall several instances of consuls, in the Levant alone, who have been bankrupt traders. I attach no ungenerous shame to the mere fact of a man's having been, at some time in his life, a bankrupt trader; but I think we have a right to insist that a man who was unable to attend satisfactorily to his own affairs, shall not be entrusted with those of the public. The rest of the consuls it is needless to say, in the Levant, as well as elsewhere, have received their appointments through patronage, and I cannot, at this moment, remember a distinguished name among them. White gloves and pedigrees are not wanted in the consular service; we have already too many of them elsewhere. We want plain, sensible men, who have been brought up to the business—not persons who have taken to it because they have failed in other occupations; and no considerable place should ever be confided to a man who has not given some public and obvious proofs of his capacity. What are commonly called "snug berths" should be rewards for hard work, or premiums to able men. They should not be gratuities to idlers, whose only qualification is that of having toadied or worried some person of influence.

I would be clearly understood as by no means wishing to lessen the powers confided to consuls in the present state of Turkey; but we ought to have a better guarantee for their proper use. No man left perfectly alone should ever have much power in his hands, for all are alike liable to failure or to human weakness.

Firstly, it seems to me that all consuls should be required to have a thorough knowledge of the laws and language of the country to which they may be sent, as well as of their own. This is not requiring a very high standard of education for appointments so well paid and responsible. It should be further ordered that no interpreters should be employed in consulates, but such as thoroughly understand English. I would suggest, also, that they be officially paid, and that they be nominated by the crown.

The interpreter, cancelier, or dragoman, for he has all these names, might be made a very valuable officer in a consulate. He might control any misconduct of a consul, completely. He is a sort of justice's clerk; he manages all affairs with the local authorities; the whole business of his consulate passes through his hands. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend, the tongue and ears, of his consul.

In French consulates, therefore, the cancelier has distinct important functions; while we, who delight to throw all power, might, majesty, and money, into the hands of one man, do not even pay or acknowledge him. The British cancelier is usually a gaunt, hungry young man, rather out at elbows, who has been, at some time or other, servant to the consul or his friend, and whose bread and character usually depend on his pleasing a man who may be, or may not be, little better than a blockhead.

The French cancelier, among other duties, is bound, under fine, to register and transmit to the Secretary of State any complaint made to him against the consul. A French consul may be cited before his cancelier, and even judged. Your British consul, however, can only be compared to the King of the Cannibal Islands, and there is no present remedy against him.

The property and deposits of French subjects are kept in a strong box with two locks to it. One remains in the possession of the consul; the other is kept by the cancelier. Neither can go alone to finger other people's money unperceived. But British consulates are subject to no regulations on this matter; and a most disgraceful case has lately occurred of one of our officers having dishonored our flag by the embezzlement of some six hundred pounds of poor people's money. The affair became, indeed, publicly notorious, and he was dismissed; but I am unable to perceive that this makes the existing state of things any better.

I am not setting up the French service as a model, for I think many of their arrangements both intricate and inconvenient. I am simply trying to suggest a few practical hints.

I am now also going to touch upon a very tender question. It is that of fees; and I say they ought to be abolished. The proper salaries of consuls would be much better provided for at home by special taxes, than by allowing such a crying abuse to go on any longer. For what happens? Nine times in ten the consul himself does not deign to touch his fees, and he hands them over to somebody who very often touches too much. They afford a premium to delays and vexations in civil suits brought before consuls; and they often occasion serious altercations with sea-captains, who are disposed to pay less and to charge their

employers more. I know that there is a Table of Fees hung up in all consular offices; but several of the items specified in it leave very large margins. Consular servants sometimes profit by these, so do sea-captains. By permitting fees also, we are lending our authority to the system of passport: exactions which we have not scrupled to condemn elsewhere. The fees in places like Constantinople and St. Petersburg are an abuse quite startling. They amount to thousands of pounds a year. And I know of one English consulate in America, where the salary is two hundred pounds a year, and the fees one thousand six hundred pounds.

Now, this is merely deceiving that excellent public servant Mr. Hume. If a consul is worth one thousand six hundred pounds a year, let him have it by all means, but let him have it openly. Do not permit him to figure in the list as receiving but one-eighth of his actual pay; for this is an insult to Mr. Hume's understanding, and may reasonably surprise him into rough measures. To conclude this branch of my subject, consular fees have been allowed to become a hoary abuse; and they are a disgrace to the service, for it is an uncourteous supposition to assume that English gentlemen would not do their work properly unless paid by the piece.

Having said thus much on the one side, I have now to make a few observations on the other. Consuls are subject to several offensive regulations; and somebody at the Foreign Office has drawn up a list of questions for them to answer on the first of every January, which should put to shame a school-boy of ten years old.

Then it is not proper to tell a body of English gentlemen (as the Consular Instructions do thrice) that they shall not correspond with respectable people in their own country on any subject they may understand sufficiently to make their ideas valuable. A man's ideas are his property. If they are sound and practical, they cannot be known too widely; if they are otherwise, he will soon grow tired of offering that which nobody will receive.

I see, with perfect astonishment, that the Consular Instructions forbid all correspondence on public affairs with so respectable a body as Lloyd's, to whom trustworthy news is of the highest importance. I confess that I am unable to understand why a consul should not be free to work in off hours in the trade he understands best, as well as any other man. It will be quite time enough to punish him when he slights his official duties.

Truths cannot be known too widely, or guaranteed by authority too respectable. The public ought not to be obliged to feed on falsehood, and be sneered at for their ignorance, if on the one side there are persons in their pay able and willing to teach them, and on the other they are desirous to learn. It is from the idle communications of people who know nothing, that a general and absurd system of mystification is kept up; even Downing Street can have no possible guarantee for the soundness of its information about a country, when it is content to receive it only through the fuddled wits of some silly old gentleman, who may be, and often is, most miserably mistaken.

It would be ungraceful, and, I believe sincerely, wrong in fact, to suppose that Her Majesty's Government ever demand or offer anything to a foreign state which ought not to be known as widely as possible for the true interests of all parties. One thing is quite certain, that in our days no act of any government can be entirely concealed; and, as the case stands, we are always getting the wrong side of things, and so starting at shadows.

We ought not to be compelled to blunder on in the dark, till the meeting of Parliament, about public events affecting the prosperity and happiness of thousands; and at last to receive only some explanation sufficiently unsatisfactory from a Minister who may not always have rightly understood the communications made to him.

I am unable also to perceive why we, the public, should be obliged to take the uncontrolled statements of a Fiddledeedee or a Tweedledum about any important event; even if Government has been so unwise as to appoint such persons to serious employments. Let us, at all events, hear what people have to say who are placed in positions equally favourable for judging. A man should not be hopelessly snuffed out because he is in a petty post. We should be always ready to hear everybody who has anything to say, by which we may perhaps be saved from a national imprudence. If petty officers can show proofs of notable abilities, the door should not be closed to them, and the advantage of their judgment and capacity lost to us because they *are* petty officers. They should not be soured and rendered useless by seeing noodles of ancient family walking constantly over their heads, until they are rendered bald by the soles of those noodles' boots.

In a word, let us not endeavour to imprison the mind of a clever man because he is a petty officer. Let the race be fair among all public men; and as the press is the people's parliament, where all have a voice, let all be heard who are worth hearing.

The only possible advantage of the other system is, that persons like Lord Fiddledeedee may be allowed to get into scrapes without being found out in time to save us from the consequences of their folly; and indeed our surprise is great, that while in England all affairs of importance are honestly submitted to the consideration of both houses of Parliament, abroad, we are content to confide them

to the puzzled wits of some poor old man who has wriggled himself and his peerage into a place for which he is notoriously unfit.

In conclusion, I will endeavour to answer the arguments of those persons who wish to join the consular and diplomatic services, by stating my idea of the true functions of each. Their business appears to me as different as that of the cabinet minister who frames a law, and the magistrate who executes it. The business of the diplomatist is to collect and digest information from many quarters; and to negotiate treaties and conventions based on various and conflicting data.

The sphere of the consul is altogether confined to the affairs of a sea-port town; and he is, therefore, seldom in a position to form quite a sound judgment upon a subject of general interest. His duty is to collect facts, to see ideas in action, to judge of their effects, and to report upon them. He is a *doer*, and a man of business.

The duties of diplomacy, properly understood, will be continually varying: now, there will be a commercial treaty which requires one man; now, a peace congress, which requires another; on one occasion the quarantine regulations will require discussion; upon another the international copyright question, or a new postal treaty.

To leave one diplomatist, therefore, always at the same place, to attend to all our wants there, is as unwise a proceeding as to require the functions of cook, boots, and hostler in a large hotel, to be performed by the same person. But the functions of consuls are settled and determined. They are everywhere and always the same; and they require a certain species of knowledge which can only be acquired by practice.

I would suggest that some such regulations as the following should be drawn up, in the shape of general instructions to consuls; and that they should be directed:

1. To celebrate Divine Service on Sundays in places where there is no chaplain or British clergyman.

2. To notify all circumstances which may interfere with the accuracy of the Admiralty charts, as soon as possible after the time of their occurrence.

3. To report on the state of local trade, manufactures, arts, industry, agriculture, and commerce generally.

4. To examine into, and report upon, the value of all useful inventions or improvements in art or science.

5. To state the annual produce of the district in which they reside; whether in wool, cotton, corn, cattle, wine, tobacco, manufactures, &c.; to observe upon any increase or decrease of the same. To state the local consumption of such produce, together with the quantity exported, and where exported. To state the average current prices of such produce, with the reasons which are apt to influence them.

6. To report upon the yearly increase or decrease of local population and riches. If such information as the foregoing be only to be obtained with difficulty, such difficulty should be overcome at almost any expense of time and trouble; for no facts can be more entirely necessary to a safe and progressive commercial policy.

7. To make the covering despatches of such returns contain something of more importance than the usual truism that the writer has the honor to be, with the highest respect, the most obedient humble servant of his official chief for the time being. To endeavour to link causes with facts, and try, at least, to observe sufficiently, during twelve months, to be able to communicate a few pregnant facts on the thirty-first of December. To give, indeed, a plain useful report on the state of the consular district; putting forth opinions on things which might be done with advantage, or should be left undone;—a suggestive, thoughtful, and business-like report—something better than mere red tape;—a report in which the writer shall be allowed to speak out his ideas like an honest man, instead of being shackled as an official.

8. To give receipts, stamped with the consular stamp of office, for all fees (till their final and necessary abolition), and especially to register them; noting on the receipts given in what book and page among the archives such registration may be found, in case of reasonable demur on the part of shipowners or others, and to prevent fraud.

9. If fees are still to be allowed, to subject them to a better system of examination and control, especially in bankruptcy cases, in which they have been known to amount to thirty-five per cent. on the sum total realised by the sales.

10. To cause all fees to be collected under proper supervision, and transmitted by bills of exchange to the Treasury, instead of forming a part of the consular perquisites.

11. To write all despatches on thin strong paper, such as that used for foreign bills of exchange, or bankers' correspondence, instead of the thick heavy blue foolscap now employed, and which more than quadruples the necessary expense of postage; in all ordinary cases, to use official wafers instead of sealing-wax; and to condense all despatches not referring to topics of immediate interest into a quarterly or even annual report under one cover, for the same reason.

I would suggest also:

12. That plain dealing should abolish the enormous expense of Queen's messengers, as part of a bygone and ridiculous system, seeing that in these days no possible circumstance could transpire between friendly nations which cannot be communicated through the post, or ought to be kept secret, and which ought not to be known as widely as possible.

13. That a premium should be offered for official envelopes and fastenings to despatches, which shall prevent the possibility of their being opened without detection. That they should then be confided to the honour of foreign governments, and sent through the post on all ordinary occasions. As much security would be offered in this case as under the present more costly system; for it is obvious that a government disposed to incur the consequences of discovery would have little hesitation in seizing the papers of a messenger, either by fraud or force. If no means can be found by the ingenious stationers of Britain, by which a safe envelope shall be made for important despatches, perhaps we have already an old plan which would puzzle the cleverest scoundrel who ever lent the aid of his cunning to the worst foreign post-offices. If the envelope be made of thin paper, and closed first with a wafer and then with a sealing-wax, the precaution is complete, for the means used to melt the wax (a thin stream of gas) will harden the wafer; and the means used to soften the wafer will, of course, have no effect upon the wax. However, if to this precaution you add a thread, passing round the despatch and fastening under the wafer; and if, subsequently the person to whom the despatch is really addressed cuts the said envelope open on the address side, any attempt to tamper with the fastening on the other will be at once ascertained by the partial burning or division of the thread. If there should still be persons so mysterious as to be dissatisfied with these means, there is still another method of securing secrecy, which is far beyond all dispute. Let despatches be enclosed in little leather covers fastened with patent locks (the famous American lock of Chubb's, or Mordan's enigma locks would be unimpeachable keepers of secrets). If one set of keys were kept at the Foreign Office, and the duplicate keys by officials abroad, and the patent of the lock fixed upon purchased for government, we should be gainers of a great many thousands a year. If anybody should conceive such a consideration beneath the dignity of a great nation, I beg most respectfully to disagree with him. Whether it may suit patrons and boroughmongers; whether it may be agreeable to opera girls, to my lord's valet, or to my lady's maid who gets the fashions from Paris by the courier, is altogether another question.

14. It would be well to adopt a better system in preserving official archives. If despatches were kept flat, in book form, instead of creased and folded, they might be kept in much less space, and preserved more easily from the effects of time and dust. If they were bound together in yearly books and properly indexed, reference to any particular despatch would be infinitely easier than now, when it has to be hunted out from a clumsy bundle, tied with red tape, and which takes a quarter of an hour to put together again whenever disturbed.

15. I would recommend that consuls should be placed under the orders of the Board of Trade, rather than the Foreign Office, under the control of which they would be as misplaced as when formerly under the direction of the Colonial Office. The fact is, no nation ever sorted and divided the public worse than we do. The most liberal nation in the world in other respects, we are all for nonsense and despotism in our offices. It would be impossible to give the shadow of a reason for more than half the odd things we witness with such pride and complacency in Downing street and its dependencies.

16. Political despatches only should be addressed to the Foreign Office; and as the world generally is a great deal too busy about politics just now, the less consuls add to the hubbub on ordinary occasions the better. A gentleman living in a seaport town is seldom placed very advantageously for giving valuable opinions on politics. I know there are exceptions, but this is the rule.

17. I would recommend that consuls be entirely freed from the control of embassies, to avoid disputes and ill-feeling; although they should be directed to forward all despatches under flying seal through the embassy for the information and guidance of the public servants belonging to it.

There are other regulations so necessary and obvious that I blush to be obliged to call attention to them. They are:

18. That no consuls be ever appointed who are not acquainted with the language of the country to which they are sent. That none but persons who have passed an examination in civil and criminal law, and are of mature age, should ever be appointed to the important consular magistracies of the Levant; and that in all cases a thorough knowledge of the laws and regulations affecting trade shall be deemed indispensable.

19. That consuls in the Levant be allowed to charge in their accounts such expenses as they may be conscientiously obliged to incur in the discharge of their magisterial duties; especially in procuring the attendance of witnesses, and for medical examinations, and advice in cases of criminal assault, lest consuls should sometimes be found whose straitened circumstances compel them to shrink from taking all possible means to seek truth; and to support the honour and dignity of British law in those countries where we have been mercifully allowed to establish it.

20. That an experienced clerk be appointed to all consulates, to be joint custodian with the consul of all deposits and sums received on behalf of British subjects; and to give joint receipts for the same, stamped with the consular stamp. This post in French consulates is justly considered so important

that it is never, under any circumstances, permitted to remain vacant.

21. If it should be urged that the qualities necessary to make a useful consul cannot often be found in a good linguist, and that the world is not entirely made up of Admirable Crichtons, let us at least provide that the consul's clerk shall be a linguist, and specially informed on the nature of the work required of him. It might, perhaps, also be well to separate distinctly the career of consul and clerk, as is done in other services, to prevent rivalry.

22. A certain number of young men should be educated, specially for the consular service, as in France and Germany. After they have passed fitting examinations and attained a reasonable age, they should be eligible for employment as acting consuls.

23. No person should ever be allowed to officiate as acting consul (in the absence of that functionary) unless he have previously passed an examination, or served three years in a consulate. The boys sometimes sent to mind the great British consulates in the Levant bring discredit and ridicule on the service. It is at once wrong also and absurd to place the serious interests of a whole community under the protection of a lad of nineteen, who can possibly have no one quality for acquitting himself properly of so grave a responsibility.

24. Such a regulation, also, would prevent the crying abuse of those private arrangements by which a consul may, and sometimes does, recommend an unfit person to replace him during his absence, upon an understanding that he will refund all or part of the allowance awarded by Government for such service, and deducted from the consul's salary. The French have a wholesome dread of family embassies and consulates. They have all sorts of regulations to prevent them, as injurious to the public service. We seem to take a different view of the case; for look where we will, there is a family gathered together where it ought not to be.

25. It is extremely necessary that consuls should be instructed as to the importance and propriety of having the consular office at their residence. If this should be inconvenient in large unhealthy seaports, at all events, let there be an office at the consul's house; as the want of it often occasions a very inconvenient amount of running about and loss of time to men of business and invalids. Let it also be rendered culpable in consuls to refuse to execute public business, either personally or by deputy, at any hour between daylight and dark. Some of these gentlemen are only to be found ready to do their duty for one or two hours of the day; and an opinion (which cannot be too sternly and frequently humbled and laughed to scorn) prevails among them that bumptiousness and discourtesy add to their importance.

It is a notorious fact that passports, according to the privileges of British subjects, are much too lightly given to foreigners, especially in the Levant. Let it therefore be provided that no consul shall be competent to grant passports, except on evidence satisfactory to the local authorities; and that, in the first instance such passports be countersigned by the said local authorities. Thus a large amount of evil will be prevented, for it now happens that a great many dishonest foreigners continue to escape the legal burdens borne by the rest of their countrymen, and that others have to pay their share.

26. Finally, I would suggest that there should be no such thing as a political consul. Let consuls be gentlemen, learned in the law, and in commercial affairs. Their duties, properly understood, will then be sufficiently onerous. Politicians should be persons of general information and special studies wholly apart from those required by consuls. As affairs now stand, however, we have consular diplomatists and diplomatic consuls, neither of whom know their business. This, however, comes of our astounding system of patronage, which made Mr. Pitt say that, he had never been able, save on one occasion in his life, to appoint the right man to the right place.

ILLUSION.

Where the golden corn is bending,
And the singing reapers pass,
Where the chestnut woods are sending
Leafy showers on the grass,

The blue river onward flowing
Mingles with its noisy strife,
The murmur of the flowers growing,
And the hum of insect life.

I from that rich plain was gazing
Towards the snowy mountains high,
Who their gleaming peaks were raising
Up against the purple sky.

And the glory of their shining,
Bathed in clouds of rosy light,
Set my weary spirit pining
For a home so pure and bright!

So I left the plain, and weary,
Fainting, yet with hope sustained,
Toiled through pathways long and dreary,
Till the mountain top was gained.

Lo! the height that I had taken,
As so shining from below,
Was a desolate, forsaken
Region of perpetual snow.

I am faint, my feet are bleeding,
All my feeble strength is worn,
In the plain no soul is heeding,
I am here alone, forlorn.

Lights are shining, bells are tolling,
In the busy vale below;
Near me night's black clouds are rolling,
Gathering o'er a waste of snow.

So I watch the river winding
Through the misty fading plain,
Bitter are the tear-drops blinding,
Bitter useless toil and pain.
Bitterest of all the finding
That my dream was false and vain!

BARBARA'S NUPTIALS.

Ninety-five years have passed since Barbara was married. Her tears and her blushes survive in the journals of her sister, and from them I shall here condense and put together a few details that may interest persons married or about to marry, though they do relate to a strange country and a past time—to Poland as it was a century ago. The form of the young lady's journal I retain, and begin with the ninth of January, seventeen hundred and fifty nine.

The ceremony of betrothing Barbara to the Starost Swidzinski took place yesterday. When we came down to dinner as usual at twelve o'clock my mother put into her hands an entangled skein of silk, upon which she blushed, and appeared unable to raise her eyes. She was the object of every one's notice, and the Starost himself watched her constantly. During dinner, Macienko, our jester, kept the company alive with his sly jokes. I laughed as much as any one, though I understood little enough of what was said. At two o'clock, dinner being over, Barbara seated herself in the recess of a large window, and began her task of unravelling the knot of silk that had been given her. Upon this, the Starost approached, and said to her in a loud tone, "Am I to understand then, madam, that you do not oppose yourself to my happiness?" and Barbara made answer in a low and trembling voice, "My parents' wishes have been ever sacred to me." That was their whole conversation.

When the attendants had all quitted the room, the Palatine Swidzinski, followed by the Abbé Vincent, conducted the Starost to the sofa upon which my parents were seated: and addressed them thus: "My heart is filled with sentiments of the sincerest affection and the most profound esteem, for the illustrious family of the Corvin Krasinskis, and it has long been my fondest desire that our modest arms of Polkozic should one day be quartered with the splendid and glorious ones of Slepsoron. My happiness is complete in finding your excellencies willing to allow this. Your daughter Barbara is a model of grace and virtue; and my son Michel is the pride and consolation of my old age. Deign, then, now to confirm the promise you have given for the union of this young pair." The Palatine then took from one of his own fingers a diamond ring, and placing it on a salver that the Abbé held, went on to say: "This ring I received from my parents, and placed upon the finger of my lamented wife upon the day of our betrothal. Permit my son now to place it on your daughter's hand, as a pledge of his unalterable love and true devotion."

The Abbé Vincent then delivered a discourse, which was so foggy with Latin, that I could not make it out, and my father replied: "I am delighted to confirm the promise I have made, and willingly consent to the union of my daughter and the Starost, upon whom I bestow my blessing, and to whom I give up all my rights over my child." My mother placed on the salver a grand diamond ring, containing a miniature of Augustus II., saying: "I concur in what my husband has said, and present my daughter with this ring, the most precious jewel of our house. Stephen Slumiecki, my father, received it from the hands of Augustus II., when he concluded the treaty of Karlowitz, in which the Turks agreed to render the fortress of Kamieniée-Podolski to the Poles. It was with this ring, the memory of which is so dear, that I was betrothed. I bestow it now upon my child, in the fervent hope that she may be as happy in her marriage as I have been in mine."

When my mother had done, my father called Barbara to him, but the poor girl was so confused, and full of trembling, that she seemed positively unable to move. At last, however, she was stationed by my father's side, and the Abbé pronounced, in loud Latin, the nuptial benediction. One of the rings was then given to Barbara, the other to the Starost. He placed that which she received upon the little finger of her left hand (which we call the heart finger), and fastened it down with a kiss. She in turn presented her ring to the Starost, but was so agitated, that she could not succeed in passing it over his finger. He again kissed her trembling hand, and threw himself at the feet of my parents, swearing to devote his whole life to the happiness of their beloved daughter. The Palatine then kissed Barbara on the forehead, and the Colonel his son, and his nephew the Abbé, paid her thousand compliments, while my father was filling a large goblet with old Hungarian wine. He first drained it himself to the health of the betrothed pair; and it was then filled and refilled, to be handed round, until all the gentlemen present had followed his example. This ceremony of the betrothal appeared to me so solemn and affecting, that I cried from the beginning to the end.

"Do not weep, Franusia," said the jester to me; "your turn will come. Wait only a year."

"A year! Oh, that would be too soon; but I should dearly like to be married in two years, I confess."

For the first time in her life, on this eventful evening, Barbara was kissed on the cheeks by my father and mother, when she bade them good night; and since yesterday, she has been treated by everybody in the castle

with extreme respect. She is overwhelmed with congratulations and compliments; and I think that there is not one of our household who is not wishing to be taken into her service.

Our parents have held a long consultation to-day about Barbara's trousseau, which ended in my father's placing a thousand Dutch ducats in my mother's hand, with orders to prepare everything that she considered necessary. To-morrow, Mademoiselle Zawistowska, a lady of confidence, who has been brought up in the castle, sets off for Warsaw with the commissary, to make purchases. In the wardrobe there are four great chests of plate, kept for myself and my three sisters. My father ordered Barbara's to be brought to him this morning, and, after examining its contents, commanded that they should be taken to Warsaw to be cleaned.

The Palatine and the Starost leave to-morrow for Sulgostow, where they have preparations to make for the bride's reception. My father has ordered letters, announcing the wedding, to be carried by the chamberlains to different parts of Poland. The eldest of these chamberlains—gentlemen all of noble birth—attended by a groom splendidly equipped, is entrusted with letters for the king, the princes, the lord primate, and the chief senators, begging their blessings on my sister's marriage, and expressing appreciation of the honour that would be conferred upon us by their presence. What splendour it would give to the wedding if one of the royal princes really would come! But so much bliss is not to be expected; the king and his sons will content themselves with sending representatives, according to the usual custom.

Our castle is in the greatest tumult of preparation. As for the Starost and his generosity,—let good works use their own eloquence. He has given us all such lovely presents. I have a turquoise pin; Zozia, a ruby cross; and Marynia, a Venetian chain. My father even condescended to accept a splendidly enamelled cup, and my mother a beautiful little casket inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Madame, too, our French governess, was not forgotten. She found in her room this morning a handsome lace mantle. She praises to the skies the generosity of Poles, but she allows them no other good quality.

This morning the whole court went hunting. To do that is an old custom, which they say brings luck to the betrothed. Formerly, the lady was obliged to show her ancle to the hunters, before their departure; however, praised be goodness, this practice has fallen into disuse. I think Barbara would have died with shame if she had to submit to it. Macienko wanted to persuade her, declaring that by refusal she would spoil the hunt; but he was wrong, for a wild boar, two deer, an elk, and a number of hares, were brought home. The Starost, who had slain the wild boar, laid it in triumph at the feet of Barbara. Previous to the setting out of the hunters, my father had given to the Starost a mare with splendid housings, and a groom to take charge of her.

(After a few days the journalist makes other entries in her book.)

We are all making gifts for Barbara. I am embroidering her a morning dress, which will be very sweet; Marynia is working a straw-coloured muslin with dark silk and gold thread, and Zosia is engaged upon a splendid toilet cover. My mother is unceasingly occupied with the trousseau; she opens all her cupboards and coffers, and takes from them quantities of linen, cloth, furs, curtains, and carpets. I assist her as much as I can; and she is so good as to consult me about many things. She is scrupulous about making the portions for all her daughters exactly equal: so very scrupulous, that she has the chaplain fetched from time to time to judge as a Christian teacher of the righteousness of her division.

The tailors and the trimmers who have arrived from Warsaw will scarcely finish their work in a month; the linen is all ready, for the ladies of our suite have helped a great deal in making it, and it has been in hand during the last two years. They are all busy now in marking it with the letters B and K. Well they will know how to make these letters!

Barbara's trousseau will be magnificent. Poor girl! she does not know what she shall do with so many dresses. Until now we have had only four apiece; two brown woollen ones for every-day wear, a white one for Sundays, and one more elegant for days of ceremony. We found these quite sufficient, but my mother says Madame the Starostine will require a very different toilette to that of Mademoiselle Barbara; and what is proper for a young girl would not be at all fit for a married lady. The skein of silk my mother placed in Barbara's hands on the day of her betrothal is being made into a purse for the Starost. It was a trial of her patience and skill to disentangle it, without breaking or soiling the silk. She has succeeded admirably; so, as Macienko says, she is quite in a fit state to be married.

(Later still the journalist writes to the following effect.)

The Starost returned yesterday evening; and this morning Barbara found on her work-table two handsome silver baskets, filled with oranges and bon-bons. She distributed some of them to us her sisters, and the ladies of our suite; the rest she gave to the lady's maids. My mother has presented Barbara with two large feather beds, eight large pillows of goose-down, and two small pillows of swans'-down. The covers for the pillows are made of linen spun in the castle; over those there are cases of crimson silk, and then handsomely worked lawn covers, richly trimmed with lace.

(After another week or two there are some other liitle matters registered.)

The Starost, after having passed a week with us, is gone again ; when he returns next it will be to carry Barbara away. I cannot imagine her going away with a man who is almost a stranger to her, and yet I believe she grows to like him better every day, though it is true that he never talks with her. His attentions are confined entirely to our parents. That, they say, is the way for a well-bred man always to pay his addresses, because it is by pleasing the family of his expected wife that he should endeavour to win her affections.

The wedding will be in three weeks. Barbara has presented a handsome new dress to each sister, and one also to every young lady in the castle. Nearly all the persons who were invited to the wedding are to come, but the king and the princes, as I expected, will come only by their representatives.

Time runs on, and the chronicler dilates on the arrival of the guests, the filling of the castle and all the buildings round about with company, the dispatch of the bride's chattels to Sulgostow, including two great cases filled with mattresses, beds, pillows, and carpets, the coffer of plate, and hundreds of things besides ; the curtains of blue damask, ornamented with bunches of blue and white ostrich feathers. Borch, the king's representative, arrives; so does the Duke of Courland's.

Their entry was magnificent. Several cannon were fired, there was a constant discharge of musketry, and our dragoons presented arms. The band also played at intervals. I never in my life saw anything so imposing and so beautiful. To-day the marriage deed was drawn up in the presence of all the assembled guests. I understood nothing of the formalities ; but the presents for the bride were most superb. The Starost gave her three rows of Oriental pearls, and a pair of diamond ear-rings ; the Palatine, a large diamond cross, an aigrette, and a diadem of the same ; the colonel, who is ever amiable and gallant, presented her with a delicious watch and chain from Paris, and the Abbé Vincent gave her some old teeth and other relics. Till now, Barbara has never worn any ornaments ; the only thing of the kind she has possessed, is a little ring, adorned with the image of the Virgin. This, I know, she will not part with, although she has now so many costly things. I must leave off writing, because they have just brought me my embroidered dress, beautifully got up ; the work has a very good effect. I must put just a few more stitches to it, and then I will carry it to Mademoiselle Lavistowska, that she may present it to my sister on her waking. How pretty she will look in it!

(The wedding at last takes place on the twenty-fifth of February, and on the day following the diarist is busy.)

Macienko says, "If a thousand horses were sent after Barbara Krasinska now, they could not reach her—she has become Madame the Starostine!" How can I ever write all that took place yesterday? Early in the morning we all went to Lissow, where the bride and bridegroom confessed and received the sacrament. They knelt before the great altar, and after mass the priest gave them the benediction. Barbara—I was enchanted with her for it—had put on my pretty morning dress ; but the weather being very cold, she was obliged to wear over it a white satin pelisse, lined with fur, which rather tumbled it. From her head, a white blonde veil fell to her feet.

On returning to the castle, a great breakfast was served ; after which Barbara retired to her room, my mother and twelve married ladies accompanying her, to preside over her toilet. She was then attired in a rich white moiré dress, trimmed with Brabant lace, worked with silver. She wore a long train. At her waist she had a bouquet of rosemary, and in her hair a branch of the same, fastened by a golden clasp, on which was engraven the date of her marriage, and a complimentary verse suitable to the occasion. Barbara looked very beautiful in this dress. My mother would not allow her to put on any of the jewels, for she said, "A bedizened bride becomes a weeping wife." I am sure Barbara need not become that, for she has cried out, in the last few days, a whole life's tears.

In the bouquet that was worn by my sister at her waist, there had been put a golden coin, struck on the day of her birth, a piece of bread, and a little salt ; for we believe that when this custom is observed the married pair will never be in want of funds or food. We add also a morsel of sugar, to make marriage palateable to the last.

I and eleven other young ladies, none older than eighteen, preceded Barbara to the drawing-room ; we were all in white dresses, and had flowers in our hair. The Colonel and the Abbé Vincent were awaiting us at the entrance to the great saloon, and the Starost, with twelve cavaliers, advanced to meet us as we entered. After them was carried a large tray, loaded with bouquets of rosemary and myrtle, with citron and orange blossoms, tied with white ribbon. We had taken with us gold and silver pins, with which to attach them to our dresses. My mother and the other ladies who presided over all the ceremonies had very carefully instructed us concerning our behaviour ; but, although we had paid the greatest attention to our lessons, as soon as we passed into the drawing-room all were forgotten. We began by placing our bouquets at our waists, with a very serious air, but then we felt irresistibly inclined to laugh. We behaved in so silly a way, and did everything so awkwardly, that we were quite ashamed of ourselves ; but our follies were all kindly overlooked. To tell the truth, I do not

wonder at it, for I have often noticed that few people are offended at young girls, especially when they are trim and pretty.

Our gaiety affected old and young. There was no end to the demand for bouquets, and though many asked who had no right to them, we supplied all with a good grace. The huge pyramid of flowers soon disappeared, and as we had not nearly store enough of gold and silver pins, so we were obliged to have recourse to common ones ; but as we gave them they were received with pleasure. Very soon the room came to look like a garden in full bloom.

At last the folding doors were thrown wide open, and Barbara, supported by two ladies, made her appearance. She was all tears, and advanced with trembling steps, striving all the while to restrain the sobs that shook her bosom. The Starost, with a compassionate look, advanced to meet her, took her by the hand, and led her before our parents. They knelt down and received their blessing. Then they rose and walked round the room, each person wishing them happiness. Then all the company proceeded to the castle chapel. The Abbé Vincent stood before the altar. The counsellor Borch, the representative of the king, and Kochanowksi that of the Duke of Courland, each offered a hand to Barbara, and the Starost gave his to Mademoiselle Malahowska and to me. My parents, the rest of our family, and all the guests, walked after us two by two. Nothing was heard but the rustling of silk dresses. An immense number of wax candles burnt on and around the altar ; a rich cloth of gold and silver tissue covered the steps; and two knee-cushions in crimson velvet, on which were embroidered our arms, and those of the Swidzinskis, stood ready for the use of bride and bridegroom. They knelt down on them, and the bridesmaids and the groomsmen stood right and left of the altar. I held a golden plate, on which were the two wedding rings. My father and mother stood up behind Barbara, and the Palatine behind his son.

Then, the Veni Creator resounded through the chapel, the Abbé Vincent pronounced a long discourse, almost wholly in Latin, and the marriage service really began. Notwithstanding Barbara's tears and sobs, she made the responses well enough. After exchanging rings the newly married people once more threw themselves at the feet of my parents, and received their blessing. At this moment, at a signal from the master of the ceremonies, the Italian vocalists, who had been sent for expressly from Warsaw, began singing, accompanied by the music of the band. Outside the chapel our dragoons kept up a continual discharge of musketry, and at intervals fired off the cannon. When at last this noise ceased, and it was possible to be heard, my father made a sagacious speech, by which Barbara was so utterly overcome that she was quite incapable of making any reply, and again threw herself at her parents' feet. They tenderly raised her ; compliments and felicitations poured in from all sides, and in the midst of the full stream of them we marched back to the drawing-room. Soon afterwards dinner was announced, and we adjourned to the great dining hall. The tables were arranged in the form of the letter B ; the service was magnificent. In the centre was an edifice of sugar, four feet high, which had cost the confectioner a fortnight's labor to prepare. It represented the temple of Hymen, adorned with allegorical figures, and surmounted by the arms of the Krasinskis and the Swidzinskis, surrounded by a wreath of inscriptions in French. There were many other beautiful things, such as china figures, and gold and silver baskets : for, in fact, the table was so covered, that our dwarf Peter could not have found a place on it for one of his feet, much less have walked about between the dishes, as he does sometimes by my father's wish.

It was impossible for me to reckon up the feast, and I fancy the cellarer must have missed count of the bottles of wine that he sent up. I only know that there was a tun of Hungarian wine emptied during the dinner. It was called Mademoiselle Barbara's wine ; for, in accordance with an ancient custom, my father had bought it on the day of her birth, intending it to be drunk at her wedding. Toasts succeeded each other with scarcely any intermission. They drank to the newly-married pair, to the state, to the king, to the Duke of Courland, to the prince primate, to the clergy, to the host and hostess, and to the ladies. After each toast the glasses were broken, a cannon was fired, and a blast was blown on a trumpet. When the dessert was ended, all this noise was succeeded by the greatest stillness, and we had an idea that my father was about to give the signal for rising from table : we were quite mistaken. He called for the master of the household, to whom he gave some order in a low voice ; upon which he left the room, and soon returned, bringing with him a little black morocco box that I had never seen. My father opened it, and took out a golden cup in the form of a crow, studded with precious stones. He showed it to the company, and told them it had descended to him, through a long line of ancestors, and that he had never touched it since his wedding-day. The cellarer then handed him a large bottle, covered with dust : and my father informed us, with an air of pride, that the wine in it was a hundred years old. He emptied the contents of the bottle into the cup, and, as the cup was larger than the bottle, added some of the same wine from another flask, then emptied his goblet at one draught, to the health and prosperity of bride and bridegroom.

This toast was received with enthusiasm. Music became louder than ever, and the can-

nons all thundered at once! The cup went the round of the table, and into it and out of it there passed another hundred bottles of old wine. After this every one left the table—the gentlemen as well as they could, with after dinner feet.

By this time it was night: the ladies therefore retired to their rooms to dress for the ball; only the bride and bridesmaids remained as they were. When the fumes of the wine had dispersed a little, dancing was talked of, and the king's representative opened the ball with Barbara. A polonaise was first danced, then came minuets and quadrilles; but, when the company grew to be more animated, mazurkas and cracoviaks usurped their places, gentlemen became energetic—(regular hop-Poles.) Kochanowski, the Duke of Courland's representative, dances the cracoviak admirably. The person who is at the head of the line in this dance sings a couplet which the others all repeat, so Kochanowski improvised one on the occasion, something like this:

Oh to-day I would neither be emperor nor king,
I but envy one man, I desire but one thing;
Oh that I were the Starost, and Barbara my bride,
I'd ask nothing else in the world beside!

At last the dancing and the drinking, which had again begun, were interrupted, and a chair was set in the centre of the room. The bride seated herself in it, and the twelve bridesmaids began to unfasten her coiffure. singing all the while in the most melancholy tone: "Barbara! it is all over then; you are lost to us; you belong to us no more!" My mother took the branch of rosemary from her hair, and Madame Malachowska put in its place a little lace cap. I would have laughed heartily at this change, had I not seen Barbara all in tears. The cap suited her face to perfection, and everybody told her her husband would love her — very, very dearly. Who could doubt it; how could he help loving such a sweet dove of a creature!

This ceremony over, dancing was recommenced; and, out of respect for the custom introduced by the court, the bride danced the *drabant* with the king's representative. Then the band played a grave polonaise; the Palatine offered his hand to Barbara, walked a few measures with her, and then consigned her to the next gentlemen, who in turn again relinquished her to another, and so on, till the bride had danced with every one in the room. As the polonaise is more of a promenade than a dance, persons of all ages figure in it. My father, at last, after making one round with the bride, gave her up to the Starost, and in so doing gave her up for ever. The ball ended with this polonaise, and my mother advised all of us to go to rest.

The married ladies afterwards conducted Barbara to the chamber that had been prepared for her, and there I am told, speeches were again made, recommendations given, felicitations uttered, and tears shed.

Dear Barbara, I hope they were the last of all her tears.

A GOOD BRUSHING.

THE Patent Trichosaron! Never mind the meaning of the word; it is a good long hard word, and must mean something or other. We are bound to suppose that some two or three, out of the four syllables convey the meaning that, "although possessing in use an almost incredible cleansing power, yet it (the Trichosaron) does not produce the slightest irritation of the skin of the head, which so frequently creates dandriff, and even premature baldness;" and there must be some part of the word, too, clearly implying that "the peculiar mechanical construction accomplishes the two operations of cleansing and polishing simultaneously, thus leaving THE HAIR BEAUTIFULLY SOFT AND GLOSSY, unattainable by any other means." When, in addition to all this, it is considered that, "to meet the requirements of all, they (the plural of Trichosaron) are made of SIX DIFFERENT DEGREES OF QUALITY, varying from very hard to very soft!" it will at once be seen how impossible it is that hair treated by such an apparatus can be otherwise than beautiful.

And even though the Trichosaron should fail in its duty, there is the Sine Manubrium to fall back upon; so that we shall still be able to "do" our hair. Of course, every one can see that Sine Manubrium means a hair-brush without a handle; a hair-brush oval in form "the back grasped as it usually is, even when there is a handle." Of course, the two words indicate that, "the hairs being fixed obliquely, one brush acts as a comb and a hard brush, a soft brush, and two medium penetrating brushes, of different actions, by merely turning it." That "they take only half the room of the old fashioned sort, and make the hair beautifully glossy and curly," is, of course, quite as evident in this case as in that of the Trichosaron. It will not be difficult, either to credit the assertions that the Sine Manubrium may also render service as a clothes-brush, that "one or two passes of the rough side cleanses; that the soft side will suffice to immediately remove the dust; that the nap of the cloth is not injured; and that "the clothes will look new twice as long." All this, we say, might have been easily foreseen from the look of the name itself; but who would have supposed the Census Commissioners were anything in common with the Sine Manubrium? "If it had been possible when taking the Census, to ascertain the number of persons in every hundred who take hold of the handle while using their hair-brush, how many would there have been? Not ten. The experience of most perfumers would prove this." The inference

is irresistible; if less than ten per cent. require a handle to their hair-brushes, more than ninety per cent. ought to use the Sine Manubrium.

We are half inclined to wish that English houses had waxed parquetry floors instead of carpets, that we might appreciate M. Dufour's kindness in inventing the Brosse Mécanique, for rubbing and polishing such floors. We know little about the matter in England, but in France these waxed floors are very general. Until now, M. Dufour tells us, "Les ouvriers cireurs d'appartements,"—or we may as well give it at once in M. Dufour's English, which is not a bad specimen of the curious English produced by French Manufacturers, in some of their advertisements:—"Hitherto, as any one may know, the men entrusted with the care of rubbing the apartments were obliged to make use of brushes tied to their feet, a very defectuous system as well for the fatigue which they are to undergo, as for the deplorable effects which it produces; this system is especially most dangerous for the feminine sex, and it ought to be observed that those who have been obliged to make use of these tied brushes, at a certain age can no more practise that kind of work. Sensible of these difficulties, and the dreadful consequences which result from the imperfections of the usual brush, the inventor of the mechanic brush arrived at a double end: at first, from a motive of humanity, in finding out the production of a less toilsome instrument, and the effects of which might be less hurtful, that is to say, an instrument of progress, with which we might obtain a better effect on account of the new conditions of its construction." In that last sentence M. Dufour has contrived to render himself tolerably unintelligible; but from the French description, the Brosse Mécanique, seems to be a kind of framework into which the bristles are fixed at the bottom, and which is worked by the strength of the arms instead of the shuffling movement of the feet; there is an apparatus within the frame-work for enabling the user to adjust and re-arrange the bristles as their ends wear away. We are quite willing to believe, therefore, that the Brosse Mécanique is a useful improvement.

This brush question may be said, figuratively and literally, to bristle up before us in greater importance than most persons would imagine. What with the wax-ends for our Crispins, and the materials for our brush-makers, the demand for bristles is quite enormous. Only think of our importing more than two million pounds of bristles every year, irrespective of those which grow on the backs of true-born British hogs! Why it is that a hog's bristle is more useful for such purposes than the hair of horse, ox or sheep, a microscopic examination would possibly reveal; but of the fact itself there can be no doubt. Those countries which rear most hogs and make fewest brushes, can sell most bristles to their neighbours. Russia is such a country. Barren as the region is, it has immense forests of those trees in which, or rather under which, hogs delight to pick up a living. There are large establishments, too, in which oxen are slaughtered for the sake of their hides and tallow; and there are nice pickings in such places for the porcine tribe—the hog being a sort of optimist, finding good in everything. The good feeding not merely renders the hog fat, but the fatness renders his bristles susceptible of easy extraction. The bristle harvest is no small affair. Like the hair-harvest in France, which we lately had occasion to dilate upon, it is a grand time when the agents come round to collect the crop. What sort of prices the agents give, is a mystery we are unable to solve; but the bristles are conveyed by these agents to the great fairs held periodically in Russia: and at these fairs merchants from St. Petersburg and Odessa make their purchases. The cropping and transporting, and selling, are so managed that, if possible, the cargoes shall be shipped off for foreign export before the Baltic and the Black Sea become frozen over. The bristles, varying from three or four to nine or ten inches in length, vary much in quality; the white are better than the yellow, the yellow better than the black; the wiry are better than the limp; and the moderately long are better than the very long. The bristles are tied into bundles, and the bundles are packed into casks containing four or five hundred pounds weight each. Our brush-makers are sometimes indebted to Westphalia, whose hogs can afford bristles as well as hams; and sometimes to Australia, whose forests afford abundant hog meat; and sometimes to France and Belgium, which supply bristles in limited quantity and fine quality; but Russia is the great source of supply.

Russian and Polish hogs are not more cleanly than other hogs. Their bristles are dirty and piggish, and require much cleansing. First of all, in preparing them for the market, they are assorted into colours and qualities—the blacks, the greys, the yellows, the whites, and the lilies; and then they receive a thorough good dressing. The root-ends are carefully kept together; the long are separated from the short, and the bristles are combed and combed and combed again with a kind of wool-comber's implement, until they become as sleek as may be. And then, if special fancy work be looming in the distance, the dressed hairs are further subjected to the process of picking, which is often children's work, and which consists in picking out of the bundle every individual hair which differs in tint from the general mass. A yet more determined search for cleanliness leads to the scouring of the bristles, which renders them not merely clean, but much whitened in color.

Let no one suppose that brush-making is a mere insertion of mere bristles into mere pieces of wood. It has a classification almost as complete as that of a branch of natural history. First, come the two great groups of single brushes and compound brushes: the single brushes being those which consist of a single bundle or tuft; and the compound brushes being those formed of several small bundles or tufts, separately inserted in a stock or handle. Then, among single brushes we may distinguish three kinds—those in which the brush is inserted in the handle; those in which the handle is inserted in the brush; and those in which the tufts are laid side by side, like the pipes of a mouth-organ. And we may separate the compound brushes into two parties—pan-work and drawn-work brushes: designations having relation to the mode in which the bristles, or hairs, are inserted in their places. And, if we require evidence that the classification may go farther and farther, we have only to see how great is the variety of brushes with which society is favoured. Painting-brushes, dusting-brushes, artist's-brushes, whitewash-brushes, distemper-brushes, bannister-brushes, scrubbing-brushes, clothes-brushes, shoe-brushes, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, shaving-brushes, hair-brushes, flesh-brushes, bottle-brushes,, hat-brushes, velvet-brushes, carpet-brooms, hearth-brooms, stair-brooms, birch-brooms, long-brooms, stable-brooms, whisk-brooms.

The pencil used by the artist, encased by a quill, is one of the simplest of all brushes, and yet its manufacture requires some nicety. In nearly all cases the taper ends of hairs and bristles are left exposed, to form the brush; while the root ends are bound to the handle. The handle may be of beech, or birch, or oak, or alder, of sycamore, lime, satin-wood, rose-wood, of bone, horn, ivory or ebony, according to the kind, and purpose, and price; but the artist's pencils have long straight handles of some light wood. The delicate little pencils for water-colour painting are not made of such stern materials as hogs' bristles; they claim the soft hair obtained from the tail of the sable, the marten, the badger, or some other soft-furred animal. The hairs are scoured in alum-water; they are steeped in clean warm water; they are dried and combed; they are sorted into little parcels, according to their length; they are placed (enough for one pencil) in a little receptacle, and held tightly while a bit of thread is bound round them, near the roots; they are trimmed by the aid of scissors, and then they are ready to be inserted in their quill-holders. These quills are of the swan, the turkey, the goose, the duck, the lapwing, the pigeon, the crow, or the lark, according to the size of the pencil to be made. When the quill has been softened and swelled in hot water, the little tuft of hair is introduced at the larger end, and pulled forward, by an ingenious little contrivance, to the smallest end; and then, when the quill cools and shrinks, it binds the tuft tightly. It is by the delicate fingers of women more successful than by men, that the hairs of the pencil are so arranged that their ends may be made to converge to a fine point when moistened and drawn between the lips—a matter of much importance to the dainty work of the miniature painter. The larger kinds of pencils used by oil-painters rather than water-colour painters have the hairs inserted in a tin tube instead of a quill.

The bristle brushes, of course, cannot be such nice holiday work as the camel-hair pencils; and yet there are many curious processes required in their production. Brushes shaped in other respects like these pencils, but too large for quills or for tin tubes, have the hairs bound round very tightly, and tied to the end of a wooden handle, cut in a forked shape to assist in obtaining security; and a compact coil of glued twine serves to bind all together. Such brushes as the large painting and dusting brushes, used by house-painters, in which the handle is inserted in the tuft of hair, require, of course, a different mode of treatment. The hairs or bristles are tied closely together with string, with the pointed end of the wedge-shaped handle just inserted in their centre; the handle is then driven in with great force, until the thick or larger end finds itself buried among the bristles. We all know what the "small end of the wedge" does, in parliament and elsewhere; and we can easily see how the small end of the wedge-handle being once among the bristles, the bristles must become gradually compressed and tightened. Such a brush is, in fact, a hollow cylinder of bristles, although it does not present such an appearance; and to this hollow cylinder family, however different in other features, belong the carpet-broom and the birch-broom. An extension of the family is met with in what are called stock-brushes, such as are employed for whitewashing and distempering; in which three or four cylinder brushes are ranged side by side, and fixed to a flat stock or handle.

Workmen are famous for using terms which no one else can understand. We might look at a long-broom, or a bannister-broom, or a hearth-broom, until our eyes ached, and yet fail to see why its manufacture should be called pan-work, or set-work. There is, doubtless, some good cause, however, for the designations. Whatever it may mean, a good plain honest long broom may be taken as an example of pan-work. There are tufts or knots of bristles, inserted separately in holes bored in a wooden stock to a certain depth; the holes are bored obliquely if the bristles are intended to radicate or spread out; or the face of the stock is rendered convex to ensure this spreading. The bristles

are collected into knots or tufts; they are brought even and regular at one end; they are dipped into melted pitch, and a piece of twine is bound round them; the knot thus made is again dipped in melted pitch, and is inserted in its appropriate hole with a kind of screwing motion which ensures its stability. If the product be of the broom genus, the bristles are left of their full length; but if it be a brush requiring harder material, the bristles are cut at the outer or flag end.

But these common, humble, cheap, inferior, working day, brooms and brushes are not to be named on the same day with another kind made by draw-work instead of pull-work (to use another workshop phrase). Most of the stiff and sharp-haired family, such as scrubbing-brushes, shoe-brushes, clothes-brushes, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, hair-brushes, flesh-brushes, and so forth, are examples of draw-work. The stock of the brush is bored with holes to such a depth as the bristles are required to reach; and a smaller hole is then bored through the remaining thickness of the wood in a line with the centre of each large hole. The cunning workman then draws a little bunch of bristles into each hole, doubled into a bight, round a piece of wire, which he works through the small hole; he passes the same piece of wire from hole to hole, drawing a doubled tuft in at every movement, so that the tufts may be said to be all threaded upon one wire. The exposed ends of all the bristles are then cut square and even. But the wires form a sort of lattice-work at the back, which would hurt the hand of the user. Hence a sort of veneering: the wired back of the brush is covered with a thin veneer of wood, which may be made a means of adornment. In tooth-brushes, where the back presents too narrow a surface for veneering, the wire is sunk in grooves below the general level of the surface; and in some kinds of delicate work, called trepaning, the wires act through the sides of the brush, by means of holes, which are afterwards plugged up. Some brushes have nearly a thousand holes drilled in them, each of which requires to have its tuft of bristles drawn in.

Bristles unquestionably exert a more sweeping influence in domestic economy than any other material for brushes and brooms; but they are not quite alone in their glory. There are the hairs of the camel, marten, sable, and other animals, before noticed, as being rendered available to the artist. There are horse-hair, goats'-hair, used for hat-brushes. There are fibres of whalebone used for brushes of more than usual hardness. There are fibres of the hard and tough dark-coloured vegetable substance called bass, for stable brooms and other coarse purposes. There is the well-known birch-broom, of ancient renown. There is the light-coloured wisk, or whisk, furnishing a useful material for carpet-brooms. There is the coire, or cocoa-nut fibre, which, whether made into brooms, brushes, mats, matting, rugs, druggets, caulking, or stuffing, has a very high character given to it for indestructibility. This coire is the fibrous envelope of the cocoa-nut; the rind is forced from the shell by means of a sharp spike; it is soaked in water for several months, and then beaten and rubbed, and the fibre at length separates from the kind of bark to which it is attached.

Our old acquaintances, the Trichosaron, the Sine Manubrium, and the Brosse Mécanique pour les Parquets, are not the only notable achievements in brush-making. There is a patent method of fixing the tufts in dove-tailed grooves, to obviate the necessity for draw-work. There are the patented brushes, with flexible backs, in which the tufts are attached to pieces of leather. There are brushes with conical holes to receive the tufts; brushes made of spun-glass for using with corrosive acids; brushes made of a covering of plush on a foundation of white flock, for certain delicate uses. Whether the brush-makers of the present day know the name of the Reverend Gilbert White, we cannot say; but the author of the Natural History of Selborne once told the housewives of England that very useful brooms can be made of the stalks of the Polytricum commune, or giant golden maiden-hair; that when this moss-like substance is well combed and dressed, and divested of its outer skin, it becomes of a beautiful bright chesnut colour; and that, being soft and pliant, it is likely to be useful for the dusting of beds, curtains, carpets, hangings, and the like.

A TOUR IN BOHEMIA.

I HAVE travelled in Bohemia, and have been of it: a Bohemian. I know its ways and means, its larger iniquities and lesser foibles; and I am here to tell what I know of it, truly.

Amid a redundant population and a plethoric civilisation, the Bohemian Republic has gradually grown up to be a power, patent though unrecognised, sensible though scarcely visible, influential though despised. The Bohemian interest is representable, and has its representatives, now-a-days, just as the manufacturing interest, the shipping interest, the landed interest, and the religious interest have their representatives; and though there be no honorable member for Bohemia returned to the House of Commons, there are a good many honourable members in Bohemia and of Bohemia, who are Bohemian altogether in feelings, in circumstances, and in connections.

The Bohemians I tell of are the gipsies of civilisation. Their skins may be fair, their eyes blue, their skill in telling fortunes, in horse-couping and horse-chanting, and in speaking the Rommaney language may be limited; they may prefer the shelter of a tiled roof to that of a blanket tent, and be perfectly free from surreptitious predilections for linen on hedges and the poultry of their neighbours; but

they are essentially as nomadic, as predatory, as incorrigibly reluctant to any reputable task, and as diligent in any knavish operation; as dissipated, careless, improvident, and municipally worthless, as any Caloro or Rommaney chal that the Polyglottian Mr. Borrow has ever told us of. But the Bohemians of civilised society are so far different from their brethren of Egypt that they recognise no chief—no king, queen, or tetrarch; that they obey no laws, save those of their own sweet wills; that they migrate indiscriminately from tribe to tribe; that they intermarry freely (when they can) with the Nazarenes or respectable people; that they are not, as gipsies are, born Bohemians of necessity, but fall, or are led, or wander heedlessly into Bohemia; and, finally, that far from having the rooted antipathy to decent society and a settled condition of life which the gipsy tribe have, your modern Bohemian is continually haunted by the ambition (seldom fulfilled) to forsake his vagabond ways; to wash, shave, leave off sack, and live cleanly like a gentleman.

I cannot attempt to define the limits or boundaries of Bohemia; for it has none. Its head may be in the Queen's palace, and its extremities in the hovel of the beggar. There are bits of Bohemia scattered all over the United Kingdom: and if, at some review of the body social, an order were given for all who owned to the name of Smith and all who —no, not owned, but possessed the character of Bohemianism—to fall out of the ranks, it is my opinion that the number of the Smiths and the number of the Bohemians would not be very unequal. Every class, and tribe, and clique in society; every trade, profession, calling, and avocation—every cell in the great mundane bee-hive possesses its Bohemian element. The army, the navy, the pulpit, the bar, the press, the counter, the desk, the kerb-stone, and the gaol, send forth their recruits to swell the Bohemian army. Court and fashion can no more boast of or bewail their Bohemianism, than law and the church and commerce; the severities of sectarianism, the rigidities of money-hunting, the asceticism of business, the preoccupations of statesmanship, the endless cogs and wheels and pendulums, and bolts and bars, with which mankind have fenced about the social clock to regulate and steady it, and cause it to keep exact time, and chime the hour with decent intonations—are all powerless to subdue Bohemia, which is for ever playing tricks with the hands of the clock, meddling with its weights, tampering with its springs, causing it to run down and go wrong, but never to stop; so as to necessitate from time to time the calling in of some state clock-maker, who ofttimes makes only a sorry bungling job in mending the machine.

The inhabitants of Bohemia, like great men, may be divided into three grand divisions: those who are born Bohemian, those who achieve Bohemianism, and those who have Bohemianism thrust upon them. I will not, however, in the present instance, attempt to adopt this system of classification, but will cull my few samples of Bohemians rather with reference to the rank they hold in the republic of Bohemia than to the circumstances under which they embraced that condition of life.

The old nobility, for the preservation of which it is so essential, according to Young Englandism, that wealth and commerce, laws and learning, should die, is by no means deficient in the Bohemian element. The republic has numerous citizens in the House of Peers, and among the untitled but still essentially patrician branches of the aristocracy. What a thorough denison of Bohemia, for instance, is the right honourable the Earl of Fourcloze. Brian de la Bond, Earl of Fourcloze and Baron Mordegage, has been of Bohemia any time these fifty years. His father's grandfather was the notorious Tom Bond who was so useful to Sir Robert Walpole, and found his coronet at last pretty much as the cock in the fable found the jewel in the farm-yard. The Bonds, however, soon discovered that they were a branch of the De la Bonds, who came over with the Conqueror of course, and all the rest of it; one of whom was private secretary to the Norman monarch, and was by him created Lord Sign and Seal, a title which afterwards unjustly alienated from the family. Tom Bond, in the first instance Baron, then Viscount Mordegage, left his title and estates to his eldest son Alberic; who, becoming even more useful to Mr. Pitt than his father had been to Sir Robert Walpole, was created Earl of Fourcloze. This excellent nobleman was enthusiastically devoted to field sports, and died in a fit of apoplexy at a cock-fight. The two first possessors of the title had been remarkably saving and accumulative peers, and were enabled to leave to the third, the right honourable Ulric, estates of great value, and ready cash in abundance. The third lord, however, to use a thoroughly Bohemian phrase, blued the large possessions bequeathed to him in every imaginable species of Bohemian extravagance. He raised a regiment during the American war, and paid for it—partially. He made the grand tour thrice running, played with Ferdinand Count Fathom, and lost. He pulled down Mordegage Hall, and commenced the building of that magnificent structure, Vellum Castle (near Deedsworth, Hampshire), but could never scrape money enough together to finish it. He ran horses at Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood, and his cracks were always the favourites, and were always nearly winning, but never did. He horsed the Deedsworth mail for two seasons, was master and almost owner of the Hampshire hounds; had shares in lead-mines, coal-mines, canals, and slate

quarries, which were all singularly unproductive. He had a brick-field where there was no clay, and drained marshes that were never above water. Finally, after having spent all he possessed and all he could beg, borrow, or by any means obtain, he died, in eighteen hundred and twelve, to the intense grief of the Jews, of his lawyers, and of his very numerous family, leaving to his eldest son Harold the title, the large (encumbered) estates, the splendid (pawned) plate, the capital modern furniture, the innumerable post-obits, the countless debts, mortgages, law-suits, annuities and pensions chargeable, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

The unfortunate young nobleman who succeeded to this dismal inheritance became of the republic of Bohemia not from choice, but from necessity. Bohemianism was thrust upon him. As he had been himself during his father's lifetime what in those days was denominated wild, and had done a good deal in the post-obit and general stamped paper line himself, he had no sooner come to his father's coronet, than he began to frequent the Jews and the lawyers to the full as much as his papa. And as his lordship's racehorses were running at the same time as his lordship's acceptances; as he was continually buying fresh estates, borrowing money at thirty per cent. to pay for them, and then selling said estates at a loss to pay the interest of the borrowed money; as he embarked large sums in the establishment of a fourth Italian Opera for the metropolis; as he was credulously attached to the idea that a silver mine existed upon some land he had in Scotland, and spent a few thousands in search of said mine, yearly; as he considered himself to be a first-rate judge of Italian pictures by the old masters, and wasn't, but was a constant purchaser, notwithstanding; as he had a decided penchant for litigation, and was constantly appealing to the court above against the decisions of the court below, which appeals were as constantly dismissed with costs; as he speculated to a large amount in railways which obstinate parliamentary committees refused to sanction bills for; as he kept two or three different households and families besides his own lawful one at home; and as, finally, he delighted, to a pitch of delirium, in a certain game into the carrying on of which closed doors, a green table, and sundry rakes, cylindrical boxes, and little cubes of ivory spotted black, enter, and which involves a partial paralysis of the wrist and elbow, his lordship had not enjoyed his titles and estates many years before the Bohemian hue of his complexion became positively Stygian in blackness. It takes some time, however, to ruin a lord—at least, openly. There is such divinity doth hedge the proprietor of a velvet cap with a gold ring stuck round with imitation pearls, that though he be notoriously insolvent and impecunious, years will elapse before the tailor will lay down his shears in his service; before Mr. Quartermaine will refuse to supply the jobbed horses; before Mr. Giblett will discontinue sending in the haunches of mutton; before even astute Mr. Mordecai Overdue will refuse lending something, be it ever so small a modicum, upon a stroke of his lordship's fist. Ah! say not that these are the days of scepticism. What implicit, what devout, what child-like credence we place in the veriest shams, the grossest impostures, the most palpable lies; Sceptics! We pin our faith on a wig. We swear by two square inches of gold lace; we fall down prostrate before a name in a book bound in red leather; we believe in a cocked hat as in salvation; and yet we boggle over a winking picture, or a phial of liquifying blood.

Ruin, however, though long delaying, comes at last to the improvident. Like death it spares the regum turres no more than the pauperum tabernas. The Earl of Fourcloze went to sleep in his palace at Vellum and woke up in Bohemia. The ten tribes of Israel made a descent upon his inheritance and divided it between them. The lawyers had a saturnalia and feasted on parchment, and were drunk with red tape. The baliffs threw off the liveries they had worn as a disguise for years, and were real bailiffs and men in possession—hook noses, red pocket handkerchiefs, ash-sticks, and all once more. The auctioneer wrote a Carmen Triumphale and called it a catalogue. Many talked, more whispered, more still shook their heads, according to the Burleigh theory of wisdom; a few—a very few pitied, and said poor Lord Fourcloze. So they began to sell him up. They sold the town mansion in Nineveh Square; the manor house in Wales, the land in Scotland, and the great show palace of Vellum, and its pictures, and statues, and bronzes; its carvings, tapestries, and stained glass; its many thousand ounces of plate; its cut-glass and objects of vertu. They sold the house and the park—the tall trees (which Lord Fourcloze would so dearly have liked to have sold himself, if he had dared), the pineries, the conservatories, the aviaries, the peacocks, the deer, the lodge, and the lodge-gates, and the gate posts with the two dolphins, very scaly, rampant. Mr. Gong, the auctioneer, sold them all with orations worthy of Cicero; and the Earl of Fourcloze went up to town and took lodgings in Jermyn Street, nominally in the parish of St. James's but really in the province of Bohemia.

Towards three of the clock on sunny afternoons during the season, you may see creeping up St. James's Street a shrivelled person, elderly, with a fur collar attached to a brown coat, patent-leather boots, a glossy wig, a shiny hat with a turned-up brim. Common people who were in the same state of poverty and Bohemianism as this elderly person, would be dull and rusty in appearance; but he, being a nobleman, shows his misery in

shininess. His yellow kid gloves even shine, though I am afraid not with freshness or cleanliness. You may see the same elderly person, on sunny afternoons *out* of the season, crawling up the West-cliff at Brighton, or sauntering under the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli, or meandering among the bathers, flirters, gossipers, and gamblers, round the Elise-Fontaine at Aix-la-Chapelle, or the Kursaal at Hombourg. This elderly person was once the Right Honourable Ulric de la Bond, Earl of Fourcloze. He is nothing particular now, save a dried-up, ruined, unprincipled old man. He "makes debts," as the French call it still, but in a small way. His address is Squab's Hotel, Jermyn Street; but he resides not chez Squab—oh no, he is too deep in that landlord's debt for that; the real residence of the descendant of the De la Bonds is at Mr. Heeltap's the bootmaker, number two hundred and twenty-two Jermyn Street, where he abuses the maid-servant if his red herring at breakfast be not cooked to his liking, and does not pay his rent regularly. If you ask me how this Bohemian lord lives—how he manages to keep up the shiny hat and the fur collar, and to travel first-class to Paris and Hombourg, I can only answer that he *does* live and lives thus. His relatives allow him a little, perhaps: he is a lord "for a' that;" and really lords seem to be able to get their titles discounted, when they have nothing else convertible, and to exist, somehow, upon the bare fact of being lords. So the Earl of Fourcloze drags his slow length along the Bohemia of St. James's. He is to be found in all sorts of disreputable Bohemian haunts. In sixth-rate clubs, where retired coal-merchants are proud of him and make much of him and treat him to wines and meats for his lordship's sake; in clubs of worse odour still—clubs which Inspector Beresford visits with policemen, and dark lanterns, and sledge-hammers, at untimely hours in the morning; in suspicious cigar-shops; at the wings of queerly managed theatres, where ballets are the staple entertainment, and the management is proud of my lord's patronage, and can always find an engagement for Mademoiselle Anais, or Mademoiselle Fifine, to oblige my lord. You will tell me that the Earl of Fourcloze must have other means of employment to support all these expenses,—for all these things cost money; but I must tell you once for all that the citizens of Bohemia, as a body, have the privilege of living no one knows how, but still of living much better than many persons who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The means in Upper and Lower Bohemia may be different—the ways more or less crapulous, but the end—life, is always attained. The occasional clean shirt, the always dandy though ofttimes seedy attire, the tolerably regular dinner, the scarcely ever failing means of getting drunk, and wasting money in extravagance—come from Heaven knows where, but they *do* come; 'tis only he who has been initiated in the royal arch of Bohemianism who knows the whence, the how, and the reason why: I should be false to my adopted country were I lightly to disclose the mystic conditio vivendi to him unaffiliated to the Grand Lodge of Bohemia.

Thomas Lord Marlinspike is another bright ornament of aristocratic Bohemia. The Lord Thomas's father is the Earl of Clewline, the son of the great naval peer. Lord Clewline wears low shoes, a long green great coat, and a large gingham umbrella, in which the world says that he carries portions of his large revenues, having been known, when sorely pressed, to relieve the necessities of his son from the recesses of the whalebone casemates of the umbrella in question. Lord Clewline is not at all a Bohemian; he is simply an eccentric lord; and, being immensely rich, is much respected by the aristocracy, by his tenantry, and by the editior of the Capstanhawser Gazette, in which borough he has a sort of political advowson. He did, some years ago, labour under the trifling imputation of having kicked his wife down the grand staircase of Capstanhawser Castle, but he successfully exonerated himself from the charge by stating that the Countess of Clewline, while descending the staircase, happening to stumble down one of the steps, he merely raised his foot to assist her descent, and so prop her up, as it were; that stumbling down another step, he raised his foot again, and so on till the countess reached the bottom of the staircase in a succession of stumblings and proppings-up. Lady C. refuses to live with him, which to so good a husband must be a severe blow; and more than that, her aiding and abetting her wicked, infatuated, extravagant Bohemian son proves her clearly to be in the wrong vis-à-vis her lord both morally and matrimonially.

Thomas Lord Marlinspike was distinguished at Eton by a spirited propensity for credit, and a disinclination to settle such so-called ticks without the direst compulsion; he shone much in paper chases, unauthorised boating and swimming matches; and, from the number of times he was brought to the block, must have benefited (by exercise) the flexor and extensor muscles of the master's right arm considerably. He formed his acquaintance with the immortal writers of Greece and Rome chiefly through the medium of the facile grades to Parnassus called cribs; and left Eton with the reputation of having annoyed more dames, frequented during church time on Sundays and owed money at more public-houses, and fought more pitched battles at Montem time, than any other young nobleman of his age and size. He yet lives in the memories of the fags he bullied, the sweetstuff-shopkeepers who trusted him, and the clergymen of the church of England who flogged him. His career at the University of Oxford was short but

brilliant. Several appearances at chapel with eyes artificially blacked, one with a pair of top-boots appearing beneath his surplice, and a great many more failures in chapel attendance altogether; innumerable quarrels with the proctor, systematic violations of all the University by-laws, from walking on the college grass-plats to driving tandem, soon rendered his withdrawal from St. Bumptious college a matter of necessity, and not of choice. He left; and it must be a proud reflection for him now to think that, from the stable-keeper who let him his hackneys to the pastry-cook who sent him his dinners, his name will be long remembered as a defaulter, and enrolled in the imperishable records of the daybook and ledger.

Do not for a moment suppose that I mean to include in the Bohemian category every young spendthrift, be he peer or commoner, who runs through his rent-roll faster than the rents come in, outruns the constable at last, and comes to grief and the Insolvent Court. Tom Rakewell, in Mr. Hogarth's print is no such Bohemian. He is simply a fool; and in the vanity of youthful blood poisons good by misuse, spends all he has, and comes to Bedlam or the Queen's Bench in the natural course of his folly. Every year there are scores of old misers die, who have heaped up riches in their sordid and laborious lifetimes, leaving young Tom Rakewells to gather them. Young Tom squanders the money, entertains fiddlers, buffoons, horse jockeys, prize fighters, bona-robas, &c.; and is, in time, taken in execution, or under a commission de lunatico, or marries a hideous old woman for her money, but he never dreams of being of Bohemia—a Bohemian. Every year the Times newspaper will contain some score leaders upon some stolen bill trial, in which Tom Rakewell, a Jew, a horse, and a worthless woman are all mixed up to their common disgrace; every Sunday paper, almost, has its extraordinary case of folly and extravagance, with young Tom in the box of the Insolvent Court. There is scarcely a ship sails for Australia without a ruined spendthrift aboard, shipped off to the Antipodes by his friends to prevent his coming to worse; there is scarcely a public house without some sodden Tom Rakewell, far gone in delirium tremens, who has had money once, and run through it all. You will not walk ten paces in the court yard of a debtors' prison without seeing the shawl dressing gown fluttering in the breeze, and the tasselled cap of incarcerated Tom, who has been in the Guards, or the line, or in nothing particular, save the general debauchery line, and has sown his acceptances broadcast, and bought jewellery and double-barrelled guns on credit, to pawn—who is in for it just now, till the governor comes round, and colours a short pipe, and is so obliging in telling you when the tap will open, and so anxious to know whether you are going through the Court or not.

Thomas Lord Marlinspike was far different to these shallow rakes. He became of Bohemia almost immediately. He ran races, but he painted them, and nobbled them, and swapped them, and did such inconceivably dirty tricks with them as your poor simple spendthrift would never dream of. Before he was twenty-three he was a bankrupt as a horse dealer. Then he was insolvent, being described as the Honourable Thomas Rufus Mayntogallant, commonly called Lord Marlinspike, formerly of Sandcrack Lodge, near Richmond, omnibus and car proprietor, afterwards of Three, Muttleston street, Pimlico, job-master, afterwards of Cloudy Farm, Sussex, farmer, dairyman, and pork-butcher, afterwards of Kissingen Spa, Biberich and Baden-Baden, out of any trade or occupation, after of six hundred and six Goliath Square, Belgravia (his father's residence), marker at a billiard-table, afterwards of the Debtors' Prison, Whitecross street, commission agent, and now of the Queen's Prison, Southwark, a prisoner for debt. To appear at Twelve. All creditors may oppose.

All creditors *did* oppose, as you may imagine; for Thomas, Lord Marlinspike had followed all the trades named in his schedule, and, according to report, a good many more; some averring, indeed, that the heir of the peerage of Clewline had not been too proud to have a fourth share in a gambling house, and to keep two or three cigar shops in different parts of London. Men even said that the lordly Thomas was concerned in a betting office, and a loan society which never granted any loans, but subsisted upon the sums paid as fees for inquiries. Opposed, however, by all creditors, the Lord Thomas was, by the Chief Commissioner, sufficiently relieved from his debts to become twice insolvent afterwards. He is rather quiet now, having, as it is reported, married a charwoman, but he is yet open to sell blank acceptances for sums varying from five shillings to five pounds each. Some of these days, Lord Clewline (who now sternly refuses to give him a shilling) will die; and Thomas will be Lord of Clewline and Capstanhawser, a senator, a justice of the peace, Lord Lieutenant of his county, perhaps. Ex quovis ligno fit—no; all Lord Thomases are not all Lord Marlinspikes. Bohemia is not open to all.

Now, poor Lord Kay Say is really to be pitied for his Bohemianism: the unfortunate young nobleman had really no other choice. Fourth son to a noble marquis, expensively educated, formerly in the Dragoons, not a penny to bless himself with—what was Lord Kay Say to do? Marriage with a rich young lady was out of the question—his poverty being too well known. Digging was beyond his capacity, begging unworthy the fourth son of the Marquis of Fifay. What did Lord Kay Say do but turn Director! Yes; if you look at the prospectus of the Costermongers' Mutual Life and Fire Assurance Company;

of the Clodhoppers' Freehold Land Society; of the Ragged School Bank of Deposit; of the Machine-sawing Lucifer Match Company; of the Lodging House Keepers' Protection Society; of the Beer Shop Keepers' Guarantee Society; of the Cigar-end Saving Company; in the list of directors of each and all of these incorporations, between Goldworthy Nugget, Quartz Lodge, Holloway, and Major Bangles, H. E. I. C. S., you will find the Lord Kay Plantagenet Montmorency Say, M. P., F. R. S. How F. R. S.? how M. P.? yet both; but how, Bohemia alone can tell. Lord Kay Say, as a fourth son, would have starved or sunk into some commercial mésalliance. As a director he thrives, and wondrously so. If you call upon your friend Gatters, secretary to the Costermongers', or Ratters, actuary to the Costermongers', it is ten to one but you will find a smart little brougham at the door, and that one of the clerks in the outer office tells you that you must really wait ten minutes, for that Mr. Gatters or Mr. Ratters is engaged with my Lord.

If any man doubt the existence of the province I may call Upper Bohemia, let him wait till the next railway mania, the next assurance mania, the next mining mania, the next gold-finding mania, the next emigration mania. Let him consider the scores of well-educated, well-dressed men, with chains, and rings, and whiskers, ay, and moustaches, and tufts, who start up, and are immediately converted into directors, secretaries, provisional committee-men, speculators, stags—what you will. How have they lived during the interim? how will they live when the mania is over? Yet I can hear the wheels of their broughams rattling yet, and they dine, and drink, and wear chains and rings, and are jovially Bohemian, mania or no mania.

If I could drive some hundreds of the well-dressed units of what is called society into the pens of Smithfield market, and then have some Asmodeus at my bidding to untile, not the roofs of the houses, but the heads of the assembly, and read their working brains, what a well-informed man I should be to be sure! In a moment would be made manifest the history of Captain Brown's commission, and Jack Fortinbrasses' secret mission from the Republic of Guatemala. I should know what Ricochet really does in the city; whether O'Ryan's "esteets in Ireland" have actually any existence; how Mrs. Doublefacet pays for her dinner-parties; where Corneyguide gets his jewellery from; how many hundreds a year Tom Dummy clears at whist, and to what particular morning journal Captain Cobb, who writes for the papers, is attached. Perhaps the most startling and instructive revelation of all would be to know where all the well-dressed inhabitants of Bohemia live. They swagger about Regent Street, they sit next us at dinner, they are at our evening parties, at the club, the theatre, but where do they live? Perhaps in Belgravia, perhaps in back streets off Leicester Square, or Clare market. Perhaps *I* know, but while I tell of the chief features of Bohemia, scorn to uncover the nakedness of the land.

With all due deference to M. Henry Murger, whose admirable book, Les Bohémiens de Paris, has suggested this desultory article, I cannot help thinking that the Bohemianism most pregnant with matter for reflection and astonishment is that of the conventionally termed upper classes, not that of painters and poets, and musicians, and journalists. It is comparatively easy to understand how young Tibbets the artist—who has not been able to get a picture accepted by the Academy yet, who has no connection, even among picture-dealers, no patrons, no friends, save artists and authors as poor as he himself is, very little credit with his artist's colourman, and still less with his landlady—is ofttimes put to strange shifts and hardships, and when he does receive a little money, spends it very quickly, for the sheer novelty of the thing, wandering about in the intervals of a windfall in a strangely-vagabondising and Bohemian manner. We can understand Tibbets, so we can Jack Midriff, the medical student, and Frank Readiscrip, who is writing for the Penny Voice of Freedom till he can get an engagement on the Times. But, for mystery and subtlety of ways and means, and fertility of invention, commend me to Upper Bohemia. The struggling poet, painter, student, have little if any appearance to keep up. Long hair, and a threadbare coat, are rather picturesque than otherwise. They involve no evening parties, no boxes at the opera, no broughams in the park. In the higher spheres only are these Napoleons of Bohemianism to be found. They dash by you, all glittering and splendid, and while your friend Jones whispers, "hasn't a penny in the world," Tompkins admiringly sibillates, "lives at the rate of a thousand a year." It may be in days to come that if I have power and you inclination, I will treat of that Bohemia which lies at the very bottom of the social ladder—down among the straw and the mud, and which alone can be the parallel to the Bohemia I have attempted cursorily to describe.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE figure descended the great stairs, steadily, steadily, always verging like a weight in deep water to the black gulf at the bottom.

Mr. Gradgrind, apprised of his wife's decease, made an expedition from London, and buried her in a business-like manner. He then returned with promptitude to the national cinder-heap, and resumed his sifting for the odds and ends he wanted, and his throwing of the dust about, into the eyes of other people who wanted other odds and ends —in fact, resumed his parliamentary duties.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sparsit kept unwinking watch and ward. Separated from her staircase all the week by the length of iron road dividing Coketown from the countryhouse, she yet maintained her cat-like observation of Louisa, through her husband, through her brother, through James Harthouse, through the outsides of letters and packets, through everything animate and inanimate that at any time went near the stairs. "Your foot on the last step, my lady," said Mrs. Sparsit, apostrophising the descending figure, with the aid of her threatening mitten, "and all your art shall never blind me."

Art or nature though, the original stock of Louisa's character, or the graft of circumstances upon it,—her curious reserve did baffle, while it stimulated, one as sagacious as Mrs. Sparsit. There were times when Mr. James Harthouse was not sure of her. There were times when he could not read the face he had studied so long; and when this lonely girl was a greater mystery to him than any woman of the world, with a ring of satellites to help her.

So the time went on, until it happened that Mr. Bounderby was called away from home by business which required his presence elsewhere, for three or four days. It was on a Friday that he intimated this to Mrs. Sparsit at the Bank, adding: "But you'll go down to-morrow, ma'am, all the same. You'll go down just as if I was there. It will make no difference to you."

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, reproachfully, "let me beg you not to say that. Your absence will make a vast difference to me, sir, as I think you very well know."

"Well, ma'am, then you must get on in my absence as well as you can," said Bounderby, not displeased.

"Mr. Bounderby," retorted Mrs. Sparsit, "your will is to me a law, sir; otherwise, it might be my inclination to dispute your kind commands, not feeling sure that it will be quite so agreeable to Miss Gradgrind to receive me, as it ever is to your own munificent hospitality. But you shall say no more, sir. I will go, upon your invitation."

"Why, when I invite you to my house, ma'am," said Bounderby, opening his eyes, "I should hope you want no other invitation."

"No indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I should hope not. Say no more, sir. I would, sir, I could see you gay again."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" blustered Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "there was wont to be an elasticity in you which I sadly miss. Be buoyant, sir!"

Mr. Bounderby, under the influence of this difficult adjuration, backed up by her compassionate eye, could only scratch his head in a feeble and ridiculous manner, and afterwards assert himself at a distance, by being heard to bully the small fry of business all the morning.

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit that afternoon when her patron was gone on his journey, and the Bank was closing, "present my compliments to young Mr. Thomas, and ask him if he would step up and partake of a lamb chop and walnut ketchup, with a glass of India ale?" Young Mr. Thomas being usually ready for anything in that way, returned a gracious answer, and followed on its heels himself. "Mr. Thomas," said Mrs. Sparsit, "these plain viands being on table, I thought you might be tempted." "Thankee, Mrs. Sparsit," said the whelp. And gloomily fell to.

"How is Mr. Harthouse, Mr. Tom?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Oh he is all right," said Tom.

"Where may he be at present?" Mrs. Sparsit asked in a light conversational manner, after mentally devoting the whelp to the Furies for being so uncommunicative.

"He is shooting in Yorkshire," said Tom, "Sent Loo a basket half as big as a church, yesterday."

"The kind of gentleman now," said Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly, "whom one might wager to be a good shot!"

"Crack," said Tom.

He had long been a down-looking young fellow, but this characteristic had so increased of late that he never raised his eyes to any face for three seconds together. Mrs. Sparsit consequently had ample means of watching his looks if she were so inclined.

"Mr. Harthouse is a great favourite of mine," said Mrs. Sparsit, "as indeed he is of most people. May we expect to see him again shortly, Mr. Tom?"

"Why, *I* expect to see him to-morrow," returned the whelp.

"Good news!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, blandly.

"I have got an appointment with him to meet him in the evening at the station here," said Tom, "and I am going to dine with him afterwards, I believe. He is not coming down to Nickits's for a week or so, being due somewhere else. At least, he says so; but I shouldn't wonder if he was to stop here over Sunday and stray that way."

"Which reminds me!" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Would you remember a message to your sister, Mr. Tom, if I was to charge you with one?"

"Well! I'll try," returned the reluctant whelp, "if it isn't a long un."

"It is merely my respectful compliments," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I fear I may not trouble her with my society this week, being still a little nervous and better perhaps by my poor self."

"Oh! If that's all," observed Tom, "it wouldn't matter much, even if I was to forget it, for Loo's not likely to think of you unless she sees you."

Having paid for his entertainment with this agreeable compliment, he relapsed into a hangdog silence until there was no more India ale left, when he said, "Well, Mrs. Sparsit, I must be off!" and went off.

Next day, Saturday, Mrs. Sparsit sat at her window all day long: looking at the customers coming in and out, watching the postmen, keeping an eye on the general traffic of the street, revolving many things in her mind, but above all, keeping her attention on her staircase. The evening come, she put on her bonnet and shawl and went quietly out: having her reasons for hovering in a furtive way about the station by which a passenger would arrive from Yorkshire, and for preferring to peep into it round pillars and corners, and out of ladies' waiting-room windows, to appearing in its precincts openly.

Tom was in attendance, and loitered about until the expected train came in. It brought no Mr. Harthouse. Tom waited until the crowd had dispersed, and the bustle was over, and then referred to a posted list of trains and took counsel with porters. That done, he strolled away idly, stopping in the street and looking up it and down it, and lifting his hat off and putting it on again, and yawning, and stretching himself, and exhibiting all the symptoms of mortal weariness to be expected in one who had still to wait until the next train should come in, an hour and forty minutes hence.

"This is a device to keep him out of the way," said Mrs. Sparsit, starting from the dull office window whence she had watched him last. "Harthouse is with his sister now!"

It was the conception of an inspired moment, and she shot off with her utmost swiftness to work it out. The station for the country house was at the opposite end of the town, the time was short, the road not easy, but she was so quick in pouncing on a disengaged coach, so quick in darting out of it, producing her money, seizing her ticket, and diving into the train, that she was borne along the arches spanning the land of coal-pits past and present, as if she had been caught up in a cloud and whirled away.

All the journey; immovable in the air though never left behind; plain to the dark eyes of her mind as the electric wires which ruled a colossal strip of music-paper out of the evening sky, were plain to the dark eyes of her body; Mrs. Sparsit saw her staircase, with the figure coming down. Very near the bottom now. Upon the brink of the abyss.

An overcast September evening just at nightfall saw beneath its drooping eyelid Mrs. Sparsit glide out of her carriage, pass down the wooden steps of the little station into a stony road, cross it into a green lane, and become hidden in a summer-growth of leaves and branches. One or two late birds sleepily chirping in their nests, and a bat heavily crossing and recrossing her, and the reek of her own tread in the thick dust that felt like velvet, were all Mrs. Sparsit heard or saw until she very softly closed a gate.

She went up to the house, keeping within the shrubbery, and went round it, peeping between the leaves at the lower windows. Most of them were open, as they usually were in such warm weather, but there were no lights yet, and all was silent. She tried the garden with no better effect. She thought of the wood, and stole towards it, heedless of long grass and briars; of worms, snails, and slugs, and all the creeping things that be. With her dark eyes and her hook nose warily in advance of her, Mrs. Sparsit softly crushed her way through the thick undergrowth, so intent upon her object that she probably would have done no less, if the wood had been a wood of adders.

Hark!

The smaller birds might have tumbled out

of their nests, fascinated by the glittering of Mrs. Sparsit's eyes in the gloom, as she stopped and listened.

Low voices close at hand. His voice and hers. The appointment *was* a device to keep the brother away! There they were yonder, by the felled tree.

Bending low among the dewy grass, Mrs. Sparsit advanced closer to them. She drew herself up, and stood behind a tree, like Robinson Crusoe in his ambuscade against the savages—so near to them that at a spring and that no great one, she could have touched them both. He was there secretly, and had not shown himself at the house. He had come on horseback, and must have passed through the neighbouring fields, for his horse was tied to the meadow side of the fence, within a few paces.

"My dearest love," said he, "what could I do? Knowing you were alone, was it possible that I could stay away?"

"You may hang your head, to make yourself the more attractive. *I* don't know what they see in you when you hold it up," thought Mrs. Sparsit; but you little think, my dearest love, whose eyes are on you!"

That she hung her head, was certain. She urged him to go away, she commanded him to go away; but she neither turned her face to him nor raised it. Yet it was remarkable that she sat as still as ever the amiable woman in ambuscade had seen her sit at any period in her life. Her hands rested in one another, like the hands of a statue, and even her manner of speaking was not hurried.

"My dear child," said Harthouse; Mrs. Sparsit saw with delight that his arm embraced her; "will you not bear with my society for a little while?"

"Not here."

"Where Louisa?"

"Not here."

"But we have so little time to make so much of, and I have come so far, and am altogether so devoted, and distracted. There never was a slave at once so devoted and ill-used by his mistress. To look for your sunny welcome that has warmed me into life, and to be received in your frozen manner, is heart-rending."

"Am I to say again, that I must be left to myself here?"

"But we must meet, my dear Louisa. Where shall we meet?"

They both started. The listener started, guiltily too, for she thought there was another listener among the trees. It was only rain, beginning to fall fast, in heavy drops.

"Shall I ride up to the house a few minutes hence, innocently supposing that its master is at home and will be charmed to receive me?"

"No."

"Your cruel commands are implicitly to be obeyed, though I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world, I believe, to have been insensible to all other women, and to have fallen prostrate at last under the foot of the most beautiful and the most engaging, and the most imperious. My dearest Louisa, I cannot go myself, or let you go, in this hard abuse of your power."

Mrs. Sparsit saw him detain her with his encircling arm, and heard him then and there, within her (Mrs. Sparsit's) greedy hearing, tell her how he loved her, and how she was the stake for which he ardently desired to play away all that he had in life. The objects he had lately pursued turned worthless beside her; such success as was almost in his grasp he flung away from him like the dirt it was, compared with her. Its pursuit, nevertheless, if it kept him near her, or its renunciation if it took him from her, or flight if she shared it, or secresy if she commanded it—or any fate, or every fate, all was alike to him, so that she was true to him, the man who had seen how cast away she was, whom she had inspired at their first meeting with an admiration and interest, of which he had thought himself incapable, whom she had received into her confidence, who was devoted to her and adored her. All this, and more in his hurry, and in hers, in the whirl of her own gratified malice, in the dread of being discovered, in the rapidly increasing noise of heavy rain among the leaves, and a thunder-storm rolling up—Mrs. Sparsit received into her mind, set off with such an unavoidable halo of confusion and indistinctness that when at length he climbed the fence and led his horse away, she was not sure where they were to meet, or when, except that they had said it was to be that night.

But one of them yet remained in the darkness before her; and while she tracked that one she must be right. "Oh, my dearest love," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "you little think how well attended you are."

Mrs. Sparsit saw her out of the wood, and saw her enter the house. What to do next? It rained now, in a sheet of water. Mrs. Sparsit's white stockings were of many colors, green predominating; prickly things were in her shoes; caterpillars slung themselves in hammocks of their own making, from various parts of her dress; rills ran from her bonnet and her Roman nose. In such condition Mrs. Sparsit stood hidden in the density of the shrubbery, considering what next?

Lo, Louisa coming out of the house! Hastily cloaked and muffled, and stealing away. She elopes! She falls from the lowermost stair, and is swallowed up in the gulf!

Indifferent to the rain, and moving with a quick determined step, she struck into a side-path parallel with the ride. Mrs. Sparsit followed in the shadow of the trees at but a short distance; for it was not easy to keep a figure in view going quickly through the umbrageous darkness.

When she stopped to close the side-gate without noise, Mrs. Sparsit stopped. When

she went on Mrs. Sparsit went on. She went by the way Mrs. Sparsit had come, emerged from the green lane, crossed the stony road, and ascended the wooden steps to the railroad. A train for Coketown would come through presently, Mrs. Sparsit knew; so she understood Coketown to be her first place of destination.

In Mrs. Sparsit's limp and streaming state, no extensive precautions were necessary to change her usual appearance; but she stopped under the lee of the station wall, tumbled her shawl into a new shape, and put it on over her bonnet. So disguised, she had no fear of being recognized when she followed up the railroad steps, and paid her money in the small office. Louisa sat waiting in a corner. Mrs. Sparsit sat waiting in another corner. Both listened to the thunder, which was loud, and to the rain, as it washed off the roof, and pattered on the parapets of the arches. Two or three lamps were rained and blown out; so both saw the lightning to advantage as it quivered and zig-zaged on the iron tracks.

The seizure of the station with a fit of trembling, gradually deepening to a complaint of the heart, announced the train. Fire and steam, and smoke, and red light; a hiss, a crash, a bell, and a shriek; Louisa put into one carriage, Mrs. Sparsit put into another; the little station a desert speck in the thunderstorm.

Though her teeth chattered in her head from wet and cold, Mrs. Sparsit exulted hugely. The figure had plunged down the precipice, and she felt herself, as it were, attending on the body. Could she, who had been so active in the getting up of the funeral triumph, do less than exult? "She will be at Coketown long before him," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "though his horse is never so good. Where will she wait for him? And where will they go together? Patience. We shall see."

The tremendous rain occasioned infinite confusion when the train stopped at its destination. Gutters and pipes had burst, drains had overflowed, and streets were under water. In the first instant of alighting, Mrs. Sparsit turned her distracted eyes towards the waiting coaches, which were in great request. "She will get into one," she considered, "and will be away before I can follow in another. At all risks of being run over, I must see the number, and hear the order given to the coachman."

But Mrs. Sparsit was wrong in her calculation. Louisa got into no coach, and was already gone. The black eyes kept upon the railroad-carriage in which she had travelled, settled upon it a moment too late. The door not being opened after several minutes, Mrs. Sparsit passed it and repassed it, saw nothing, looked in, and found it empty. Wet through and through; with her feet squelching and squashing in her shoes whenever she moved; with a rash of rain upon her classical visage; with a bonnet like an over-ripe fig; with all her damp clothes spoiled; with impressions of every button, string, and hook-and-eye she wore, printed off upon her highly-connected back; with a stagnant verdure on her general exterior, such as accumulates on an old park fence in a mouldy lane; Mrs. Sparsit had no resource but to burst into tears of bitterness and say, "I have lost her!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.

He sat writing in the room with the deadly-statistical clock, proving something no doubt—perhaps, in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a bad Economist. The noise of the rain did not disturb him much, but it attracted his attention sufficiently to make him raise his head sometimes, as if he were rather remonstrating with the elements. When it thundered very loudly, he glanced towards Coketown, having it in his mind that some of the tall chimneys might be struck by lightning.

The thunder was rolling into distance, and the rain was pouring down like a deluge, when the door of his room opened. He looked round the lamp upon his table, and saw with amazement his eldest daughter.

"Louisa!"

"Father, I want to speak to you."

"What is the matter? How strange you look! And good Heaven," said Mr. Gradgrind, wondering more and more, "have you come here exposed to this storm?"

She put her hands to her dress as if she hardly knew. "Yes." Then she uncovered her head, and letting her cloak and hood fall where they might, stood looking at him; so colorless, so dishevelled, so defiant and despairing, that he was afraid of her.

"What is it? I conjure you, Louisa, tell me what is the matter."

She dropped into a chair before him, and put her cold hand on his arm.

"Father, you have trained me from my cradle."

"Yes, Louisa."

"I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny."

He looked at her in doubt and dread, vacantly repeating, "Curse the hour? Curse the hour?"

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from the state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, O father, what have you done, with the garden that should have bloomed once in this great wilderness here!"

She struck herself with both her hands upon her bosom.

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone

would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. I did not mean to say this, but father, you remember the last time we conversed in this room?"

He had been so wholly unprepared for what he heard now, that it was with difficulty he answered, "Yes, Louisa."

"What has risen to my lips now would have risen to my lips then, if you had given me a moment's help. I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me you have never nurtured in yourself; but O! if you had only done so long ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day!"

On hearing this after all his care, he bowed his head upon his hand and groaned aloud.

"Father, if you had known when we were last together here, what even I feared while I strove against it, as it has been my task from infancy to strive against every natural prompting that has arisen in my heart; if you had known that there lingered in my breast, sensibilities, affections, weaknesses, capable of being cherished into strength, defying all the calculations ever made by man, and no more known to his arithmetic than his Creator is, would you have given me to the husband whom I am now sure that I hate?"

He said, "No. No, my poor child."

"Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me—for no one's enrichment—only for the greater desolation of this world—of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learnt to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?"

"O no, no! No, Louisa."

"Yet father, if I had been stone blind; if I had groped my way by my sense of touch, and had been free, while I knew the shapes and surfaces of things, to exercise my fancy somewhat, in regard to them, I should have been a million times wiser, happier, more loving, more contented, more innocent and human in all good respects, than I am with the eyes I have. Now, hear what I have come to say."

He moved, to support her with his arm. She rising as he did so, they stood close together; she with a hand upon his shoulder, looking fixedly in his face.

"With a hunger and thirst upon me, father, which have never been for a moment appeased; with an ardent impulse towards some region where rules and figures and definitions were not quite absolute; I have grown up, battling every inch of my way."

"I never knew you were unhappy, my child."

"Father, I always knew it. In this strife I have almost repulsed and crushed my better angel into a demon. What I have learned has left me doubting, misbelieving, despising, regretting what I have not learned; and my dismal resource has been to think that life would soon go by, and that nothing in it could be worth the pain and trouble of contest."

"And you so young, Louisa!" he said with pity.

"And I so young. In this condition, father—for I show you now, without fear or favor, the ordinary deadened state of a mind as I know it—you proposed my husband to me. I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, and he knew, that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom. I made that wild escape into something visionary, and have gradually found out how wild it was. But Tom had been the subject of all the little imaginative tenderness of my life; perhaps he became so because I knew so well how to pity him. It matters little now, except as it may dispose you to think more leniently of his errors."

As her father held her in his arm, she put her other hand upon his other shoulder, and still looking fixedly into his face, went on.

"When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures, and which no general laws shall ever rule or state for me, father, until they shall be able to direct the anatomist where to strike his knife into the secrets of my soul."

"Louisa!" he said, and said imploringly; for he well remembered what had passed between them in their former interview.

"I do not reproach you, father, I make no complaint. I am here with another object."

"What can I do, child? Ask me what you will."

"I am coming to it. Father, chance then threw into my way a new acquaintance; a man such as I had had no experience of; used to the world, light, polished, easy; making no pretences, avowing the low estimate of everything, that I was half afraid to form in secret, conveying to me almost immediately, though I don't know how or by what degrees that he understood me, and read my thoughts. I could not find that he was worse than I. There seemed to be a near affinity between us. I only wondered it should be worth his while, who cared for nothing else, to care so much for me."

"For you Louisa?"

Her father might instinctively have loosened his hold, but that he felt her strength departing from her, and saw a wild dilating fire in the eyes steadfastly regarding him.

"I say nothing of his plea for claiming my confidence. It matters very little how he gained it. Father, he did gain it. What you

know of the story of my marriage, he soon knew, just as well."

Her father's face was ashy white, and he held her in both his arms.

"I have done no worse. I have not disgraced you. But if you ask me whether I have loved him, or do love him, I tell you plainly, father, that it may be so. I don't know!"

She took her hands suddenly from his shoulders and pressed them both upon her side; while in her face, not like itself—and in her figure, drawn up resolute to finish by a last effort what she had to say—the feelings long suppressed broke loose.

"This night, my husband being away, he has been with me, declaring himself my lover. This minute he expects me, for I could release myself of his presence by no other means. I do not know that I am sorry, I do not know that I am ashamed, I do not know that I am degraded in my own esteem. All that I know is, your philosophy and your teaching will not save me. Now, father you have brought me to this. Save me by some other means!"

He tightened his hold in time to prevent her sinking on the floor, but she cried out in a terrible voice, "I shall die if you hold me! Let me fall upon the ground!" And he laid her down there, and saw the pride of his heart and the triumph of his system lying, an insensible heap, at his feet.

SEA VIEWS.

The lodgings provided in the Regent's Park for the small people of the sea, first called the Aquavivarium, now the Marine Aquarium—for a new thing there was a new name wanted, and the first name is not always the best—have given satisfaction to their tenants. The Aquarium is now an established institution, and Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, who was most active in its establishment, and by whom it was mainly stocked, has just published a little book descriptive of his lodger-hunting in the Bay of Weymouth, and of the characters of the lodgers usually to be met with in apartments furnished like those of the fishes in the Zoological Gardens.

Every man, woman, or child, may establish a private aquarium upon any scale that may be found convenient. An aquarium may be made in a doctor's bottle or a pudding-basin. The first thing requisite is a comprehension of the principle on which such a little institution is founded.

The main idea hangs upon the fact that, by a wise ordinance of nature, the vegetable and animal worlds are made to play into each other's hands. Animals want plenty of oxygen, and plants want plenty of carbon. Animals take oxygen, and carbonize it, making carbonic acid; plants take the carbonic acid, and de-carbonize it, making oxygen. This, plants are doing all day long, under the influence of light. Growing plants, under water, when the light shines upon them, are to be seen hung with minute pearls—tiny bubbles that detach themselves, and make fairy balloon-ascents towards the surface. These are bubbles of pure oxygen; we see here with our eyes what goes on unseen every summer in our fields and forests. As fast, indeed, as oxygen is spoiled by animals it is restored by plants. This maintains a right balance of life on land. This maintains nearly a right balance under water. The sea is full of creatures that require, as well as the land animals, to breathe air containing oxygen enough for the support of life. There must be in the water, air sufficient in quantity and also in quality, otherwise the swimmers and creepers of the river and the ocean swim and creep no more—they must all die, and make the ocean putrid.

Therefore, partly, it is that the sea includes not only a realm of its own animals, but also a realm of its own plants. The plants, besides furnishing nutritious pasturage, carry on a wholesome chemical process under the surface of the water, for the manufacture of a main ingredient in the breath of life. The fishes, however, are not left to depend wholly upon this means of support. The billows of the great ocean beat the air, and catching it in the form of foam-bubbles, force it down to considerable depths, and cause it, both in its descent and in its rising again to the surface, to come into contact with the water that requires its purifying influence. The sea beats on the beaches, and dashes itself into a thick froth against rocks; that is to say, beats air into itself on an extensive scale, and carries the precious bubbles so obtained even to considerable depths. Its movement causes, also, a constant change of surface water, to say nothing of the influence of currents.

There are two actions, then, to be imitated in a marine vivarium. In the first place, the sea-water is to be furnished with healthy vegetating marine plants, in the proportion necessary to maintain, by their respiration, a balance of life with the animals which it is proposed to keep. This balance is not very difficult to get, and may suffice of itself in some cases; but for the further aeration of the water, if it be required, nothing is easier than to provide a substitute for the mechanical process used in nature. It is only necessary to take every morning a portion of water out of the acquarium, and allow it to drip back from some little height into the vessel. The water thus exposed to contact with air drop by drop, and further entangling and carrying down air in small bubbles with it, will be maintained by these means in a state of perfect purity; in fact, there is no reason why the same supply of sea-water should not last for a twelvemonth or even longer.

Of course, during all this time, loss by evaporation has to be supplied; but, as the evaporation is of pure water only, all the salts remaining

and becoming concentrated, it is only necessary to prevent that concentration by pouring in again, as pure water, whatever is poured out as watery vapour. When the tank, pan, or bottle, is first filled with water from the sea, and stocked with animals, let the sea-level on the side of the vessel be marked and afterwards maintainted by pouring in, when necessary, distilled water, or river water—which will generally do as well. Of course, the use of a little hygrometer, to keep the density always at about the density of the Atlantic—one thousand and twenty-seven—would ensure greater accuracy and a more complete success.

So constant is the pleasure furnished even by a small amateur aquarium, that we think we may as well give all the information necessary to enable any of our readers to establish one. When we have done that, we will touch briefly on one or two of the charming sights that may be seen by the possessor of a saucerful of stars, sea-worms, periwinkles, prawns, and little fishes.

The first consideration, when one sets practically to work, is, shall the aquarium be small or large, and how much shall be spent upon it? An old quinine bottle—a wide-mouthed glass bottle, able to contain a few ounces of water—a thing like a small glass blacking-bottle—may be had for a few pence of almost any chemist, and will hold several sprays of growing sea-weed and two or three animals most worthy to be diligently watched; or a common tumbler, a white finger-glass, a shallow pan of any kind, may be put to the like excellent use. Overwhatever vessel is employed a plate of glass should be laid to retard evaporation and to keep out dust and dirt; this plate being occasionally lifted to renew the air below it, and not fitting on the vessel with a very suffocating closeness.

The orthodox aquarium is a tank or cistern, with glass sides and a slate bottom, perhaps also with two or three sides of slate, and made of any convenient size or shape, to fit, perhaps, into a window-seat, or into some nook in a hall or greenhouse. It should be placed where the sun's light penetrates it freely; but, by help of a muslin shade, or some other defence, it should be protected, if necessary, from the sun's excessive heat. Light is the great vivifying influence; were too much heat, however, to strike with it upon a little tank of sea water, the temperature of the mimicocean would be raised unduly, and most of the living creatures in it would be killed. The sides of the aquarium should be set together in a stout framework of zinc, and joined with Scott's cement. However joined, care should be taken that it is well soaked and seasoned before any animals are introduced into it; for it is marvellous how small a chemical infusion in the water is enough to kill an entire stock of animals. Artificial rockwork has to be made in the tank, not only for ornament, but to provide dens and holes for those creatures who are constituted with a taste for lying snug. This rockwork may be fixed upon a layer of Roman or Portland cement, which hardens under water; but all free lime must be soaked out, after the building of the premises is finished. The rockwork must lie under water, and the water must be frequently renewed, for at least a month before the sea water is poured in, and the sea plants and animals are introduced.

The absolute necessity of having the sea-water free from alloy has also to be borne in mind when it is first collected. The captain of a Thames steamer plying into open sea, will for a trifle fill the vessel entrusted to him for that purpose by any Londoner: but however the sea-water is got, it must be dipped up into a vessel or vessels that communicate no taint. Perfectly clean stone jars should be used, or a cask perfectly new; oak casks give out tannin, and ought to be filled with fresh water every day, for weeks before such use is made of them; but casks of fir-wood are less likely to do mischief; and clean stone jars are safest of all. The bungs or corks employed ought to be new. "I knew," says Mr. Gosse, whose book on "The Aquarium" is our authority for nearly all that is said in this paper; "I knew an instance in which a consignment of animals was lost, from no traceable cause, except that the water-cask, which was quite new, had been stopped with a bung, which had been previously used in a jar of some chemical solution; yet the bung had been, as was supposed, thoroughly soaked and cleansed."

The receptacle duly prepared, rockwork and mimic sands laid down, and a small ocean of pure sea-water poured in, the sea is ready to be stocked with plants and animals. Sea-weeds that have a habit of dying off into slime and filth, or that do not endure captivity, are to be avoided. The red and green weeds are found to be those best suited for the purposes of an aquarium. They must be gathered carefully with a chisel and hammer while growing under water, and carried away with the fragments of rock to which they are found attached. All pieces of rock should be carefully cleaned before they are introduced with attached sea-weeds, into the aquarium; otherwise, there are things on their surface that will die and spoil the water. Living sea-weeds may be sent from the sea-side carefully packed in tin boxes between wet refuse weed. Actiniæ, molluscs, some crustacea, and other animals, may be sent in the same way; others in water, with of course due and tolerably obvious precautions. If sent far inland, they should always go by a fast train, and be met at the last station, or directed to be forwarded to their destination instantly by special messenger. They cannot be too soon let loose in a fresh pan of sea-water at their future home. However and wherever the change from the great sea to the little sea may be made, some

animals will survive it and some will not. For the first ten days, deaths will happen.

Dead animals in an aquarium, and dead portions of sea-weed, must be sought for and removed as fast as they are found, to prevent contamination of the water; active sanitary supervision is, in fact, essential. A bent pewter spoon fastened to a stick will remove many things. Living animals never must be handled. When they have to be moved, they may be caught and lifted in a muslin net, but they should not be moved without good reason. For example, minute creatures attached almost imperceptibly to shells and stones, may die, and by their putrefaction make the water milky. In that case, all the water must be drawn out of the tank by a siphon, into a pan or pans, to which the plants and animals must also be transferred, the sediment being left untouched; then the tank must be thoroughly cleaned out, and the water afterwards poured back in a long thin stream through a bit of sponge in a glass funnel. The water will so be purified by contact with the air. The plants and animals have then to be restored to their position; suspicious bits of rock and shell being held back for a few days in vessels by themselves.

It is to be understood also that the rocks and stones will become covered, if all prosper in the little sea, with a green down of vegetation. This is fine pasture for many of the marine animals, and a sign that the establishment will thrive. But then—because the green confervoid growth which, after a while spreads like a meadow on the glass, and prevents its being applied to its use as a window of observation, is an inconvenient accumulation that must be got rid of—it is a pasturage into which a few common periwinkles may be turned. They will mow it all away, leaving only the slight marks of their tongues or scythes (one does not know which word to prefer), easily removable by a clean rag tied to the end of a stick.

The watching of these mowers at their work is one of the pretty sights that an aquarium supplies to its possessor. It may be seen with the naked eye, but the proprietor of a marine menagerie, however small, will find it worth while to assist his observations with a pocket magnifying glass or glasses. Though his shell is not very handsome, the periwinkle, with his zebra stripes and netted markings, is a fairly pretty fellow when he comes out to eat the succulent young growths of sea-weed on the sides of the aquarium. It is delightful to observe the working of the little scythe made by his silky tongue, which is beset with rows of teeth that are themselves again, every tooth, serrated. As the periwinkle eats, his fleshy lips open, and his glistening tongue makes a rapid stroke, rasping the green scurf with its teeth, and, as it works on, leaving tiny marks, exactly after the pattern of the marks left upon a grass lawn by the mower.

Among the contents of the marine menagerie will be included, probably, some of the small varieties of crab. There is an interesting little crab found in clefts, and crannies, and under stones, at the verge of low water—a Porcelain crab, or Hairy Broadclaw. It is a crab with some points that suggest the notion of a lobster—fringed swimming plates on the last joint of the belly, large foot-jaws, and antennæ longer than the body. Put this little fellow into the aquarium, and he flaps his tail, and swims just enough to enable himself to get to the bottom slantwise, instead of going straight down like a clumsier crab or a stone. Presto! he has disappeared, and perhaps no more will be seen of him. He has found a stone that he likes, and is clinging to its under-side. It is well, therefore, if one desires to watch the daily life of a Broadclaw, to provide him with a flattish stone or two close to the edge of the glass. He does not want much space, for he is as flat as if he had been trodden upon; even his claws are flat and thin.

Staying at home diligently, this crab takes in food brought to his door. His antennæ are always feeling about for provender, which he fishes in with his outer foot-jaws. Each of these jaws is like a sickle, composed of five joints, beset with parallel bristles. When the jaw is straightened, the bristles stand apart and let the water flow freely between them; when the joints are bent to a curve, the bristles overlap, and form a net or hair spoon. This net is the more perfect because each bristle itself is feathered with two rows of hair. After a haul, the Broadclaw picks what he likes to eat, out of his net, and casts again. He throws his net out with the claws extended, and the meshes consequently open, so that all rejected particles are washed away; then he again makes for himself a spoon wherewith to pick up victuals.

The same crab ought to have, in addition to his nippers, four pairs of legs; but only three pairs are at first sight, visible. The fourth is a very tiny pair, folded down in a groove beneath the edges of the shell. Each of these little legs has, at the end, a pair of fingers, and a little brush of hairs. With the two brushes it scrubs and cleanses its whole body, and with the two pairs of fingers, each being more properly comparable to a finger and a thumb, it picks off any dirt that cannot be removed by brushing.

Perhaps, also, the aquarium may find lodging for a little creature of the cuttle-fish connexion, the common Sepiole, a thing no bigger than one joint of a thumb, which moves by discharging jets of water from a funnel, and covers the water plants like a sea-moth. You cannot tell the colour of the Sepiole, for it has more power of change than the chameleon. It is nearly white, with faint brown specks; they become spots, they become rings, they become a thick network, and the white appears in spots. There is a glance of

metallic lustre shining suddenly from under the fin; a neighbour flits over its back, the creature is alarmed, and blushes brown all over. If there be a sand bottom provided in the tank, the Sepiole first hovers over it, moth-fashion, and determines upon what part it will settle. As it settles, a slight hollow is made by a blowing of the sand from under it. Then the sand is seen to be blown out, backward, from beneath the body: issuing from all sides in a little cloud. At each blast, the animal thrusts itself deeper downwards, and the displaced sand falls round about his back. This clever display of sapper and miner work, it contrives to produce by jets of water forced through the flexible little funnel, and directed at will, forward, backward, or to either side. When small stones block its way, and they are not to be blown out, the Sepiole thrusts little arms under its body, seizes the stones by help of sucking dishes, draws them out, and throws them forward to a little distance with a graceful movement. When its top is level with the sand, its eyes being still uncovered, the animal is content, and rests. Should any intruder go on with the finished work, and heap sand over the top of the creature's mantle, or its eyes—either by an undulation of the mantle's edge, or by a prompt use of the funnel—the obstruction is instantly cleared away.

There is a fierce cannibal fish, about three inches long, that will vary the interest of the small drama always going on in the aquarium by taking the demon's part. He has a good demoniacal name—the Black Goby—and a good demoniacal nature. He lurks under the rocks and weeds, whence he will dart out, with glaring eyes, to seize even one of his own cousins by the tail, and swallow him alive. Over such work, his body will assume the colour of his deed, and become nearly black. At other times, when he rests, it is of a pale brown, with drab clouds, and patches of white specks. This fish has wonderful eyes of a pale blue colour, like turquoises.

A great many of the usual denizens of an aquarium display curious changes of colour; even the little gray mullets, the hardiest and most cheerful members of such a happy family, change, when greatly alarmed, from iron-gray to a pale drab colour with three reddish lines. The little mullets, who always like to live together, dart about in shoals, as lively as young chickens; chace each other after bits of bread, or fruit pulp meat, or (sweetest of all to their palates) prawns or shrimp spawn; and always keep up, in the quart or gallon or two of sea, a pleasant bustle.

The Tansy, again, is a common little fish that yields amusement, as a little coward and big thief. It darts out of corners to steal food, even out of the mouth of a fellow fish, and runs away into a hiding-place to eat it.

The Soldier crabs, again, besides being worth careful study, enliven the business of an aquarium with a great many obvious incidents. As becomes soldiers, they fight, and have passages of arms with one another; sometimes one soldier-crab will even drag another out of the shell in which he lives, and take forcible possession of his premises. Then, this crab, living in an old whelk-shell, often carries about, pick-a-back, a fine Sea Anemone, riding upon the shell as outside passenger. It is, at the same time, almost always associated with a beautiful sea-worm, a two-lined Nereis, that lives in a retreat of its own between the shell and the crab's body. When the Soldier is off guard, and is munching his bit of dinner, the head of the Nereis will commonly be seen gliding round the crab's right cheek, and passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws. Without scruple this intrusive lodger will then drag some of the food, even out of the mouth of the warrior; and though the crab holds on, and makes due effort to retain his property, or may perhaps frighten the Nereis from its hold by a making a terrible and sudden start, he never, by any chance, attempts to hurt the worm, or displays wrath at the indelicate behaviour of his delicate acquaintance.

Shrimps and Prawns, swimming about in the aquarium, are striking objects of a sort of visionary beauty. Their lightness, their transparency, their graceful, gliding movements, and the long delicate wands they wave, entitle them to be set down as the fairies of the water. They also are worth watching. It is a pretty thing to see the Prawn enjoying a wash after dinner. His front feet are like a pair of living bottle-brushes, with which he maintains the polish of his coat of mail: forcing them into every hollow, cleaning them occasionally between his foot-jaws, bending his tail conveniently towards them, even thrusting them far in between his hard coat, and the tender body that it covers.

In short, since we have not space to multiply examples, be it said that it is impossible to establish an aquarium that shall contain only half a dozen creatures, or but a single one, which will not provide matter for daily study and delight. The wonders of the sea are inexhaustible in any five creatures chosen from five millions, and to a very great extent they offer a perfectly new field of inquiry. It is but quite recently that the principles on which an aquarium is founded have been properly developed, and carried into practice. We can now bring the fishes, element and all, into our homes, watch them, and learn to know them as familiarly as dogs and cats; or, if we cannot undertake to do so much for ourselves, we can go to the Regent's Park gardens, and see it done by the Zoological Society, on a far larger scale than would suit private means or opportunities, and with commensurate success. There we may look at the new world that has been lately spread before the eyes of men, and begin—as even naturalists have, only

within this last year or two, began—to pick up an intimacy with the little people of the sea.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

VILLAGE DIPLOMATISTS.

THE year eighteen hundred and fifty was a terrible year for many of the Greek islands. The fine piercing cold of the winter climate lasted long beyond the usual time; it entirely destroyed the olives, and appears to have sown the first seeds of disease among the grapes. All May, and part of June, the cold bleak winds tore up trees and carried about the tiles of houses in such a volatile manner, that it became dangerous to walk in the streets. When the hurricanes ceased at last, and the July sun blazed out in all its deadly heat, the olive trees, instead of presenting their usual dark luxuriant foliage and ripening crops, looked as if they had been burnt, and were naked of both leaves and fruit. They had indeed withered away. All the life and sap had been burnt out of them, and, except in a few sheltered places, the whole agricultural wealth of the island of which we speak was fit for nothing but fire-wood.

This misfortune struck utter dismay into the hearts of everybody; till one person, who must have been the same sort of genius as Caleb Balderstone (who made such an excellent business of the Ravenswood fire), suggested that the evil which had befallen them might perhaps still be turned to a good account. Being pressed to explain himself, while every other gentleman present tucked his legs under him on the sofa, and composed himself to listen, this inventive genius proposed that a deputation of the primates should set out for Constantinople, and magnify their grievance (bad as it was already) until they should not only be exempted from certain arrears of taxes which had been long due from the island to the Turkish government, but should obtain a reduction in the amount of their taxes generally. The idea was too alluring to be rejected.

A deputation, therefore, was soon chosen, composed of the most hungry and woe-begone looking portion of the primates, —each of whom, was probably worth five or ten thousand pounds at least. Arrived at the end of the journey, they bribed Somebody Effendi to introduce them to another effendi; and, having then bribed the second effendi to put them in the way of bribing a third effendi according to the manner in which public business has been conducted from time immemorial in the East, they were at length received by an effendi who really had some power. Having bribed him also, they set forth their troubles, and were graciously heard.

Rejoicing in such a brilliant result, they returned to their island in excellent spirits; and, knowing the Turks to be persons of good faith whenever a promise could be got out of them, they tranquilly awaited the good time coming.

But the Turks have their own way of doing business, and though it is not a very good one, it is by no means always devoid of a certain shrewdness. Admitting the Greek story to be true, the island was certainly entitled to relief, and should have it; but they could not admit any story told by Greeks to be true without strict inquiry; for, judging from the past, they had always found that to act on Greek statements, was to be deceived. It occurred to the Wise Men ot the East, to whom was entrusted the conduct of the affair, therefore, to send a commissioner to inquire into the real state of affairs in the island, before the amount of relief to be accorded was definitely resolved upon. At all events it would be a nice fat lazy little employment for somebody; and as Anybody Effendi had recently been suffering from an indigestion of pipes and pilaff, the best thing possible would be to send him to recruit, during a pleasant autumn, in the Ægean. Not that Anybody Effendi probably knew anything about the business in hand, but because he had formerly been the favorite coffee-boy of Muffi Vizier, and the old gentleman did not like to see him ailing.

Somehow or other, it sometimes seems that the ability to fill a place is given with the good fortune which obtains it; so. after Anybody Effendi had smoked a sufficient number of pipes, he began to inquire what was the real amount of the taxes of which the Greeks complained? Also, acting upon a hint received from his patron Muffi Vizier, (himself the grandson of a Greek sailor), he politely requested to know what the Greek communities were spending in educational projects, in church-building, in gifts to their archbishops, in bringing up young men for the liberal professions in Europe, and for public purposes generally. The Greeks were in ecstasies, for they thought the larger the sum set down as spent in such virtuous objects, the smaller would be the amount of taxes hereafter imposed upon them. Besides, no Greek can resist the temptation of opportunity, when any piece of deception is to be practised, and therefore it is not surprising that the accounts furnished by the village primates respecting their local expenses, were quite astounding. With these documents Anybody Effendi returned to Constantinople; and by the very next boat, a fulminating order from the Porte was sent down to the local governors who were instructed to inquire how the Greeks dared to spend such incredible sums on their own affairs, while their taxes were still unpaid.

The village diplomatists were in despair, and the genius who had suggested the visit to Constantinople, was now bitterly blamed

for the result. Another deputation immediately set out for Constantinople, to explain that the village diplomatists had been telling barefaced untruths to the effendi who had been sent to question them; a natural result they added of the effendi not having stated the object which he had been sent to attain; for, had they known it, they assured the Turkish authorities that the accounts rendered of their local expenses would have appeared as small as they now seemed large. In short, they cried out so lustily at the result of their own intrigues and falsehoods, they bribed and cringed and flattered and sued, with such pertinacity, that the Porte sent down another of its wise men to unravel the tangled business.

You may be sure the Greeks were ready for the new commissioner. They told him a tale of poverty and wretchedness in wonderful contradiction with the plumpness of their aspect. Again, however, Muffi Vizier, that traitor from their camp, hit upon a means of catching them. He desired that every inhabitant of the island should be made to furnish an account of his live stock. Again the village diplomatists were at fault. Pigs, and fowls and turkeys, horses, mules, and oxen, could not be concealed; and, though they showed the utmost anxiety to deceive, and did deceive as much as they could, yet for once they were obliged to tell what was very nearly the real state of the case. With the new account in his possession, the new commissioner also went upon his way.

The wise men of the East took council at Constantinople, and I have a strong opinion that they must have taken also the advice of some sharp hand at figures there. They valued the live stock of the grumbling island, they calculated its probable increase annually, and they found that the whole taxation of the place did not amount to more than twelve per cent. upon its revenue.

The breasts of the wise men were filled with wrath, and a mighty letter went forth to the local governor. He was commanded not only to collect the whole arrears of taxes due to the Porte, but to increase them considerably in future. He carried these orders into effect with such vigour and efficacy that the people over whom he ruled have not even yet done wincing whenever his name is mentioned. The members of the several deputations were all banished from their homes for various periods; and, when they asked whether such were the rights which had been promised to them by the Tanzimat, the governor frowned in such a terrible manner that they thought it prudent to decamp without further parley; and so ended the crooked negotiation of our village diplomatists.

I wonder whether some other diplomatists we know of, really attain results much more brilliant? Whether it is really possible in our days to deceive anybody by diplomacy without being found out and punished? Whether anything whatever is to be gained by lies, and crookedness, and hocus-pocus, secrecy, bribery, and trickery. If not, I wonder why they are kept up. Why all sorts and conditions of pompous elderly gentlemen are allowed to lead the world such a singular dance as they do; and lastly, whether a little plain common sense, openness, fair dealing, and an earnest wish to do right in the eyes of God and man would not answer infinitely better.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS LESSON.

He would make a fine study for a painter, as the type of a Grand Inquisitor. He is small, spare, delicate-looking, slightly crooked. There is a wonderful power of evil about his face. I never saw a man with an expression so determined and dangerous; his smile is deadly. He is very pale, and his strong raven beard is shaved carefully away from his hollow cheeks. His black hair is scant and lank: his forehead narrow; his brows are dark, heavy, and terrible. They project in a singular manner over eyes whose meaning has something wonderfully secret and sinister. His nose is high and hooked, his mouth wide, his chin pointed; he makes contortions as he walks, and his step is silent and stealthy, like that of a cat. His small, white, womanly hands, are always cold and clammy. It is not good to shake them. He is a scholar, and there are few Greek books, ancient or modern, with which he is not familiar—from Hellanicos the Lesbian, who wrote earlier than Herodotus, down to the feminine prattle of Anna Comnena, and the silliest of the Byzantine historians. He knows them all as well as the last fiery pamphlet of Soutzo, or the last frantic leaders in the Athenian newspapers. His erudition and his industry are amazing; yet he was born a rayah nearly forty years ago, before education in Turkey had grown so general as it has now. He was born also in an out-of-the-way place, and is entirely self-taught.

He has come to pay me a visit. To those who know the Greeks it is almost needless to say why; or why he brought a present in an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which my servant persuaded him to send home again, before he came up stairs:—He wants something. I know this, of course, when I ask him to take a seat opposite to me—where the light falls well on his face—and clap my hands for coffee. He begins with a series of fidgety and extravagant compliments, which make me quite uncomfortable. But I let him go on, and listen without any visible signs of impatience, except one or two abortive attempts to change the conversation. Then I pass the time in wondering how a man undoubtedly so gifted and able, should suppose that I or anybody else cannot

read his designs just as well as if they were written on his forehead in letters an inch long. By and by he doubles, and turns, and twists. He is drawing near to his subject. He shows, in unusual strength, the taint of trickiness which forms the invariable characteristic of his race. It is astounding to note the time he loses in offering far-fetched and unseasonable compliments. He has been with me a full half-hour, and I have not the slightest idea what he has come about. I must find out soon, however, for it is post-day. So I clap my hands again for Hamed, and ask whether the Dahometan consular agent has called, as a feeler.

The Greek writhes. One moment, Kurie! he says, with a twitch that is quite spasmodic. I express the utmost readiness to give him as many moments as he pleases, and putting on an earnest look, I draw my chair quite close up to him; so I have him at once in a corner. This is what I wanted. Egad! he has beat me again. Richelieu, or Talleyrand, were babies in diplomacy to the simplest of Greeks. Compliments again. More compliments. Well, 't is of no use interrupting, so I look full into the terrible eyes, as good humouredly as possible, and await the result with as interrogative an expression as courtesy will permit. At last, here we are!

The man wishes me to serve him. I can do so, for he is manifestly in the right. I do not come to this conclusion from what he says to me. I know that I could not place the slightest reliance on this; but I happen to be acquainted with the whole circumstances of his case; and, although he has distorted them most egregiously, enough truth remains to show clearly that the man has been wronged. A brief word of mine with the Pasha will soon set all to rights. So I reassure my visitor; who looks positively diabolical, between fear, hatred, and a thirst for vengeance. I jot down a few names and dates for my guidance. I will see the kind-hearted Pasha; who, being ignorant of the matter of his complaint, will no doubt remove it. He puts forth one of his small clammy hands, and it trembles on my arm. A sickly smile passes over his face. "Tell the Pasha to punish my enemies," he says, "to make them afraid of me!" As he speaks, I notice his disengaged hand nervously opening and shutting, and his teeth are so firmly closed that it is strange they do not split. I tell him he is sure to get justice.

"But the dogs should be made afraid of me," he gnashes out. "The barbarians, the tyrants! There is no justice for the Greek. I want them to fear me," he adds, with frightful emphasis. "For four hundred years we have been under the hoofs of these oxen, these swine! When will our day of retribution come?" Somebody else coming into the room, puts a stop to our conversation. I would have given something for the interruption, although it does condemn me to hear another flourish of compliments. The door closes on my stealthy visitor, who under healthier political institutions, might have been an honour to his age and country. The stuff is there—the genius, the patience, the energy, and a desire for knowledge which amounts to a consuming passion; but it has been spoiled in the making up; and he is one of many; perhaps he is the commonest type of his race.

I read an important lesson from the old schoolmaster. Of all the races over which the Turks ruled, none preserved a character more completely distinct than that which was most hopelessly enslaved. The nationality of the Greeks possessed a wonderful strength of life. They preserved their own customs, dress, religion, and even their own peculiar system of local government, in the very teeth of as iron a despotism as ever palsied hope from out men's hearts. Yet the Turks are upon the whole afraid of them. They are especially afraid of the rayahs. They are afraid of their perseverance, industry in intrigue, and of their acute and unscrupulous natures. No statesman in Turkey has ever kept his place long who was seriously opposed by the Greek interest. The local Pashas are actually tyrannised over by them, and their means of action are extensive and powerful. They have a supreme genius for complaint, and make a marketable commodity of their wounds.

The question whether they are wronged; or whether, like most grumblers, they have not excellent reason to be contented, must be answered with much qualification; but men who are in perpetual fear for their fortunes and liberties, may be allowed to complain although they have no fear for their lives. The haratch or poll-tax is their monster grievance; and it would be paid cheerfully under any other name; for two-thirds of the haratch is now evaded altogether, yet it fills the prisons and is the staple topic of coffee-house politicians. The notorious bad faith of the Greeks has been hitherto the great obstacle to their evidence being received in Turkish courts of law. But why have the fact trumpeted abroad by an offensive regulation, which will not work one way or the other? Judges may know that in dealing with Greek witnesses the greatest caution and patience is indispensable to get at truth; but nothing can justify the exclusion of a whole race from the rights of self-defence and vindication before the law. I may be privately of opinion that the Turks as a people are better than the Greeks as a people; but I am not therefore justified in concluding, wholesale, that all Turks are better than all Greeks. I may think that a Turkish gentleman will almost certainly tell me the truth, but I cannot be equally sure that a Greek will tell me a falsehood. Legislation must not be based on extreme or even on general cases; it should apply to all.

The case of the rayah Greek gentleman is pitiable. He is obliged by law or custom to wear a distinctive dress; he is exposed to personal insult and contumely; his dignity is never safe; his property is by no means so secure as it ought to be. Most of the honourable careers of life are closed to him. He is a mere dweller in the land. He cannot be a patriot; for he has no share in his country's danger or her glory. Her victories only rivet his chains. I say plainly, that unless we insist upon the Porte emancipating her Christian subjects, we shall have the majority of them constantly working against us, by all possible means, in the present struggle; and there is a great doubt if in the end public opinion will not get gradually much more in favour of the Greeks than it has been; not from any faith or hope in them; but from the natural sympathy of Englishmen with all those who are oppressed.

RECOLLECTIONS.

As strangers, you and I are here;
We both as aliens stand,
Where once, in years gone by, I dwelt
No stranger in the land.
Then while you gaze on park and stream,
Let me remain apart,
And listen to the awakened sound
Of voices in my heart!

Here, where upon the velvet lawn
The cedar spreads its shade,
And by the flower-beds all around,
Bright roses bloom and fade;
Shrill merry childish laughter rings,
And baby voices sweet,
And by me, on the path, I hear
The tread of little feet.

Down the dark avenue of limes,
Whose perfume loads the air,
Whose boughs are rustling overhead,
(For the west wind is there),
I hear the sound of earnest talk,
Warnings and counsels wise,
And the quick questioning that brought
The gentle calm replies.

I hear, within the shady porch
Once more, the measured sound
Of the old ballads that were read,
While we sat listening round;
The starry passion-flower still
Up the green trellice climbs;
The tendrils waving seem to keep
The cadence of the rhymes.

I might have striven, and striven in vain,
Such visions to recall,
Well known and yet forgotten; now
I see, I hear, them all!
The present pales before the past,
Who comes with angel wings;
As in a dream I stand, amidst
Strange, yet familiar things!

And the light bridge hangs o'er the lake,
Where broad-leaved lilies lie,
And the cool water shows again
The cloud that moves on high;—
And One voice speaks, in tones I thought
The past for ever kept;
But now I know, deep in my heart
Its echoes only slept!

THE LAST HOWLEY OF KILLOWEN.

At the beginning of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, a respectable family, named Howley, resided in the neighbourhood of Wexford, in Ireland. They consisted of the father; two sons, Mark and Robert; and a daughter, named Ellen. That was the year of the Great Rebellion, when the patriot volunteers having taken successively the titles of United Irishmen and Defenders, openly declared themselves in revolt, against the government of the sister country. The civil war raged fiercely in the southern provinces; and the Howleys speedily became involved in it. The father, who assumed the title of colonel, and placed himself at the head of an armed band, chiefly composed of peasants on his own estate, fell, fighting, at the battle at Vinegar Hill. Both the sons were taken prisoners with arms in their hands by the king's troops, during the terrible fight in the streets of Ross: and Mark, who was the elder, was shot, without trial, on the spot where he was captured; Robert, being a slim youth of fifteen—and of an appearance even younger than his years—was spared, and sent to Dublin for trial. His sister Ellen, who was then a girl of seventeen, and of very remarkable beauty, set out without consulting any one—indeed, there were few who dared trust to the advice of another in that terrible time—contrived to traverse a country, still swarming with troops and insurgents, and arrived safely in Dublin.

There, with no friend or acquaintance in the city, she remained from the months of June until the February of the following year. During that time she was not allowed to see or communicate with her brother; but the misfortunes of her family, and the loneliness of her situation, transformed the young girl into a self-reliant woman. Every day was methodically spent in some endeavour, direct or indirect, to save her brother's life. She sought for friends, and succeeded in interesting those who had been mere strangers. Day after day she haunted the courts, listening to the speeches of the various counsel, in order herself to form a judgment of their skill. When she had fixed upon one to undertake her brother's defence, she instructed him herself, paying his fees out of a little treasure she had brought with her, and which had been kept by her father against a time of need.

The barrister whom she had chosen was a young man named Roche, then but little

known in his profession. He felt for her sorrows, and began to take an interest in his client's case. Every day, after visiting the prisoner, he brought her some intelligence from him, and succeeded in whispering to him, in return, a word of consolation from his devoted sister. He also entered into her schemes for interesting influential persons in her favour; but he was a young man, and, having risen by his own efforts above the humble position of his own family he had but little personal interest. The atrocities committed at Wexford, and the horrible story of the barn at Scullabogue, had produced a strong feeling against all prisoners from the south; and their applications to the Lord-Lieutenant were met by a cool official answer.

Meanwhile, Roche directed all his energies to preparing for the defence. The morning appointed for the trial came. It was a showery day. Gloom and sunshine changed and counterchanged a dozen times, as the young maiden trod the quiet streets near the prison-walls, awaiting the hour when the court should open. It was an anxious moment when she stood in the presence of the judge, and heard her brother's name called, and watched the door through which she knew that he would come. Many eyes beheld her—not all, alas! eyes of compassion—standing in the dusty bar of sunlight that came through the high arched-window. Roche calmly arranged his papers without looking towards her, and the faint shriek that she uttered when her brother appeared, after all that long, dark winter, seemed to have caught all ears save his. But the young barrister, though seeming to be wrapt in thought, lost nothing of what passed—not even the impression that her beauty made upon some persons present. Though the evidence against the youth was too clear to be doubted, Roche dwelt strongly upon his youth, and the misfortunes his family had already suffered, and told, in simple and affecting language, the story of the sister's struggles. The effect of the appeal upon an Irish jury, was the acquittal of the prisoner; who, after a solemn warning from the judge of the danger of being ever again accused, left the court with his sister, and the friend to whom he owed his life.

The impression of that trial, and of his interesting client was not easily to be effaced from the mind of Roche. Her frequent visits, her importunities which at times had almost vexed him, her fluctuating hopes and fears, he now began to miss, as pleasing excitements, which had passed away in the attainment of their object. He corresponded with Ellen Howley at intervals; and delighted by the womanly sense and tenderness of her letters, he soon became aware of his attachment for her. A journey to Wexford—though only sixty miles distant from the capital—was not a slight matter then, and a year and a half elapsed before he was enabled to quit his duties and pay a visit to the Howleys.

It was on a rainy day in a rainy autumn that Roche arrived in Wexford. A shrill wind blew from seaward, driving on the moist, heavy clouds. Traces of the late conflict were still visible in the streets; and the sullen manner of the common people with whom he came in contact, indicated their suspicions of a stranger. But, when he inquired at the inn for the residence of the Howleys, the son of the landlord sprang forward, and eagerly offered to show him the way.

Killowen, where the Howleys resided, was at a distance of three miles from the town. The way lay down a cross country road in the neighbourhood of the sea-coast; a lane, partly through an enclosed plantation overgrown with rank shrubs, conducted to the house. Not a single cottage, or even hut, did they pass—except, once or twice, the ruined walls of a house, wrecked, as Roche's guide told him, by the royalist yeomanry, after the recapture of the town. The residence of the Howleys was a large red-brick mansion, by no means old or dilapidated; but the railing that surrounded the shrubbery had been torn out for pikes, leaving square holes, in which the rain had accumulated, along the top of the parapet wall. The grounds around the house were extensive, consisting of shrubberies, paddock, and plantations of young fir. There was a kind of porter's lodge beside the rusty iron gate; but its shutters were closed, and its door was nailed up. Grass grew upon the soil; dry dust lay thick upon the threshold; and the drops of rain and the withered leaves that fell with every movement of the wind, were fast rotting away the wooden roof.

In this desolate and solitary spot, Roche remained two months with the Howleys. The rebellion had left Ellen no relative except her brother. The serving-man, who had lived in the lodge, had also lost his life in the insurrection, and his place had never been filled up. The brother and sister, and an old woman servant, now formed the whole household. Owing to the political troubles of the country, the land belonging to them was then in great part uncultivated; but the brother collected such rents as could be recovered, and the Howleys, though impoverished, were still in easy circumstances. Roche accompanied the brother in fishing or shooting excursions on the banks of the Slaney, during which he frequently spoke of political matters, and hinted that the rebellion might again break out before long; but Roche, who had no sympathy with the insurrectionists, always turned aside the conversation, or spoke to him of what his family had already suffered, and warned him of his imprudence in approaching such matters. Robert was of a gay, reckless disposition; but the sister was the same subdued and thoughtful

creature. The sad and solitary spirit of the place seemed to centre in her. Roche remarked, at first with surprise, that no visitors ever came there; but he soon grew accustomed to their lonely life, and began to feel a pleasure in it. It was pleasant, sitting beside her in the long evenings, to fancy that he had abandoned for ever the strife and anxiety of his profession, and even the ambitious hopes which had made his labours light to him, to live with them in that quiet home, which had outlived the storms of 'ninety-eight.

Roche's visit to Killowen naturally increased his affection for the young lady. When the day of his departure drew nearer, he frankly told her his circumstances, and solicited her hand. She set before him, like a noble girl, the injury that might result to him in his profession from alliance with a family considered as rebels by the government; she reminded him that her brother was rash and hotheaded, and that their troubles might possibly be not yet over; she prevailed upon him at last, to postpone the marriage for a twelvemonth. On this arrangement, made with the approval of her brother, and on the understanding that he was to return in the same season of the following year, Roche bade her farewell, and returned to Dublin to follow his profession.

The appointed twelve months had nearly passed away, when one of those minor outbreaks which, for many years, followed at intervals the suppression of the Great Rebellion, again involved the Howley family in trouble. On the twelfth of July (the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne), a party of the Society of Orangemen, which had grown bolder than ever since the triumph of the loyalists, assembled in the town of Wexford, and marched across the bridge, and through the principal streets, in procession, carrying banners inscribed with mottos offensive to the Catholics, and preceded by musicians playing "Croppies lie down," and other tunes known to be irritating to them. The Ribbonmen remained in-doors; but it was whispered about that it was intended to light bonfires in the streets at night, and to burn an effigy some of the favourite leaders of the United Irishmen, who had suffered for their treason; and it soon became known that a riot would take place. The Orangemen, who have since been found to be so mischievous a body, were, in those days of party warfare, openly encouraged by the authorities, and looked upon as a useful barrier against the revolutionary spirit of the common people. No pains therefore, were taken to stop their proceedings, and several frays ensued, in which some lives were lost. One of these occurred in the market-place, where a large fire had been made. The attacking party were at first beaten off, and the Orangemen's bonfire had sunk into a great heap of embers, glowing and rustling in the wind, when a man named Michael Foster, who was in the act of raking the fire with a pole, was shot by an unseen hand, and immediately fell forward on his face. A few persons who were standing near him (most of the Orangemen had already dispersed), fled at the report of the gun; before any of his own party returned there, the head, and a portion of the body, of the murdered man, were almost consumed by the fire. There was then a dead wall on one side of the market-place, from an angle of which some persons pretended to have remarked that the shot was fired; however, in the hurry and bustle of that night the murderer escaped.

Outrages had been committed on both sides; but so strong was the prejudice of the authorities in favour of the party who gave the first provocation, that no Orangeman was apprehended, while a great number of Ribbonmen were taken, and lodged in prison; on the following day, a diligent search was made for others, who were known to have been connected with the affray. The murder of Michael Foster in the market-place, made remarkable by the mystery attending it, and the horrible circumstance of the burning away of the head, was the subject of much investigation. Little doubt was entertained that the perpetrator had taken advantage of the riot, to commit an act of personal revenge. The conspicuousness of the victim, standing at the moment in the glare of the red embers, had no doubt enabled the murderer to take aim. That it was the act of one man, and that the man was satisfied with the result, was concluded from the circumstance that the gun was only fired once, and that the assassin or his party did not rush forward, as was the invariable practice of the Irish in an affray.

Suspicion, casting about for some person known to have a plausible motive for the crime, was not long in finding a victim. It was remembered that the murdered man had been a witness against young Howley on his trial; he was, moreover, said by some, to have openly boasted of having with his own hand cut down the father, at the fight at Vinegar Hill. This clue was at once seized, and, on the night following the Orange riot, young Howley was arrested, and conveyed to the gaol at Wexford.

Evidence, true or false, was quickly procured against him. One of the Orange party now came forward, and (for the first time) stated, that as he stood near the angle of the dead wall, on the night of the murder, he heard a voice, which he recognized immediately as that of Howley, exclaiming, "By the Holy Ghost, I'll make a hole through that villian!" Immediately after which, he heard the report of a gun, and fearing that there were many armed men of the Ribbon party at hand, fled with others. Young Howley admitted that he was at Wexford that night, and that he carried his gun with him,

but solemnly denied that he was the murderer of Foster; declaring that he had never heard of his boast of having slain his father until that moment, and that he did not believe it. Nor could any witness now be found who had ever heard of such a boast. But the magistrates committed him; a special commission was appointed; and, for the second time, young Howley was to be tried for his life.

On the day of her brother's apprehension, Ellen Howley had written to her lover the intelligence of her new trouble, and again imploring that assistance which had already served to rescue him from a violent death. But the difficulty was now greater than before. The trial was to take place at Wexford, instead of at Dublin; and the inhabitants of that town were strongly against the rioters. Roche knew that it would be extremely dangerous to the prisoner if he were to plead his cause a second time. He therefore secretly instructed a barrister who was a warm friend of his, besides being a Protestant and a strong government man, to proceed to Wexford and conduct the defence. The day of trial arrived, and Howley's counsel would probably have succeeded in neutralizing the feeble testimony against his client, but for a circumstance which, though probably intended to save him, was undoubtedly the cause of his destruction. On his way to the court-house to give evidence on the trial, the principal witness against Howley was fired at from a plantation beside the roadway, and wounded in the arm. The ball passed through the flesh, without breaking the bones, and the man, after having the wound dressed, persisted in presenting himself at court to give his evidence. The appearance of this fanatic, who, whether speaking truth or falsehood, had wrought himself to a belief in his own statement, created a deep impression on the audience. His pallid countenance, his arm in a sling, his narrative of the attack upon him by a secret assassin, presumed to be a friend of the accused, and his statement—not to be shaken—of the words used by Howley, decided the minds of the jury. The eloquent appeal of his counsel was often interrupted by murmurs in the court; and the young man was found guilty, and sentenced to death.

The execution of Howley, with five others, found guilty of taking a part in the riot, was fixed for the afternoon of the second day after the trial. The magistrates, apprehensive of disturbances, had despatched a messenger to Waterford for a small reinforcement of soldiers; but some hours had passed since noon, and the men had not yet arrived. It was not until sunset that it was determined to proceed to execution without them. A large crowd had assembled; but the yeomanry were in great force and well armed, and the populace confined their marks of disapprobation to yells and groans, until the prisoners appeared upon the scaffold. At that moment, some symptoms of a disposition to renew the riot were remarked; and the executioner was ordered to hasten with his task. Young Howley was executed, repeating his declaration of innocence. The six men suffered their sentence, the mob dispersed, and no traces of what had passed were left, all within one hour.

Since the day of her brother's second apprehension Ellen Howley had never rested from her endeavours to save him. But all hearts were steeled against her. Events succeeded each other with terrible rapidity; and it soon became evident that no power could save him. On one only, of all those to whom she applied, did the sight of her beauty and misery make an impression. This man was the sheriff of the county; but he had no power to help her, and he dd not even dare to delay the execution. There was but one favour he could procure for her—a favour conveying to her mind so strongly, the hopelessness of her case, that he scarcely dared to name it. It was that—contrary to custom—the body of her brother should be given up to his family, to be decently interred in their own burial place. Accordingly, about dusk on the evening of the execution, the corpse was privately removed, in an undertaker's car to the house at Killowen. To avoid a fresh occasion for disturbance it was stipulated by the sheriff that this fact should be kept as secret as possible, and that the burial should take place at dark on the following night.

It was not until the day after the funeral that Roche arrived in Wexford. Trusting to the skill of his brother counsel, he had proceeded to London to endeavour to interest some powerful persons in favour of the accused. Only on his return to Dublin did he learn that the execution must have already taken place. He hastened, therefore, to Killowen, in the hope—though too late for aught else—of consoling his unhappy friend.

It was evening when he arrived there. Though in full summer, the place struck him as far more desolate and lonely than it had seemed in the dull autumnal day when he had first visited it. The heavy clank of the bell that hung somewhere between him and the house, startled him as he pulled the handle. No one answered his summons; and seeing no light at any of the windows, he began to fear that its inmates had left the place. Gently pushing open the gate, he made his way through the shrubberies around the house. The place was quite still; but, listening awhile, he fancied that he heard a noise within, like a faint moaning and sobbing, yet he doubted whether it came from a human being. He listened and heard it once more—this time so distinctly that if it had been the whining of a dog or any other animal he could not have failed to recognize it. Tormented by vague surmises, he made his way back to the front of the

house, and mounting a flight of stone steps, knocked loudly at the door. Some minutes elapsed before a voice answered him, and inquired his business. It was the old woman servant. She admitted him, and refastened the door with a chain.

"Where is your mistress?" inquired Roche.

The woman, with a strange, bewildered look, motioned to him to follow her. She led him into a little room lined with books, and faintly lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling; there, seated in a chair by the table, pale and motionless as death, he recognized the form of his betrothed. Roche would have sprung forward to clasp her in his arms; but the thought of her recent sorrow, and the coolness and silence of her manner, awed him.

"I am glad you have come to-night," she said, as soon as they were alone. "This very hour I have formed a resolution, which would give me no rest until I had told you of it."

"No, no," said Roche, anticipating her meaning. "This terrible affliction must not separate, but link us closer to each other!"

"Roche," she replied, in the same chilled, unimpassioned voice, "I declare to you solemnly and before Heaven, that the promise I gave to you last year can never be fulfilled?"

"I came to-night in the hope of consoling you in your sorrow," replied Roche. "Do not think that I would press you, now, on anything relating to my own happiness. Let me do something to cheer your solitary life. Show me some way in which I may lighten the burden of your trouble, and I will ask at present for nothing else."

"A reason that I cannot name to you," she replied, "compels me to appear ungrateful. I entreat you to leave me. This interview is more than I can bear. Believe me, the pain our parting gives me is equal to yours. I ask of you the greatest proof you can give me now of your affection. It is that you believe my resolve to be forced upon me inevitably; but that it is firmly and for ever taken; and that you take my hand, and promise never to seek me, to see me, any more."

Roche took her cold hand, and turned away. "I cannot promise this," he exclaimed passionately. "I will leave you to-night, since my presence gives you pain. But I declare to you, I cannot cease to hope that you may, one day, repent of this cruel determination."

The young barrister pondered, on his way back to Wexford, upon the melancholy reception he had met with. Half suspecting that her troubles had affected her reason, and that her cold and calm manner was the result of some fixed delusion, he repented of not having interrogated the old servant. Sometimes he fancied that, ignorant of his endeavors in her brother's behalf, and of the cause of his delay in coming to her, she believed him to be guilty of neglect. Sometimes, it seemed to him more probable that she had no motive for her conduct, beyond the desire to save him from the disgrace of an alliance with one whose brother had suffered death at the hands of the hangman. But, whatever might be the reason of her behaviour, and in spite of the pain his visit appeared to cause her, the thought of leaving her in that solitary place was insupportable. He determined, at all events, to see her before returning to Dublin.

What passed between them at this interview need not be told. In compliance with her entreaties, he promised to leave the neighbourhood; but, only on condition that she would meet him that day six months, and assure him, from her own lips, that her resolution was still the same.

Roche returned to the capital, where, in the increasing labours of his profession, he endeavoured to bury his thought, until the six months should have passed. The appointed day—the very hour he had named—found him again at Killowen. Ellen Howley received him as before. The little room in which he found her, the place in which she sat, the tone of her voice, were in nowise changed. She repeated to him her determination, and Roche, according to his promise, departed from her again. Thus, for several years, at long intervals, the barrister returned to Killowen, and always with the same result. In the course of time, her obstinacy irritated him, and the repeated disappointments he experienced gradually wore away much of his love for her. He pitied her lonely and cheerless life, and would gladly have restored her to the world; but, by degrees he came to know that his affection for her was not the ardent passion that it had been. One day, upon the occasion of one of these visits, Ellen Howley spoke to him of the injustice he did himself, in continuing to wait for a change which could never, in this world, come. Not without a sorrowful heart, when he knew that the moment for separation had at last arrived, Roche entreated her to remember him whenever she had need of aid or counsel; and finally bade her farewell.

Many years passed, and Ellen Howley continued to live, shut up in the great house at Killowen. No visitor ever entered there, and she rarely went abroad. When she was seen, it was noted that her looks were more and more careworn. Though still a young woman, her hair became partially grey, and her form wasted to a shadow. Few who saw her now forebore to pity her, remembering how beautiful she had been, and seeing how she had suffered for the errors of others. The house in which she lived, looked every year more dreary and neglected. The roof, the door,

and shutters, of the lodge, mouldered away; the grounds about the house were filled with rank weeds, overrunning the paths; strange stories circulated, of curious noises heard at night; and the country people, who knew the history of the family, would not pass there after dark. Some said that the greater part of the rooms had been kept locked, since the day of the brother's death; and that the ghost of the father had appeared to Ellen Howley, and begged her not to quit the place. One day, a woman servant who had been occasionally employed there since the old nurse's death, declared she had seen the ghost of Robert Howley. She said that she was going up the stairs at the back of the house, at night, and that as she came to an upper landing, she distinctly saw, by the light of the candle in her hand, the young man, whom she remembered well. His face, she said, was ghastly pale; he did not speak; but stood rolling his eyes, and making strange grimaces at her, until she dropped the candle and swooned. Whether this was a delusion or not, the woman was evidently sincere; and the illness which she suffered, and which she declared to have been caused by the shock, convinced the neighbours that Killowen was haunted by the ghosts of the Howleys, and that the young lady, compelled to remain there by some dread reason, was wasting away through the terror and solitude of her life.

Thus Ellen Howley lived, for seventeen years. Meanwhile, Roche had become a thriving man in his profession. Years after the impression his first passion had left had begun to wear away, he had won the hand of the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Dublin, and had settled down in life, a quiet, unromantic lawyer. The name of Ellen Howley had long been absent from his thoughts, when he received a letter from her, begging him to come to her. She told him that she was very ill, and that she desired to make a settlement of her property before she died. He left Dublin immediately, and travelled in all haste to Wexford. There, he heard the superstitious stories which were in circulation about the house at Killowen, and remembered the strange noises he had heard there years before. No one appeared to know of Ellen's illness; nor did it appear that any doctor had visited her.

It was getting dark when Roche arrived at the well-known house of Killowen. Leaving his horse tied to the gate, he made his way through the shrubbery. He saw no light at any of the windows, and the place seemed to be quite deserted by its inmates. He rapped at the door; the noise gave a hollow echo, as if the house were empty. Having repeated his summons several times, without receiving any answer, he went round, as he had done long ago, to the back of the house. He had brought with him a dark lanthorn; by this, he guided himself, until he discovered steps ascending from a lawn; mounting them, he found that he could open the door by means of the latch. To his astonishment, at that moment, he caught again the very same noise that had startled him before. It was a long, plaintive tone, interrupted now and then by a noise, like the sobbing of a child; at length the whole died away, and the place was silent.

The barrister was a man of nerve; but he hesitated a moment. He knew that he was far from any other habitation, and that, whatever might befal him, he could hope for no succour. Drawing out his travelling pistol, however, he entered. With the light from the lanthorn in his left hand cast before him, he walked up the hall and down a passage, calling aloud, "Miss Howley!" until, finding the doors on each side of the hall locked, he began to mount the wide staircase. More and more surprised by the silence of the place, he was relieved by seeing a faint light through a door which stood ajar upon the landing above. This door opened wide; and a man stood on the threshold. Roche felt a chill pass through his body, for he recognized, in his wild look, and distorted features, the face of Robert Howley.

"Howley!" cried Roche, grasping his pistol firmly. "Speak, in the name of God, if this be you?"

The figure repeated its strange gestures, opening and shutting its eyes, and moving its lips quickly; but it made no sound.

"Speak!" repeated Roche, excited by the terror of the situation. "Or I will fire!"

The figure moved towards him, and said, in a whisper, "You may come in. Come in, if you will. Keep the crowd away. They must not see her."

Too much astonished for reflection, Roche followed him into a large chamber. His guide stopped at the table, and taking up a lamp held it above his head, and pointed to the floor. There, beside an ancient bedstead, stretched upon the ground, was the figure of a woman, dressed. Roche knelt beside her, and raising her, felt that she was cold. Her hair was grey, and her features sharp and wasted, like her body. Ellen Howley.

"She is dead!" exclaimed Roche; "she is dead!"

His companion regarded him with an idiotic stare; and then burst into the same loud whine and sobbing noise, which he had heard twice before.

A suspicion passed into his mind, that she had suffered violence at the hands of the idiot; but he found no marks of injury on her, and he had known that she was ill. It was evident to him that she had perished without medical aid, or any one near her, save her crazed companion.

He had no alternative but to leave her there, while he rode back for assistance. That night he learned the truth. In a letter, addressed to him, and only intended to reach

him after her death, she related the terrible history of seventeen years. In the confusion and hurry of the execution, and under the fear of an attack from the mob, her brother had been taken down from the hanging-place within a few minutes; and, some time after the removal of his body to Killowen, he gave signs of life. Aided by the old nurse, she succeeded in slowly restoring him; but wholly deprived of reason. Then it was that she resolved to keep her dreadful secret, and devote her life wholly to him. In later years she had wished to dispose of her property, and leave her native country with him; but he could not be prevailed on to go out into the daylight, or to meet the face of a stranger. Since the nurse's death, and the day when the woman servant accidentally met him, she had lived alone in the house with him. Satisfied in her own mind that she had done right in setting her lover free from his engagements, and bidding him farewell, she had resolved never to see him again; until her long continued illness, and her anxiety for her brother's fate, compelled her to write to him.

Robert Howley lived only a few months after the death of the sister who had sacrificed her love and her life for him. He was buried beside her, in the parish church near Killowen; the last of his unfortunate family.

RABBIT-SKINS.

Rabbits are decidedly popular among the Parisians, under the well-known form of gibelottes. How many pleasant parties have been to the Bois de Boulogne for its famous stews of rabbits? How many couples have enjoyed the cheap gibelotte of the Banlieu? We endeavoured to arrive at an estimate of the number of rabbits consumed annually within the fortifications; but hundreds of thousands overpowered us. We were attracted to the subject by the curious stories we heard of the men who stroll about Paris streets, buying skins. The rabbit-skin buyers of Paris are a brotherhood apart from the rest of the working population; moreover they are, despite their roving habits and the speculator's character of their calling, an eminently moral and provident set of men. They are all Auvergnats, and all have one ambition, which is to return to their native villages with money sufficient to buy a patch of land, and to carry them in comfort to the graveyard of the church in which they were christened.

Those who are acquainted with the by-ways of Paris know that there was a spot —not far from the Panthéon—and very near the quarter where the chiffonniers congregate in vast numbers—devoted almost exclusively to the rabbit-skin buyers of Paris. This spot included nearly the entire length of the Rue St. Jean de Lateran: but the improvements which are now in progress in this quarter, and which will run over some of the most pestilent spots of the capital, have already included the demolition of this street; consequently, at the present time, these prudent Auvergnats are scattered all over Paris, in establishments where cheap lodging is to be had. Cheap lodging they are always determined to have, or how will the bit of land be bought? This thirst for cheapness has led them to band themselves into companies of six, and to seek lodgings where they can have one bed-room containing three beds, and separate places where each man may deposit his skins and other purchases. This shelter costs them about fifty francs, or two pounds sterling a year each. As to food, an association of six can live cheaper than six separate individuals—this is an established doctrine of household economy. They keep a box, therefore, nailed up in their common room, wherein each man deposits daily, a ten-sous piece. The fund thus created is spent in making soup twice every day, at noon, and at six o'clock in the evening. Each man is charged, in rotation, with the responsibilities of the kitchen; and on his days he returns from his business in the streets at eleven o'clock and five o'clock, so that the soup shall be ready when his associates make their appearance. And then the six take their food together—each man having his own bread, and his own cheese, generally sent from the beloved Auvergne. The community of food is strictly confined to soup; but soup is the chief sustenance. With these prudential arrangements the rabbit-skin buyers estimate their daily expenses at fifteen sous each. They spend nothing on luxuries. They are not frequenters of Barrière balls; they are not to be found habitually in wine shops. Occasionally some of them may be discovered in a condition which would not recommend them to the good graces of Father Mathew; but these are extraordinary occasions—most probably one of their great sale days, when they have realised the hoarded labour of six months. A little excitement of this kind may well be excused after the sober six months of labour, and of stinted appetite, which have preceded it.

The rabbit-skin buyer is an early riser. He is generally off on his rounds by seven o'clock in the morning. If he deal also—as most of them do—in clean rags, old metal, and old hats, he has a bag with him. He is neatly dressed; but his thin, pale face, proclaims his habit of stinting himself, and no less proclaims the trade—not too healthy—in which he is engaged. He generally wanders on his way, with a careless walk, looking to the right and to the left, for the skins which have contained the popular gibelottes. It is amusing to watch him when he has discovered a skin hung out to attract his attention. He walks

lazily up to it, examines it with a careless air, and then drops it with a look of disappointment. Just as he is passing on, he asks the owner what price he may put upon it. The answer, of course, does not satisfy him. Four sous for *that* skin? He doesn't mind giving two sous. He generally finds that the owner lets him have it at his own price. In this way he wanders all day long, from street to street, picking up bargains. In one street, he will secure an old hat for six sous; in another, he will get four or five pounds of white rags, by paying for three pounds at the rate of three sous per pound. For, the prudent Auvergnat cheats in weight. One man owned to me that he averaged four pounds over weight in twenty, as a rule. Thus, in counting the value they put upon clean white rags, at three sous per pound, they literally pay twenty per cent. less than the nominal price given.

The rabbit-skin buyer does not always confine his operations to skins, rags, and iron; but extends them, whenever he has an opportunity, to the purchase of old boots and grease. This latter commodity, however, is not much sought after now, since the hotel proprietors burn composition candles (those bougies well-known to most travellers as making the most extortionate item of all continental hotels), and the waiters have no longer grease pots to dispose of. All these extra purchases are bargains to which the rabbit-skin buyer is open—as he is open to anything which leads to profit. It is his business in Paris to make money. He does not want the money to spend in choppines, or to dance with work-girls: he has a pocket into which he intends to button it securely, so that he may leave the capital at the earliest possible moment. He makes usually between three and four francs a day by his bargains in rabbit-skins, so that he is able to put away, regularly, two francs and a half. But his business requires capital; and it is precisely for this reason that he is firm in his resolve to save. The more he can save, the more he can make; since he is enabled to accumulate his bargains and to sell only when the market is high. The most flourishing of the rabbit-skin buyers of Paris sell their skins only once in six months. Many of them, when they have been some years at the business; when they have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the tricks of the trade; take a little shop where the wife carries on the business while the husband wanders through the streets in quest of skins. And the anecdotes of little fortunes accumulated in this way, the little properties dotted about Auvergne, which represent only so many rabbits eaten in the Bois de Boulogne, would astonish any casual observer.

The profit ranges from one sou and a half to three sous per skin. They soon enable the prudent Auvergnat to enlarge his sphere of operations; but, in his prosperity, when he counts his savings by hundreds and even thousands of francs, he does not usually lose his head. He sticks to his original calling, goes out daily in quest of skins, and deposits his money in a safe quarter. The skin, to him, is a reality; every other speculation, except old rags, leather, and so forth, is wild and unreal. He will not embark in anything more respectable than his original calling. He has faith in nothing which is not second or third hand.

I once met a remarkable specimen of the rabbit-skin buyers of Paris. He was a sullen man, with a strong sense of independence. This sense led him to the conclusion that to be sociable was to be a slave. In vain might the subtlest logician strive to wean him from his creed. He had lived up to it strictly. He had been pressed to join many of the little associations of his brethren—to be one of six; but he had always declined to be subject to the rules of anybody. He would be his own free agent; he would take his soup at the house where he felt inclined to take it; he would have a room where he could do exactly as he pleased, without having to consult a second individual's whims. And at the time he spoke, he was enjoying his own inclination in the matter of a choppine at a wine-shop. He acknowledged at once, that, unlike the rest of his brotherhood, he had not saved a sous. But, he justified his spendthrift habits as complacently as he accounted for his happy isolation. He had nobody to care or provide for. He had no reason to save. When he was without money, he knew how to make it. It was very true that many rabbit-skin buyers of his acquaintance had saved considerable sums of money; but he did not envy them their economy.

"There's Grigot," he said to me one day, "who began life in his twelfth year as a chimney-sweeper. He remained a sweep until he was fifteen, when he joined his brother in the business of rabbit-skin buyer. By degrees they managed to save sufficient money to establish themselves in a rag and old iron shop. Their plan was to take the street by turns: one day one brother kept the shop while the other went his round for rabbit-skins. In this way they worked together during six years, when the sweep's brother died. At the time of his brother's death they had saved twelve thousand francs," or four hundred and eighty pounds sterling. "Their mother had begged her bread for years, when the six thousand francs left by her dead son were sent to her, to make her comfortable for the rest of her life. But the surviving brother, thus deprived of the partner of his business, was destined to lose the partner of his bosom also within six months. This double affliction weighed heavily upon him, and he grieved till he became so ill that he was incapacitated for work during eighteen months. His sister

attended to the shop during his long illness; when he recovered, he removed to the regular rabbit-skin buyers' locality, the Rue St. Jean de Lateran. In this street he carried on his business during twenty-five years, and left the old shop at last, with four hundred-thousand francs in his pocket. He now lives in the Rue Neuve d'Etienne. He is still in business with his son as a rabbit-skin and chiffon buyer; and so popular is he, and so well known, that anybody can vouch for the truth of my story." The independent rabbit-skin buyer here turned to one or two associates, who all knew the lucky man, and declared that his fortune was not over-estimated. And they, also, had stories to tell of rabbit-skin buyers worth their five and ten thousand francs. I appeared astonished, whereupon they turned round upon me, a little hurt, and exclaimed that the Auvergnats were not beggars.

I endeavoured to estimate the number of men in Paris deriving their living from the rabbit-skin trade. On reference to the report made by the Chamber of Commerce on Parisian industry, I found no mention whatever made of the Auvergnats, who collect the rabbit-skins and hare-skins of the capital, although it contained an important chapter devoted to the workmen and workwomen who prepare these skins for the hatters. Considering that the skins collected by the Auvergnats give employment to about six hundred people, who rub the skins, and drag the hairs from them, and sort and clean them, and finally hand them over to the hat-makers, the estimate of my independent friend was not extravagantly high, when he put down the number of his fraternity at three thousand. Many a double profit does the dealer in rabbit-skins make, upon the same skin. First, he sells it to be plucked for the nap of hats; and at last, when the hat upon which it has been worn gets old and rusty, all that is valuable in the rabbit-skin returns to him, to be a second time turned to profitable account.

It is estimated that the fur plucked annually from the rabbits' and hares' skins in Paris, is sold to the hatters, when manufactured and cleaned, for not less than two millions and a half of francs. This estimate, which is one backed by the authority of the French Chamber of Commerce, will give the reader some notion of the important part our Auvergnats play in the commercial economy of the capital. Let them, some fine morning, break up their little associations, withdraw their soup subscriptions from their box, cease to go their rounds in search of rabbit-skins, and a considerable body of the Parisian public would find themselves strangely puzzled how to proceed with their business. The fortunes made out of skins do not appear so extraordinary when we find that ingenious workmen annually drag from rabbits' backs about one hundred thousand pounds sterling. This was the estimate for eighteen hundred and forty-seven; but the annual value has probably much increased since that year. The rabbit-skins of the Auvergnats not only supply the hat-makers of the capital with material, but also furnish quantities of hair to the American market.

Before the rabbits' hairs are ready for the hat-makers they pass through many processes. In the first instance, the skin falls into the vigorous hands of an arracheuse, who with a large knife drags all the long coarse hairs from it, leaving only the fine undercoat of down. It comes next under the notice of the sécreteur, who rubs it with a mercurial preparation, to loosen the down. This preparation having been administered, the brosseuse takes the skin and brushes the down clean; whereupon the coupeur advances with his shears, and then the trieuse takes the down to sort the fine hairs from the coarse.

Even then, the hairs are not ready for the hatter. The monteuse has to pack up the various kinds in separate parcels; and the packets have then to undergo the soufflage, in order to detect any lurking coarse hairs left by the arracheuse. At this work, the men earn, on an average, three francs a day; some, however, who are very expert, gain five francs. The women are not so well paid. The highest daily salary among them is two francs and a half, the lowest fifteen sous; the average salary is one franc thirteen sous.

Thus the Boulevards' dandy wears on his head, the skin of the rabbit which he may have eaten last summer, nor dreams how that gibelotte skin has employed many industrious people, who live and work in the secluded by-ways of the capital.

SOME AMENITIES OF WAR.

The wind which, as the proverb teaches us, must be ill indeed when it blows no one good, can scarce be more noxious than when it is a wind of war. Yet the bullet has its lesson as well as the billet; and in the ill wind of the cannon ball and the surging shell, some indirect good may whistle sometimes. Every post that reaches England must bring to many, from the war, missives of dolor irretrievable and happiness quenched for ever. But we, the million, who have no individuality as a million, or as a corporation, or as a regiment, though as Mr. A, or my Lord B, or Alderman C, or Private D, we each may suffer, and have our private griefs; we the Nobody Everybody, to whom nothing is anything to speak of; have reason to be thankful for very many little sidewinds of good that the great tornado has brought with its blustering railing. To use an American locution, the war has "opened up" a variety of subjects, and made sages and philosophers of thousands of persons who a few months

since were luxuriating in that ignorance which is proverbially stated to be bliss. Geography and the use of the globes the war has opened up to a surprising extent. Persons whose information relative to the exact position of Peckham-Rye was quite recently of a considerable degree of vagueness, now discourse confidently about the Dobrudtscha, the Herzegovina, Krajova, Kars, Little Wallachia, and Hango-Udde. I should like to know how many men out of ten thousand knew anything of Hango-Udde this time last year. We are indebted to the war for a definite notion of that admirable glomeration of ferocity, knavery, and villainy, a Bashi-Bouzouk. As the revolutionary troubles of eighteen hundred and forty-eight made us acquainted with some interesting strangers in the shape of Bans, Sclaves, Pan-Sclaves, Magyars, Croats, and Pandours, so has the present war introduced us to a variety of Boyards, Waywodes, Papas, Montenegris, Fins, Klephtes, Palikari, Arnauts, Hospodars, and Bostandji Bashis, whose acquaintance is as edifying as it is delightful. It is alone worth while paying double income-tax for a short time to know, even through the columns of the Invalide Russe, that valorous lieutenant of artillery who so completely routed the combined fleets in Odessa; in whose name there are a couple of Sch's, with a Tch or two, with an Off or so to finish off with, leading us to believe that the young hero has been studying fortification in nomenclature, as well as in bastions and curtains, and has entrenched the few vowels in his name with a quite Vaubanic system of forts composed of consonants, to prevent their being stormed by the infidels of the West.

It is especially gratifying to remark what an ample flood of new and varied knowledge concerning the people and countries of the east has flowed into English channels since the war. The museum at the India House might have been open for a century; Mr. Madden, of Leadenhall Street, might have published hecatombs of oriental books; the Overland Mail might have arrived and departed once a week; painters might have flooded the albums, and print shops, and picture galleries, with representations of oriental scenery; yet for all this, had not the war intervened, years would have elapsed before we had divested ourselves of the idea that Turkey (to take one oriental country) was a land where the bulbul was in the constant habit of singing to the rose; where those generally uncommunicative plants, the orange and myrtle, told of the deeds that were done in their clime; where no pasha's head was safe on his shoulders; and where the lights of the harem passed their existence in gilded kiosques, arrayed in costumes as per steel plates in annuals, and soothed by amusements as per pattern of the ballets at Her Majesty's Theatre. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was the first lady traveller who told us the truth about Turkey; she showed us a Turkish harem in all its ugliness and dull sensuality, but that was a long time ago. Mr. Thackeray did a great deal when he compared the seraglio to Vauxhall by daylight. But the war has done more. Every despatch from our own correspondent; every well-crossed sheet of foreign post from Captain Bandolier of the Guards; every homely scrawl to father and mother, from Lance-Corporal Chokestock; will teach us more and more about Turkey and the Turks. We know more about them every day: it is astounding how much we know about them already. In the little sanded parlour of the Shoulder of Mutton village alehouse, Colin Clout and Lubin Lump hold forth as fluently (allowing a little for variations of pronunciation) as my Lord on the crimson benches of the House, or the honourable Jack on the divan of the club smoking-room. And of what? Of Pilaff, save the mark! Of the forty days of Ramadan, of the fireworks of Baïram, of yataghans, kabobs, arabas, ulemas, Muftis, Softas, Shiekhs-ul-Islam, Rayahs, Nishams, Bostandjis, Kavasses, chiboucks, and papoushes; of the heights of Scutari, the sweet waters of Europe, the hill of Pera, the lanes of Stamboul, the arsenal of Tophané, Seraglio point, Bujukderé, the castles of the Dardanelles, the Island of Princes, the barracks of Haydar Pacha, the Almeidan, Trajan's wall, the Passes of the Balkan, and the Sulina mouths of the Danube!

In fact, there can scarcely be a cheerier point of view from which to look at the gloomy prospect of war than from the educational Belvedere, on which we are in the present era permitted to mount our telescopes. When, as is poetically narrated, the interesting and beautiful Eliza stood on the wood-crowned "height o'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight, she could have seen nothing but smoke and red flame; could have heard nothing but the hoarse roar and sullen din of battle. Eventually, Eliza was shot. But *our* battles have their amenities. For *our* information, the daily newspapers send forth certain leal and trusty adherents —gentlemen who have graduated at Universities, and worn stuff gowns and horse-hair wigs in the Great Hall of Pleas at Westminster, and who, partly through patriotic motives, partly for the consideration of a handsome salary, betake themselves to the seat of war, scour the most unfriendly and inhospitable regions, ride long stages, foodless, upon vicious horses with backbones like razors, and mouths like files; drink black bitter coffee and smoke tobacco with Agas and Effendis—to the promotion of political knowledge, but to the detriment of their own constitutions; eat mutton like leather, and beef like mahogany; abjure knives and forks; suffer hospitable but uncleanly Pashas to stuff balls of greasy rice

into their mouths with their (the Pashas') fingers; consent to forget the very existence of such articles as razors, soap, or nail-brushes; sleep anywhere; deliver themselves willing captives to the bow of the bug and the spear of the flea; treat clean linen as a myth; wear jack-boots; run, over and above all these little inconveniences, the additional risks of perishing by fever, ague, or dysentery; or of being hanged as spies, or blown to pieces decently with a shell or a cannon-ball, according to the usages of civilized warfare and the laws of nations. Whereunto must be added the pen of a ready writer, and the power of compressing the matter for an essay in the Quarterly within the limits of a column of long primer type; the faculty of observation, fertility of quotation, readiness of illustration, a retentive memory, a current acquaintance with all the countries and political systems of Europe. Furthermore, our own correspondent must be enduring of fatigue, impervious to weather, callous to vexation and affront, patient of delay, unbindable by red tape, quite indifferent to the objections of high and mighty lords to his existence, electro-telegraphic in apprehension, unswerving in industry, unshakeable in probity, and above all, he must send smart articles. If he is not this kind of correspondent, and cannot accomplish all these things, the sooner he comes back, is called to the bar of the Middle Temple, and writes an account of what he has seen in two crushing volumes that would kill an elephant, the better.

It is another of the educational amenities of war, that amidst the roar of cannon and the clash of sabres, or, as it sometimes happens, in the dearth of belligerent operations, those schoolmasters of journalism who are abroad on our behoof can find leisure to enlighten us as to the minutest details of oriental life. Between the lulls of shot and shell, shrapnel and grape, mine and countermine, assault and sortie, covered ways and têtes-de-pont, our instructors tell us soothing tales of the Turkish ladies' boots, the Sultan's band-master, the price of fowls at Gallipoli, the scarcity of London porter at Scutari. We are told how the Turks were unmoved by the terrific bearskins of the guards, but were somewhat melted into admiration by the kilts of the Highlanders; how the Zouaves and the Rifles fraternised together; how much brandy the coquettish vivandières sold; how officious wives carried revolvers in their belts; and the camp lines of the British troops on their departure for Varna, were marked by broken jam-pots, pomatum-pots, sardine-cases, and bones of fowls. As we read, comes forth with a burst, and an additional fifty thousand circulation, the Great Illustrated Paper; and in the magic mirror of the engraved block, forthwith we see the guardsman unpacking his portmanteau in his barrack quarters at Scutari; the lean, savage dogs quarrelling over carcases by moonlight on the yellow sands; the smoking Turks, the bustling Greeks, Mosque and minaret, fez and yataghan, steamer and caïque, bombarded city and burning transport—we can see them all, without stirring from our firesides, for sixpence. A shilling, and half-an-hour's walk, and Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, or Mr. Beverley, will transport us to the seat of war, and show us water as blue, and minarets as white, and within an ace as real, as the actual things of three thousand years ago; while the urbane Mr. Stocqueller, or the voluble Mr. Kenney, will talk like agreeable books, and save us the trouble of reading and travelling, and yet teach us more than we might gain by either.

It is one distinctive feature of the present war, that it carries its educational arteries into the very lowest members of the body corporate. In the last war, the great mass of the people had but two definite opinions as to the conduct of hostilities. In the first place, that Boney was an incarnation of all human evil, whom it was expedient by all means, fair or foul, to demolish; in the second, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. With some old ladies of the period, there was a supplementary notion added to these two great canons of faith: namely, that whenever the wind howled rather boisterously among the chimney-pots at night, or a door was violently slammed, the French were coming. It is comfortable now-a-days to compare these crude and prejudiced views of matters, with the calm, earnest, and intelligent manner in which the people discuss the progress and conduct of the war. Impatience of taxation may yet exist, but ignorant impatience is no more. We know—in short, we WILL know—what we go to war for, and why; and though the wicked jack-booted Czar is turned to considerable account as a mark for caricature, as the moral acuity or adornment of every tale in a political street-ballad, we don't make Nicholas a boguey for our children.

Some of the amenities of war have found their way into that ordinarily ferocious library, the very low literature of the people. I have observed with considerable gratification, in the thickly populated districts of London, as well as in the lesser Londons of the provinces, where the toil-burnt men of the clogs, and anvils, and spindles, congregate, that the news of the war, albeit greedily looked out for, is of a healthier and more intellectual character than the other exciting literary dishes served up for the refectation of the masses.

I do not think the English people are, or ever will be, at all in danger of being bitten by that mischievous tarantula, Glory. Therefore, I would sooner see the sons of England reading the bold exploits of England's martial worthies,

of her great captains by land and sea, than the sorry rogueries of those other disreputable captains who answer to the name of Macheath, Turpin, Sheppard, Duval, or Sixteen-String-Jack. I would sooner purchase the Life of the Duke of Wellington in twelve penny numbers, with an engraving of the Battle of Waterloo gratis (be sure to ask for Stubbs's edition), and which work I have recently perused with immense satisfaction, finding it to be written in a style far above the general average of such publications—so much so, that it occurs to me that I have read most of it before, in an obscure publication relative to the Peninsular War by one Napier—I say I would rather purchase Number One (with which are presented Numbers One and Two of the Life of Admiral Nelson), than I would subscribe to the Penny Murder Sheet or the Minerva Press with new steam to it.

Another, though perhaps a more questionable, amenity of war, occurs in the astounding development which it has given in that desirable quality in a civilized people cultivating the arts—the imaginative faculty. The stock signs and wonders of the newspapers, the enormous gooseberries, showers of frogs, black rain, gigantic cucumbers, singular births, and curious lusus naturæ, have quite disappeared of late, and are now replaced by bombardments of cities, captures of ports, destruction of fleets, abdications of crowned heads, and slaughters of illustrious personages, all absolutely ideal. The electric telegraph starts up as a lyric poet—quite an Ossian, of the genuine Macpherson order; and on its many-stringed lyre sings pæans of advances that never were, and retreats that never will be. Enthusiastic artists see with prophetic souls their uncles sinking in burning transports far out at sea, and give us authentic pictures of the same. A view of the battle of Navarino, becomes, by a stretch of imagination, the bombardment of Odessa; and amid rumours and counter-rumours, telegraphic despatches, and private letters, a new question is added to the already lengthy list of those awaiting human solution, namely, "Who tells all the lies about the war?"

I have not come to the end of my catalogue of the war's amenities yet. I can proudly point to this consoling fact, that the war has completely "shut up" the bores. They have not a leg to stand upon. The Protectionist bore; the "what are we to do with our produce?" bore; the Irish bore (a dreadful creature); the colonial bore; the tiger bore (generally in the H.E.I.C.S.); the sporting bore, who wishes some one would name the winner of the Squapter cup; the statistical bore; the story-telling bore; the doctrinal bore—the war has annihilated them, drawn their tusks, stuffed the lemon-gag of silence between their jaws. If a man attempt to bore you now, be down upon him with the Crimea; if he persist, tackle him with the Bamberg Conference; if he show any remaining spark of vitality, finish him with the relief of Silistria, and the probable draught of water of the Russian ships of the line in the Baltic. There is, to be sure, a new species of bore who has started up since the commencement of hostilities—the war bore, —the man who is far from satisfied about the treaties of Unkiar-Skelessi, who would like to know more of what passed between Catherine the Second and the Grand Vizier in seventeen hundred and eighty-two, and who is desirous of telling you how far the provisions of the Tanzimat have been carried out by the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid. But we can bear with the war-bore. He can't last. He is sure to break down after a little, over some hard Turkish word, and then you can lead him gently back to the question of the guardsmen's stocks, or the discipline of the Zouaves.

Such are a few of the amenities of war. Happy and grateful should these nations be if the dreadful undertaking we are upon assume no more repulsive form than that which it has already taken. The war will have had its amenities indeed, if it terminate without a famine, without a press-gang, without national poverty, without a dreadful slaughter. Nor, among the amenities of the struggle, should we fail to reckon—chiefest among them, should we reckon rather—the fact that the war has brought closer and firmer together the bonds of intelligence and union between the two bravest, wisest, gentlest nations of the world. The hot eastern sun may melt away, ere it sets, many mutual hatreds, dislikes, prejudices, ignorances, jealousies, misunderstandings. Then when the steam argosies bear the peacemakers of the world back to their native shores again; standing hand in hand in a better brotherhood, Saxon and Gaul will agree, rather to repudiate every victory gained in ages gone, in contest with each other; rather to cast every tattered standard, every hard-won trophy, every blood-stained glory, into the fathomless sea, and let their memories perish there; than that one fresh bickering, one new jealousy, one angry word should arise between the great twin brothers of civilization.

HARD TIMES

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOUISA awoke from a torpor, and her eyes languidly opened on her old bed at home, and her old room. It seemed, at first, as if all that had happened since the days when these objects were familiar to her were the shadows of a dream; but gradually as the objects became more real to her sight, the events became more real to her mind.

She could scarcely move her head for pain and heaviness, her eyes were strained and sore, and she was very weak. A curious passive inattention had such possession of her that the presence of her little sister in the room did not attract her notice for some time. Even when their eyes had met, and her sister had approached the bed, Louisa lay for minutes looking at her in silence, and suffering her timidly to hold her passive hand, before she asked:

"When was I brought to this room?"

"Last night, Louisa."

"Who brought me here?"

"Sissy, I believe."

"Why do you believe so?"

"Because I found her here this morning. She didn't come to my bedside to wake me, as she always does, and I went to look for her. She was not in her own room either, and I went looking for her all over the house until I found her here, taking care of you and cooling your head. Will you see father? Sissy said I was to tell him when you woke."

"What a beaming face you have, Jane!" said Louisa, as her young sister—timidly still—bent down to kiss her.

"Have I? I am very glad you think so. I am sure it must be Sissy's doing."

The arm Louisa had begun to twine about her neck unbent itself. "You can tell father, if you will." Then staying her a moment, she said, "It was you who made my room so cheerful, and gave it this look of welcome?"

"Oh no, Louisa, it was done before I came. t was——"

Louisa turned upon her pillow, and heard no more. When her sister had withdrawn, she turned her head back again, and lay with her face towards the door until it opened and her father entered.

He had a jaded anxious look upon him, and his hand, usually steady, trembled in hers. He sat down at the side of the bed, tenderly asking how she was, and dwelling on the necessity of her keeping very quiet after her agitation and exposure to the weather last night. He spoke in a subdued and troubled voice, very different from his usual dictatorial manner, and was often at a loss for words.

"My dear Louisa. My poor daughter." He was so much at a loss at that place, that he stopped altogether. He tried again.

"My unfortunate child." The place was so difficult to get over, that he tried again.

"It would be hopeless for me, Louisa, to endeavour to tell you how overwhelmed I have been, and still am, by what broke upon me last night. The ground on which I stand has ceased to be solid under my feet. The only support on which I leaned, and the strength of which it seemed and still does seem impossible to question, has given way in an instant. I am stunned by these discoveries. I have no selfish meaning in what I say, but I find the shock of what broke upon me last night, to be very heavy indeed."

She could give him no comfort herein. She had suffered the wreck of her whole life upon the rock.

"I will not say, Louisa, that if you had by any happy chance undeceived me some time ago, it would have been better for us both; better for your peace, and better for mine. For I am sensible that it has not been a part of my system to invite any confidence of that kind. I have proved my—my system to myself and I have rigidly administered it, and I must bear the responsibility of its failures. I only entreat you to believe, my favorite child, that I have meant to do right."

He said it earnestly, and to do him justice he had. In gauging fathomless deeps with his little mean excise-rod, and in staggering over the universe with his rusty stiff-legged compasses, he had meant to do great things. Within the limits of his short tether he had tumbled about, annihilating the flowers of existence with greater singleness of purpose than many of the blatant personages whose company he kept.

"I am well assured of what you say, father. I know I have been your favorite child; I know you have intended to make me happy. I have never blamed you, and I never shall."

He took her outstretched hand, and retained it in his.

"My dear, I have remained all night at my table, pondering again and again on what has so painfully passed between us. When I consider your character; when I consider that what has been known to me for hours has been concealed by you for years; when I consider under what immediate pressure it has been forced from you at last; I come to the conclusion that I cannot but mistrust myself."

He might have added more than all, when he saw the face now looking at him. He did add it in effect perhaps, as he softly moved her scattered hair from her forehead with his hand. Such little actions, slight in another man, were very noticeable in him, and his daughter received them as if they had been words of contrition.

"But," said Mr. Gradgrind slowly, and with hesitation, as well as with a wretched sense of helplessness, "if I see reason to mistrust myself for the past, Louisa, I should also mistrust myself for the present and the future. To speak unreservedly to you, I do. I am far from feeling convinced now, however differently I might have felt only this time yesterday, that I am fit for the trust you repose in me; that I know how to respond to the appeal you have come home to make to me; that I have the right instinct —supposing it for the moment to be some quality of that nature—how to help you and to set you right my child."

She had turned upon her pillow, and lay with her face upon her arm, so that he could not see it. All her wildness and passion had subsided; but, though softened, she was not in tears. Her father was changed in nothing so much as in the respect that he would have been glad to see her in tears.

"Some persons hold," he pursued, still hesitating, "that there is a wisdom of the Head and that there is a wisdom of the Heart. I have not supposed so, but, as I have said, I mistrust myself now. I have supposed the Head to be all-sufficient. It may not be all-sufficient; how can I venture this morning to say that it is? If that other kind of wisdom should be what I have neglected, and should be the instinct that is wanted, Louisa——"

He suggested it very doubtfully, as if he were half unwilling to admit it even now. She made him no answer, lying before him on her bed, still half-dressed, much as he had seen her lying on the floor of his room last night.

"Louisa," and his hand rested on her hair again, "I have been absent from here, my dear, a good deal of late, and though your sister's training has been pursued according to—the system," he appeared to come to that word with great reluctance always, "it has necessarily been modified by daily associations begun, in her case, at an early age. I ask you—ignorantly and humbly, my daughter—for the better, do you think?"

"Father," she replied, without stirring, "if any harmony has been awakened in her young breast that was mute in mine until it turned to discord, let her thank Heaven for it, and go upon her happier way, taking it as her greatest blessing that she has avoided my way."

"O my child, my child!" he said, in a forlorn manner, "I am an unhappy man to see you thus! What avails it to me that you do not reproach me, if I bitterly reproach myself!" He bent his head and spoke low to her. "Louisa, I have a misgiving that some change may have been slowly working about me in this house by mere love and gratitude; that what the Head had left undone, and could not do, the Heart may have been doing silently. Can it be so?"

She made him no reply.

"I am not too proud to believe it, Louisa. How could I be arrogant, and you before me! Can it be so? Is it so, my dear?"

He looked upon her once more, lying cast away there, and without another word went out of the room. He had not been long gone when she heard a light tread near the door, and knew that some one stood beside her.

She did not raise her head. A dull anger that she should be seen in her distress, and that the involuntary look she had so resented should come to this fulfilment, smouldered within her like an unwholesome fire. All closely imprisoned forces rend and destroy. The air that would be healthful to the earth, the water that would enrich it, the heat that would ripen it, tear it when caged up. So in her bosom even now. The strongest qualities she possessed, long turned upon themselves, became a heap of obduracy, that rose against a friend.

It was well that soft touch came upon her neck, and that she understood herself to be supposed to have fallen asleep. The sympathetic hand did not claim her resentment. Let it lie there, let it lie.

So it lay there, warming into life a crowd of gentler thoughts, and she lay still. As she softened with the quiet and the consciousness of being so watched, some tears made their way into her eyes. The face touched hers, and she knew that there were tears upon it too, and she the cause of them.

As Louisa feigned to rouse herself, and sat up, Sissy retired, so that she stood placidly at the bed-side.

"I hope I have not disturbed you. I have come to ask if you will let me stay with you."

"Why should you stay with me? My

sister will miss you. You are everything to her."

"Am I?" returned Sissy, shaking her head. "I would be something to you, dear Miss Louisa, if I might."

"What?" said Louisa, almost sternly.

"Whatever you want most, if I could be that. At all events I would like to try to be as near it as I can. And however far off that may be, I will never tire of trying. Will you let me?"

"My father sent you to ask me?"

"No indeed," replied Sissy. "He told me that I might come in now, but he sent me away from the room this morning—or at least—" She hesitated and stopped.

"At least, what?" said Louisa, with her searching eyes upon her.

"I thought it best myself that I should be sent away, for I felt very uncertain whether you would like to find me here."

"Have I always hated you so much?"

"I hope not, for I have always loved you, and have always wished that you should know it. But you changed to me a little, shortly before you left home. Not that I wondered at it. You knew so much, and I knew so little, and it was so natural in many ways, going as you were among other friends, that I had nothing to complain of, and was not at all hurt."

Her color rose as she said it modestly and hurriedly. Louisa understood the loving pretence, and her heart smote her.

"May I try?" said Sissy, emboldened to raise her hand to the neck that was insensibly drooping towards her.

Louisa, taking down the hand that would have embraced her in another moment, held it in one of hers, and answered:

"First, Sissy, you should know what I am. I am so proud and so hardened, so confused and troubled, so resentful and unjust to every one and to myself, that everything is stormy, dark, and wicked to me. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

"I am so unhappy, and all that should have me otherwise is so laid waste, that if I had been bereft of sense to this hour, and instead of being as learned as you think me, had to begin to acquire the simplest truths, I could not want a guide to peace, contentment, honor, all the good of which I am quite devoid, more abjectly than I do. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

In the innocence of her brave affection, and the trimming up of her old devoted spirit, the once deserted girl shone like a beautiful light upon the darkness of the other.

Louisa raised the hand that it might clasp her neck, and join its fellow there. She fell upon her knees, and clinging to this stroller's child looked up at her almost with veneration.

"Forgive me, pity me, help me! Have compassion on my great need, and let me lay this head of mine upon a loving heart."

"O lay it here!" cried Sissy. "Lay it here, my dear."

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. James Harthouse passed a whole night and a day in a state of so much hurry that the World, with its best glass in its eye, would have scarcely recognised him during that insane interval, as the brother Jem of the honourable and jocular member. He was positively agitated. He several times spoke with an emphasis, similar to the vulgar manner. He went in and went out in an unaccountable way, like a man with an object. He rode like a highwayman. In a word, he was so horribly bored by existing circumstances, that he forgot to go in for boredom in the manner prescribed by the authorities.

After putting his horse at Coketown through the storm, as if it were a leap, he waited up all night; from time to time ringing his bell with the greatest fury, charging the porter who kept watch with delinquency in withholding letters or messages that could not fail to have been entrusted to him, and demanding restitution on the spot. The dawn coming, the morning coming, and the day coming, and neither message nor letter coming with either, he went down to the country house. There, the report was, Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Bounderby in town. Left for town suddenly last evening. Not even known to be gone until receipt of message, importing that her return was not to be expected for the present.

In these circumstances he had nothing for it but to follow her to town. He went to the house in town. Mrs. Bounderby not there; not even been heard of. He looked in at the Bank. Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Sparsit away. Mrs. Sparsit away? Who could have been reduced to sudden extremity for the company of that griffin!

"Well! I don't know," said Tom, who had his own reasons for being uneasy about it. "She was off somewhere at daybreak this morning. She's always full of mystery; I hate her. So I do that white chap; he's always got his blinking eyes upon a fellow."

"Where were you last night, Tom?"

"Where was I last night!" said Tom. "Come! I like that. I was waiting for you, Mr. Harthouse, till it came down as *I* never saw it come down before. Where was I too! Where were you, you mean."

"I was prevented from coming—detained."

"Detained!" murmured Tom. "Two of us were detained. I was detained looking for you till I lost every train but the mail. It would have been a pleasant job to go down by that on such a night, and have to walk through a pond. I was obliged to sleep home in town after all."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, in my own bed at Bounderby's."

"Did you see your sister?"

"How the deuce," returned Tom, staring, "could I see my sister when she was fifteen miles off?"

Cursing these quick retorts of the young gentleman to whom he was so true a friend, Mr. Harthouse disembarrassed himself of that interview with the smallest conceivable amount of ceremony, and debated for the hundredth time what all this could mean? He made only one thing clear. It was, that whether she was in town or out of town, whether he had been premature with her who was so hard to comprehend, or she had lost courage, or they were discovered, or some mischance or mistake at present incomprehensible had occurred—he must remain to confront his fortune, whatever it was. The hotel where he was known to live when condemned to that region of blackness, was the stake to which he was tied. As to all the rest—What will be, will be.

"So, whether I am waiting for a hostile message, or an assignation, or a penitent remonstrance, or an impromptu wrestle with my friend Bounderby in the Lancashire manner—which would seem as likely as anything else in the present state of affairs—I'll dine," said Mr. James Harthouse. "Bounderby has the advantage in point of weight; and if anything of a British nature is to come off between us, it may be as well to be in training."

Therefore he rang the bell, and tossing himself negligently on a sofa, ordered "Some dinner at six, with a beefsteak in it," and got through the intervening time as well as he could. That was not particularly well, for he remained in the greatest perplexity, and as the hours went on, and no kind of explanation offered itself, his perplexity augmented at compound interest.

However, he took affairs as coolly as it was in human nature to do, and entertained himself with the facetious idea of the training more than once. "It wouldn't be bad," he yawned at one time, "to give the waiter five shillings and throw him." At another time it occurred to him, "Or a fellow of about thirteen or fourteen stone might be hired by the hour." But these jests did not tell materially on the afternoon or his suspense; and, sooth to say, they both lagged fearfully.

It was impossible, even before dinner, to avoid often walking about in the patterns of the carpet, looking out of the window, listening at the door for footsteps, and occasionally becoming rather hot when any steps approached that room. But after dinner, when the day turned to twilight, and the twilight turned to night, and still no communication was made to him, it began to be, as he expressed it, "like the Holy Office and slow torture." However, still true to his conviction that indifference was the genuine high-breeding (the only conviction he had), he seized this crisis as the opportunity for ordering candles and a newspaper.

He had been trying in vain, for half an hour, to read this newspaper, when the waiter appeared and said, at once mysteriously and apologetically:

"Beg your pardon sir. You're wanted sir, if you please."

A general recollection that this was the kind of thing the Police said to the swell mob, caused Mr. Harthouse to ask the waiter in return, with bristling indignation, what the Devil he meant by "wanted?"

—"Beg your pardon, sir, Young lady outside, sir, wishes to see you."

"Outside? Where?"

"Ontside this door sir."

Giving the waiter to the personage beforementioned, as a blockhead duly qualified for that consignment, Mr. Harthouse hurried into the gallery. A young woman whom he had never seen stood there. Plainly dressed, very quiet, very pretty. As he conducted her into the room and placed a chair for her, he observed by the light of the candles, that she was even prettier than he had at first believed. Her face was innocent and youthful, and its expression remarkably pleasant. She was not afraid of him, or in any way disconcerted; she seemed to have her mind entirely pre-occupied with the occasion of her visit, and to have substituted that consideration for herself.

"I speak to Mr. Harthouse?" she said, when they were alone.

"To Mr. Harthouse." He added in his mind—"And you speak to him with the most confiding eyes I ever saw; and the most earnest voice (though so quiet) I ever heard."

"If I do not understand—and I do not, sir"—said Sissy, "what your honor as a gentleman binds you to, in other matters:" the blood really rose in his face as she began in these words; "I am sure I may rely upon it to keep my visit secret, and to keep secret what I am going to say. I will rely upon it, if you will tell me I may so far trust you."

"You may, I assure you."

"I am young, as you see; I am alone, as you see. In coming to you, sir, I have no advice or encouragement beyond my own hope."

He thought, "But that is very strong," as he followed the momentary upward glance of her eyes. He thought besides, "This is a very odd beginning. I don't see where we are going."

"I think," said Sissy, "you have already guessed whom I left just now?"

"I have been in the greatest concern and uneasiness during the last four-and-twenty hours (which have appeared as many years)," he returned, "on a lady's account. The hopes I have been encouraged to form that you come from that lady do not deceive me, I trust."

"But look at him," groaned Mr. Gradgrind. "Will any coach—"

"I don't mean that he thould go in the comic livery," said Sleary. "Thay the word, and I'll make a Jothkin of him out of the wardrobe in five minutes."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"A Jothkin—a Carter. Make up your mind quick, Thquire. There'll be beer to feth. I've never met with nothing but beer ath'll ever clean a comic blackamoor."

Mr. Gradgrind rapidly assented; Mr. Sleary rapidly turned out from a box a smock frock, a felt hat, and other essentials; the whelp rapidly changed clothes behind a screen of baize; Mr. Sleary rapidly brought beer, and washed him white again.

"Now," said Sleary, "come along to the coath, and jump up behind; I'll go with you there, and they'll thuppothe you one of my people. Thay farewell to your family, and tharp'th the word!" With which he delicately retired.

"Here is your letter," said Mr. Gradgrind. "All necessary means will be provided for you. Atone by repentance and better conduct for the shocking action you have committed, and the dreadful consequences to which it has led. Give me your hand, my poor boy, and may God forgive you as I do!"

The culprit was moved to a few abject tears by these words, and their pathetic tone. But when Louisa opened her arms, he repulsed her afresh.

"Not you. I don't want to have anything to say to you!"

"O Tom, Tom, do we end so, after all my love!"

"After all your love!" he returned, obdurately. "Pretty love! Leaving old Bounderby to himself, and packing my best friend Mr. Harthouse off, and going home just when I was in the greatest danger. Pretty love that! Coming out with every word about our having gone to that place, when you saw the net was gathering round me. Pretty love that! You have regularly given me up. You never cared for me."

"Tharp'th the word!" said Sleary at the door.

They all confusedly went out, Louisa crying to him that she forgave him and loved him still, and that he would one day be sorry to have left her so, and glad to think of these her last words, far away; when some one ran against them. Mr. Gradgrind and Sissy, who were both before him while his sister yet clung to his shoulder, stopped and recoiled.

For there was Bitzer, out of breath, his thin lips parted, his thin nostrils distended, his white eyelashes quivering, his colorless face more colorless than ever, as if he ran himself into a white heat, when other people ran themselves into a glow. There he stood, panting and heaving as if he had never stopped since the night, now long ago, when he had run them down before.

"I'm sorry to interfere with your plans," said Bitzer, shaking his head, "but I can't allow myself to be done by horseriders. I must have young Mr. Tom; he musn't be got away by horseriders; here he is in a smock frock, and I must have him!"

By the collar too, it seemed. For so he took possession of him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralyzed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "couldn't be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else."

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the pursuer's.

"What motive—even what motive in Reason—can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!"

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them, and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, sir, for it will be a rise to me and will do me good."

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you——" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always

appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, sir, as you are aware."

"What sum of money," said Mr. Gradgrind, "will you set against your expected promotion?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Bitzer, "for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head would propose that alternative, I have gone over the calculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank."

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, See how miserable I am! "Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of the pains bestowed upon you there, you can persuade yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance."

"I really wonder, sir," rejoined the old pupil in an argumentative manner, "to find you taking a position so untenable. My schooling was paid for; it was a bargain; and when I came away the bargain ended."

It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy, that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything, or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the whole existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to Heaven that way, it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there.

"I don't deny," added Bitzer, "that my schooling was cheap. But that comes right sir. I was made in the cheapest market, and have to dispose of myself in the dearest."

He was a little troubled here, by Louisa and Sissy crying.

"Pray don't do that," said he, "it's of no use doing that: it only worries. You seem to think that I have some animosity against young Mr. Tom; whereas I have none at all. I am only going, on the reasonable grounds I have mentioned, to take him back to Coketown. If he was to resist, I should set up the cry of Stop Thief! But he won't resist, you may depend upon it."

Mr. Sleary, who, with his mouth open and his rolling eye as immovably jammed in his head as his fixed one, had listened to these doctrines with profound attention, here stepped forward.

"Thquire, you know perfectly well, and your daughter knowth perfectly well (better than you, becauthe I thed it to her) that I didn't know what your thon had done, and that I didn't want to know—that I thed it wath better not, though I only thought, then, it wath thome thkylarking. However, thith young man having made it known to be a robbery of a bank, why, that'th a theriouth thing; muth too theriouth a thing for me to compound, ath thith young man hath very properly called it; conthequently, Thquire, you muthn't, quarrel with me if I take thith young man'th thide, and thay he'th right and there'th no help for it. But I tell you what I'll do, Thquire; I'll drive your thon and thith young man over to the rail, and prevent expothure here. I can't conthent to do more, but I'll do that."

Fresh lamentations from Louisa, and deeper affliction on Mr. Gradgrind's part followed this desertion of them by their last friend. But Sissy glanced at him with great attention; nor did she in her own breast misunderstand him. As they were all going out again, he favored her with one slight roll of his movable eye, desiring her to linger behind. As he locked the door he said excitedly:

"The Thquire thtood by you, Thethilia, and I'll thtand by the Thquire. More than that. Thith ith a prethiouth rathcal and belongth to that bluthtering Cove that my people nearly pitht out o' winder. It'll be a dark night; I've got a horthe that'll do anything but thpeak; I've got a pony that'll go fifteen mile an hour with Childerth driving of him; I've got a dog that'll keep a man to one plathe four-and-twenty hourth. Get a word with the young Thquire. Tell him when he theeth our horthe begin to danth, not to be afraid of being thpilt, but to look out for a pony-gig coming up. Tell him when he theeth that gig clothe by, to jump down, and it'll take him off at a rattling pathe. If my dog leth thith young man thtir a peg on foot, I give him leave to go. And if my horthe ever thtirth from that thpot where he beginth a danthing, till the morning—I don't know him! —Tharp'th the word!"

The word was so sharp that in ten minutes Mr. Childers, sauntering about the market place in a pair of slippers, had his cue, and Mr. Sleary's equipage was ready. It was a fine sight, to behold the learned dog barking round it, and Mr. Sleary instructing him with his one practicable eye, that Bitzer was the object of his particular attentions. Soon after dark they all three got in and started; the learned dog (a formidable creature) already pinning Bitzer with his eye, and sticking close to the wheel on his side, that he might be ready for him in the event of his showing the slightest disposition to alight.

The other three sat up at the inn all night in great suspense; at eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Sleary and the dog re-appeared: both in high spirits.

"All right, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, "your thon may be aboard-a-thip by thith

time. Childerth took him off, an hour and a half after we left here latht night. The horthe danthed the Polka till he wath dead beat (he would have walthed if he hadn't been in harneth), and then I gave him the word and he went to thleep comfortable. When that pretthiouth young Rathcal thed he'd go for'ard afoot, the dog hung on to hith neck-hankercher with all four legth in the air and pulled him down and rolled him over. Tho he come back into the drag, and there he that 'till I turned the horthe'th head, at halfpatht thixth thith morning."

Mr. Gradgrind overwhelmed him with thanks, of course, and hinted as delicately as he could, at a handsome remuneration in money.

"I don't want money mythelf, Thquire; but Childerth ith a family man, and if you wath to like to offer him a five-pound note, it mightn't be unactheptable. Likewithe if you wath to thtand a collar for the dog, or a thet of bellth for the horthe, I thould be very glad to take 'em. Brandy and water I alwayth take." He had already called for a glass, and now called for another. "If you wouldn't think it going too far, Thquire, to make a little thpread for the company at about three and sixth ahead, not reckoning Luth, it would make 'em happy."

All these little tokens of his gratitude Mr. Gradgrind very willingly undertook to render. Though he thought them far too slight, he said, for such a service.

"Very well, Thquire; then, if you'll only give a Horthe-riding a bethpeak whenever you can, you'll more than balanthe the account. Now, Thquire, if your daughter will excuthe me, I thould like one parting word with you."

Louisa and Sissy withdrew into an adjoining room; Mr. Sleary, stirring and drinking his brandy and water as he stood, went on:

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it—and I'm bletht if I know what to call it,"—said Sleary, "it ith athtonithing. The way in whith a dog'll find you—the diththanthe he'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I'm bletht if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head. "But I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to know a perthon of the name of Thleary, do you? Perthon of the name of Thleary, in the Horthe-Riding way—thtout man—game eye?' And whether that dog mightn't have thed, 'Well, I can't thay I know him mythelf, but I know a dog that I think would be likely to be acquainted with him.' And whether that dog mightn't have thought it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! O yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine mentioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conthequenth of my being afore the public, and going about tho muth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that I don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite confounded by this speculation.

"Any way," said Sleary, after putting his lips to his brandy and water, "ith fourteen month ago, Thquire, thinthe we wath at Chethter. We wath getting up our Children in the Wood one morning, when there cometh into our Ring, by the thtage door, a dog. He had travelled a long way, he wath in very bad condithon, he wath lame, and pretty well blind. He went round to our children, one after another, as if he wath a theeking for a child he know'd, and then he come to me, and throwd himthelf up behind, and thtood on hith two fore-legth, weak ath he wath, and then he wagged hith tail and died. Thquire, that dog wath Merrylegth."

"Sissy's father's dog!"

"Thethilia'th father'th old dog. Now, Thquire, I can take my oath, from my knowledge of that dog, that that man wath dead—and buried—afore that dog came back to me. Joth'phine and Childerth and me talked it over a long time, whether I thould write or not. But we agreed, 'No. There'th nothing comfortable to tell; why unthettle her mind, and make her unhappy?' Tho, whether her father bathely detherted her, or whether he broke hith own heart alone, rather than pull her down along with him, never will be known, now, Thquire, till—no, not till we know how the dogth findth uth out."

"She keeps the bottle that he sent her for, to this hour; and she will believe in his affection to the last moment of her life," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"It theemth to prethent two thingth to a perthon, don't it, Thquire?" said Mr. Sleary, musing as he looked down into the depths of his brandy and water: "one, that there ith a love in the world, not all Thelf-intereth after all, but thomething very different; t'other, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating or not calculating, whith thome-how or another ith at leatht ath hard to give a name to, ath the wayth of the dogth ith!"

Mr. Gradgrind looked out of window, and made no reply. Mr. Sleary emptied his glass and recalled the ladies.

"Thethilia my dear, kith me and good bye! Mith Thquire, to thee you treating of her like a thithter, and a thithter that you trutht and honor with all your heart and more, ith a very pretty thight to me. I hope your brother may live to be better detherving of you, and a greater comfort to you. Thquire, thake handth firtht and latht! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a learning,

nor yet they can't be alwayth a working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth, Thquire. Do the withe thing and the kind thing too, and make the betht of uth; not the wortht!"

"And I never thought before," said Mr. Sleary, putting his head in at the door again to say it, "that I wath tho muth of a Cackler!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a dangerous thing to see anything in the sphere of a vain blusterer, before the vain blusterer sees it himself. Mr. Bounderby felt that Mrs. Sparsit had audaciously anticipated him, and presumed to be wiser than he. Inappeasably indignant with her for her triumphant discovery of Mrs. Pegler, he turned this presumption on the part of a woman in her dependent position over and over in his mind, until it accumulated with turning like a great snowball. At last he made the discovery that to discharge this highly-connected female—to have it in his power to say, "She was a woman of family, and wanted to stick to me, but I wouldn't have it, and got rid of her"—would be to get the utmost possible amount of crowning glory out of the connection, and at the same time to punish Mrs. Sparsit according to her deserts.

Filled fuller than ever, with this great idea, Mr. Bounderby came in to lunch, and sat himself down in the dining-room of former days, where his portrait was. Mrs. Sparsit sat by the fire, with her foot in her cotton stirrup, little thinking whither she was posting.

Since the Pegler affair, this gentlewoman had covered her pity for Mr. Bounderby with a veil of quiet melancholy and contrition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look, which woful look she now bestowed upon her patron.

"What's the matter now, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a very short rough way.

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "do not bite my nose off."

"Bite your nose off, ma'am!" repeated Mr. Bounderby. "*Your* nose!" meaning, as Mrs. Sparsit conceived, that it was too developed a nose for the purpose. After which offensive implication he cut himself a crust of bread, and threw the knife down with a noise.

Mrs. Sparsit took her foot out of her stirrup, and said, "Mr. Bounderby, sir!"

"Well, ma'am?" retorted Mr. Bounderby. "What are you staring at?"

"May I ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "have you been ruffled this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"May I inquire, sir," pursued the injured woman, "whether *I* am the unfortunate cause of your having lost your temper?"

"Now, I'll tell you what, ma'am," said Bounderby, "I am not come here to be bullied. A female may be highly connected, but she can't be permitted to bother and badger a man in my position, and I am not going to put up with it." (Mr. Bounderby felt it necessary to get on, foreseeing that if he allowed of details, he would be beaten.)

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock, "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I rather think you are cramped here, do you know? It appears to me that under my humble roof there's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs."

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness, "Really, sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, ma'am," said Bounderby, "and it appears to my poor judgment——"

"Oh! Pray, sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed:

"It appears to me, ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether, would bring out a lady of *your* powers. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadgers's now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me, before, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit "but now you mention it, I should think it highly probable."

"Then suppose you try, ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope with a cheque in it, in her little basket. "You can take your own time, for going, ma'am, but perhaps in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind, to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. I really ought to apologise to you—being only Josiah Bounderby of Coketown—for having stood in your light so long."

"Pray don't name it, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, sir,—but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others,—it would testify that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the pic-

ture of a Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt."

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire, projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait—and into futurity.

Into how much of futurity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight at the points of all the weapons in the female armoury, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean little airless lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see more? Did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five-and-fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the name, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, should for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, for ever lodge in Bounderby Buildings, for ever attend a Bounderby chapel, for ever go to sleep under a Bounderby chaplain, for ever be supported out of a Bounderby estate, and for ever nauseate all healthy stomachs with a vast amount of Bounderby balderdash and bluster? Had he any prescience of that day, five years to come, when Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, was to die of a fit in the Coketown street, and this same precious will was to begin its long career of quibble, plunder, false pretences, vile example, little service and much law? Probably not. Yet the portrait was to see it all out.

Here was Mr. Gradgrind on the same day, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in his own room. How much of futurity did *he* see? Did he see himself, a white-haired, decrepid man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity,—and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio in his dusty little mills? Did he catch sight of himself therefore much despised by his late political associates? Did he see them, in the era of its being quite settled that the national dustmen have only to do with one another, and owe no duty to an abstraction called a People, "taunting the honorable gentleman" with this and with that, and with what not, five nights a-week, until the small hours of the morning? Probably he had that much fore-knowledge, knowing his men.

Here was Louisa on the night of the same day, watching the fire as in days of yore; though with a gentler and a humbler face. How much of the future might arise before *her* vision? Broadsides in the streets, signed with her father's name, exonerating the late Stephen Blackpool, weaver, from misplaced suspicion, and publishing the guilt of his own son, with such extenuation as his years and temptation (he could not bring himself to add, his education) might beseech; were of the Present. So, Stephen Blackpool's tombstone, with her father's record of his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But how much of the Future?

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness, once again appearing at the ringing of the factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown hands; a woman of a pensive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town secretly begging of her, and crying to her; a woman working, ever working, but content to do it, and preferring to do it as her natural lot, until she should be too old to labor any more? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was to be.

A lonely brother, many thousands of miles away, writing on paper blotted with tears, that her words had too soon come true, and that all the treasures in the world would be cheaply bartered for a sight of her dear face? At length, this brother coming nearer home, with hope of seeing her, and being delayed by illness; and then a letter in a strange hand, saying, he died in hospital, of fever, such a day, and died in penitence and love of you: his last word being your name? Did Louisa see these things? Such things were to be.

Herself again a wife—a mother—lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be.

But, happy Sissy's happy children loving her; all children loving her; she, grown learned in childish lore; thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised; trying hard to know her humbler fellow-creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights, without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death,

and the plainest national prosperity figures can show, will be the Writing on the Wall; she, holding this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress or fancy fair; but as a simple duty to be done—did Louisa see these things of herself? These things were to be!

Dear reader! It rests with you and me, whether, in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not. Let them be. We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold.

THE END.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS SHIP.

THE compliments are over—there have been a good many of them—and the sailor sits curled up beside me on a most uncompromising little sofa in his narrow, low cabin. Twisting myself round as nearly as possible, I front him fairly, and we examine each other with much benevolence. So much, indeed, that the forehead of my friend quite shines with it. He is about fifty, a spare man, with a slight stoop. He wears a brown surtout coat, rather too long for him; and with buttons outrageously numerous. His trowsers are short. If he were to mount on a donkey with them, he would have the sort of appearance which usually occasions enthusiastic delight to a turbulent boyocracy. He wears double shoes, and the inevitable fez.

For the rest he is as unlike the idea which you have cherished of a nautical Turk as can be. He has a hale mottled face, and a cold, agreeable blue eye, He is completely shaved. His voice is pleasant; and he has an eminently practical way of speaking, which sounds more like Lincoln's Inn than the shores of the Bosphorus. Let us put him on his hobby. Two men who have never seen each other before, and have not perhaps two ideas in common upon any conceivable subject, hold but a dull conversation, unless one will consent to mount his particular hobby, and the other is content to look on with a mild and subdued interest.

To do my excellent acquaintance justice, I must admit that I have no difficulty in this respect. He is not one of those stubborn bustling gentry who require coaxing or shoving up into the saddle, and who may-be prick your fingers for your pains. Quite the contrary: he vaults into it with a bounding spring, and is off to the uttermost parts of the earth in a less time than it would have taken a slower man to pronounce the cabalistic words "Jack Robinson." He will pull up presently, and we shall take breath.

Yes, says my eminently practical friend, dashing his hobby (which is his own ship) at once into a canter, the ship is dirty, very dirty, but we have been taking in a cargo of oil for the fleet. She has twenty-four guns. She does not go fast; she is too old for that. Besides, we are not good sailors. We have been cruising about, looking for Greek pirates, and keeping watch over the safety of the Turkish islands in the Ægean. I should like to go into the Black Sea, there would be more chance of a prize. The Black Sea swarms with neutral vessels. The English Government have warned them not to go there, but they will go there. They say the nations whose flag they carry are not at war with Russia, and they have nothing to do with your quarrels; the consequence is they do go and are taken. One of your ships caught a schooner the other day. She had a cargo worth eight thousand pounds on board. She will be sold, and there will be a fine amount of prize money. I wish I had it. But we have seen nothing.

How do we act when we meet a suspected ship on the high seas? I will tell you. But it is pretty much the same whether suspected or not suspected. We signal her to hoist her colours, and send somebody on board of us with her papers. If they are all right, we say good-day, and there is an end of it. But if there is anything odd about them, we send an officer on board, and we can tell by the language and appearance of the crew what she is and what she is about. If she has deceived us, we tow her along into the nearest port. She is sold there if there is a good bid, if not she is sent to Constantinople. Sometimes our Government buys her, and we get one half her value, the Sultan gets the other. There is no mistake about that, not in the least: we are never defrauded of a para. The half we get is divided among us; but I do not know in what proportion. I never took a prize, worse luck; I wish I had; I would tell you in a moment. Turks and Britons should tell each other everything. All that I know is, that I should get the largest share if we took a prize; the rest would be divided among the crew by Government. I might have the distribution of it if it were a very small sum, and not otherwise: we do not do things in that way; we are very sharply looked after.

How is our navy recruited? Oh, there is no difficulty about that; the sailors come of themselves mostly from the islands. If they do not come they are sent. The local authorities look to that. I should like to see the man who would not go as a sailor if he were sent. They like it, however. I received fifteen volunteers the other day at Chios, and might have had fifty. Their term of service is eight years. If they have been wounded they get good pensions; about thirty shillings a month, sometimes more, and may live anywhere they please. When they first come on board they receive only four shillings a month; their pay increases ever year. A steady man is sure to do well in the navy, and to become an officer in a few years; although we do not like the officers who have been

before the mast; for they cannot read their orders from the Admiral, and are obliged to show them to somebody who can. This makes things known which ought to be kept secret. I was not made an officer in this way. I was appointed by favour. Now officers are made at the naval schools; which turn out some very good ones. They enter as midshipmen. They pass an examination, and then may or may not be made lieutenants.

Our crew live very well. Should you like to taste their dinner? It is just ready. Here comes a mess just going to be served. See! artichokes in a rich brown gravy, and with stewed bits of meat among them; also a thick white soup. Do you like it? So, that's right! Another mouthful, eh? You won't! Haidi Youssouf! (be off, Joe!)

It is impossible to do away with flogging in the navy. The sailors go on shore, and bully quiet people. There would be no keeping them in order without the lash. We do not bow-string; those times are gone by. Capital punishment is only for murder, or treason in war-time. If a man deserts we give him a hundred and twenty thumps with a double rope's end, about as thick round as your wrist. This leaves a wound on his back as big as your hand. Sometimes it mortifies, then he dies; sometimes it does not, and he lives. These, however, are extreme cases. If any of my men were to run away, I should let them go, and be at no bother about them. This is, perhaps, why they stay.

We are very fond of visiting. We have rules about it in the same way as you have. The rank of a captain is determined by the number of guns in his vessel. The captain who has the fewest guns pays the first visit. He is saluted, and when the visit is returned, there is another salute; after which both vessels salute their flags with twenty-one rounds. That is to say, silly people who like a noise do this. Some of our captains are more sensible, and spare the powder.

Yes, my uniform is very comfortable, but you are not to suppose that this old brown coat is my full uniform. Heaven forbid! I have one so distressing to wear that I could by no means pass two hours in it; I keep it for grand occasions. I used to have the nishan,—a large golden medal ornamented with diamonds. Everybody had the nishan in those days. It was a sign of rank like the epaulette with you. I have not got it now: a year or two ago the sultan called them all in. It was said to be a measure of economy: but nobody has yet known what has become of the nishans which were returned. I was much distressed at being obliged to return mine. It was a pretty ornament, and I had just laid in a large supply of the regulation ribbon. I now use that ribbon indeed for my watch, but my friends joke me about it. We sailors, however, are not rich, and cannot afford to throw away anything.

Mind you do not tumble down the ladder, It is very dark down there. That is where the men sleep. Here are the hooks for hammocks. I do not know anything about ventilation, though I am ready to learn. The small-arms, as you say, are all old, worn-out, and would, I dare say, not do much execution in battle. Our great guns, however, are newer, and very good indeed. That is an officer's cabin. He cannot lie down in it; he must go to sleep sitting, and there is no place for the light to come through. We have a surgeon on board. That is his room. He is a properly qualified man, a Greek; but when he is not here, I serve out the medicines myself. When the men first join they are always asking for medicine; but, trust me, when they have had a dose or two they leave off.

Well, I am sorry you are going; but it is better to put off before sunset, or else we shall not be able to give you a salute. We might forget that it was sunset for a little while; but the cutter anchored off the shore there, is sure to announce it with her guns. We never give salutes after sunset. I do not know why; or why we give salutes at all: except that they shake the ship a good deal. I am sorry we cannot hoist a flag for you, because we have not got one. Many thanks for your visit. I hope you have not been disappointed. My ship is not so fine or so clean as Admiral Slade's. But then Admiral Slade has done a great deal for our navy, in a very quiet and sensible manner. We ought to be very much obliged to him—and so we are. There never was an officer more able and more popular. But we cannot learn everything at once; by and by, there will be a great difference in our navy. There has already been an immense improvement—there will be a greater.

And so a good night to you, old gentleman; a more commnnicative, easy-going fellow never mounted a hobby-horse. Britons and Turks, as you say, should be on good terms. Come and smoke a pipe with me when you are next ashore; we will have some bottled porter, and a yarn of any length you please. I would say more, but the rusty rail of the companion ladder has given way in my hand; and I am precipitated into the boat with some indecorum, and presently a salute nearly blows us out of the water. Our boatmen (there are ten of them) pause upon their oars as the guns are blazing. When they cease, we take off our hats in acknowledgment, and the chatty old boy looks after us from his shaky poop as we go upon our way. He is now gossiping with one of his officers, and seems highly satisfied with the world in general.

Although the Turks have possessed a formidable navy for centuries, their sailors have almost invariably been Christians. At the great naval battle of Lepanto upwards

of six thousand Christian galley-slaves were found chained to the oar, and released by the victors. The old Sallee Rovers were navigated by renegades; and even as late as the Battle of Navarino there were Rayah boatswains, helmsmen, gunners, on board the Turkish men-of-war, compelled to fight against their friends and co-religionists under the threats of immediate death from their Moslem masters. I must not lose this opportunity of relating an anecdote once told by a Greek gentleman, illustrative of the attainments of the Turks in seamanship five and twenty years ago:—

At the conclusion of the Greek insurrection in eighteen hundred and twenty nine, the Turks turned every Greek out of their naval service. Henceforth they were determined to fight, work, and navigate their ships themselves. The first they could do indifferently well, the second and third not at all. The seamen draughted on board ship by the marine conscription did not know the use or even the name of one single spar, block, or rope; and the officers were utterly ignorant of the terms of the nautical vocabulary whereby to convey their orders to the men. Moreover the men could not have understood them if they had been as learned in nautical slang as an English boatswain or a Dutch skipper. In this dilemma, the Turkish naval instructors hit upon an ingenious plan. They symbolised and named the various parts of the vessel by anything that came nearest to hand. They tied a pear, for instance, to the mainmast, a pomegranate to the mizenmast, a bunch of grapes to the foremast. The poop was distinguished by a string of onions, the forecastle by a basket of figs, the ropes by vine leaves or boughs of trees: the different sails by pipe-sticks, mutton-bones, rice-bags, or any other convenient odds and ends.

Here was a new nautical dictionary invented at once: "Haul down the pipe-stick!" "Take two reefs in the rice-bags!" "Stand by the grapemast!" "Go forward to the onion-castle!" were as good words of command when the sailors understood them (which they soon learnt to do) as the correct ones; and men who, on their arrival on shipboard, scarcely knew a clew-line from a kedge-anchor, or stem from stern, speedily acquired a competent knowledge of at least the different parts of the ship.

MINE HOST.

Once with a landlord wondrous fine
A weary guest I tarried;
A golden pippin was his sign
Upon a green branch carried

He was a goodly Apple-tree
With whom I took my leisure;
Fine fruit and mellowed juicily,
He gave me of his treasure.

There came to that same hostel green
Full many a guest light-winging;
A merry feast they made, I ween,
And leapt, and sang their singing.

My rest to take, my couch I made
On mattress of green clover;
The landlord with his own broad shade
Carefully spread me over.

I rose;—I called to pay the score,
But, no! he grandly boweth;
Now, root and fruit, for evermore,
God bless him while he groweth!

FLYING COACHES.

Monday the third of May, sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, was a stirring morning in Oxford. As the early light dawned, gown and town were pressing with eager steps and eager looks into High-street; even the college authorities were awakened from their morning slumbers. What was the cause? Oxford, within the memory of middle-aged men, had witnessed more than one stirring scene. Along this same High street, in sixteen hundred and forty-two, Charles tho First rode from the fight at Edgehill with his two young sons, and his nephews, Maurice and fiery Rupert, and banners that had been borne away,—but not in triumph,—and his red coats following. All the bells rung out their loudest peals, and hooded dignitaries knelt humbly before his Majesty, offering not only their lives and fortunes, as the modern phrase goes, but their cherished store of college plate—soon afterwards unceremoniously taken, and melted down, with scarcely a word of thanks from the Lord's anointed. Then that fatal Midsummer day, sixteen hundred and forty-six, when the garrison of Oxford marched out, and, welcomed by no glad cheers nor sweet chimes, the gallant Parliament troopers, heralded by the peremptory blasts of the trumpet, as they passed along on their noble grey chargers,—"hell broke loose," as Antony à Wood amiably remarks,—pioneers of freedom, as our readers will rather call them.

But it was neither the triumph nor downfal of Church and King, that now summoned the early multitude into High street: it was carefully noted down in Antony's diary, as the most important event of the half year, "the first day that the flying coach went from Oxford to London in one day!" Stage coaches,—lumbering, wearying, waggon-like vehicles—had long been in vogue; and in one of these Antony à Wood himself had paid his first visit to London two years before, jogging along the road at the rate of two or three miles an hour; the wearied travellers lodging at night at Beaconsfield, and performing the journey in two days. It was no wonder that all Oxford was in a fever of excitement; a journey of two days, crowded, and cantered, and galloped

into one day! Fifty-five miles between sunrise and sunset! What incredible swiftness! Would that a picture of this wondrous machine had been preserved; although from representations of later specimens, we can make a picture of it for ourselves, as it stood at the door of the tavern over against All Souls College, on that eventful morning. A huge wooden box, covered with leather, not much unlike the Lord Mayor's state coach, minus the painting, the gilding, and the carvings; with a great length of axletree, the wheels seeming to run away from the coach, and the coach box a veritable box, filled with ropes, and spare traces, and hammer, and screw drivers, and nails—contingencies of a journey, to London with several breaks-down inevitable. It was intended to carry six, the usual number; and, as worthy Antony informs us, it had a boot on each side; an ugly projection, not unlike a small sentry box at each door, in which additional passengers were sometimes stowed, but intended, in this flying coach probably, for luggage. Master Antony à Wood, bound to London to consult the Cotton manuscripts, Mr. Halloway, a counsellor of Oxford (afterwards a judge), and four university men, took their seats; and then, according to the vice chancellor's especial order, precisely as St. Mary's chimes tolled six, off went the flying coach into High Street, with its precious freight, followed doubtless, by the anxious fears of a wondering crowd as to whether it would make its appearance in London by the appointed time—seven in the evening—without some dreadful accident.

Over Magdalen bridge, over Shotover Hill, along the pleasant road, startling the rustics as it flew. The public of High Wycombe and Beaconsfield, where the passengers, in the old time, put up for the night, came out to gaze at it. Through Uxbridge and Acton, while the sun was yet high, along by desolate Shepherd's Bush, by the lonely gravelpits, past the gallows at Tyburn, past the Lord Mayor's banqueting house, where that honored dignitary was accustomed to take his spiced cake and cool tankard after hunting the hare in Marylebone fields, and finally down into the Haymarket, then full of inns, because of the market for hay. There, punctually and wonderfully, by seven of the clock, Master Antony informs us, "we were all set down at our inn."

Whether Oxford, although never remarkable for go-a-head ways, took the initiative in this flying coach movement, we know not; but, from the Oxford historian, we have the first account of this neck-or-nothing travelling. We find from him too, that the experiment answered well, while from other sources we learn that nearly every town within fifty or sixty miles of the metropolis soon boasted a similar conveyance. Even Chester and Exeter were brought within three days' journey of London. Such innovations could not be passed quietly over, by those who had vested interest in pack horses and pillions, in waggons, and in all the other good old ways of travelling. Justices at quarter sessions denounced these flying coaches as the ruin of the country, offering temptations to country squires and squiresses to spend their money in London. Horse-furniture makers, and carriers who, like Hobson, kept so many nags for riders, but did not possess a horse of their own, joined in the outcry. But, the public paid little heed, and went on establishing and patronising flying coaches in all directions. Rapid journeys to Reading could be had for seven shillings; to Oxford for ten shillings; to Northampton for sixteen shillings. The fares of coaches that performed their journeys in two days were from London to Bath twenty shillings; to Bristol and to Salisbury twenty-five shillings. There were, however, other expenses, in the form of fees to coachmen, which the indignant writer, from whose little pamphlet we have obtained the foregoing list of prices, carefully sets forth; it being his especial endeavour to prove that Flying Coaches are a pestilent invention, injurious alike to horses and men, to his Majesty's excise, to his liege subjects' health and comfort, indeed to the best interests of the realm by land and by water.

This little pamphlet, by one John Cresset, is probably unique. The title is "Reasons for Suppressing such Stage Coaches and Caravans as are unnecessary;" and the date is sixteen hundred and seventy-two. The reader will perceive that the very title begs the question; but, logic has no share in John Cresset's composition, which is a specimen of a kind of argumentation not unknown to country gentlemen, even in the present day. That these coaches, especially when set up within forty or fifty miles of London, are one of the greatest mischiefs that have of late years happened to the kingdom, is the introductory remark; and this is enforced by the poser, What encouragement is there for any man to breed horses, if that lazy habit of riding to save their fine clothes be indulged in; for there are not near a fourth part of the saddle-horses that used to be kept? Then, "even the largest stage coaches, the York, Chester, and Exeter, each with forty horses a-piece, carry eighteen passengers a week to or from London, which comes to eighteen hundred and seventy-two persons in the year; now, would not these passengers require many more horses if they rode? But more, his Majesty's excise suffers, for now four or five travel in a coach together, and twenty or more in a caravan, gentlemen and ladies, without servants, and consume little drink on the road; now, travelling on horseback is drouthy work; moreover, if gentlemen have their servants with them, they must drink the excised ale and beer, instead of the small drink brewed by their masters

at home that pays no excise at all. Then more clothing, capes, coats, safe-guards and boots are required for horseback, which makes it good for trade, whereas these mischievous coaches actually save people's clothes." Truly dreadful!

What will the reader think of the following outfit for a traveller by stage-coach in the reign of Charles the Second? "Now in coaches gentlemen wear a silk suit, an Indian gown with a sash, silk stockings, and beaver hats, and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt." Why gentlemen even used coaches to go to and from their country houses, and to pay visits: an unpardonable crime in the eyes of John Cresset. Then this pleasant means of escape from the wet and dirt causes country gentlemen to make journeys to London, and country ladies too, and then they must buy fine clothes there, and then they get into a perverse way of wanting everything from London, whatever it costs. Nor is the consumption of food at the inns so great, since these coaches were set up. "A coach with four horses carries six passengers; a caravan with four or five carries twenty or five-and-twenty; but when they come to an inn, they club together for a dish or two of meat, and spend not above twelvepence or sixteenpence a-piece, though they sleep there. Take the grand roads of England, York, Exeter, Chester; there are about five hundred inns on each road, and these coaches do not call at fifteen or sixteen; so the landlords must be ruined." This immense number of inns must have included every little wayside public-house, but strongly corroborates the remark of contemporary writers, as to the great consumption of beer and ale, as well as to the great traffic along the principal roads at this time. According to Cresset, there must have averaged nearly three inns to every mile.

London herself is a loser by this tremendous innovation. It is not very clearly made out; but Mr. Cresset was credibly assured that some most worthy tradesmen have very much fallen in the world. It is not impossible, however, that the plague year, and the fire of London, the extravagance of the court, and the wretched misgovernment of the country, might have accounted for some trifling part of the commercial pressure of that day. Mr. Cresset's illustration supplies a curious trait of the old London tradesman's housekeeping. "There are several handicraft tradesmen therein who kept twenty or thirty journeymen at work, and spent a quarter of beef, and a carcase of mutton a week in their houses, who since these running stages and caravans have set up, have fallen to a couple of apprentices." He tells us that lodgings in London let at five and six shillings a week, and that persons who took them during their stay in London had their meals fetched from the cook's shop, at double the price of the inns. He also mentions that in the longer stages they changed coachmen four times, and few passengers give less than twelvepence to each coachman. The fares from London to Exeter, York, or Chester, were fifty shillings in the summer, and forty-five shillings in the winter (in the old lumbering coaches the price was forty shillings); there was also the passenger's share for the coachman's drink on the road, which he calculates at about one shilling and sixpence additional each journey. Now, when all these expenses are added together, judge, says he, whether men may not hire horses all along the road cheaper?

John Cresset gathers himself up towards the end for a powerful peroration: "Thirdly, these coaches can neither prove advantageous to health, or business; for what advantage can it be to a man's health to be called out of their beds into these coaches an hour before day, to be hurried in them from place to place, till one hour, or two or three within night, insomuch that after sitting all day in the summer time, stifled with heat and choked with dust, or in winter time starving and freezing with cold, or choked with filthy fogs, they are often brought to their inns by torch-light, when it is too late to sit up to get a supper, and next morning forced into the coach so early that they can get no breakfast. Is it for a man's health to ride all day with strangers, oftentimes sick, ancient, or diseased persons, or young children crying? Is it for a man's health to travel with tired jades, to be laid fast in foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire? and sit in the cold till teams of horses can be sent to pull the coach out? or the tackle, pearch, or axletree broken, or the rudness of a surly, dogged, cursing, ill-natured coachman! No; let men and women travel on horseback again."

Travelling on horseback, however, was not altogether a primrose path in those days, as the following chapter of accidents set down by worthy Henry Newcome in his characteristic diary will show: "The weather being good this day, we set out about nine. By that time we had rid a little above two miles, my cousin Hannah fell in a dry ditch, and pulled her horse upon her, and cut her head very sadly. I was much affected at it, and would have been content to have turned again. But we turned into a little town called Newton, to Mr. Tret's, the minister's house, and got the wound dressed and balsam put into it, and the wound bound up, and she was very hearty, and concluded after two hours stay to go forward. We came next to St. Neot's, which was but ten miles, but Mrs. Katherine Robinson, one of our company, was tired, and ready to fall off her horse; then I was forced to take her [that is, on the pillion behind him] and Rose, his daughter, rode single nine miles; but then it rained, and was so cold on that plain cham-

paigne between St. Neots and Cambridge, that Rose was weary, and we were forced to change again. But Mrs. Katherine could not ride, insomuch that we were forced to go at a foot-pace, and it was late and raining." The wretched equestrians were therefore compelled to seek the nearest wayside inn, where they met with wretched lodging, and still worse company. After getting to Cambridge, where they had little pleasure from the incessant rain, they set out on their return, intending for St. Neots that night; "but in our way also were strangely prevented. Mrs. Robinson was thrown off her horse at the bridge, and dragged by the feet in the stirrup. She got up, was dirtied sadly, but yet unhurt: and after half-an-hour's stay, we essayed to march again, and at the town's end met our company coming on foot back again, which much amazed me. But we were forced to return back to our inn again, for my poor cousin Hannah was fallen into a pond, and so we got the same lodging, got her to bed, and were forced to stay at Cambridge this night also." It is not difficult to imagine (John Cresset to the contrary, notwithstanding) with what delight Mrs. Robinson, wet and weary, and cousin Hannah, with her broken head and her cold bath in the pond, would have hailed the Flying Coach.

But merciless John Cresset will give them no quarter. To the argument that sick persons find the benefit of them, he answers, "if they must ride, let them ride in the long wagon coaches, which will do no harm—if prohibited within forty miles of London." If poor people are extravagant enough to travel, "it is not fit that they should be encouraged in their pride, and suffered to ride amongst gentlemen, or like persons of honour in a coach with four or six horses." In conclusion, John Cresset, who would have made a most successful Protectionist leader at the present day, declares solemnly that Flying Coaches are a humbug; tells the public that it has been imposed upon, and mentions many worshipful justices at the quarter sessions who "have certified to His Majesty and his honourable Privy Council the great mischiefs occasioned by these coaches." He concludes with the recommendation that one coach only be allowed to each shire town, and that, to start but once a-week, "to go through with the same horses they set forth with, and not to travel above thirty miles a day. Thus regulated, they would do little or no harm, especially if all be suppressed within forty or fifty miles of London."

We do not know whether any answer to this stinging little pamphlet ever appeared; but so earnest were John Cresset and his supporters to put down the enormity of flying coaches, that the following year the same pamphlet, scarcely altered in a word, was republished under the more attractive title of "The Grand Concern of England Explained." The grand concern of travellers, however, was comfortable and comparatively swift travelling, and flying coaches multiplied, in spite of occasional accidents. During the winter the greater number seem to have been laid aside; this being rendered necessary, especially in the more distant parts of the country, by the unsafe state of the roads, and the danger of sudden floods. A sad instance of the latter is recorded in the Domestic Intelligence, of sixteen hundred and seventy-nine. A coach between Boston and Lincoln, was carried away by the violence of the October floods, when all the six passengers, together with the horses, were drowned, and the coachman narrowly escaped. Ralph Thoresby, in his Diary, sixteen hundred and seventy-eight, mentions that all the stages in Yorkshire were also taken off the road at the approach of winter. When at Hull, suffering severely from ague, his father hired one for their sole use to bring them both to York; an arrangement that well suited the sickly youth, but which as little suited the stout Yorkshire clothier, his father, who could not endure the effeminacy of that way of travelling. In summer time, the chief danger was from highwaymen, who sometimes collected in considerable numbers. Thus, in the same Domestic Intelligence, we read that "several passengers, both men and women, to the number of fifteen, going in three or four coaches toward Bath and Bristol, were set upon by some highwaymen (supposed to be soldiers), well armed, about Stokechurch, in Oxfordshire [a very desolate part at this time] who robbed them all of very considerable value." For such dangers, the state of the roads was chiefly answerable; or rather the country gentlemen, whose business it was to keep them in order; but who never did so until compelled by local Act of Parliament to have them mended now and then.

Thirty years after Antony à Wood's coach performed its eventful journey, the Vice-chancellor's regulations were just the same, and the fare, as then, ten shillings. From the lively account the Spectator gives of his journey up to London, from Sir Roger de Coverly's, with Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the officer, and the quaker, we find that he travelled at much the same speed as these stages did, so bitterly denounced by John Cresset forty years before. The boots of the Oxford flying coach would, however, have been of advantage here; for he tells us the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and the drum behind the coach; and then "our cloak bag" was fixed in the seat of the coach. Thus our great-grandfathers and their sons jolted along for more than a century, until Mr. Palmer startled the public, and aroused the indignation of every stage coachman on the road, by his daring project

of conveying the mails by post coaches, that should perform their journey at the average rate of from eight to ten miles an hour—flying coaches indeed!

Mail coaches and flying coaches are alike seen no longer, and their haps and mishaps are among the things passed away for ever. Sometimes amusing incidents occurred during these long journeys; and the very upsets, the stickings fast in the mud, and alarms of highwaymen, formed stories to amuse stay-at-home friends, or news-loving gentlemen at the evening clubs. Sometimes, these annoyances produced more important results, as about a hundred and twenty years ago, Mr. W. found.

Mr. W., for it is only by his initial letter that he has been handed down to posterity, was a London merchant, well to do, in the well-to-do days of George the First: a merchant over whom the storms of life had passed lightly. He was the eldest son of a merchant, and as his only brother had evinced more inclination for roaming than for the quiet pursuits of the counting-house, his father bought him a commission in the army, and bequeathed the prosperous business to the elder son. These boys had been strongly attached in childhood, and until the father's death; when a slight difference produced a bitter quarrel, and the brothers parted, determined to see each other no more. The younger went abroad with his regiment. It was said he went to America, and then, the elder altogether lost sight of him, while he, in the old house in Great St. Helens, passed thirty years of thrifty toil, not wholly unrelieved by holidays, but holidays which were only of a single day, and which extended no farther than Chelsea, and Hornsey, save on one memorable occasion, when he stretched as far as Epping, and actually spent three days beyond the hearing of Bow bells. At length a summons came for Mr. W. to undertake a veritable journey—a journey to Nottingham, where a cousin resided; and, as Mr. W. believed this cousin to be his nearest relation now, and was anxious to aid him in arranging his affairs, as he had a large family, the journey of one hundred and twenty-six miles was determined upon.

Mr. W. and his friends were very careful as to the particular coach to which he should commit himself, and at length they fixed upon the Wonder: a new stage and six, being a stout machine for half-a-dozen insides, newly built, with a careful driver, and strong horses. Punctually at six o'clock one fine summer morning, Mr. W. got into his place, and jolted off from the Axe Inn, Aldermanbury. On went the travellers (four precious insides) pleasantly and safely, to the village of Market Street, but here the Wonder showed signs of failure. At Dunstable the blacksmith was summoned; but his opinion could not be obtained by the passengers, it being reserved exclusively for the coachman's private ear. They entered the dreary, dingy, grey district, which marked that especial trial to the wheels and axle-trees of flying coaches, the Chalk Hills. But, if they, ascended one side of each eminence slowly they descended the other quickly enough, and Mr. W. eyed every hill that rose before them very gloomily. But, thanks to the shoeless children that ran along beside them, scotching the wheels with small stones, they got on very well going up hill; but, down hill, the coach whirled along faster and faster; and at last actually overturned. Fortunately it came down on a soft place—a bank of green turf. The passengers were soon extricated from their prison. Mr. W. found he had escaped unhurt, but two of the four insides were severely bruised. As to the Wonder, it lay with battered sides and broken axle-tree, and all chance of further conveyance by that machine was given up as impossible.

What was to be done? "Wait for the next coach that came past," said the coachman, "and, if there was room, go on in it." The two unhurt passengers resolved to avail themselves of the suggestion; and, before long a coach was seen descending the unlucky hill. It was hailed, there *was* room for two insides, Mr. W. and the other passenger took their places in the London Express, and away they went. The insides consisted of two countrymen, a lady very handsomely dressed, who displayed a gold snuff-box—most ladies took snuff then—and a young woman very plainly attired, but pleasing, and ladylike.

The chalk hills were safely surmounted, and the travellers went on pleasantly enough to Woburn. But there was danger now of being stuck fast in the Woburn Sands—indeed, if the waters were all out, of being plunged into a mud bath. The Express toiled along, and the wheels were deeply and more deeply imbedded in wet gravel. The lady casts an anxious look towards the basket behind, and yet more anxiously observed the water leaking in at the ill-closed doors. They sunk deeper and deeper into the mire, and only by the aid of a countryman's team of horses was the Express pulled out upon terra firma. The passengers alighted, wet and angry, and bemired almost to the knees; but the young woman bore the annoyance quietly; and when Mr. W., who had been struck with her gentle manners, expressed a hope that her luggage had received no injury, she smiled mournfully: "It is of no great value," she said. The traces which had been broken were quickly mended, and the coachman summoned the passengers to re-enter.

"Yes, yes," said one of the gentlemen, "we had need be quick, that we may pass the next five or six miles before the sun goes down."

"No danger of highwaymen here, I presume?" said Mr. W.

"Why, that's far more than I can warrant,"

but whatever is identified with the daily life and passions of our dead forefathers, now gone as utterly as if they had never been, is touched with somewhat of the mystery of our human nature. The abiding brick and stone become strange comments upon the evanescent beings that reared them. In the same way that we prize the flushing lights and tender fire-paintings of an evening cloud, the more because we know that they will soon lapse into the broad and colourless air ; and for the same reason that we love the flowers in a greater degree because there is in them such a celestial hurry to be gone ; so our own life acquires a subtle grandeur from its exceeding briefness compared with the duration which it can confer. Any old house is associated with the domesticities of the dead ; with their fireside joys and griefs ; with all that web of sensation and emotion which we are now experiencing precisely as they did. They have passed through the turmoil, and the stillness of their sleep seems to have fallen upon their dwellings. Is there not a certain look of repose about an old house which a new one never possesses ? Years have passed since the noise of the trowel and the hammer was heard in it : the quiet dust has entered into the crannies of the work ; and the workmen have gone home to bed. In an old street, the living inhabitants are as naught ; the dead men are the real possessors. We walk on under the eyes of a vanquished generation, and see, in imagination, the peaked beards, ruffs, hose, leather jerkins, slashed doublets, and stiff farthingales of Elizabeth's reign, or the periwigs, laced coats, deep waistcoats, and spreading hoops of the times of Anne and the first and second Georges. I suppose it is this deep human interest—this connection with the great epic of life—that has made me dream dreams and plan poems in the dingiest holes and corners.

I am also an observer (in an amateur way) of the old domestic architecture which has been left behind ; and am fond of tracing the different styles of building which have prevailed in different eras—the successive strata of metropolitan geology. If all people were Ruskins, they might gather a great deal of what may be called domestic history from the forms of the houses in which they dwell, and a great deal of psychology, too. Every kind of architecture peculiar to a particular age is an expression of the general character of that age ; and thus it may be almost literally said that men hang their banners on the outer walls. They leave memorandums of themselves in the stones they heap up, as well as in the books they write. What, for instance, can be more characteristic of the Shaksperian age than the rich, various, grotesque, fanciful, conceited, style of building houses that then prevailed : a style full of vitality and feature—full of light and shade—full of substance and ornament ? One can understand that in such houses was written the finest poetry that the language has yet produced. The moonlight phantasies of the Midsummer Night's Dream, and the many-coloured visions and severe moralities of Spenser's great poem, have in them something analogous to the edifices in which they were conceived. Of course, comparatively few of these houses now remain ; but, towards the east of the city where the metropolis began, and from whence, in succeeding ages, it has spread out on all sides, like the rays of some vast star, streets composed mainly of houses of the Tudor style of domestic architecture are to be found. In Holywell Street, in Wych Street, in parts of Holborn (Middle Row, for instance), in the neighourhoods of Smithfield and of the Tower, in High Street, Southwark, in little nooks of Clerkenwell, and in other places, these relics of Shaksperian London still lurk. The beetling cavernous stories—the small, diamond-paned windows—the grotesque faces leering like jubilant goblins from timber brackets and supports—the carved roses, fleur-de-lis, and other heraldic devices of the nobles who formerly occupied these now decaying tenements—the projecting leaden spouts, and slanting roofs—may be met with, occasionally, if we look in the right direction. Out of such houses issued the citizens and their wives and daughters, on fine summer evenings, to see the archery in Finsbury fields ; or, earlier in the afternoon (unlike the nocturnal playgoers of these days), sauntered forth to pass over into Southwark, and, at the little Globe Theatre, with no aid from scenery or decorations, delightedly to behold a new play of Master Shakespeare. A few of these houses yet remain in the great thoroughfares of the Strand and Fleet Street ; but they are decreasing year by year. One, with a projecting bulkhead over a shop, close to the west side of Temple Bar, was pulled down about seven or eight years ago ; and another in Fleet Street is now in progress of demolition. I believe it is Disraeli who says that the Strand is the most picturesque street in London, on account of its varied architecture ; and certainly the old Elizabethan houses which it still retains contribute largely to this result, by breaking the outline into wavering projections and recesses.

The Dutch style of house-building, which came in about the time of William the Third, answers, equally with the Elizabethan, to the peculiar character of the time. It is solid, substantial, sturdy and unimaginative ; yet not without a degree of picturesqueness, on account of its vast tiled roofs, looking like a red hill-side, its little dormer windows, and its mixture of red and brown bricks. The era of predominant common-sense, and of mental short-sightedness—the era which established our liberties and founded the national debt, which, in literature, saw the

deification of wit and correctness, and the death of poetry—is admirably illustrated in its dwellings. I confess to having a great partiality for the houses of that time, and for the time itself, notwithstanding their many faults, on account of its tough honest fight with rampant despotism. But, descend a little later, and view the houses which they built in the early times of George the Third, and of which I take Harley Street, Cavendish Square, to be the most perfect specimen —those hideous lines of blank mud walls with holes in them, and of ghastly mathematically-straight parapets, with no visible roofs —and you have arrived at the very acme of ugliness and depressing monotony. There is something almost pagan in this insolent defiance of beauty; a spirit quite in keeping with the most disgraceful age of English history—an age which worshipped neither courage, nor self-devotion, nor fancy, nor wit, nor sense—an age which denied and insulted liberty both at home and in the colonies—which, on that point, was ignominiously defeated in the latter, and far more shamefully triumphant in the former—an age of meanness, dishonesty, corruption, hypocrisy, sensuality, and incompetence. If we are to return to anything in the past, let it be to nothing of that age.

THE FRENCH WAITER.

French waiters may make less money than English waiters make; may go out to more fêtes; may display their graces more frequently at balls; may be perhaps more susceptible of the tender influences of waitresses; but it is the indisputable fact, that they contrive to save more capital in one year than an English waiter puts away in ten years. Every Paris visitor is familiar with the men in black, whose clothes are guarded by long snow-white aprons reaching to their boots; who pass all their waking moments outside the Boulevards cafés, with a cloth under one arm, and a choppe, or a demi-tasse, in the right hand. We all remember their quiet, quick manners; their dexterity in pouring the coffee over the cup into the saucer; the air of reckless yet practised extravagance with which the brandy is dashed into the little goutte glass, nearly filling the silver tray upon which it stands.

These Paris waiters are a peculiar race. As they nearly all come from Alsace, so they nearly all adopt the same manners. They are all quick; can carry an infinite number of coffee-cups without dropping one; can walk steadily, or run at a pet pedestrian's pace with their load; can tell you the last news about the war; they have a light, sparkling answer for any lively question you may address to them; they are familiar without being rude; they receive your contribution to the waiters' box placed upon the counter of the café, without servility but with politeness. They do not generally linger about you as an English waiter does, pretending to wipe the table, when the fee has been forgotten in the settlement of the account. On the contrary, the fee appears to come upon them as an unexpected pleasure; and is gracefully dropped into the waiters' box, to be divided at the end of the month. Take the waiter at the Trois Frères, and contrast him with the worthy fellow who supplies coffee to the medical students at the Closerie des Lilacs, and place between the two the official who served you with punch à la Romaine at Mabille, and you will see that they very closely resemble one another. Perhaps the apron of the specimen from the Frères Provençaux is a little whiter, a little finer, than that worn by the servant of the Closerie: but speak to the three, call their capacities as waiters into practice, and you shall discover that the student's garçon is as graceful and as well informed as the man who waits upon the best. You will find all three in excellent spirits always; working hard from the dawn of day far into the night, without repining; adding regularly some economies to their savings; nay, the most fortunate of them may be known to some of their visitors as jobbers on the Bourse. They all talk excitedly about the dignity of man. They will reply firmly to any hasty word addressed to them by a guest. Should he insult them, they will place themselves immediately on an equality with him, talk to him loudly, and refuse to wait upon him. This independence does not quite please many of the foreign visitors; but it pleases me—for I don't insult waiters.

One morning an hotel waiter told me, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke, that he had been insulted by a Swedish officer. It appeared that this waiter had been told to light the officer's fire every morning. One morning he had lighted it, but it had gone out before the Swede made his appearance. Whereupon, there came a loud ring at the bell; the waiter answered it. The Swede, in a terrible passion, threatened chastisement. "Where upon," said the waiter, "I felt the blood flowing very fast to my ears. And I said to myself, 'Stop, stop, monsieur le capitaine.' I folded my arms, and looking steadily at him, said 'Strike!' He turned upon his heel instead, and went direct to complain to my master. I followed him, and complained too. I suggested that he had better go to another establishment, if he had yet to learn that no men were slaves in France. My master fell in with my suggestion, and offered to make him out his bill on the spot. But he preferred staying, and I let him get his fire as he pleased from that day. He thought, as I told him, that his uniform dazzled me, but he was very much mistaken."

Antoine was an excellent specimen of the Parisian waiter. He could carry plates burning with soup without spilling a single drop; he could fill a coffee-cup blindfold; he could hear the faintest whisper of a guest; and he could tell you the amount of your addition in a few seconds. You might forget his fee four or five times, yet he would be always civil, always obliging. If you were accompanied by a lady, he had always a stool for her feet. If you were undecided as to the nature of the refreshment you would take, he was full of excellent suggestions. Would monsieur have a choppe; or some groseille; or an ice half vanille and half strawberry; or some cognac and seltzer-water? Antoine could recommend the cutlets with asparagus, or the salmon with truffles. He knew exactly the strong points of each day's bill of fare. And the master he served was an excellent master, having been an excellent servant in his time. He had begun life as under-cook in a nobleman's house. In this capacity he had saved a good round sum of money. With this money, aided by a friend, he had taken a restaurant, and was, when Antoine became his servant, worth one hundred thousand francs. Nor did Antoine look upon his master's fortune as anything extraordinary. It appeared to him to be the necessary consequence of a prudent waiter's life. Not one in twenty of the Paris waiters spends all he earns.

He began his life at a very early age as a servant boy in a public school. He was compelled to rise at five in the morning, and to work hard at the drudgery of the establishment until six at night. In this situation his wages amounted to two hundred francs a year. Out of this sum he contrived to save one hundred francs annually. At last, after four or five years' service, he managed to improve his condition by obtaining the situation of sommelier or butler in a large restaurant. He filled this post, as Antoine would fill any post of trust, with honour. He was a favourite with all the patrons of the establishment; and when he left to become head-waiter in a still larger establishment, his departure was accompanied with the regrets of his fellow-servants. It was as head-waiter to this great establishment that I first knew Antoine. I can bear witness to his agility, to his grace, and to his good-humour. The careless confidence with which his fortunes and misfortunes were freely told to his guests; the pleasant anecdotes he always had ready; the judgment with which he gave his advice as to the evening's amusement, combined to recommend him as a favourite waiter. But Antoine was not to remain during his life the contented distributor even of refreshment so attractive as punch à la Romaine. He was formed for better things.

For two or three years I had lost sight of Antoine. He had left the establishment of which he was the ornament; and in answer to my inquiries, the master sulkily told me that he knew nothing about him. There had evidently been a quarrel. Well, I gave up Antoine; and months passed before the memory of Antoine was re-awakened within me.

One spring morning, attracted by stories I had heard about the chiffonniers of Paris and their haunts, I strolled towards the Montagne de Saint Geneviève. There, in the narrow lanes at the back of the great library, I was soon satisfied. The chiffonniers were to be seen in every stage of intoxication. Rags hung from every window; heaps of bones were at some doors; at others, soles of old boots were stacked. Here, women were sitting sorting rags and paper, and watching the drunken revels of their mates; there, huge waggons were being loaded with enormous bales of chiffons. For olfactory reasons I did not long remain in the Montagne Sainte Geneviève; on the contrary, I hastened forward, passed the Place Maubert: only glancing into the horrible dark hole called Le Drapeau, where the chiffonniers spend their money in an adulterated spirit, which they call canfre. My road towards the city gate of the Two Mills, lay through one of the poorest parts of Paris; through choked-up alleys, and past people of wretched aspect. Still hastening onward through a narrow street where the wine-shops were separated from each other only by occasional rag and old clothes shops of the lowest class, I was suddenly attracted by a sign that looked English. To see the rude representation of a very fine old oak suspended above a doorway in this situation was a strange sight. The establishment, regarded from the street, had not an inviting aspect. I suspected at once that it was a chiffonniers' ball-room. Under the sign, was an announcement to the effect that the price of admission was six sous, which six sous included consommation to that value. I approached the entrance; it had all the melancholy air about it that pervades a place of entertainment when no entertainment is going on. But the rows of copper vessels were bright; the little brandy and wine measures were in excellent condition; the floor was neatly sanded; and a clean, bright-eyed woman was sitting at work behind the huge leaden counter. A voice from the room behind, called to her. Surely, that was a familiar voice! Within a minute afterwards, Antoine made his appearance, with a huge bundle of keys. He was pleased to see me, and began the story of his life from the point at which he had stopped when he used to talk to me at the great restaurant.

The story was one of which Paris furnishes many parallels. The prudent waiter as inevitably becomes the prosperous restaurateur, as a king's son obtains a colonelcy in the army. Antoine, in his twenty-seventh year

had saved more than two thousand francs. He had, moreover, made a reputation for sagacity in conducting his master's business; and his friends were ready to help him when he declared himself strong enough to start for himself. Antoine declared his intention of leaving his master one day; whereupon his master spoke angry words. Antoine of course replied by standing on the dignity of man, and declaring his intention of leaving at once. He carried this dreadful threat into execution; and, three or four weeks afterwards, was the contented owner of Le Vieux Chêne.

As Antoine talked to me in this establishment of modest pretensions, in his morning dress of coarse cloth, protected by a green baize apron, he had not the prim air which characterised him when he served the master of the great restaurant. But Antoine was evidently on excellent terms with the world:—it was easy to see, without asking him the question, that his speculation was successful. I asked him why he had not chosen a more fashionable part of the town? He laughed and his wife laughed, as he told me, with a knowing look, that fortunes were not made out of the rich, but rather out of the working men. He then insisted that I should take a glass of good Strasbourg beer with him; and while his boy was gone to the cellar to fetch it, he volunteered to show me over his establishment. I followed him down a dark passage through a second bar which opened into a long, wide, low room. It was in terrible confusion; the rush chairs were piled in stacks; the forms were lying about; and the floor was wet. "Here we can stow away nearly five hundred people," said Antoine, leisurely planting himself against the wall, and twirling his bunch of keys. I asked him for the details of his business, and he glibly gave them in the following words:—"When I first took this place I was very nervous. People didn't come. Nobody knew anything about it; but I was patient. I knew that, by degrees, I should get my customers. I gave them good things to drink; treated them well; and sent them away content when they did come. So, every visitor came a second time, and brought a friend; until, now, we have scarcely room for them. I am thinking how I can enlarge my space. Every visitor pays six sous at the door, except the soldiers. They pay nothing. They never pay anywhere. I don't exactly know why, but it seems to be their privilege. Then all the visitors who dance, pay three sous for each country dance—except the soldiers who pay two sous—which is a great matter to get from a soldier. I go to a tobacconist for a parcel of tobacco. I pay sixteen sous for it. A soldier goes: he pays four sous for the same quantity, and with his four sous gives a warrant to the shopkeeper, which, upon being delivered at the proper government office is cashed. All people favour the military. For my musicians, I prefer two or three performers of a regimental band. I get them cheap. I give them only twelve francs a month each, yet they are glad to get leave from their commanding officer to come to me. My principal patrons are working men. You are surprised to hear that a working man can afford to pay a six sous entrance money, and three sous for every dance. Yet it is easily explained. Say he gets twenty francs a week: well, he lives upon ten francs, and spends ten in pleasure. This is how they generally manage till they marry, and then good-bye to balls. We admit only decently dressed people; for instance we rigidly exclude women who wear handkerchiefs on their heads, for these are always of the lowest class. The chiffonniers and chiffonnières never come here; they go to a ball on the opposite side of the lane, where there is no rule about dress. You should see this room on a Sunday evening:—there is only just room to dance. Sometimes on Sunday evenings, I take as much as one hundred francs for dance money alone. I consider it a good night when my receipts are about five hundred francs. I take even more occasionally. On Shrove Tuesday the visitors danced all night; and it was difficult to get rid of many of them at eight o'clock the next morning."

Antoine would have gossipped on about his contemplated improvements; the excellent beer his guests got for their entrance fees; and his conviction that establishments like his paid larger dividends than those devoted to the elegant classes. Antoine had good reasons for his opinions, since he had a large deposit in the savings bank—the result of his reign under Le Vieux Chêne. I am assured that this young fellow, now in his twenty-eighth year, is putting aside at least seven thousand francs a year. It is said in the neighbourhood to be quite a picture, when Antoine and his wife resign their cellar keys to their servants, and sally forth, in holiday attire, to spend a day at Versailes, or to breathe a little fresh air in the Bois de Boulogne.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE indefatigable Mr. Sparsit, with a violent cold upon her, her voice reduced to a whisper, and her stately frame so racked by continual sneezes that it seemed in danger of dismemberment, gave chase to her patron until she found him in the metropolis; and there majestically sweeping in upon him at his hotel in St. James's Street, exploded the combustibles with which she was charged, and blew up. Having executed her mission with infinite relish, this high-minded woman then fainted away on Mr. Bounderby's coat-collar.

Mr. Bounderby's first procedure was to shake Mrs. Sparsit off, and leave her to progress as she might through various stages of suffering on the floor. He next had recourse to the administration of potent restoratives, such as screwing the patient's thumbs, smiting her hands, abundantly watering her face, and inserting salt in her mouth. When these attentions had recovered her (which they speedily did), he hustled her into a fast train without offering any other refreshment, and carried her back to Coketown more dead than alive.

Regarded as a classical ruin, Mrs. Sparsit was an interesting spectacle on her arrival at her journey's end; but considered in any other light, the amount of damage she had by that time sustained was excessive, and impaired her claims to admiration. Utterly heedless of the wear and tear of her clothes and constitution, and adamant to her pathetic sneezes, Mr. Bounderby immediately crammed her into a coach, and bore her off to Stone Lodge.

"Now, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, bursting into his father-in-law's room late at night; "here's a lady here—Mrs. Sparsit—you know Mrs. Sparsit—who has something to say to you that will strike you dumb."

"You have missed my letter!" exclaimed Mr. Gradgrind, surprised by the apparition.

"Missed your letter, sir!" bawled Bounderby. "The present time is no time for letters. No man shall talk to Josiah Bounderby of Coketown about letters with his mind in the state it's in now."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, in a tone of temperate remonstrance. "I speak of a very special letter I have written to you, in reference to Louisa."

"Tom Gradgrind," replied Bounderby, knocking the flat of his hand several times with great vehemence on the table, "I speak of a very special messenger that has come to me in reference to Louisa. Mrs. Sparsit ma'am, stand forward."

That unfortunate lady hereupon essaying to offer testimony without any voice, and with painful gestures expressive of an inflamed throat, became so aggravating and underwent so many facial contortions, that Mr. Bounderby, unable to bear it, seized her by the arm and shook her.

"If you can't get it out ma'am," said Bounderby, "leave *me* to get it out. This is not a time for a lady, however highly connected, to be totally inaudible and seemingly swallowing marbles. Tom Gradgrind, Mrs. Sparsit latterly found herself by accident in a situation to overhear a conversation out of doors between your daughter and your precious gentleman-friend, Mr. James Harthouse."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Ah! Indeed!" cried Bounderby. "And in that conversation——"

"It is not necessary to repeat its tenor, Bounderby. I know what passed."

"You do? Perhaps," said Bounderby, staring with all his might at his so quiet and assuasive father-in-law, "you know where your daughter is at the present time!"

"Undoubtedly. She is here."

"Here?"

"My dear Bounderby, let me beg you to restrain these loud outbreaks, on all accounts. Louisa is here. The moment she could detach herself from that interview with the person of whom you speak, and whom I deeply regret to have been the means of introducing to you, Louisa hurried here, for protection. I myself had not been at home many hours, when I received her—here in this room. She hurried by the train to town, she ran from town to this house through a raging storm, and presented herself before me in a state of distraction. Of course, she

has remained here ever since. Let me entreat you, for your own sake and for hers to be more quiet."

Mr. Bounderby silently gazed about him for some moments in every direction except Mrs. Sparsit's direction, and then abruptly turning upon the niece of Lady Scadgers, said to that wretched woman:

"Now, ma'am! We shall be happy to hear any little apology you may think proper to offer, for going about the country at express pace, with no other luggage than a Cock and a Bull, ma'am!"

"Sir," whispered Mrs. Sparsit, "my nerves are at present too much shaken, and my health is at present too much impaired, in your service, to admit of my doing more than taking refuge in tears."

Which she did.

"Well, ma'am," said Bounderby, "without making any observation to you that may not be made with propriety to a woman of good family, what I have got to add to that, is, that there's something else in which it appears to me you may take refuge, namely, a coach. And the coach in which we came here, being at the door, you'll allow me to hand you down to it and pack you home to the Bank: where the best course for you to pursue, will be to put your feet into the hottest water you can bear, and take a glass of scalding rum and butter after you get into bed." With these words Mr. Bounderby extended his right hand to the weeping lady and escorted her to the conveyance in question, shedding many plaintive sneezes by the way. He soon returned alone.

"Now, as you showed me in your face, Tom Gradgrind, that you wanted to speak to me," he resumed, "here I am. But I am not in a very agreeable state, I tell you plainly, not relishing this business even as it is, and not considering that I am at any time as dutifully and submissively treated by your daughter as Josiah Bounderby of Coketown ought to be treated by his wife. You have your opinion, I dare say; and I have mine, I know. If you mean to say anything to me to-night, that goes against this candid remark, you had better let it alone."

Mr. Gradgrind, it will be observed, being much softened, Mr. Bounderby took particular pains to harden himself at all points. It was his amiable nature.

"My dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind began in reply.

"Now, you'll excuse me," said Bounderby, "but I don't want to be too dear. That to start with. When I begin to be dear to a man, I generally find that his intention is to come over me. I am not speaking to you politely; but, as you are aware, I am *not* polite. If you like politeness, you know where to get it. You have your gentleman friends you know, and they'll serve you with as much of the article as you want. I don't keep it myself."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "we are all liable to mistakes——"

"I thought you couldn't make 'em," interrupted Bounderby.

"Perhaps I thought so. But, I say we are all liable to mistakes; and I should feel sensible of your delicacy, and grateful for it, if you would spare me these references to Harthouse. I shall not associate him in our conversation with your intimacy and encouragement; pray do not persist in connecting him with mine."

"I never mentioned his name!" said Bounderby.

"Well, well!" returned Mr. Gradgrind, with a patient, even a submissive, air. And he sat for a little while pondering. "Bounderby, I see reason to doubt whether we have ever quite understood Louisa."

"Who do you mean by We?"

"Let me say, I, then," he returned, in answer to the coarsely blurted question; "I doubt whether I have understood Louisa. I doubt whether I have been quite right in the manner of her education."

"There you hit it," returned Bounderby. "There I agree with you. You have found it out at last, have you? Education! I'll tell you what education is—To be tumbled out of doors, neck and crop, and put upon the shortest allowance of everything except blows. That's what *I* call education."

"I think your good sense will perceive," Mr. Gradgrind remonstrated in all humility, "that whatever the merits of such a system may be, it would be difficult of general application to girls."

"I don't see it at all, sir," returned the obstinate Bounderby.

"Well," sighed Mr. Gradgrind, "we will not enter into the question. I assure you I have no desire to be controversial. I seek to repair what is amiss, if I possibly can, and I hope you will assist me in a good spirit, Bounderby, for I have been very much distressed."

"I don't understand you, yet," said Bounderby, with determined obstinacy, "and therefore I won't make any promises."

"In the course of a few hours, my dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind proceeded, in the same depressed and propitiatory manner, "I appear to myself to have become better informed as to Louisa's character than in previous years. The enlightenment has been painfully forced upon me, and the discovery is not mine. I think there are—Bounderby you will be surprised to hear me say this—I think there are qualities in Louisa, which—which have been harshly neglected and—and a little perverted. And—and I would suggest to you, that—that if you would kindly meet me in a timely endeavor to leave her to her better nature for a while—and to encourage it to develop itself by tenderness and consideration—it—it would be the better for the happiness of all of us. Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, shading his face with his

hand, "has always been my favorite child."

The blustrous Bounderby crimsoned and swelled to such an extent on hearing these words, that he seemed to be, and probably was on the brink of a fit. With his very ears a bright purple shot with crimson, he pent up his indignation, however, and said:

"You'd like to keep her here for a time?"

"I—I had intended to recommend, my dear Bounderby, that you should allow Louisa to remain here on a visit, and be attended by Sissy (I mean of course Cecilia Jupe), who understands her, and in whom she trusts."

"I gather from all this, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, standing up with his hands in his pockets, "that you are of opinion that there's what people call some incompatibility between Loo Bounderby and myself."

"I fear there is at present a general incompatibility between Louisa, and—and—and almost all the relations in which I have placed her," was her father's sorrowful reply.

"Now look you here, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby the flushed, confronting him with his legs wide apart, his hands deeper in his pockets, and his hair like a hay field wherein his windy anger was boisterous. "You have said your say; I am going to say mine. I am a Coketown man. I am Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. I know the bricks of this town, and I know the works of this town, and I know the chimneys of this town, and I know the smoke of this town, and I know the Hands of this town. I know 'em all pretty well. They're real. When a man tells me anything about imaginative qualities, I always tell that man, whoever he is, that I know what he means. He means turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, and that he wants to be set up with a coach and six. That's what your daughter wants. Since you are of opinion that she ought to have what she wants, I recommend you to provide it for her. Because, Tom Gradgrind, she will never have it from me."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I hoped, after my entreaty, you would have taken a different tone."

"Just wait a bit," retorted Bounderby, "you have said your say, I believe. I heard you out; hear me out if you please. Don't make yourself a spectacle of unfairness as well as inconsistency, because, although I am sorry to see Tom Gradgrind reduced to his present position, I should be doubly sorry to see him brought so low as that. Now, there's an incompatibility of some sort or another, I am given to understand by you, between your daughter and me. I'll give you to understand, in reply to that, that there unquestionably is an incompatibility of the first magnitude to be summed up in this—that your daughter don't properly know her husband's merits, and is not impressed with such a sense as would become her, by George! of the honour of his alliance. That's plain speaking, I hope."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "this is unreasonable."

"Is it?" said Bounderby. "I am glad to hear you say so. Because when Tom Gradgrind, with his new lights, tells me that what I say is unreasonable, I am convinced at once it must be devilish sensible. With your permission I am going on. You know my origin, and you know that for a good many years of my life I didn't want a shoeing-horn in consequence of not having a shoe. Yet you may believe or not, as you think proper, that there are ladies—born ladies—belonging to families—families!—who next to worship the ground I walk on."

He discharged this, like a Rocket, at his father-in-law's head.

"Whereas your daughter," proceeded Bounderby, "Is far from being a born lady. That you know, yourself. Not that I care a pinch of candle-snuff about such things, for you are very well aware I don't; but that such is the fact, and you, Tom Gradgrind, can't change it. Why do I say this?"

"Not, I fear," observed Mr. Gradgrind, in a low voice, "to spare me."

"Hear me out," said Bounderby, "and refrain from cutting in till your turn comes round. I say this, because highly connected females have been astonished to see the way in which your daughter has conducted herself, and to witness her insensibility. They have wondered how I have suffered it. And I wonder myself now, and I won't suffer it."

"Bounderby," returned Mr. Gradgrind, rising, "the less we say to-night the better, I think."

"On the contrary, Tom Gradgrind, the more we say to-night, the better, I think. That is," the consideration checked him, "till I have said all I mean to say, and then I don't care how soon we stop. I come to a question that may shorten the business. What do you mean by the proposal you made just now?"

"What do I mean, Bounderby?"

"By your visiting proposition," said Bounderby, with an inflexible jerk of the hay field.

"I mean that I hope you may be induced to arrange, in a friendly manner, for allowing Louisa a period of repose and reflection here, which may tend to a gradual alteration for the better in many respects."

"To a softening down of your ideas of the incompatibility," said Bounderby.

"If you put it in those terms."

"What made you think of this?" said Bounderby.

"I have already said, I fear Louisa has not been understood. Is it asking too much, Bounderby, that you, so far her elder, should aid in trying to set her right? You have accepted a great charge of her; for better for worse."

Mr. Bounderby may have been annoyed by the repetition of his own words to Stephen

Blackpool, but he cut the quotation short with an angry start.

"Come!" said he, "I don't want to be told about that. I know what I took her for, as well as you do. Never you mind what I took her for; that's my look-out."

"I was merely going on to remark, Bounderby, that we may all be more or less in the wrong, not even excepting you; and that some yielding on your part, remembering the trust you have accepted, may not only be an act of true kindness, but perhaps a debt incurred towards Louisa."

"I think differently," blustered Bounderby, "I am going to finish this business according to my own opinions. Now, I don't want to make a quarrel of it with you, Tom Gradgrind. To tell you the truth, I don't think it would be worthy of my reputation to quarrel on such a subject. As to your gentleman friend, he may take himself off, wherever he likes best. If he falls in my way, I shall tell him my mind; if he don't fall in my way, I shan't, for it won't be worth my while to do it. As to your daughter, whom I made Loo Bounderby, and might have done better by leaving Loo Grandgrind, if she don't come home to morrow, by twelve o'clock at noon, I shall understand that she prefers to stay away, and I shall send her wearing apparel and so forth over here, and you'll take charge of her for the future. What I shall say to people in general, of the incompatibility that led to my so laying down the law, will be this. I am Josiah Bounderby, and I had my bringing-up. She's the daughter of Tom Gradgrind, and she had her bringing-up; and the two horses wouldn't pull together! I am pretty well known to be rather an uncommon man, I believe; and most people will understand fast enough that it must be a woman rather out of the common also, who, in the long run, would come up to my mark."

"Let me seriously entreat you to re-consider this, Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "before you commit yourself to such a decision."

"I always come to a decision," said Bounderby, tossing his hat on, "and whatever I do, I do at once. I should be surprised at Tom Gradgrind's addressing such a remark to Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, knowing what he knows of him, if I could be surprised by anything Tom Gradgrind did, after his making himself a party to sentimental humbug. I have given you my decision and I have got no more to say. Good night!"

So, Mr. Bounderby went home to his town-house to bed. At five minutes past twelve o'clock next day, he directed Mrs. Bounderby's property to be carefully packed up and sent to Tom Gradgrind's; advertised his country retreat for sale by private contract; and resumed a bachelor's life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE robbery at the bank had not languished before, and did not cease to occupy a front place in the attention of the principal of that establishment now. In boastful proof of his promptitude and activity, as a remarkable man, and a self-made man, and a commercial wonder, more admirable than Venus, who had risen out of the mud instead of the sea, he liked to show how little his domestic affairs abated his business ardor. Consequently in the first few weeks of his resumed bachelorhood, he even advanced upon his usual display of bustle, and every day made such a rout in renewing his investigations into the robbery, that the officers who had it in hand almost wished it had never been committed.

They were at fault too, and off the scent. Although they had been so quiet since the first outbreak of the matter, that most people really did suppose it to have been abandoned as hopeless, nothing new occurred. No implicated man or woman took untimely courage or made a self-betraying step. More remarkable yet, Stephen Blackpool could not be heard of, and the mysterious old woman remained a mystery.

Things having come to this pass, and showing no latent signs of stirring beyond it, the upshot of Mr. Bounderby's investigations was, that he resolved to hazard a bold burst. He drew up a placard, offering Twenty Pounds reward for the apprehension of Stephen Blackpool, suspected of complicity in the robbery of the Coketown Bank on such a night; he described the said Stephen Blackpool by dress, complexion, estimated height, and manner, as minutely as he could; he recited how he had left the town, and in what direction he had been last seen going; he had the whole printed in great black letters on a staring broadsheet; and he caused the walls to be posted with it in the dead ofnight, so that it should strike upon the sight of the whole population at one blow.

The factory-bells had need to ring their loudest that morning to disperse the groups of workers who stood in the tardy daybreak, collected round the placards, devouring them with eager eyes. Not the least eager of the eyes assembled, were the eyes of those who could not read. These people, as they listened to the friendly voice that read aloud—there was always some such ready to help them—stared at the characters which meant so much with a vague awe and respect that would have been half ludicrous if any aspect of public ignorance could ever be otherwise than threatening and full of evil. Many ears and eyes were busy with a vision of the matter of these placards, among turning spindles, rattling looms and whirring wheels, for hours afterwards; and when the Hands cleared out again into the streets, there were as many readers as before.

Slackbridge, the delegate, had to address his audience too that night, and Slackbridge had obtained a clean bill from the printer,

and had brought it in his pocket. Oh my friends and fellow countrymen, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown, oh my fellow brothers and fellow workmen and fellow citizens and fellow men, what a to-do was there when Slackbridge unfolded what he called "that damning document," and held it up to the gaze, and for the execration, of the working-man community! "Oh my fellow men, behold of what a traitor in the camp of those great spirits who are enrolled upon the holy scroll of Justice and of Union, is appropriately capable! Oh my prostrate friends, with the galling yoke of tyrants on your necks and the iron foot of despotism treading down your fallen forms into the dust of the earth, upon which right glad would your oppressors be to see you creeping on your bellies all the days of your lives, like the serpent in the garden—oh my brothers, and shall I as a man not add my sisters too, what do you say, *now*, of Stephen Blackpool, with a slight stoop in his shoulders and about five foot seven in height, as set forth in this degrading and disgusting document, this blighting bill, this pernicious placard, this abominable advertisement; and with what majesty of denouncement, will you crush the viper who would bring this stain and shame upon the Godlike race that happily has cast him out for ever! Yes my compatriots, happily cast him out and sent him forth! For you remember how he stood here before you on this platform; you remember how, face to face and foot to foot, I pursued him through all his intricate windings; you remember how he sneaked, and slunk, and sidled, and splitted of straws, until with not an inch of ground to which to cling, I hurled him out from amongst us: an object for the undying finger of scorn to point at, and for the avenging fire of every free and thinking mind, to scorch and sear! And now my friends, my labouring friends, for I rejoice and triumph in that stigma, my friends; whose hard but honest beds are made in toil, and whose scanty but independent pots are boiled in hardship; and, now I say, my friends, what appellation has that dastard craven taken to himself, when, with the mask torn from his features, he stands before us in all his native deformity, a What? a thief! a plunderer! a proscribed fugitive, with a price upon his head; a fester and a wound upon the noble character of the Coketown operative! Therefore, my band of brothers in a sacred bond, to which your children and your children's children yet unborn have set their infant hands and seals, I propose to you on the part of the United Aggregate Tribunal, ever watchful for your welfare, ever zealous for your benefit, that this meeting does Resolve: That Stephen Blackpool, weaver, referred to in this placard, having been already solemnly disowned by the community of Coketown Hands, the same are free from the shame of his misdeeds, and cannot as a class be reproached with his dishonest actions!"

Thus Slackbridge; gnashing and perspiring after a prodigious sort. A few stern voices called out "No!" and a score or two hailed with assenting cries of "Hear, hear!" the caution from one man, "Slackbridge, y'or over hetter int; y'or a goen too fast!" But these were pigmies against an army; the general assemblage subscribed to the gospel according to Slackbridge, and gave three cheers for him, as he sat demonstratively panting at them.

These men and women were yet in the streets, passing quietly to their homes, when Sissy, who had been called away from Louisa some minutes before, returned.

"Who is it?" asked Louisa.

"It is Mr. Bounderby," said Sissy, timid of the name, "and your brother Mr. Tom, and a young woman who says her name is Rachael, and that you know her."

"What do they want, Sissy dear?"

"They want to see you. Rachael has been crying and seems angry."

"Father," said Louisa, for he was present, "I cannot refuse to see them, for a reason that will explain itself. Shall they come in here?"

As he answered in the affirmative, Sissy went away to bring them. She reappeared with them directly. Tom was last, and remained standing in the obscurest part of the room, near the door.

"Mrs. Bounderby," said her husband, entering with a cool nod, "I don't disturb you, I hope. This is an unseasonable hour, but here is a young woman who has been making statements which render my visit necessary. Tom Gradgrind, as your son, young Tom, refuses for some obstinate reason or other to say anything at all about those statements, good or bad, I am obliged to confront her with your daughter."

"You have seen me once before, young lady," said Rachael, standing in front of Louisa.

Tom coughed.

"You have seen me, young lady," repeated Rachael, as she did not answer, "once before."

Tom coughed again.

"I have."

Rachael cast her eyes proudly towards Mr. Bounderby, and said, "Will you make it known, young lady, where, and who was there?"

"I went to the house where Stephen Blackpool lodged, on the night of his discharge from his work, and I saw you there. He was there too: and an old woman who did not speak, and whom I could scarcely see, stood in a dark corner. My brother was with me."

"Why couldn't you say so, young Tom?" demanded Bounderby.

"I promised my sister I wouldn't." Which Louisa hastily confirmed. "And besides," said the whelp bitterly, "she tells her own

story so precious well—and so full—that what business had I to take it out of her mouth!"

"Say, young lady, if you please," pursued Rachael, "why, in an evil hour, you ever come to Stephen's that night."

"I felt compassion for him," said Louisa, her color deepening, "and I wished to know what he was going to do, and wished to offer him assistance."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bounderby. "Much flattered and obliged."

"Did you offer him," asked Rachael, "a bank note?"

"Yes; but he refused it, and would only take two pounds in gold."

Rachael cast her eyes towards Mr. Bounderby again.

"Oh certainly!" said Bounderby. "If you put the question whether your ridiculous and improbable account was true or not, I am bound to say it is confirmed."

"Young lady," said Rachael, "Stephen Blackpool is now named as a thief in public print all over this town and where else! There have been a meeting to-night where he have been spoken of in the same shameful way. Stephen! The honestest lad, the truest lad, the best!" Her indignation failed her, and she broke off, sobbing.

"I am very, very sorry," said Louisa.

"O young lady, young lady," returned Rachael, "I hope you may be, but I don't know! I can't say what you may ha' done! The like of you don't know us, don't care for us, don't belong to us. I am not sure why you may ha' come that night. I can't tell but what you may ha' come wi' some aim of your own, not mindin' to what trouble you brought such as the poor lad. I said then, Bless you for coming, and I said it of my heart, you seemed to take so pitifully to him, but I don't know now, I don't know!"

Louisa could not reproach her for her unjust suspicions; she was so faithful to her idea of the man, and so affected.

"And when I think," said Rachael through her sobs, "that the poor lad was so grateful, thinkin' you so good to him—when I mind that he put his hand over his hard-worken face to hide the tears that you brought up there—O I hope you may be sorry, and ha' no bad cause to be it, but I don't know, I don't know!"

"You're a pretty article," growled the whelp, moving uneasily in his dark corner, "to come here with these precious imputations! You ought to be bundled out for not knowing how to behave yourself, and you would be by rights."

She said nothing in reply, and her low weeping was the only sound that was heard, until Mr. Bounderby spoke.

"Come!" said he, "you know what you have engaged to do. You had better give your mind to that; not this."

"'Deed, I am loath," returned Rachael, drying her eyes, "that any here should see me like this; but I won't be seen so again. Young lady, when I had read what's put in print of Stephen—and what has just as much truth in it as if it had been put in print of you, and no more—I went straight to the Bank to say I knew where Stephen was, and to give a sure and certain promise that he should be here in two days. I couldn't meet wi' Mr. Bounderby then, and your brother sent me away, and I tried to find you, but you was not to be found, and I went back to work. Soon as I come out of the Mill to-night I hastened to hear what was said of Stephen—for I know wi' pride he will come back to shame it!—and then I went again to seek Mr. Bounderby, and I found him, and I told him every word I knew, and he believed no word I said, and brought me here."

"So far that's true enough," assented Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on. "But I have known you people before to-day, you'll observe, and I know you never die for want of talking. Now, I recommend you not so much to mind talking just now, as doing. You have undertaken to do something; all I remark upon that at present is, do it!"

"I have written to Stephen by the post that went out this afternoon, as I have written to him once before sin' he went away," said Rachael; "and he will be here at furthest, in two days."

"Then I'll tell you something. You are not aware, perhaps," retorted Mr. Bounderby, "that you yourself have been looked after now and then, not being considered quite free from suspicion in this business, on account of most people being judged according to the company they keep. The post-office hasn't been forgotten either. What I'll tell you is, that no letter to Stephen Blackpool has ever got into it. Therefore, what has become of yours, I leave you to guess. Perhaps you're mistaken, and never wrote any."

"He hadn't been gone from here, young lady," said Rachael, turning appealingly to Louisa, "as much as a week, when he sent me the only letter I have had from him, saying that he was forced to seek work in another name."

"Oh, by George!" cried Bounderby, shaking his head, with a whistle, "he changes his name, does he! That's rather unlucky, too, for such an immaculate chap. It's considered a little suspicious in Courts of Justice, I believe, when an Innocent happens to have many names."

"What," said Rachael, with the tears in her eyes again,—"what, young lady, in the name of Mercy, was left the poor lad to do! The masters against him on one hand, the men against him on the other, he only wantin' to work hard in peace, and do what he felt right. Can a man have no soul of his own, no mind of his own? Must he go wrong all through wi' this side, or must he go wrong

all through wi' that, or else be hunted like a hare?"

"Indeed, indeed, I pity him from my heart," returned Louisa; "and I hope that he will clear himself."

"You need have no fear of that, young lady. He is sure!"

"All the surer, I suppose," said Mr. Bounderby, "for your refusing to tell where he is? Eh?"

"He shall not, through any act of mine, come back wi' the unmerited reproach of being brought back. He shall come back of his own accord to clear himself, and put all those that have injured his good character, and he not here for its defence, to shame. I have told him what has been done against him," said Rachael, throwing off all distrust as a rock throws off the sea, "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Notwithstanding which," added Mr. Bounderby, "if he can be laid hold of any sooner he shall have an earlier opportunity of clearing himself. As to you, I have nothing against you; what you came and told me turns out to be true, and I have given you the means of proving it to be true, and there's an end of it. I wish you Good-night all! I must be off to look a little further into this."

Tom came out of his corner when Mr. Bounderby moved, moved with him, kept close to him, and went away with him. The only parting salutation of which he delivered himself was a sulky "Good night, father!" With that brief speech, and a scowl at his sister, he left the house.

Since his sheet-anchor had come home, Mr. Gradgrind had been sparing of speech. He still sat silent, when Louisa mildly said:

"Rachael, you will not distrust me one day, when you know me better."

"It goes against me," Rachael answered, in a gentle manner, "to mistrust any one; but when I am so mistrusted—when we all are—I cannot keep such things quite out of my mind. I ask your pardon for having done you an injury. I don't think what I said, now. Yet I might come to think it again, wi' the poor lad so belied."

"Did you tell him in your letter," inquired Sissy, "that suspicion seemed to have fallen upon him, because he had been seen about the bank at night? He would then know what he would have to explain on coming back, and would be ready."

"Yes, dear," she returned; "but I can't guess what can have ever taken him there. He never used to go there. It was never in his way. His way was the same as mine, and not near it.

Sissy had already been at her side asking her where she lived, and whether she might come to-morrow-night, to inquire if there were news of him.

"I doubt," said Rachael, "if he can be here till next day."

"Then I will come next night too," said Sissy.

When Rachael, assenting to this, was gone, Mr. Gradgrind lifted up his head, and said to his daughter:

"Louisa, my dear, I have never, that I know of seen this man. Do you believe him to be implicated?"

"I think I have believed it, father, though with great difficulty. I do not believe it now."

"That is to say, you once persuaded yourself to believe it, from knowing him to be suspected. His appearance and manner; are they so honest?"

"Very honest."

"And her confidence not to be shaken. I ask myself," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing, "does the real culprit know of these accusations? Where is he? Who is he?"

His hair had latterly begun to change its color. As he leaned upon his hand again, looking gray and old, Louisa, with a face of fear and pity, hurriedly went over to him, and sat close at his side. Her eyes by accident met Sissy's at the moment. Sissy flushed and started, and Louisa put her finger on her lip.

Next night, when Sissy returned home and told Louisa that Stephen was not come, she told it in a whisper. Next night again, when she came home with the same account, and added that he had not been heard of, she spoke in the same low frightened tone. From the moment of that interchange of looks, they never uttered his name, or any reference to him aloud; nor ever pursued the subject of the robbery when Mr. Gradgrind spoke of it.

The two appointed days ran out, three days and nights ran out, and Stephen Blackpool was not come, and remained unheard of. On the fourth day, Rachael, with unabated confidence, but considering her despatch to have miscarried, went up to the Bank, and showed her letter from him with his address, at a working colony, one of many, not upon the main road, sixty miles away. Messengers were sent to that place, and the whole town looked for Stephen to be brought in next day.

During this whole time the whelp moved about with Mr. Bounderby like his shadow, assisting in all the proceedings. He was greatly excited, horribly fevered, bit his nails down to the quick, spoke in a hard rattling voice, and with lips that were black and burnt up. At the time when the suspected man was looked for, the whelp was at the station, offering to wager that he had made off before the arrival of those who were sent in quest of him, and that he would not appear.

The whelp was right. The messengers returned alone. Rachael's letter had gone, Rachael's letter had been delivered, Stephen Blackpool had decamped in that same hour; and no soul knew more of him. The only doubt in Coketown was, whether Rachael had

written in good faith, believing that he really would come back; or warning him to fly. On this point opinion was divided.

Six days, seven, far on into another week. The wretched whelp plucked up a ghastly courage, and began to grow defiant. "*Was* the suspected fellow the thief? A pretty question! If not, where was the man, and why did he not come back?"

Where was the man, and why did he not come back? In the dead of night the echoes of his own words, which had rolled Heaven knows how far away in the daytime, came back instead, and abided by him until morning.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

HADJI HASSAN.

Hadji Hassan is an old gentleman who is the delight of the neighbourhood. He keeps a small coffee-house beneath the Pasha's kiosch on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea. He is the familiar of the mighty in the land—a fellow of infinite jest and humour; whose ill-temper is merely chartered license; whose smile is condescension; whose sarcasm is more damaging than dishonor. He patronises the world; and the world, seeing nothing to envy in him, receives his dictatorship with a sort of contemptuous submission; but still submission. Hadji Hassan belongs to that class of landlords who lord it over their guests, and punishes any sort of rebellion with the most cutting severity. He accords his protection to the Pasha and the British Consul; and condescends to nod to those functionaries in a confidential manner when he meets them in private life. But he declines their intimacy; for he remembers a Pasha mightier than this one, and a British Consul who was the friend of his youth. Besides he is Pasha, British Consul, and everything else in his own coffee-house. He is not fond of the intimate society of people to whom he thinks it prudent only to nod to in a confidential manner. He likes very well to see them sitting above in the kiosch, because, upon the whole, they are respectable, and pay their way; but he shakes his head when he speaks of them among his cronies, as if he dissented from the things not only that they do, but from things in general.

I would rather not offend Hadji Hassan. He is one of those who form public opinion in our little world; and I have noticed that those upon whom he looks unfavorably do not thrive, Whether this arises from his discernment in only looking unfavorably on thriftless people or otherwise, it would be hard to say.

Hadji Hassan is about sixty years of age. He wears a turban; for he has too independent a spirit to conform to the undignified modern fashion of the red cap. The turban was the head-dress of Hadji Hassan's grandfather, who was his guide, philosopher, and friend. If fashion has changed since the days of Hadji Hassan's grandfather, fashion is wrong. That is his dictum, and he would not deign to argue the point further with anybody. He has made up his mind on this subject, and on most others; Hadji Hassan's mind being a hard, knotty, stubby sort of mind, requiring a great deal of making up, and he probably spent the first twenty years of his life in the process. It would be impossible, therefore, to unmake Hadji Hassan's mind. His opinions on public events may now and then be modified by a stray remark of his protégé, the Pasha; but in all private affairs Hadji Hassan believes himself to be infallible.

Hadji Hassan's turban is not the only part of his dress that belongs to a bygone time. His general appearance is that of an Algerine pirate of the eighteenth century. He has the same short, ample small-clothes, the same close-fitting embroidered leggings (rather dirty), the same spare jacket and bare bull-neck. In his girdle he wears a murderous-looking knife, unsheathed. In build he is as powerful a man as you would find in the prize-ring in England. But he is a fine specimen of the common Turk. His pride, decision, stiffneckedness, solemnity, and affected wisdom, all belong to his class, and are inseparable from it. He may be ignorant, but he is never vulgar; determined and prompt in action, if roused, but never loud or hectoring. It is highly probable that any Greek who disagreed with Hadji Hassan would receive a murderous thrashing, to teach him more respect for his conquerors in future; but there would be no previous wrangling—no hot words. Hadji Hassan would knock him about within an inch of his life with the first thing that came handy; and, merely muttering a contemptuous Kalk, Giaour! (Be off, dog!) would resume his nargilly with a dignity as unruffled as if he had merely thrown a brick-bat at a cat.

Hadji Hassan is aware that he is a privileged person, and turns this circumstance to excellent practical account. It is doubtful whether he has the smallest knowledge of any portion of the multiplication table; it was not a fashionable accomplishment in his early time, and his immense double-jointed hands have had too much to do with the musket to handle the slate-pencil or the Hoja's Reed. But he has a marvellously keen memory for an unpaid reckoning, and a rapidity in the art of mental arithmetic which, as the correctness of his totals no one ever dares to dispute, obtain for him an unreasonable price for his coffee. Then his demand for something for the waiter is sometimes inflexible.

"Hark ye!" said Hadji Hassan to me the day after my first invasion of his territory "Bachsheesh." I mildly remonstrated. "Ah," said Hadji Hassan, shaking his venerable beard, while an expression of utter disgust

stole over his rugged features, "I see no good will come of *you*." I was abashed at this view of the case, and tried to make my peace with a liberal donation and words of homage; but it was long before the coffee-house potentate would have anything to say to me. It was not, indeed, till my abject submission and deferential acquiescence in his councils upon all occasions had attracted public attention, that he permitted me to enter the circle of his courtiers and enjoy the benefits of his half-reluctant patronage. I still find it prudent to pay him tribute; which he receives on all occasions, without the smallest acknowledgment, as a right—a right to be obtained from mankind generally, at the edge of the sword.

Nor is Hadji Hassan content with mere tribute. He requires personal homage, and is as angry with all who do not pay it gracefully, as Mahomet the Second was with Gatelusio, Prince of Mytilene, for neglecting to go and kiss his hand after the conquest of Constantinople. One day, the weather being rather windy, I did not present myself to make my obedience as usual; but the next, as I was proceeding contritely to the coffee-house, the despot met me half-way, and appeared disposed to contest my farther progress. "Has he been ill?" said the Hadji to Hamed, my pipe-bearer, indicating me with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb. The pipe-bearer, who has a belief in Hadji Hassan, and dreaded the consequences of his admission, shook his head mournfully. "Why did not he come, then, yesterday?" resumed the Hadji; and diving into his coffee-house, overlooked my presence for the rest of the afternoon, leaving me a living monument of his wrath. Hamed tried in vain to soothe him. He would hold no intercourse with either of us; and when my bold Albanian strutted off to Hadji Hassan's little den to fetch a chair for me, the autocrat immediately closed the door, and preferred to dwell in utter darkness with his coffee-cups and nargilly bottles, rather than permit me to sit down in his presence. After a time he carefully peeped out to see if my servant was gone; and, finding no signs of him in the neighbourhood, came forth in the daylight again, carefully closing the door after him, and locking it when called away to serve any of his more honoured customers. For three days my public disgrace continued in the sight of all men. In vain the Pasha opened negotiations on my behalf. In vain I offered to surrender at discretion. Hadji Hassan would have nothing whatever to do with me.

At last it was suggested to me by a mutual friend, who must have been born a diplomatist, that I might perhaps make my peace by offering a persevering course of civilities to an ill-conditioned little dog, who lived with the coffee-house despot in a state of great intimacy, and was the general terror and aversion of his customers. I acted on this advice; and the Hadji's heart seemed to soften towards me. On the third day, about half an hour before sunset, Hadji Hassan approached me with his head turned the other way, and a three-legged stool in his hand. Suddenly he stopped; and, pretending to perceive me by accident, dabbed down the stool, and immediately went away with a sort of grunt which might mean many things. Shortly afterwards he beckoned Hamed to him; and, having sent me a peculiarly bitter cup of coffee, which I drank in thankfulness of heart, I was permitted to receive the congratulations of my friends on my restoration to favour.

What Dick's and Button's coffee-houses were to the wits of Queen Anne, Hadji Hassan's coffee-house is to the quidnuncs of this island of Mytilene. It is the general assembly house of the magnates of our little world. It is here that we discuss the affairs of the earth, and pass judgment on the mighty thereof. It is here that we tell our fustiest stories, and prepare a way for the official business which may not be handled too abruptly. It is here that the Pasha and the Cadi, with other grave and reverend seignors, condescend to lay aside the cares of state, and to mingle with common men. It is here that the veil which covers mankind in public is withdrawn; where they take off the mask and unclose the shutters, letting one into something of the mystery of their inner lives. It is here that I learned the Cadi is a bachelor, and that the Pasha considers flannel good for the chest. It is here, also, that I first grew to appreciate the Turkish gentleman at home, and to love him; to admire his sweet temper and quiet dignity of manner; to revel in the fresh simplicity of his quaint and harmless conversation; to penetrate his childlike belief in the marvellous, and to reconcile it with his innate and chivalrous love of truth, and of all things grand and noble; to find out how ingenuous he is, how naturally humane, how large in his charities, how unenvious in his friendship, how invariably courteous, and how actively kind; to understand the complete loyalty of his character, and his excessive, his nervous anxiety to act as he believes it is right to act; his devoted respect for the faith of his fathers, and his tolerance of all other creeds; above all, the entire absence of all bombast and pretension, which I think belongs to him essentially. It was on these delightful summer evenings that I have been wont to mark his mercy to animals, his friendship for his horse, his knightly love of his arms, and the pathos, half ludicrous, half touching, with which he regrets the times when the followers of Bajazid and Orchan, at the utmost speed of their chargers, subdued the regions of the east and west.

I have lingered for hours enchanted by his grave and reverend discourse, by his salt aphorisms and wondrous fancies about far-away things; and I think I have grown

wiser by listening to him. So saying, let me drop the curtain on Hadji Hassan and his court.

HERB GARDENS.

The streets and houses, cabs, omnibuses, noise, dirt, heat, crowd, bustle, are unquestionably travelling out farther and farther from the centre of the metropolis, rendering it very problematical at what particular point we can be said to reach the open country. This is now such an oft-told tale, that we need not stop to mourn over it. One curious result is, that the regions whence vegetable supplies for the London market are in large part obtained, are gradually driven to a distance from us. We all know about the market gardens of Fulham, Earl's Court, and other places west and south of the metropolis; and a glance at a map shows that new streets and squares are approaching dangerously close to those gardens; giving warning of the day—probably not very far distant—when growing cabbages and lettuces must, figuratively speaking, walk off to a greater distance.

There are some peculiar gardens which, having not yet begun to be disturbed by bricks and mortar, still continue to supply London in as quiet a way as heretofore. Among these are the Herb Gardens at Mitcham. For more than a hundred years past many of the culinary, medicinal, and perfumery herbs have been specially grown at Mitcham in Surrey for the London market: we do not mean exactly Covent Garden market, but the warehouses of the wholesale druggists. There are hundreds of acres thus appropriated, by herb-growers who devote their whole times and attention to this particular kind of culture.

When we consider that various kinds of herbs require different kinds of soil for their efficient growth, it can hardly be supposed that any one spot will rank high above the whole of them. It is probable that the neighbourhood of Mitcham possesses a soil which, although not especially fine for any one purpose, is of a good average quality for herbs generally. It is, of course, not in Mitcham itself that these gardens are located; for Mitcham is a quiet village, with a few quiet natives of the old school, and some quaint quiet residences belonging to quiet city men who go quietly up by omnibus to town every morning. But, taking Mitcham as a centre, there are Tooting on one side, Streatham on another, Croydon on another, Beddington, Carshalton, Sutton, Mordon, and Merton on others; and between these several villages and Mitcham there is still an abundant area of open land available for any crops to which the soil may be suitable. Around these places a keen eye can readily detect the farms or gardens of those who look to London for a market—not always for medicinal and perfumery herbs, but sometimes for culinary vegetables. The scene is not brilliant or gaudy or highly coloured; for the most useful plants are not often the most showy; and here everything is essentially useful. Nevertheless a herb-garden is a beautiful object; for it always contains a few brightly-flowering plants; and who can forget the pleasant world of herbs and simples among which many of our old writers lived and thought?

Dear old Gerarde. It is pleasant to look into your Herball, and to appreciate your undoubted faith in the truth of all that you assert. We prefer you in the old dress of fifteen hundred and ninety-seven, before editors and annotators had "improved" you. We like your engraved title-page, with the trimly set-out garden, the beds of flowers and shrubs, the gardeners digging and watering, the lady and gentleman promenading in the costume of Elizabeth's reign, and Cupids watering the fruit-trees. We like the hearty earnestness of your dedicatory address to Sir William Cecil. There is no mere fine language here:—"If delight may provoke men's labour, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered work, set with orient pearls, and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels? If this variety and perfection of colours may affect the eye, it is such in herbs and flowers that no Apelles, no Zeuxis ever could by any art express the like; if odours, or if taste may work satisfaction, they are both so sovereign in plants, and so comfortable, that no confection of the apothecaries can equal their excellent virtue. But these delights are in the outward senses; the principal delight is in the mind, singularly enriched with the knowledge of these visible things, setting forth to us the invisible wisdom and admirable workmanship of Almighty God."

Gerarde treats of all plants under three heads. The first comprises grasses, rushes, corn, flags, and bulbous-rooted plants; the second includes all sorts of herbs for cooking, medicine, and sweet-smelling use; while the third is made up in a very miscellaneous manner, of trees, shrubs, bushes, fruit-bearing plants, rosins, gums, roses, heath, mosses, mushrooms, and *coral*, which last is placed in strange company. Gerarde's second class—the herbs for cooking, medicine, and sweet-smelling use—are those which are chiefly cultivated by the Mitcham herb-growers; lavender, chamomile, liquorice, mint, peppermint, belladonna, poppy, wormwood, aniseed, horehound; plants from which druggists obtain spirits and oils, and perfumers obtain scents, and tavern-keepers obtain liquors.

The year is accurately portioned out at these gardens: the different crops being made to fit in one after another with exact regularity. There is one magnate grower who

has four or five hundred acres of land appropriated to various plants; and from the system adopted, not only is the gross produce large and valuable, but the number of different plants is very considerable. One plant requires a whole year to arrive at perfection, while another will yield its marketable produce in a few months; one is cultivated for the sake of its flowers, another for its leaves, a third for its seeds, a fourth for its stem, a fifth for its root. On all these accounts, the herb-grower studies closely the characteristics of each plant, and so parcels out his ground that there shall be no idleness. The days of fallow have passed away. As some philosophers declare that change of employment is the best rest for mind and body during all working hours, so do cultivators insist that absolute rest to a field is absolute nonsense: the field, they say, is never tired of growing crops; it is only tired of growing one particular crop. Hodge the ploughboy, of blessed memory, when asked to mention the most luxurious enjoyment which his heart could conceive, declared that swinging upon a five-barred gate, and gnawing a ham-bone the while, would be his crowning felicity. Yet Hodge would have liked an occasional change even from this ecstacy. The same with land. Each crop exerts a particular and peculiar action upon the soil, and often renders it better fitted than ever for some other particular crop.

The ground of the market-gardens within a few miles of London is tilled and manured to the very highest degree—more being spent upon an acre than on any other garden-ground that can be named. Eight or ten pounds per annum are often paid as rental, beside a great expense in soil, and manual labour. But what is the result? That four or five crops may be got from the same piece of ground in one year; each crop making its appearance in due season, and the ground being strong and hearty, after all. These market-gardens have already been noticed in Household Words,* and we will therefore now keep to herbs.

Roses are not herbs; but they employ the skill of the Mitcham herb-growers; scores of acres of roses constituting a great part of his vegetable riches. The roses are grown, not for the sake of their flowers, but for the essence which can be extracted from them. The rose-fancier need not be told that the varieties of his favourite flower are very numerous, and that while some are distinguished for delicacy of form and exquisite tints of colour, others are more rich in perfume. Of course, the least costly varieties, so that they possess the proper extractive qualities, will be sought by the rose-water makers; for, although rose-water is already dear enough, it would be yet more so if choice roses were employed. About the months of April and May, men, women, and children assemble in the rose-gardens, pick the delicate petals of the roses, deposit them in large bags, and convey them to the places where the distillation is to be conducted. The distillation is managed carefully, but with simple apparatus. Rich and fragrant as this rose-water is, it is as nothing compared with the attar of the gardens of Ghazeepore and Fayoum. The distillation from these eastern roses is left to stand. In early morning, when the nights are still cool, a delicate film is found to have risen to the surface of the rose-water; this is removed by a feather, and carefully deposited in a small phial. Another night's rest enables the rose-water to throw up a second dainty film; another removal takes place and so on, day after day, until the phial becomes filled with its precious treasure. The phial is placed for a short time in the sunshine, and the attar arrives at perfection. A prodigious consumption of materials is requisite: one lac (a hundred thousand) of roses to produce one tolah (a hundred and eighty grains) of attar! The rose-grower's arrangements at Ghazeepore seem to be remarkable. The land near the town is laid out in rose-gardens, each rounded by high mud walls and prickly-pear fences, to keep out cattle. The gardens belong to Zemindars or land-owners, who plant the rose-trees at the rate of about two thousand to an English acre; they let out the land and the rose-trees to cultivators, at a yearly rental. The distillers of rose-water buy the roses when at the proper state, cause them to be gathered, and conveyed to their distilleries. Rose-water of various degrees of concentration is distilled; and the attar is prepared as already stated. So precious is this true cream of roses, that the market price has occasionally been six times that of an equivalent weight of pure gold. The rogues adulterate it, we may be sure; by means of sandal-oil, sweet-oil, and other substances. The essence of a thousand roses are contained in about a quart of the best rose-water, after the small amount of the attar has been removed. Mitcham, though not comparable to Ghazeepore, can produce roses sufficient for a large supply of essence of roses, and oil of roses, and rose-water, and other delicacies, pharmaceutic and perfumetic. One or two of the Mitcham gardens have laboratories attached to them, where essences and oils are extracted; but, usually, the plants are sold to the regular distillers of perfume.

Roses and chamomiles are about as unlike as two plants may be; yet they are both grown here in one garden, and both for the sake of the flower. At one of these Mitcham herb-gardens as much as a hundred pounds a week is sometimes paid to women and children for picking chamomile flowers at the

* Vol. vii. page 409.

time when the plant has arrived at maturity.

It has been sung of the sweet lavender—

I love thy flower
Of meek and modest hue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

The leaves and flowers of lavender contain a large amount of volatile essence: the quality for which the plant is mainly sought. Botanically, the lavender belongs to the same tribe as rosemary, sage, basil, and marjoram, in respect to the shape of the blossoms and the stem; but commercially it has a history and position of its own. Lavender is cultivated—not for the weather-beaten flower-girl, who offers two bunches for a penny in our streets—but chiefly for the distiller and the chemist. The oil of spike, used for mixing with colours for painting, and also in varnish-making, is obtained from the species called French Lavender. The well-known lavender-water is not simply the distilled essence; it is an alcoholic solution of the oil of lavender, to which other scents are frequently added. How a pennyworth of dried lavender leaves will diffuse a pleasant odour throughout a drawer of wholesome clean linen, let the tasteful housewife of many an industrious artizan declare.

Liquorice is another of the plants which these herb-gardens produce. Glycyrhiza glabra is the very hard name which botanists have given to this simple plant; but botanists are fond of hard names. The common liquorice root, from which the well-known black extract is obtained, grows chiefly in the south of Europe, from the Crimea in the east to Portugal in the west. One hundred pounds of the dried root yield about thirty pounds of the black extract;—the Spanish liquorice of the shops. When the extract has been obtained, it is poured into rolls six or eight inches in length, which are bound with bay-leaves to prevent them from adhering together. The crude juice contains many extraneous substances, which are removed in the production of refined liquorice, a softer substance, prepared in more slender cylindrical form. The liquorice of the English herb-gardens, however, is the stick-liquorice of our acquaintance. It is grown in many parts of England where a rich black mould is to be met with; but it requires very careful cultivation. Near Pontefract it is cultivated chiefly for the preparation of a fine kind of liquorice called Pontefract or Pomfret cakes. Mitcham liquorice is tilled for the sake of the long slender roots, which, at a proper age and in a proper state, find their way to the wholesale druggists and to Covent Garden Market, and thence to the sick chamber, where a tickling cough has to be combated.

Peppermint is another member of the interesting Mitcham family. Of the dozen or more species of mint known in England, peppermint is second only to the culinary mint or spearmint in value. It has a penetrating smell and a pungent taste; and its pretty little purple flowers deck the garden in August and September. The herb is sold to the druggists, and is by them distilled to obtain oil of peppermint. This oil, used alone, is a valuable aid to the physician; and, when re-distilled with pure alcohol, it produces spirit of peppermint. When the herb itself is distilled in a simpler way, it yields peppermint-water.

The herb-shops and druggists' shops contain numerous plants and extracts from plants, which the every-day world knows nothing about elsewhere. Such substances as horehound, coltsfoot, angelica, and many others, do not seem to be generally recognised as plants at all—they are sweetstuff. Mitcham could, however, tell us a little about such substances. Horehound, for instance, which Gerarde tells us, "bringeth forth very many stalks, four-square, a cubit high, covered over with a thin whitish downiness," is cultivated for the sake of the extract thence obtained, which is made up into lozenges and cakes and other forms.

One word about the marketable features of these Mitcham herb-gardens. Some of the gardens contain those herbs and familiar plants which have their chief market at Covent Garden, and thence find their way to the dominions of the cook, whether Good, Plain, or Experienced French; while others are filled chiefly with such herbs as require distillation before being brought to use. These latter are sold for the most part to the wholesale druggists in the city, who sell them in turn to the rectifiers and pharmaceutical chemists and others.

MARY.

Our child is dead. Death wore no dreadful form
Nor stole a feature from that gentle face.
As if to shield her from the beating storm,
He led her footsteps to a sheltered place.
And even when to chain her here we sought,
And whilst we gazed, she passed beyond our reach.
And all the vision faded, like a thought
Too vague and beautiful to grasp and clothe in speech.

At dawn, the angels entered where she lay,
And as the daylight fades from mortal eye,
Leaving no track, the soul was borne away:
The curtain stirred not when it passed by.
It left her form, a child of the cold grave,
A bark no longer needed by that mind
Which missioned angels wafted o'er the wave,
Whilst, on the lonely beach, we wept and stayed behind.

I shall not go with flowers blue and white,
To strew her grave; but when the prophet trees
Extend their shadowy wands, foretelling Night,
In fields I wander with the wandering breeze,

Encircled only by the sky's blue walls,
Where she would linger whom we now call dead;
For in the twilight deeper glory falls
Upon the daisied grass where she was wont to tread.

And she would point me to the well-known hill,
That, when the sunset tide was in its flow,
Would slowly gather depth of light, until,
Transfigured in that calm and heavenly glow,
The landscape glistened like another sky;
And then, beneath the flood, its form would sink,
Remaining visible to mortal eye,

Like a reflected hill seen from a river's brink.
And, as between two worlds, she lingered where
The sunlight robed her form in golden sheen,
And, now and then, the breezes moved her hair,
To show that all was not a painted scene,
She watched that lustre till the form of Night
Hid from her view those brighter streaks of red:
Even as travellers watch the haze of light
That hangs above the city which their feet will tread.

The spectral trees, after the autumn wind,
Like the dry bones, will gather leaves and live;
And as, when Night is dead, we cease to find
The lustre that its golden footprints give;
So, in the summer, I shall see the grass,
With flowers unbent, where they were plucked before,
And without footprints, where she used to pass;
And this will keep her memory green for evermore.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

It is a world of highly ancient lineage, having existed thousands of years ago, "ere heaving bellows learned to blow." Old Timotheus was its master (sub Jove), before divine Cecilia came to invent the vocal frame, and add length to solemn sounds; to wrest the lyre from Timotheus, or divide the crown with him. He could but raise a mortal to the skies. She drew an angel down.

Thus far (in somewhat different language), glorious John Dryden in praise of music. I must not tarry to sing the praises of ancient music, for I have not Dr. Burney's big book by me; and who knows where or when I should stop if I were to touch upon Orpheus and the beasts, Ulysses and the Sirens, Nebuchadnezzar with his lutes, and harps, and sackbuts, and all kinds of psaltery; or if even I were to get middle-aged in music, and tell of the troubadours, trouveres, minnesingers, or glee-maidens; or more modern yet, and gossip about Stradella, Purcell, Raymond Lulli and Father Schmidt, Paesiello, Handel, and Dr. Blow: the harmonious blacksmith, Cremona fiddles, and the Haarlem organ?

The musical world of England of to-day, for to such place and time will I confine myself, contains in itself three worlds. The fashionable world of music, the middle-class world, and the country world.

Fashion first. What so fashionable as the Opera? whose many tiers of boxes glitter with bright lights and brighter eyes, with youth, and beauty, and high birth; where divinities in diamonds, and divinities in blue ribbons, hedge kings and queens (poor hedges! how wofully tired, and ditchwaterly dull they look, hedging royalty on one leg, or leaning wearily against chairbacks or brackets); where dandies in the stalls, in excruciating white neckcloths, turn their backs to the stage between the acts, and scrutinize the occupants of the grand tier, with their big lorgnettes; where grey-headed peers and habitués who can remember Nourri and Donzelli, Catalani and Pasta, Armand Vestris and Anatole, crouch in shady pit-boxes, and hear the music with palled ears, and watch the ballet with sated eyes; where dilettanti in the back rows of the pit (mostly admitted with orders, and cleaned white kid gloves) are so particular in crying Brava when a lady is singing, and Bravi, when a duet is sung; where honest Tom Snugg, who fancies himself a complete man about town and opera frequenter, is so proudly delighted in pointing out, to his friend Nooks, the neophyte, a respectable stockbroker from Camberwell Grove, as the Duke of Tiransydon, or the lady of a Hebrew sheriff's officer, covered with diamonds, as the Dowager Marchioness of Memphis; where simple-minded English people from the provinces, finding themselves in the amphitheatre stalls and at the opera for the first time, make desperate efforts to understand the words of the songs and recitatives; and failing signally, appeal to the sixpenny "books of the opera," and find confusion worse confounded by the librettist of the theatre; who translates Italian into English with about the same facility that French hotel-keepers translate their advertisements into the same language; where oleaginous foreigners, in the back settlements of the gallery, gloat over every bar of the overture, and every note of the opera, and keep time with their heads, and lick their lips at a florid passage, or a well executed cadence, and grind their teeth savagely at a note too flat or too sharp, and scowl at you if you cough, or sneeze, or move your feet. This English land has not been without its white days—its high and glorious festivals. I say has been; for, alas, of the opera as a grand, glorious, national, fashionable institution, we may say, as of him whose sword is rust, and whose bones are dust, It was. The Grand Opera exists no more. I know there is an establishment in the vicinity of Covent Garden—a sumptuous, commodious, brilliant, and well-managed theatre, where the best operas are given by the best singers and instrumentalists. But I cannot call it THE Opera. It can never be more to me than Covent Garden Theatre—the conquered, but never to be the naturalized domain of Italian music. The ghost of Garrick jostles the

ghost of Farinelli in Bow Street, and from Mr. Lacey's shop in Wellington Street, the indignant voices of Colman, Sheridan, Kenny, and O'Keefe, seem to be crying to Bellini and Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and Mozart, "What do ye here?" What have the traditions of maestri and macaroni, violins and Vellutis, bassi and ballet-girls to do with a locality hallowed by the memory of the Great Twin Brethren, the two mighty English theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane? I can fancy, drawn up in shadowy line opposite the grand entrance, and sadly watching the carriages disgorging their aristocratic tenants, the bye-gone worthies of the English stage. Siddons thrilling, O'Neill melting, Munden exhilarating Dowton convulsing, Kemble awing, Kean astounding, Woffington enchanting, Young soothing, and Macready—not dead, haply, nor forgotten, nor unthanked, but gone for all that—teaching and elevating, and humanising us. About such a scene might flit the disembodied spirits of the O. P. row; of those brave days of old, when people went to wait for the opening of the pit-door, at three p. m., and took sandwiches and case-bottles with them; when the engagement or non-engagement of a public favourite weighed as heavily in the balance of town curiosity, as a siege of a fortress, or the capture of a fleet; when Shakspeare's scenes found gorgeous reflections in Stanfield's magic mirror; when actors (though rogues and vagabonds by act of parliament) were wonderfully respected and respectable, and lived in competence, and had quiet, cosy houses in Bloomsbury and Marylebone, paying rates and taxes, serving on juries, and when they died found no mortuary eulogium in the columns of some slang Sunday newspaper, but were gravely alluded to in the decent large type of a respectably small sized newspaper, with a fourpenny stamp, as at his house in Buskin Street, "Mr. So-and-so many years of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and one of the overseers of the parish of Saint Roscius. Universally lamented. An attached husband and a tender father." No! The opera cannot be in Convent Garden to my mind. The opera should, and can only be in Haymarket, over against palatial Pall-Mall. Come back, then, Mr. Costa, whom I honour, to those cari luoghi. Come back bâton, souffleurs' cavern, loud bassoon, and all. Let us have, once more, the linkman with his silver badge, and the guard of grenadiers (I mind the time when it was a subaltern's guard, and the officer had a free admission to the pit, and lounged tremendous in Fop's Alley in his bearskin and golden epaulettes.) Come back to the Haymarket, carriages that stopped the way, and struggling footmen, and crowded crush room! Come back, and let not the walls of the grand opera be desolate, or the spider weave her web in the yellow satin curtains—though I believe they were taken down and sold in the last disasters!

Only one section of the musical world, however, was on view in the audience part of the opera. Its working members were to be found behind the footlights; nor could you learn much of their private or social habits even there. There are few duller, prosier, more commonplace scenes than the green-room of a theatre; and the artist's foyer at an opera house is ordinarily the dullest of the dull. A prima donna swallowing sherry-negus with an egg in it preparatory to her grand scena; a basso stretching himself on the cushions of an ottoman, and yawning in an ecstasy of fatigue; a tenor sulking in a corner because his aria has not been encored; a baritone suffering from hoarseness, and expectorating, and swallowing cough lozenges with distressing pertinacity; a crowd of mysterious, snuffy, musty old Frenchwomen with handkerchiefs tied around their heads, pottering in corners with second-hand foreigners, who snuff more than they speak, and spit more than they snuff: these are the principal features of an operatic green-room. Yet, in the palmy days of opera-hats and opera-tights, there were few privileges more valued by the distinguished frequenters of the omnibus-box than that of the entrée behind the scenes. A door of communication used to exist between the omnibus-box and the penetralia of the coulisses; and an attempt to lock it once caused a riot of the most fashionable description, in the time of manager Laporte, and the demolition of the door itself by a prince of the blood. There are dandies yet who would give—not exactly their ears, but still something handsome—for the estimable privilege of wandering in a dingy, ruinous desert of wings and set pieces and cobwebby rafters; of being hustled and ordered out of the way by carpenters and scene-shifters in their shirt-sleeves; of stumbling over gas-pipes, tressels, and pewter pots; and of being uncomfortably jammed up among chairs and tables, supernumeraries bearing spears and banners at one shilling per night, property men with blazing pans of red and blue fire, and pets of the ballet gossiping the flattest of flat gossip, or intent upon the salutary but, to a near bystander, rather inconvenient exercise known as "pumping," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I may mention consists in standing upon one leg, while another pet of the ballet pulls the other leg violently up and down—such pumping giving strength and elasticity to the muscles.

Hie we away, therefore, to where we can see the operatic world to greater advantage. Here is Messrs. Octave and Piccolo's Music Warehouse. Let us enter and behold.

In Regent Street is Messrs. Octave and Piccolo's establishment, the great Bourse or High Change of the Ars Musicâ. Hard by, on one side, is Messrs. Rowdeypoor, Cutchem-

poor, and Weaverbad's India shawl warehouse, which keeps so many native artists at Delhi and Lahore employed day and night in designing fresh patterns. Hard by, on the other side, is Miss Bricabrac's great nick-nack shop, where a marquis might ruin himself in the purchase of porte-monnaies, smelling-bottles, toothpicks, dressing-cases, blotting-books, French clocks, point lace, diamond pens, jewelled penwipers, amethyst card-cases, and watches no bigger than fourpenny-pieces. About four o'clock during the height of the London season, the road in front of these three shops—the shawl-shop, the music-shop, and the nicknack-shop—is blockaded by a crowd of carriages, the very study of the armorial bearings on whose panels, is as good as a course of Clarke's Introduction to Heraldry, or Mr. Planché's Pursuivant-at-Arms. The pavement is almost impassable for mighty footmen, gravely lounging, as it is the wont of mighty footmen to do; the air is perfumed with pomatum and hair-powder, and the eye dazzled with plush, vivid aiguillettes, and gold lace.

In Messrs. Octave and Piccolo's shop, among the grand, semi-grand, square, cottage, and cabinet pianofortes, the harmoniums, melodions, accordeons, concertinas, and flutinas, the last new ballads, polkas, mazourkas, gems of the last opera, &c., decorated with flaming lithographs in colours; the shelves groaning beneath music-books and opera scores, and pianoforte exercises, and treatises upon sol-faing; among Erard's harps, and huge red and yellow concert posters, and plans of the boxes of the opera, and seats at the Philharmonic; among circulars from professors of music, who beg to inform the nobility, gentry, their friends, and the public that they have just returned from the continent, or have removed their residence to such and such a street, where they have resumed their course of instruction, or have some equally interesting instruction to give; among portraits of musical celebrities, lithographed by the accomplished M. Baugniet, and concert tickets stuck in the frames of looking-glasses; among all these multifarious objects there circulates a crowd of countesses in lace, yea, and of duchesses oftentimes, together with representatives of musical wealth (chiefly female) of every degree, from the Princess Perigordowski, who has come to Messrs. Octave and Co. to negotiate engagements with the stars of the Italian stage for her grand ball and concert next week; from the Dowager Marchioness of Screwtown, who wants some one at Octave's to recommend her a first-rate Italian singing master, who will teach the juvenile Ladies, Harriet and Georgina Skinflint, for five shillings a lesson, she having recently dismissed their former instructor, Signor Ravioli, for gross misconduct—*a pawnbroker's duplicate* for some degrading article of wearing apparel, we believe boots, having fallen from the wretched man's hat, on the occasion of his last visit to Skinflint House; from these pillars of the titled world to plump rosy Mrs. Chippendale, who has "musical evenings" in the Alpha Road, and wants a good accompanyist, moderate, a German not preferred. They breathe so hard, and smell so strong of smoke, and have such long hair, Mrs. C. says. Besides, they injure the piano so, and will insist at last upon playing a "sinfonia," or a "motivo," or a "pensée" of their own composition, goodness knows how many hundred bars or pages long. Then there is Miss de Greutz, who is long, lean, pale, and spectacled. She is a governess is Miss de Greutz, but has views towards professing singing on an independent footing, and wishes to ascertain Signor Pappadaggi's terms (he is the singing master in vogue), for a series of finishing lessons. Pappadaggi will have fifteen shillings a lesson out of her, and bate never a stiver; "it soud be zi gueeni," he says; and valiant Miss de Greutz will hoard up her salary, and trot, in her scanty intervals of leisure, to the signor's palatial residence in Hyde Park Gardens; and should you some half-holiday afternoon pass the open windows of Belinda House, Bayswater, it is pretty certain that you will hear the undulating strains of a piano in sore distress (not the jangling one—*that* is the schoolroom piano, where Miss Cripps is massacreing the Huguenots worse than ever they were on St. Bartholomew's day), and some feeble, though highly ornamented cadenzas, the which you may safely put down as Miss de Greutz's repetition of her last, or preparation for her next lesson.

You may observe that the gentlefolks, the customers who come here to buy, naturally resort to the counters, and besiege the obliging assistants; these obliging persons, who are not in the least like other shop assistants, being singularly courteous, staid and unobtrusive in demeanour, and not without, at the same time, a reasonable dash of independence, being in most cases sons of partners in the firm, or of wealthy proprietors of other music warehouses, who send them here, as the great restaurateurs in France do their sons, to other restaurants, to acquire a knowledge of the business. They have a hard time of it among their fair customers; a dozen voices calling at once for works, both vocal and instrumental, in three or four different languages: one lady asking for the Odessa Polka, another for the Sulina Waltz, a third for Have Faith in one another; a fourth for L'Ange Déchu, a fifth for an Italian aria, Sulla Poppa del mio Brik, and a sixth for Herr Bompazek's new German ballad, Schlick, schlick, schlick. Yet Messrs. Octave and Piccolo's young men contrive to supply all these multifarious demands, and take money, and give change, and indulge their customers with commer-

cially scientific and sentimental disquisitions upon the merits of the last new song, and answer—which is the hardest business of all—the innumerable questions on subjects as innumerable, addressed to them not only by the customers, but by the professionals who throng the shop.

The professionals! Where are they? They gesticulate behind harps, or declaim from music-stools, or congregate at the angles of Erard's grands. They may be heard of in the back shop fantastically torturing musical instruments, in the hope, perhaps, that some English marquis, enraptured by their strains, may rush from the titled crowd, and cry, "Herr, signor, or monsieur," as the case may be, "write me six operas, teach all my family at five guineas per lesson, and at the end of a year, the hand of my daughter, Miss Clarissa, is yours." They waylay the courteous publishers, Messrs. Octave and Piccolo, in counting-houses—at doors—everywhere. Octave is a pleasant man, tall, an undeniable judge of port wine, and rides to the Queen's hounds. Piccolo is a dapper man, who speaks scraps of every European language, and is supposed to have been madly in love, about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, with the great contralto, Madame Rostolati, who married, if you remember, Prince Popadochoff: he who broke the bank at Baden Baden, just before he shot himself at Ems, in the year thirty-three.

Here is a gentleman just stepped out of a handsome brougham, at Octave and Piccolo's door. His hair is auburn, curling and luxuriant; his beard and moustache ample, and a monument to the genius of his hairdresser; he is covered with jewellery; his clothes are of the newest cut, and the most expensive materials. He is perfumed; the front of his shirt—lace and studs—is worth twenty guineas, and leaning from the window of his brougham, you can descry a kid-gloved hand, with rings outside the glove, a bird of paradise feather, and the head of a King Charles's spaniel. The hair, the beard, the moustache, the jewellery, the shirt, the brougham, the bird of Paradise, and the King Charles all belong to Orpheus Bassercly ffe, fashionable singer of the day.

Snarling people, envious people, crooked-minded people, of course, aver that Basserclyffe roars; that he sings out of tune; that he doesn't sing as well as formerly; that he can't sing at all; that he has a fine voice, but is no musician; that he can read at sight well enough, but has no more voice than a jackdaw. What does Basserclyffe care? What do people *not* say about professionals? They say Joe Nightingale's mother (he preceded Basserclyffe as fashionable), kept a coal and potato shed in Bermondsey; yet he made twenty thousand pounds, and married a baronet's daughter. They say Ap Llewellyn, the harpist's name is not Ap, or Llewellyn, but Levi, and that he is not a Welshman at all, and that he used to play his harp in the streets, sitting on a little stool, while his sister went round with a hat for the coppers. They say that Madame Fioriture, the prima donna, does not know a note of music, and that old Fripanelli, the worn-out music-master of TattyboysRents, has to teach her every part she plays. Let them say on, says Basserclyffe. So that I sing on and sing well, what does it matter? He is right. If he had sung at the Italian Opera—as William, in Black-eyed Susan, was said to play the fiddle—like an angel, there would have been soon found worthy people and astute critics to whisper—Ah, yes, very sweet, but after all, he's not an Italian! He is too sensible to change his name to Basserclifi or Basserclifficini. He is content, perfectly content, with making his four or five thousand a year by singing at concerts, public and private, oratorios, festivals, and philharmonic associations, in town and country. It is perfectly indifferent to him at what species of entertainment he gets his fifteen guineas for a song. It may be at the Queen's palace, or in the large room of some vast provincial music hall. I will say this for him, however, that while he *will* have the fifteen guineas (and quite right, if those who employ him can pay, he will sing gratuitously, and cheerfully too, where real need exists, and, for the benefit of a distressed anybody, will pipe the full as melodiously as when his notes are exchanged by those of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. He has a fine house; he gives grand dinner parties; he is an exemplary husband and father; he has no serious care in the world, except for the day when his voice will begin to fail him. "He is beast like that," says Bambogetti, the cynic of the musical world, striking the sounding-board of a pianoforte.

But there has sidled into the shop, and up to the urbane Mr. Octave, and held whispered converse with him, which converse has ended in a half shake of the head on Octave's part, a shrug of the shoulder, and a slipping of something into the creature's hand, a dirty, ragged, shameful old man, in a trailing cloak, with an umbrella that would seem to have the palsy as well as the hand that holds it. This is Gaddi. About the time that the allied sovereigns visited England, after the battle of Waterloo, Teodoro Gaddi was the great Italian tenor, the king of tenors, the emperor of tenors. He was more largely paid than Farinelli, and more insolent than Cuzzoni. They talked scandal of queens in connection with Gaddi. Sovereigns sent semi-ambassadors to tempt him to their courts. He sang, and the King's Theatre was in raptures. He was the idol of routs, the admired of ladies in chip hats and leg-of-mutton sleeves; he spent weeks at the country-seats of lords who wore hair powder and Hessian boots, or high-collared coats and Cossack trousers. He was praised in the Courier, the Day, the News, and the Belle

Assemblée. There is no King's Theatre now. There are no routs, leg-of-mutton sleeves, or chip hats left. No Couriers to praise, no ladies to admire, no lords to invite. There is no Teodoro Gaddi, nothing but old Gaddi, the shabby, broken-down old beggarman, who hangs about the music shops and professional people's houses. If you ask Gaddi the cause of his decadence, he lifts up his hands, and says piteously, "ma famille, my dear, ma famille;" but as he notoriously turned all his sons out of doors, and broke his daughters' hearts, you can't exactly believe that story. Gaddi's voice is quite broken and ruined now; he is immensely old, and pitiably feeble, but he is full of vitality, and is as shameless a beggar as the Spanish mendicant with the arquebus, that Gil Blas met. If you happen to know Gaddi it is very probable that, descending your stairs some morning, you will find him, cloak, umbrella and all, sitting somewhere on the bottom flight. "I have come," he says, "I, Gaddi. I die of hunger. I have no charbons, my dear; give me twopence;" or, reposing quietly in your bed, you may find the curtains at the bottom thereof drawn on one side, and be aware of Gaddi, and of his voice mumbling, "Twopence, charbons, Gaddi. I knew your father, I have supped with George Quatre; I, Gaddi." It is singular that though Gaddi is always complaining of hunger, he is almost as continually eating a pie—a large veal pie; and as he munches, he begs. 'Tis ten to one that half an hour after you have relieved him, you will meet with a friend who will tell you "old Gaddi called on me this morning, and asked for twopence. He was eating a pie. He said that he was starving, and had no coals, and that he knew my father." Gaddi has known everybody's father.

A quiet-looking gentleman with a sallow countenance, and bearing a roll of music in his hand, has entered the music warehouse while we have been considering Gaddi. He has a profoundly fatigued, worn-out, ennuyé expression pervading his whole appearance. His lustreless black hair is listless, so are his small hands, on one of which glisten diamonds of price. His limp hat is negligently thrown rather than superposed on the back of his head. He dangles a listless glove, and plays with a limp watch-chain ornamented with dully valuable breloques; his eyes are half closed, and he yawns wearily. His chief care seems to be for the butt-end of a powerful cigar, which he has left, in deference to English prejudices, but evidently with much reluctance, on the railing outside the shop. He casts a lingering look at this remnant through the plate glass windows, and twiddles his listless fingers as though the beloved weed were yet between his digits. Who may this be? Who but Polpetti, not the great English, nor even only the great Italian, but the great European tenor; the finest Edgardo in the world; the unrivalled Elviro: the unapproached Otello; the pride of the Scala and the Fenice, the Pergola, and the Italiens; the cynosure of Berlin and Vienna, and St. Petersburg; the decorated of foreign orders; the millionaire; the Gaddi of to-day.

So much glory (more than a conqueror's), so much gold (more than a Hebrew banker's), has this listless person earned by his delightful art. I am not going to say that he is overpaid. I would walk ten miles fasting to be present at one opera in which he performs. You cannot resist him. You hang on his notes, and your heart keeps time with them. And when he has finished you must needs clap your hands till they be sore, and yell bravos till you be hoarse, for you can't help it.

Polpetti will not go the way of Gaddi. He has bought a fine estate in Italy, some say an island, some say a province, whither in a few months he will retire to enjoy the ample fortune he has amassed in strange lands—from the banks of the Neva to those of the Thames—from the Po to the Potomac—from Liverpool to Lisbon. Twenty years since, and Giacinto Polpetti was an olive-faced lad, running meanly clad among the vines and olives and staring white houses, and dusty lanes of an Italian country town. He had an uncle, perhaps—a snuffy old abbate, fond of garlic, and olives, and sour wine, who wore a rusty soutane, and carried a sky-blue umbrella, and could read nothing but his breviary, and not much of that. His uncle's cross old housekeeper may have taught him to read, and at ten he may have been consigned to the shopboard of a tailor or the farm-house of a vine-grower, till it was discovered that he had a voice—and a beautiful voice too—which caused his promotion to a badly-washed surplice and the choir of the church; his vocal duties being varied by swinging a censer and tinkling a bell, and making the various genuflexions which the service of the mass demands. He might have grown up, and gone back to the tailor or the vine-grower, or have degenerated into a sacristan, a dirty monk, with bare feet and a cowl, full of black bread and sausages, or an abbate like his uncle, with a rusty soutane and a sky-blue umbrella, but for a neighbouring magnifico, the Count di Nessuno-Denaro, who had no money, but considerable influence; who condescended to patronise him, and procured his admission into the Conservatoire of Milan. A weary time he had of it there. A wearier still when singing for starvation wages at the smaller provincial towns of Italy. A weariest when he fell into the hands of a grasping speculator who "starred" him at Paris, and Milan, and Venice, paying him niggardly, and forcing him to work the rich mine of his youthful voice as though the ore would never fail. But he emancipated himself at last, and went to work in earnest for himself. The last ten years have been one long triumph, and Jupiter Success has found in him no unwilling Danaë. He will retire with his millions

(of francs) to his own village in the sunny south, among the olives, and vines, and staring white houses. He will make his uncle the abbate (who lives still) as rich as an English bishop, and build a mausoleum over the grave of the cross old housekeeper, and lead a jovial, simple-minded happy life among his old kindred and friends: now exhibiting the diamond cross that the Czar of Russia gave him, and now the golden snuff-box presented to him by the Kaiser of Austria. Do not let us be too hard upon the "confounded foreigners" who come here to sell their crotchets and quavers for as much gold as they will fetch. Only consider how many million pounds sterling a year we make by spinning shirts and welding iron for the confounded foreigners; how many millions of golden pennies our travelling countrymen turn by cutting canals, and making railroads, steamers, suspension bridges, in lands where we ourselves are but "confounded foreigners."

If I have dwelt somewhat too lengthily and discursively upon the male illustrations of the musical world, I beg that you will not suppose that the fairer denizens of that harmonious sphere neglect to visit Messrs. Octave and Piccolo's shop. Prime Donne abound, even more than Primj Uomini. Every season produces a score of ladies, Signoras, Madames, Mademoiselles, and Fraus, who are to do great things: who come out and go in with great rapidity. Yonder is Madame Digitalis. She sings superbly; but she is fifty, and fat, and ugly. "Bah! yawn the habitués. The Digitalis is passed. She is rococo. Give us something new." Whereupon starts up Mademoiselle Crimea Okolska from Tartary (said to be a run-away serf of the Czar, and to have been thrice knouted for refusing to sing duets with the Grand Duke Constantine) the new soprano. But Mademoiselle Crimea (she with the purple velvet mantle and primrose bonnet, bantering Polpetti in the corner), screams, and sings sharp, and pronounces Italian execrably; and the habitués declare that she won't do, and that she is nothing after all but the same Miss Crimmins of the Royal Academy, who failed in Adalgisa six years ago, and has been abroad to improve and denationalise her name. The rage among the ladies who can sing for being Prime Donne, is greater than that among attorneys' clerks for playing Hamlet. Octave and Piccolo are besieged at the commencement of every season by cohorts of foreign ladies, all with the highest recommendations, all of whom have been mentioned in the most enthusiastic terms by M. Berlioz, M. Fétis, and the other great musical oracles of the continent, and all of whom desire ardently to sing at the Philharmonic or before her Majesty. The manager of the opera plays off half a dozen spurious Prime Donne during the months of March and April, keeping the trumps for the height of the season. And not only to the continent is this prima donna rage confined. Staid and decorus English parents hearing their daughter sing Wapping old Stairs, prettily, send her forthwith to the Royal Academy of Music. She comes back and sings florid Italian scenas. Send her to Italy, cry with one voice her relations and friends. To Italy she goes, and from Italy she returns, and comes out at the opera or at one of the fashionable morning concerts. She sings something with a great deal of ornament, but in a very small voice: you may hear the rustling of the music paper, as she turns the leaves, with far more distinctness than her song. She goes in again, after this coming out, and is heard of next year at the Snagglesgrade Mechanics' Institution; and soon afterwards she sensibly marries Mr. Solder the ironmonger, and gives up singing altogether.

Prima donna upon prima donna—never ending, still beginning, none of them can oust from their thrones the four or five blue ribbons of melody, who go on from year to year, still electrifying, still enchanting, still amazing us: none of them can touch the Queen: the Semiramis of Song: whose voice no more declines than her beauty, whose beauty than her grace, whose grace than her deep pathos, and soulful declamation and glorious delivery. Ah, lovers of music, your aviaries may be full of nightingales and swans, English and foreign, black, white, and pied; but, believe me, the woods will be voiceless for long, long after the Queen of Song shall have abdicated her throne and loosened the silver chords of her harp of glory.

For all, however, little Miss Larke, the fair-haired English prima donna, holds her own manfully. Her name is Larke, and she sings like one; and her voice is as pure as her fame. This brave little woman has run the gauntlet through all the brakes and thickets, and jungles, and deserts, where "devouring tygers lie" of the musical world. Lowliness was her young ambition's ladder, and now that she has attained the topmost round, she does not turn her back on the ladder,

> Scorning the base degrees
> By which she did ascend. So Cæsar did—

But so does not Miss Larke. She is honorably proud of the position she has gained by her own merits and good conduct; but she sings with as much equanimity before royalty, as she was wont to do at the Snagglesgrade Institution, and has ever a helping hand for those beneath her who are struggling and weak. There is my darling little Larke by the grand pianoforte, blooming in pink muslin, with a neat morocco music case in her hand. Mr. Piccolo has a whole list of engagements, metropolitan and provincial for her; from aristocratic soirées to morning concerts; and she has a list at home of engagments she has herself received, which she must consult before she can accept more. Go on and prosper, little Larke. May your sweet voice last a thousand years!

But the crowd thins in Messrs. Octave and

Piccolo's shop ; the carriages drive away to the park ; the professionals go home to dinner or to dress for evening concerts ; and as I saunter away, and listen to the strains of a German band in Beak Street, mingling with the jarring minstrelsy of some Ethiopian Serenaders in Golden Square, I am obliged to confess that the cursory view I have taken of the musical world, is but an opuscular one after all—that I have but described a worldling having a dozen worlds within it.

LOBSTERS.

"Lobsters!" There is a wide-mouthed fellow crying them before my door at this moment. How little does he know what lobsters really are! All he thinks of is the profit he shall get if he succeeds in selling a few of the stale, flaccid, water-logged, long-tailed crustaceans that fill his basket. And yet he has the face to call them "Fine Nor—ro—way lob—sters!"

"The remembrance of a good dinner," says a great French gastronomer, "atones for twenty fasts." This is mere enthusiasm. The more I recal one good dinner the more I desire to have another. Having breakfasted, lunched, and supped—I had almost said dined—on *hot* lobsters, at Mr. Plumbly's comfortable little inn at Freshwater, it is no satisfaction to me to think of that happy time when the fellow at my door displays his unsavoury wares. So far from deriving consolation from the remembrance, this rogue's present demonstration adds poignancy to my regret, and I exclaim with Dante,

> The greatest of all woes
> Is to remind us of our happy days
> In misery.

I should be guilty of hypocrisy if I were to pretend to care for lobsters on any ground but such as are purely appetitic. Morally, I look upon lobsters as occupying a very low grade in the scale of animals. They are a kind of marine Muscovites, bristling with rage against every one,—fierce, hard, horny, and pugnacious, always tearing and rending something, and losing their limbs with as much indifference as if they belonged to some salt-water Czar. Then, they not only get into rows themselves, but are often the cause (brandy and water combining), of other people getting into rows. If you wish for evidence of their pugnacity, look at their claws. One of them is always a great deal smaller than the other. Observe the left claw with which the lobster (like a human being sparring) wards off the blows aimed at him! Examine the right, or striking claw! That which now garnishes the dexter limb is not the real original cheliform, but a supplementary pair of pincers, thrown off long ago in some midnight submarine brawl. In case of emergency your thoroughbred lobster parts with a claw with as little concern as a man tearing the tail of his coat in a hedge when a mad bull is after him. The late Sir Isaac Coffin, who used to tell a great number of odd stories, was once witness, he said, to a terrific battle between two armies of lobsters in the harbour of Halifax, in Nova Scotia. They fought, he declared, with so much fury that the seashore was strewn with their claws. Sir Isaac was the admiral on the station, and ever afterwards, when he saw a lobster, he pointed to the disparity between the claws in corroboration of his story. Having mentioned that locality, in connection with lobsters, let me describe how I have assisted in catching them there.

About three miles south of the town of Halifax, on the western side of the harbour, a creek indents the land, which is called the North-west Arm. Owing to its rocky bottom, lobsters resort there in vast numbers, and the shallowness of the water makes the creek a complete preserve, where you are always sure of game. The ordinary trap, a lobster-pot, is not used in Nova Scotia, a far speedier mode of capture being adopted. On a cloudy summer's night, when the tide is at the full, and the lobsters are close in-shore, you put out your boat and coast along in four or five feet water. Each fisherman is armed with a long pole, like a clothes-prop, perfectly straight, with a prong about six inches deep at one extremity. In the bow of the boat is a huge gridiron, upon which a coarse kind of sheathing, called shingle, commonly employed in the interior of cottage roofing, is set on fire, burning slowly, and giving out a strong, red light. It is held firmly over the side ; the boat being a good deal tilted towards the shore, and every eye cast downward to penetrate the water. The light in the grating reveals hundreds of lobsters scudding along the rocky floor in their shining black armour. The fisherman carefully inserts his weapon in the water, and continues to lower it till the prong is only a few inches above the back of the lobster he has selected ; he then drives the pole down with all his might, and—if he has not been deceived in his aim, in which case his arm is jarred up to the shoulder blade for his pains—succeeds in irrevocably jamming his prey in the groove and lifting it into the boat. With a good light, a quick eye, a steady hand, and a little dexterity, a fisherman need seldom miss his mark ; and so numerous are the lobsters that I have seen as many as from forty to fifty caught in this manner in the course of an hour. Indeed, to catch a boat-load in the course of an evening's sport is no uncommon event, and I recollect that one night, being very heavily laden, we got tired of carrying our prize any further, and gave them in charge of a sentry outside the garrison, desiring him to let the captain of the guard know that we had left him a sentry-box full of lobsters for his breakfast. That

these delicacies were sufficiently abundant in that part of the world may be inferred from the fact that the ordinary market price for a good-sized lobster was only a half-penny currency. Conceive then the unutterable dismay of a lobster-lover from Nova Scotia stopping in the Haymarket, London, and mildly inquiring the price of his favourite food. "Oh, sir," replies the shopman, cheerfully, "lobsters is cheap to day; I can let you have that 'ere splendid feller for three-and-six!" "There was a time," murmurs the Nova Scotian, "when I might have had seven dozen for the money."

Let us suppose our lobster caught, and put to death. Boiling alive seems to be a very cruel process—but is far less cruel than it appears to be. I question, indeed, if there be any cruelty in it. The loss of the precious limbs, so lugubriously deplored, is, as we have seen, scarcely felt by a long-tailed shell-fish. To discover a vital part beneath his horny carapace is a matter of some difficulty, and a knife unskilfully wielded might only wound without killing; whereas suffocation by boiling water is instantaneous death. Don't believe a word of the legend about lobsters screaming in the cauldron: in the first place they haven't time to scream—in the next, they have no voices. A lobster's scream, a swan's dying song, the pelican's substitute for her offspring's breakfast, the suicide of the scorpion, and the self-cremation of the phœnix, all belong to Legendary Natural History. At all events, if you want to eat a lobster, you must boil him alive—I use the masculine gender advisedly; for a hen lobster is not worth her salt. If you suffer him to die a natural death before you consign him to the boiler, what is the consequence! A pale, attenuated creature, having no spring in his tail, with a yielding carapace, and listless claws (those claws once so vigorous), and wearing a general sickliness and ghostliness of aspect, presents himself for your supper. Is it worth while wasting the contents of your cruets on such an animal? Common sense at once replies in a brief and stern negative. But if Nature has endowed you with harder attributes and keener perceptions, let your cook (if you are unwilling to run the risk yourself), boldly seize the heaviest and most active of the lot submitted for sacrifice—a fellow with a shell whose blue-blackness rivals the raven's wing—unspotted and unbruised, and plunge him into the bubbling cauldron. The next time you see him how different from his congener who died of neglect in the well-boat. Not a grain of his weight is diminished, the elasticity of his tail is as strong as ever, the grasp of his pincers impossible to unlock, his coat armour like adamant; and for his colour, compound the hues of a life-guardsman's uniform, a gleam of Vesuvius in eruption, a Tom Thumb geranium, one of Danby's sunsets, a Géant rose in full bloom, with a spinelle ruby from the cup of Jemsheed—and you may possibly arrive at a feeble imitation of the jovial glow in which, like unto a garment, he is now enwrapped. Now is the time to read Shakespeare after our own commentary, and exclaim, "Fish, fish, how art thou fleshified?"

Like genius, lobsters can never be thoroughly appreciated until after death. Their greatest glory is posthumous. Suppose his claws disjointed and broken—not smashed, as often happens—his body carefully twisted from his tail, and both displayed by the sharp incision of a knife; suppose the disjecta membra symmetrically grouped: then let him be brought in to be dressed. After what fashion shall this be done? Shall we tell the cook, when we have gazed our fill as he lies there, like Christabel, in his loveliness, to take him back to the kitchen, release him from his armour, chop him fine, his liver and all that is edible within him, incorporate him with egg and crumbs, and roll him up into balls with a seasoning of salt, mace, and cayenne pepper, which, when fried a delicate brown, shall qualify him to appear as a dish of rissoles? Shall we have him minced and boiled up with Madeira, vinegar, grated nutmeg, salt and pepper, and deluged with melted butter cunningly flavoured with anchovy and yolks of eggs, in which condition he shall bear the name of a buttered lobster? Shall we stew him after the Irish fashion, or curry him in the Anglo-Indian manner, or scollop him, or distribute him in patties, or prepare him as an omelette in the artful manner now practised in the kitchen of the Trafalgar, at Greenwich?

We might order any of these things to be done, and out of every trial the lobster would emerge triumphant; yet we should not have eaten our lobster properly. "I know what you mean," says the stand-up supper-eater or scrambling picnic caterer, "you recommend him in a salad; a lobster salad, you know, and champagne and chat—that's the way!" Not *in* a salad, I gravely reply. As much salad *with* him as you please; but if you want the salad to be tough, and the lobster tasteless, mix them together; if not, keep them apart, and let one serve as a relish to the other. For my own part I can do without any of the adjuncts quoted by the stand-up supper-eater. I admire a salad by itself—champagne should be drunk in the whirl of gay society—and chat is for the cosy tête-à-tête anywhere; but nothing in my opinion ought to interfere between man and lobster, save and except a few glasses of East India Madeira. My method is this: I take the whole of my tail and mince it finely; and scoop out all my liver—if I am left to deal with a fine hen, I do not, of course, neglect the coral—and combine; gently, not with spoon, but with finger and thumb, I strew a little salt; two drops

of vinegar; a light shower of cayenne, enough to tinge the general surface; and two —or three, if you like—large table-spoonsful of the finest oglio di Nizza, (provided you can get it: if not, oil from Lucca or Florence) I now mix for five minutes and do not follow Guy's recommendation about the cucumber — at least I hope not — for I sit down quietly, and, with a silent friend, eat what I have prepared, moistening occasionally with Madeira, and reserving the claws for conversation.

Eating a lobster in this way, I look at his empty shell, and say with Malcolm, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." This may appear ungrateful; but as I said before, I cannot praise my lobster morally. What right had he, merely to gratify his own pugnacious propensities, to deprive me of the pleasure of eating two large claws instead of one? Compare his conduct with that of the crawfish, a member of his own family,—during the process of moult, or, as it is learnedly termed, ecdysis! The struggles which that animal makes to render itself fitter for the table are really sublime: its sole anxiety being to leave nothing behind; its wretchedness of mind at casual dismemberment can scarcely be conceived. "At this period," says a distinguished naturalist, "the crawfish (Astacus fluviatilis), becomes very restless, the symptoms of inquietude increasing in proportion as the time for emancipation draws nigh. It rubs one of its legs against the other, and finally throws itself on its back. In that situation it begins to shake and swell itself out, till it tears the membrane which connects the carapace with the abdomen, and begins to raise the former: then it rests awhile. Alternations of agitation and rest succeed each other at intervals of longer or shorter duration," &c. What other reason can there be for all this restlessness, this inquietude, this violent internal struggle, but the consciousness that, unless he turns himself out a complete crawfish, he is of no estimation in the eyes of cooks? It is this perfection of form, this heroic struggle to become good, that makes your Belgian crawfish worth his twenty francs in the Brussels market. I am not alluding, of course, to those miserable little creatures which only serve for garnish, but to animals some two feet in length (feelers included) that are to be found in aqueous haunts bordering the river Meuse, in the neighbourhood of Dinant, Philippeville, and Florence.

These crawfish are worthy specimens of their race, and how delectable they are to the palate let those declare, who, like myself, have fed on them at the restaurant of Du Bas the younger in the aforenamed city of Brussels. He advises you, and I think he is right, to aid their deglutition by a flask of Rhine wine; but a something called "Schnapps," which has juniper for its basis, is no unpleasing succedaneum. It was my intention when this crustaceous theme invited me, to have gone into the subject at greater length, but what remains to be said of those interesting decapods, the sea and land crabs, must be reserved for some other occasion.

AN OLD PORTRAIT FROM THE HAGUE.

Here is an old portrait of our old friend the Englishman, painted by an unknown hand at the Hague, and given to the public in the year seventeen hundred and forty-seven. Strolling about the narrow streets near the great library of the Geneviève in Paris, noticing the slovenly students making their way to and from the Ecole du Droit, and glancing at the books arranged upon shelves along the dead walls, a saunterer (himself an Englishman), was suddenly stopped by two little yellow volumes in very bad condition, labelled "Lettres sur les Anglois et François." He invested seventy-five centimes, and became the happy possessor of two very curious portraits painted one hundred years ago. It is most probable that when these volumes were first distributed in Paris from the library à la Plume d'Or of the elder David, they created some sensation.

It appears from them, that our great great grandfathers had a reputation abroad for magnificence among the nobility, and for the abundant supply of necessaries enjoyed by the community. They were also held to be proud to a detestable pitch, to be insolent to strangers, and to be generally rude and gross in their manners. They were brave, yet so disinclined to engage in war that the title of captain was with them one of reproach, signifying usually an adventurer—as the title of abbé was given to any loose hypocrite in France—yet they had the courage to perform a good action, and to follow their own good sense, even when it was at war with conventional usage. The liberty which they enjoyed made them independent in all affairs, and prevented them from exhibiting a slavish deference towards the nobility. In this way the broad outlines of our great great grandfathers' portraits were drawn by the unknown artist at the Hague. But his details, drawn from personal observation, form the most curious part of his picture. It must be remembered that the portrait-painter's brush is a hundred years old.

The happy character of an Englishman is a mixture of common sense and idleness. He has generally some imagination; but his imagination is like the hard coal he burns—it gives out more heat than light. He seldom goes abroad to seek his fortune; and it may be said, to the credit of the few who *do* venture, that not one of them ever succeeds. There are, however, excellent scientific men, and fine writers in England, and the Englishman pretends that his countrymen are more advanced in scientific pursuits than any other nation. In business he has neither the viva-

city of the French merchant, nor the parsimony of the Dutch dealer; and, what is astonishing to a foreigner, he will often retire to the country when he has made a good fortune even though he might double it by remaining at his counting-house. As a workman he has, and justly, a good reputation. He excels in clockmaking, in upholstery, in saddle-making, and in other trades which I cannot at the moment call to mind; but he does not excel in the making of cutlery—being clumsy and inelegant. As an agriculturist he is always to be seen in a close cloth coat, plush breeches, top-boots, well covered with spurs, riding invariably at full gallop. The Englishman is, however, always well dressed—a proof of his prosperity, since his clothing is, with him, a secondary consideration to his food.

I (that is to say, I the Portrait Painter at the Hague) must own one fact at once—the beauty of the English woman does not touch me. She is always fair—almost white. Hers is a beautiful face without expression. It is never animated. I see a hundred beautiful women, but I do not know ten pretty ones. To me the Englishwoman's great charm is that modesty or sweet timidity, which sends the blood to her cheek at every turn, and lowers her eyelid constantly. She is always tall, has a noble presence, and enjoys the advantage of being, generally, richly dressed. But she has one great fault, that is, the neglect of her teeth—a neglect the more to be deplored since she is accustomed to eat a great quantity of meat and very little bread. The patches she wears give her a coquettish look, though she is not a coquette. She has the reputation of a sweet disposition and a tender heart; but her want of occupation weakens her understanding, making her curious and credulous, and fond of astrology.

She has the brusquerie of her race; so that she will suddenly make a vow to marry the first man she meets in the street, and this man she will absolutely accept as her husband. In this kind of violence may be yet seen a remnant of that ferocity which is the characteristic of her blood.

To return to the Englishman. It may be said of him that he has the characteristics of the various races mixed up in his veins. He drinks like the Saxon; he loves hunting like the Danes; he cheats and plays false witness like the Normans, and he owes his love of bloody spectacles, and his fearlessness of death to the Romans. This ferocious spirit is exhibited in the cock-fighting, and the baiting with bull-dogs, which delight him exceedingly.

At the theatre he delights in pieces where broad allusions stand in the place of wit, and the translations he has made from Molière, show how utterly deaf he is to the finer points of dramatic art. But then in the place of French wit, he boasts that he has something which he calls "Houmour." Then this "houmour" appears to me to be only the exercise of a perverted imagination that can displace ideas, giving to vice the mask of virtue, and making all that is good, ludicrous. It is a pity that instead of his "houmour" the Englishman has not had a native Molière to cure him of some of his absurdities;—for instance, of his contempt for the rest of the world. Yet there is some excuse for the sombre character of the Englishman since his history is so full of horrors, that his greatest poet, Shakspeare, has been able to dramatise most of it in tragedies. The Englishman has not much taste for music. He is delighted with the noise of trumpets, and it is amusing to watch him at one of his fashionable concerts. He looks grave and awkward: being in a place where he can neither play nor drink, and where only modest women are to be seen; but at his chocolate-house (which is more distinguished than the coffee-house), he is moody, and silent also. He drinks for the pleasure of drinking, and sometimes he remains at a drinking party so long, and becomes so wild, that he will make a bet to kill the first man he meets in the street; and he will take care to win his wager. Two young men have been hanged lately for indulging in this kind of sport—yet, occasionally, he is a "civil and sobre gentelmen."

The Englishman always walks fast; and a walk is one of the chief pleasures of an Englishwoman. She walks straight forward with two or three female friends, seldom speaking, never looking aside, I have never seen an Englishwoman sit upon the grass or pick a flower; nor have I ever heard the faintest murmur of a song escape from her lips. She always walks out in broad daylight—probably because she can be best seen then; yet, notwithstanding this habit, and her love of wearing patches, she appears to be perfectly ignorant of coquetry, and never to understand for a moment that she can be beautiful. So modest does she appear, that I often feel inclined to tell her she is pretty for the simple pleasure of giving her a bit of news. The Englishman does not accustom her to that gallantry which Frenchmen pay to women,—therefore she is not so keenly on the look-out for compliments. I have known a distinguished English gentleman call for pipes and tobacco immediately after dinner, and allow the ladies to make their way out of the room, while the gentlemen were filling their first pipe. But this want of ceremony has its better side, since it humanises the Englishman's intercourse with his servants. You may see the English gentleman playing at foot-ball with artisans; and at a country dance he will call in his servants to make up the number of dancers.

I have hinted at the Englishman's love of the pleasures of the table. These pleasures he enjoys daily. They consist for the most part of different "poudins," of "guldenpepins," (an excellent kind of apple), raw oysters—

which are delicious; and of roast beef, which is the great dish upon the King's table, as upon the artizan's. While speaking of the Englishman's pleasures, I may add that which he enjoys immensely, and which consists in rowing about the Thames, saying rude things to passers-by. These rudenesses are freely exchanged amongst all classes; and are indulged in even by the Englishwomen. Any Frenchman who appears is certain to be called a "French dog," but this appellation greets him wherever he shows himself. The Englishman hates Frenchmen so intensely that to call a man a dog, and a French dog, is, I believe, to vent the full measure of a man's spite. While on the subject of dogs, I may mention the fact that the Englishman's bull-dog is perhaps the bravest animal in existence. He seldom barks; but he fights to the death. It is said that he has been known to suffer the amputation of his four legs, without leaving his hold of his enemy. The Englishman is proud of this courage, as he esteems it in himself, and will take his wife and daughter to see a prize-fight. If he be insulted in the street by a low fellow, he will instantly throw down his wig and sword, and fight him with his fists. I think I may now add the public executions to the list of the Englishman's amusements. His reputed ferocity is gratified by this pleasure, every six weeks regularly.

On the day set apart for this diversion the criminals parade the town in carts. They are dressed in their best clothes; they wear white gloves, and, if it be the fine season, sport nosegays. Those who die gaily are said to die like gentlemen; and to gain this encomium, most of them go to their death with the most terrible insensibility, sometimes even playing the fool by the way, to divert the crowd. An instance of buffoonery occurs to me. One man on his way to the gibbet lately, stopped the cart at the door of a public-house, called out the landlord, and asked him whether he had not once missed a silver tankard. The landlord replied that one had been lately stolen from his house. "Give us something to drink," said the criminal, "and I will tell you about it." The landlord, delighted at the opportunity of recovering his property, complied. The criminal took a draught, gave refreshment to his comrades; and then, as the cart moved forward, said to the landlord, "I stole your tankard; on my return I will give it back to you." Some of those condemned men have been seen to put their white gloves in their pocket, while on their way on the cart, lest the rain should soil them, and spoil their appearance upon the scaffold. Altogether, these are singular exhibitions. I hear that sometimes the friends of the criminals go and pull their legs when they are hanging, to shorten the period of torture. Insensibility to the terror of death appears to me, indeed, to be the characteristic of the English race.

Lately three young women hanged themselves—being crossed in love. I expressed surprise at this; but the English were only astonished to hear that the lovers of the unhappy trio were Irishmen, who are very much despised in England. The Englishman destroys himself as quietly as he sees life destroyed in others. Lately a gentleman hanged himself to vex his wife, by having his property thereby confiscated, "He was tired of life," said an English father not long since, when he was told that his son had drowned himself in the Thames.

With all these peculiarities, the Englishman has sound and good qualities. You will hear him use the word "simple" with pleasure, and he loves those he calls "good-natured" people, who are, according to him, peculiar to his country. I think it would not be difficult to justify even his "how d'ye do." The Englishman never talks without having something sensible to say; so that often in society long intervals of silence occur. It is the habit of the Englishman to break these silences by frequent "How d'ye do's," which people address to one another from time to time. These frequent "How d'ye do's," signify that the host is thinking about his guest, although he has nothing, at the moment, to say to him. The Englishman's books are like his conversation, full of sound sense, and generally free from quotations. He reads his laws—not in the spirit which dictated them—but to the letter. An instance of this habit occurred not long ago. The law of England forbids marriage with two wives. On this point it was a common saying that a man had only to take three wives to be beyond the reach of the statute. And this view was common enough, till a fellow travelled through the country, marrying all the pretty girls he met by the way; whereupon the jurisconsults met, and declared that it was impossible to marry a third wife without having been guilty of marrying two, and that therefore the wording of the statute was sound. The Englishman's laws are generally mild enough, but wayward and wrongly severe, so that some of the greatest rascals are punished only with the pillory, while debtors suffer the most horrible tortures—being cast into prison, and left often to die of hunger. No man, however, is condemned to death without having been found guilty, first, by twelve judges, or grand jurymen, and in the second place, by twelve judges (the common jury) of his own condition. All these judges must be of one mind. A singular instance of the working of this system occurred lately. A man was tried for murder; and the proofs of his guilt were so convincing that eleven of his judges found him guilty without hesitation. One judge, however, persisted in his opinion that the prisoner was innocent. The president tried to reason with the dissentient man, but he was inflexible. At length, the eleven judges, being unable to

support the pangs of hunger any longer, acquitted the prisoner. The president astonished at the obstinacy of the judge, asked him in private his reason for believing the prisoner to be innocent. The judge, or juryman, having bound the president, by oath, not to reveal the secret, declared that he himself was the murderer; and that he would not add to his crimes by hanging an innocent man, It is principally in the Englishman's laws regarding death punishments and his executions that I find him grievously at fault; for, to judge as a stranger, you would say that he perseveres in his system of public hanging only to provide agreeable spectacles for the people; and that he encourages thieves to provide convicted criminals.

I will now turn my attention from the Englishman to the city of which he is proud. London consists of long straight streets, which are, however, badly paved. It is now the largest city in Europe, yet it is continually increasing; and houses are built in half the time they take to build abroad. "Whitehal," situated on the banks of the Thames, is a commodious, but an ugly old house, the only real palatial chamber of which is the "Banquetinhouse." The King lives in a little house at "Kengsington," to avoid the thick air and smoke of the city. The park, however, is very fine. Charles the Second sent for the ingenious man who laid out the Tuileries in Paris, to lay out his park; but this man, on arriving, declared that he could not improve upon the natural pieturesqueness of the ground, and persuaded the King to leave it as it was. After the park, I like the Thames as my place of diversion. A private house called in London, "a thing to see," is the mansion of my Lord Montaigu. All that this house requires are—furniture and company; it appears to be the palace of a prince who never lives in it. The Tower of London, full of crowns and sceptres, hatchets and clubs, lions and leopards, is worth seeing; but the most interesting building is the Temple of St. Paul, which is not yet finished, but is already in a forward state. In five or six years, this vast work will be completed. It is one of the largest edifices of Europe, and is capable of arresting all the vice of London, if the efficacy of the sermons be in proportion to the capacity of the temple. "Westminister" is curious for its antiquity. Then there is the Monument. On the basement there is an inscription, in which the papists are accused of being the authors of the great fire. King James caused this inscription to be erased; but the stern Englishmen had it afterwards cut deep into the stone. Being addicted to revolutions, it appears to me that this monument is likely to fall at last by having its base cut through in this way.

London contains a prodigious number of ill-smelling coffee-houses: here persons loiter and waste their time; and here men of business carry on their affairs, so that people ask for a man's coffee-house, instead of his office. Coffee is not the only beverage sold in these houses.

Here also people smoke, drink, play, read the papers, and not seldom write them. Here verdicts are passed upon the Prince, and the government, and the honour of husbands. Here a foreigner, if he can stand the atmosphere of a guard-house, may study the Englishman's character, observe his deliberate manner, and notice that he never interrupts his neighbour's speech. The public-houses are known by magnificent painted signs, some of which are equal in value to the rest of the establishment. London shops are magnificent, and the shopkeepers are remarkable for not pressing their customers to buy articles they do not want, as the custom is in France and Holland. Public carriages are cheap and abundant; and in this respect London is far in advance of Paris. The streets are dark; a few lanterns have been hung up lately, but they are of little or no use.

The country in England is very verdant; but then the Englishman, in his humid climate, has leaves instead of fruit. All the fruit he has is almost tasteless, with the exception of his "golden pepins." English flowers have only the faintest perfume; and English game is insipid. There are no vines in England, so that the Englishman has to trust to the foreigner for his wine. The Englishman's habits in the country are rude enough. He gets only half drunk at his host's table; so that he may have the pleasure of completing his inebriation with his host's servants.

Here the details of the old portrait of the Hague may be closed, and the Englishman of to-day may be left to make his comparisons—to see himself as others saw him in the early days of the Georges. The picture is not without its instructive passages, as well as its ludicrous points. It is left exactly as it was drawn at the Hague, for the reader's examination.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DAY and night again, day and night again. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

Every night Sissy went to Rachael's lodging, and sat with her in her small neat room. All day, Rachael toiled as such people must toil, whatever their anxieties. The smoke-serpents were indifferent who was lost or found, who turned out bad or good; the melancholy mad elephants, like the Hard Fact men, abated nothing of their set routine, whatever happened. Day and night again, day and night again, the monotony was unbroken. Even Stephen Blackpool's disappearance was falling into the general way, and becoming as monotonous a wonder as any piece of machinery in Coketown.

"I misdoubt," said Rachael, "if there is as many as twenty left in all this place who have any trust in the poor dear lad now."

She said it to Sissy as they sat in her lodging, lighted only by the lamp at the street corner. Sissy had come there when it was already dark, to wait her return from work; and they had since sat at the window where Rachael had found her, wanting no brighter light to shine on their sorrowful talk.

"If it hadn't been mercifully brought about that I was to have you to speak to," pursued Rachael, "times are when I think my mind would not have kept right. But I get hope and strength through you, and you believe that though appearances may rise against him, he will be proved clear"

"I do believe so," returned Sissy, "with my whole heart. I feel so certain, Rachael, that the confidence you hold in yours against all discouragement, is not like to be wrong, that I have no more doubt of him than if I had known him through as many years of trial as you have."

"And I, my dear," said Rachael, with a tremble in her voice, "have known him through them all, to be, according to his quiet ways, so faithful to everything honest and good, that if he was never to be heard of more, and I was to live to be a hundred years old, I could say with my last breath, God knows my heart, I have never once left trusting Stephen Blackpool!"

"We all believe, up at the Lodge, Rachael, that he will be freed from suspicion, sooner or later."

"The better I know it to be so believed there, my dear," said Rachael, "and the kinder I feel it that you come away from there purposely to comfort me, and keep me company, and be seen wi' me when I am not yet free from all suspicion myself, the more grieved I am that I should ever have spoken those mistrusting words to the young lady. And yet—"

"You don't mistrust her now, Rachael?"

"Now that you have brought us more together, no. But I can't at all times keep out of my mind—"

Her voice so sunk into a low and slow communing with herself, that Sissy, sitting by her side, was obliged to listen with attention.

"I can't at all times keep out of my mind, mistrustings of some one. I can't think who 'tis, I can't think how or why it may be done, but I mistrust that some one has put Stephen out of the way. I mistrust that by his coming back of his own accord, and showing himself innocent before them all, some one would be confounded, who — to prevent that — has stopped him and put him out of the way."

"That is a dreadful thought," said Sissy, turning pale.

"It *is* a dreadful thought to think he may be murdered."

Sissy shuddered, and turned paler yet.

"When it makes its way into my mind, dear," said Rachael, "and it will come sometimes, though I do all I can to keep it out, wi' counting on to high numbers as I work, and saying over and over again pieces that I knew when I were a child, I fall into such a wild hot hurry, that, however tired I am, I want to walk fast, miles and miles. I must get the better of this before bed-time. I'll walk home wi' you."

"He might fall ill upon the journey back," said Sissy, faintly offering a worn-out scrap of hope; "and in such a case there are many places on the road where he might stop."

"But he is in none of them. He has been sought for in all, and he's not there."

"True," was Sissy's reluctant admission.

"He'd walk the journey in two days. If he was footsore and couldn't walk, I sent him, in the letter he got, the money to ride, lest he should have none of his own to spare."

"Let us hope that to-morrow will bring something better, Rachael. Come into the air!"

Her gentle hand adjusted Rachael's shawl upon her shining black hair in the usual manner of her wearing it, and they went out. The night being fine, little knots of Hands were here and there lingering at street-corners; but it was supper-time with the greater part of them, and there were but few people in the streets.

"You are not so hurried now, Rachael, and your hand is cooler."

"I get better dear, if I can only walk and breathe a little fresh. Times when I can't, I turn weak and confused."

"But you must not begin to fail, Rachael, for you may be wanted at any time to stand by Stephen. To-morrow is Saturday. If no news comes to-morrow, let us walk in the country on Sunday morning, and strengthen you for another week. Will you go?"

"Yes, dear."

They were by this time in the street where Mr. Bounderby's house stood. The way to Sissy's destination led them past the door, and they were going straight towards it. Some train had newly arrived in Coketown, which had put a number of vehicles in motion, and scattered a considerable bustle about the town. Several coaches were rattling before them and behind them as they approached Mr. Bounderby's, and one of the latter drew up with such briskness as they were in the act of passing the house, that they looked round involuntarily. The bright gaslight over Mr. Bounderby's steps showed them Mrs. Sparsit in the coach in an ecstasy of excitement, struggling to open the door; Mrs. Sparsit seeing them at the same moment, called to them to stop.

"It's a coincidence," exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, as she was released by the coachman. "It's a Providence! Come out, ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, to some one inside, "come out, or we'll have you dragged out!"

Hereupon, no other than the mysterious old woman descended; whom Mrs. Sparsit incontinently collared.

"Leave her alone, everybody!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, with great energy. "Let nobody touch her. She belongs to me. Come in, ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, reversing her former word of command. "Come in, ma'am, or we'll have you dragged in!"

The spectacle of a matron of classical deportment, seizing an ancient woman by the throat, and hauling her into a dwelling-house, would have been, under any circumstances, sufficient temptation to all true English stragglers so blest as to witness it, to force a way into that dwelling-house and see the matter out. But when the phenomenon was enhanced by the notoriety and mystery by this time associated all over the town, with the Bank robbery, it would have lured the stragglers in with an irresistible attraction, though the roof had been expected to fall upon their heads. Accordingly, the chance witnesses on the ground, consisting of the busiest of the neighbours, to the number of some five-and-twenty, closed in after Sissy and Rachael, as they closed in after Mrs. Sparsit and her prize; and the whole body made a disorderly irruption into Mr. Bounderby's dining room, where the people behind lost not a moment's time in mounting on the chairs to get the better of the people in front.

"Fetch Mr. Bounderby down!" cried Mrs. Sparsit. "Rachael, young woman; you know who this is?"

"It's Mrs. Pegler," said Rachael.

"I should think it is!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, exulting. "Fetch Mr. Bounderby. Stand away everybody!" Here old Mrs. Pegler, muffling herself up, and shrinking from observation, whispered a word of entreaty. "Don't tell me," said Mrs. Sparsit aloud, "I have told you twenty times, coming along, that I will *not* leave you till I have handed you over to him myself."

Mr. Bounderby now appeared, accompanied by Mr. Gradgrind and the whelp, with whom he had been holding conference upstairs. Mr. Bounderby looked more astonished than hospitable at sight of this uninvited party in his dining-room.

"Why, what's the matter now!" said he. "Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?"

"Sir," explained that worthy woman, "I trust it is my good fortune to produce a person you have much desired to find. Stimulated by my wish to relieve your mind, sir, and connecting together such imperfect clues to the part of the country in which that person might be supposed to reside, as have been afforded by the young woman Rachael, fortunately now present to identify, I have had the happiness to succeed, and to bring that person with me—I need not say most unwillingly on her part. It has not been, sir, without some trouble that I have effected this; but trouble in your service is to me a pleasure, and hunger, thirst, and cold, a real gratification."

Here Mrs. Sparsit ceased, for Mr. Bounderby's visage exhibited an extraordinary combination of all possible colors and expressions of discomfiture as old Mrs. Pegler was disclosed to his view.

"Why, what do you mean by this!" was his highly unexpected demand, in great wrath. "I ask you what do you mean by this, Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?"

"Sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, faintly.

"Why don't you mind your own business, ma'am?" roared Bounderby. "How dare you go and poke your officious nose into my family affairs?"

This allusion to her favorite feature overpowered Mrs. Sparsit. She sat down stiffly in a chair, as if she were frozen, and with a fixed stare at Mr. Bounderby, slowly grated her mittens against one another, as if they were frozen too.

"My dear Josiah," said Mrs. Pegler, trembling, "my darling boy! I am not to blame. It's not my fault, Josiah. I told this lady over and over again, that I knew she was doing what would not be agreeable to you, but she would do it."

"What did you let her bring you for? Couldn't you knock her cap off, or her tooth out, or scratch her, or do something or other to her?" asked Bounderby.

"My own boy! She threatened me that if I resisted her I should be brought by constables, and it was better to come quietly than make that stir in such a—" Mrs. Pegler glanced timidly but proudly round the walls —"such a fine house as this. Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault; my dear, noble, stately boy. I have always lived quiet and secret, Josiah, my dear. I have never broken the condition once. I have never said I was your mother. I have admired you at a distance; and if I have come to town sometimes, with long times between, to take a proud peep at you, I have done it unbeknown my love, and gone away again."

Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets, walked in impatient mortification up and down at the side of the long dining-table, while the spectators greedily took in every syllable of Mrs. Pegler's appeal, and at each succeeding syllable became more and more round-eyed. Mr. Bounderby still walking up and down when Mrs. Pegler had done, Mr. Gradgrind addressed that maligned old lady:

"I am surprised, madam," he observed with severity, "that in your old age you have the face to claim Mr. Bounderby for your son after your unnatural and inhuman treatment of him."

"*Me* unnatural!" cried poor old Mrs. Pegler. "*Me* inhuman! To my dear boy?"

"Dear!" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Yes; dear in his self-made prosperity, madam, I dare say. Not very dear, however, when you deserted him in his infancy, and left him to the brutality of a drunken grandmother."

"*I* deserted my Josiah," cried Mrs. Pegler, clasping her hands. "Now Lord forgive you, sir, for your wicked imaginations, and for your scandal against the memory of my poor mother, who died in my arms afore Josiah was born. May you repent of it, sir, and live to know better."

She was so very earnest and injured that Mr. Gradgrind, shocked by the possibility which dawned upon him, said in a gentler tone,

"Do you deny, then, madam, that you left your son to be brought up in the gutter?"

"Josiah in the gutter!" exclaimed Mrs. Pegler. "No such a thing, sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to pinch a bit that he might write and cypher beautiful, and I've his books at home to show it! Aye, have I!" said Mrs. Pegler with indignant pride. "And my dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, sir, that after his beloved father died when he was eight year old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him 'prentice. And a steady lad he was, and a kind master he had to lend him a hand, and well he worked his own way forward to be rich and thriving. And *I'll* give you to know, sir—for this my dear boy won't—that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a year—more than I want, for I put by out of it—only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him. And I never have, except with looking at him once a year, when he has never knowed it. And it's right," said poor old Mrs. Pegler, in affectionate championship, "that I *should* keep down in my own part, and I have no doubts that if I was here I should do a many unbefitting things, and I am well contented, and I can keep my pride in my Josiah to myself, and I can love for love's own sake. And I am ashamed of you, sir," said Mrs. Pegler, lastly, "for your slanders and suspicions. And I never stood here before, nor wanted to stand here when my dear son said no. And I shouldn't be here now, if it hadn't been for being brought here. And for shame upon you, O for shame, to accuse me of being a bad mother to my son, with my son standing here to tell you so different!"

The bystanders, on and off the dining-room chairs, raised a murmur of sympathy with Mrs. Pegler, and Mr. Gradgrind felt himself innocently placed in a very distressing predicament, when Mr. Bounderby, who had never ceased walking up and down, and had every moment swelled larger and larger and grown redder and redder, stopped short.

"I don't exactly know," said Mr. Bounderby, "how I come to be favored with the attendance of the present company, but I don't inquire. When they're quite satisfied, perhaps they'll be so good as to disperse; whether they're satisfied or not, perhaps they'll be so good as to disperse. I'm not bound to deliver a lecture on my family affairs, I have not undertaken to do it, and I'm not a going to do it. Therefore those who expect any explanation whatever upon that branch of the subject will be disappointed—particularly Tom Gradgrind, and he can't know it too soon. In reference to the Bank robbery, there has been a mistake made, concerning

my mother. If there hadn't been over-officiousness it wouldn't have been made, and I hate over-officiousness at all times, whether or no. Good evening!"

Although Mr. Bounderby carried it off in these terms, holding the door open for the company to depart, there was a blustering sheepishness upon him, at once extremely crest-fallen and superlatively absurd. Detected as the bully of humility who had built his windy reputation upon lies, and in his boastfulness had put the honest truth as far away from him as if he had advanced the mean claim (there is no meaner) to tack himself on to a pedigree, he cut a most ridiculous figure. With the people filing off at the door he held, who he knew would carry what had passed to the whole town, to be given to the four winds, he could not have looked a Bully more shorn and forlorn, if he had had his ears cropped. Even that unlucky female Mrs. Sparsit, fallen from her pinnacle of exultation into the Slough of Despond, was not in so bad a plight as that remarkable man and self-made Humbug, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown.

Rachael and Sissy, leaving Mrs. Pegler to occupy a bed at her son's for that night, walked together to the gate of Stone Lodge, and there parted. Mr. Gradgrind joined them before they had gone very far, and spoke with much interest of Stephen Blackpool, for whom he thought this signal failure of the suspicions against Mrs. Pegler was likely to work well.

As to the whelp; throughout this scene, as on all other late occasions, he had stuck close to Bounderby. He seemed to feel that as long as Bounderby could make no discovery without his knowledge he was so far safe. He never visited his sister, and had only seen her once since she went home, that is to say on the night when he still stuck close to Bounderby as already related.

There was one dim unformed fear lingering about his sister's mind, to which she never gave utterance, which surrounded the graceless and ungrateful boy with a dreadful mystery. The same dark possibility had presented itself in the same shapeless guise, this very day to Sissy when Rachael spoke of some one who would be confounded by Stephen's return, having put him out of the way. Louisa had never spoken of harboring any suspicion of her brother in connexion with the robbery; she and Sissy had held no confidence on the subject, save in that one interchange of looks when the unconscious father rested his gray head on his hand; but it was understood between them, and they both knew it. This other fear was so awful that it hovered about each of them like a ghostly shadow, neither daring to think of its being near herself, far less of its being near the other.

And still the forced spirit which the whelp had plucked up throve with him. If Stephen Blackpool was not the thief, let him show himself. Why didn't he?

Another night. Another day and night. No Stephen Blackpool? Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE Sunday was a bright Sunday in autumn, clear and cool, when early in the morning Sissy and Rachael met, to walk in the country.

As Coketown cast ashes not only on its own head but on the neighbourhood's too—after the manner of those pious persons who do penance for their own sins by putting other people into sackcloth—it was customary for those who now and then thirsted for a draught of pure air, which is not absolutely the most wicked among the vanities of life, to get a few miles away by the railroad, and then begin their walk, or their lounge in the fields. Sissy and Rachael helped themselves out of the smoke by the usual means, and were put down at a station about midway between the town and Mr. Bounderby's retreat.

Though the green landscape was blotted here and there with heaps of coal, it was green elsewhere, and there were trees to see, and there were larks singing (though it was Sunday), and there were pleasant scents in the air, and all was overarched by a bright blue sky. In the distance one way, Coketown showed as a black mist; in another distance, hills began to rise; in a third, there was a faint change in the light of the horizon, where it shone upon the far-off sea. Under their feet, the grass was fresh; beautiful shadows of branches flickered upon it and speckled it; hedgerows were luxuriant; everything was at peace. Engines at pits' mouths, and lean old horses that had worn the circle of their daily labor into the ground, were alike quiet; wheels had ceased for a short space to turn; and the great wheel of earth seemed to revolve without the shocks and noises of another time.

They walked on across the fields and down the shady lanes, sometimes getting over a fragment of a fence so rotton that it dropped at a touch of the foot, sometimes passing near a wreck of bricks and beams overgrown with grass, marking the site of deserted works. They followed paths and tracks, however slight. Mounds where the grass was rank and high, and where brambles, dock-weeds, and such-like vegetation were confusedly heaped together, they always avoided; for dismal stories were told in that country of the old pits hidden beneath such indications.

The sun was high when they sat down to rest. They had seen no one, near or distant, for a long time, and the solitude remained unbroken. "It is so still here, Rachael, and the way is so untrodden, that I think we must be the first who have been here all the summer."

As Sissy said it, her eyes were attracted by another of those rotton fragments of fence

upon the ground. She got up to look at it. "And yet I don't know. This has not been broken very long. The wood is quite fresh where it gave way. Here are footsteps too. O Rachael!"

She ran back and caught her round the neck. Rachael had already started up.

"What is the matter?"

"I don't know. There is a hat lying in the grass."

They went forward together. Rachael took it up, shaking from head to foot. She broke into a passion of tears and lamentations; Stephen Blackpool was written in his own hand on the inside.

"O the poor lad, the poor lad! He has been made away with. He is lying murdered here!"

"Is there—has the hat any blood upon it?" Sissy faltered.

They were afraid to look, but they did examine it, and found no mark of violence, inside or out. It had been lying there some days, for rain and dew had stained it, and the mark of its shape was on the grass where it had fallen. They looked fearfully about them, without moving, but could see nothing more. "Rachael," Sissy whispered, "I will go on a little by myself."

She had unclasped her hand, and was in the act of stepping forward, when Rachael caught her in both arms with a scream that resounded over the wide landscape. Before them, at their very feet, was the brink of a black ragged chasm, hidden by the thick grass. They sprang back, and fell upon their knees, each hiding her face upon the other's neck.

"O my good God! He's down there! Down there!" At first this and her terrific screams were all that could be got from Rachael by any tears, by any prayers, by any representations, by any means. It was impossible to hush her, and it was deadly necessary to hold her, or she would have flung herself down the shaft.

"Rachael, dear Rachael, good Rachael, for the love of Heaven, not these dreadful cries! Think of Stephen, think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

By an earnest repetition of this entreaty, poured out in all the agony of such a moment, Sissy at last brought her to be silent, and to look at her with a tearless face of stone.

"Rachael, Stephen may be living. You wouldn't leave him lying maimed at the bottom of this dreadful place a moment if you could bring help to him!"

"No no no!"

"Don't stir from here, for his sake! Let me go and listen."

She shuddered to approach the pit, but she crept towards it on her hands and knees, and called to him as loud as she could call. She listened, but no sound replied. She called again and listened; still no answering sound. She did this twenty, thirty times. She took a clod of earth from the broken ground where he had stumbled, and threw it in. She could not hear it fall.

The wide prospect, so beautiful in its stillness but a few minutes ago, almost carried despair to her brave heart, as she rose and looked all round her, seeing no help. "Rachael, we must lose not a moment. We must go in different directions, seeking aid. You shall go by the way we have come, and I will go forward by the path. Tell any one you see, and every one, what has happened. Think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

She knew by Rachael's face that she might trust her now. After standing for a moment to see her running, wringing her hands as she went, she turned and went upon her own search; she stopped at the hedge to tie her shawl there as a guide to the place, then threw her bonnet aside, and ran as she had never run before.

Run, Sissy, run, in Heaven's name! Don't stop for breath. Run, run! Quickening herself by carrying such entreaties in her thoughts, she ran from field to field and lane to lane, and place to place, as she had never run before, until she came to a shed by an engine-house, where two men lay in the shade asleep on straw.

First to wake them, and next to tell them, all so wild and breathless as she was, what had brought her there, were difficulties: but they no sooner understood her than their spirits were on fire like hers. One of the men was in a drunken slumber, but on his comrade's shouting to him that a man had fallen down the Old Hell Shaft, he started out to a pool of dirty water, put his head in it, and came back sober.

With these two men she ran to another half-a-mile further, and with that one to another, while they ran elsewhere. Then a horse was found, and she got another man to ride for life or death to the railroad, and send a message to Louisa, which she wrote and gave him. By this time a whole village was up; and windlasses, ropes, poles, buckets, candles, lanthorns, all things necessary, were fast collecting and being brought into one place to be carried to the Old Hell Shaft.

It seemed now hours and hours since she had left the lost man lying in the grave where he had been buried alive. She could not bear to remain away from it any longer—it was like deserting him—and she hurried swiftly back, accompanied by half-a-dozen laborers, including the drunken man whom the news had sobered, and who was the best man of all. When they came to the Old Hell Shaft they found it as lonely as she had left it. The men called and listened as she had done, and examined the edge of the chasm, and settled how it had happened, and then sat down to wait until the implements they wanted should come up.

Every sound of insects in the air, every stirring of the leaves, every whisper among these men, made Sissy tremble, for she

thought it was a cry at the bottom of the pit. But the wind blew idly over it, and no sound arose to the surface, and they sat upon the grass, waiting and waiting. After they had waited some time, straggling people who had heard of the accident began to come up; then the real help of implements began to arrive. In the midst of this Rachael returned; and with her party there was a surgeon, who brought some wine and medicines. But the expectation among the people that the man would be found alive, was very slight indeed.

There being now people enough present to impede the work, the sobered man put himself at the head of the rest, or was put there by the general consent, and made a large ring round the Old Hell Shaft, and appointed men to keep it. Besides such volunteers as were accepted to work, only Sissy and Rachel were at first permitted within this ring; but later in the day, when the message brought an express from Coketown, Mr. Gradgrind and Louisa, and Mr. Bounderby, and the whelp, were also there.

The sun was four hours lower than when Sissy and Rachael had first sat down upon the grass, before a means of enabling two men to descend securely was rigged with poles and ropes. Difficulties had arisen in the construction of this machine, simple as it was; requisites had been found wanting, and messages had had to go and return. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a bright autumnal Sunday, before a candle was sent down to try the air, while three or four rough faces stood crowded close together, attentively watching it: the men at the windlass lowering as they were told. The candle was brought up again, feebly burning, and then some water was cast in. Then the bucket was hooked on, and the sobered man and another got in with lights, giving the word "Lower away!"

As the rope went out, tight and strained, and the windlass creaked, there was not a breath among the one or two hundred men and women looking on that came as it was wont to come. The signal was given and the windlass stopped, with abundant rope to spare. Apparently so long an interval ensued, with the men at the windlass standing idle, that some women shrieked another accident had happened. But the surgeon who held the watch, declared five minutes not to have elapsed yet, and sternly admonished them to keep silence. He had not well done speaking when the windlass was reversed and worked again. Practised eyes knew that it did not go as heavily as it would if workmen had been coming up, and that only one was returning.

The rope came in tight and strained, and ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass, and all eyes were fastened on the pit. The sobered man was brought up, and leaped out briskly on the grass. There was an universal cry of "alive or dead?" and then a deep, profound hush.

When he said "alive," a great shout arose, and many eyes had tears in them.

"But he's hurt very bad," he added, as soon as he could make himself heard again. "Where's doctor? He's hurt so very bad, sir, that we donno how to get him up."

They all consulted together, and looked anxiously at the surgeon, as he asked some questions and shook his head on receiving the replies. The sun was setting now, and the red light in the evening sky touched every face there, and caused it to be distinctly seen in all its wrapt suspense.

The consultation ended in the men returning to the windlass, and the pitman going down again, carrying the wine and some other small matters with him. Then the other man came up. In the meantime, under the surgeon's directions, some men brought a hurdle, on which others made a thick bed of spare clothes covered with loose straw, while he himself contrived some bandages and slings from shawls and handkerchiefs. As these were made, they were hung upon an arm of the pitman who had last come up, with instructions how to use them; and as he stood, shown by the light he carried, leaning his powerful loose hand upon one of the poles, and sometimes glancing down the pit and sometimes glancing round upon the people, he was not the least conspicuous figure in the scene. It was dark now, and torches were kindled.

It appeared from the little this man said to those about him, which was quickly repeated all over the circle, that the lost man had fallen upon a mass of crumbled rubbish with which the pit was half choked up, and that his fall had been further broken by some jagged earth at the side. He lay upon his back with one arm doubled under him, and according to his own belief had hardly stirred since he fell, except that he had moved his free hand to a side pocket, in which he remembered to have some bread and meat (of which he had swallowed crumbs), and had likewise scooped up a little water in it now and then. He had come straight away from his work on being written to; and had walked the whole journey; and was on his way to Mr. Bounderby's country-house after dark, when he fell. He was crossing that dangerous country at such a dangerous time because he was innocent of what was laid to his charge, and couldn't rest from coming the nearest way to deliver himself up. The Old Hell Shaft, the pitman said, with a curse upon it, was worthy of its bad name to the last, for though Stephen could speak now, he believed it would soon be found to have mangled the life out of him.

When all was ready, this man still taking his last hurried charges from his comrades and the surgeon, after the windlass had begun to lower him, disappeared into the pit. The rope went out as before, the signal was made as before, and the windlass stopped. No

man removed hishand from it now. Every one waited with his grasp set, and his body bent down to the work, ready to reverse and wind in. At length the signal was given, and all the ring leaned forward.

For now the rope came in tightened and strained to its utmost as it appeared, and the men turned heavily, and the windlass complained. It was scarcely endurable to look at the rope, and think of its given way. But ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass safely, and the connecting chains appeared, and finally the bucket with the two men holding on at the sides—a sight to make the head swim, and oppress the heart—and tenderly supporting between them, slung and tied within, the figure of a poor crushed human creature.

A low murmur of pity went round the throng, and the women wept aloud, as this form, almost without form, was moved very slowly from its iron deliverance, and laid upon the bed of straw. At first none but the surgeon went close to it. He did what he could in its adjustment on the couch, but the best that he could do was to cover it. That gently done, he called to him Rachael and Sissy, and at that time the pale, worn, patient face was seen looking up at the sky, with the broken right hand lying bare on the outside of the covering garments, as if waiting to be taken by another hand.

They gave him drink, moistened his face with water, and administered some drops of cordial and wine. Though he lay quite motionless looking up at the sky, he smiled and said, "Rachael."

She stooped down on the grass at his side, and bent over him until her eyes were between his and the sky, for he could not so much as turn them to look at her.

"Rachael my dear."

She took his hand. He smiled again and said, "Don't let it go."

"Thou'rt in great pain, my own dear Stephen?"

"I ha' been, but not now. I ha' been—dreadful, and dree, and long, my dear—but 'tis ower now. Ah Rachael, aw a muddle! Fro' first to last, a muddle!"

The spectre of his old look seemed to pass as he said the word.

"I ha' fell into th' pit, my dear, as have cost wi'n the knowledge o' old fok now livin' hundreds and hundreds o' men's lives—fathers, sons, brothers, dear to thousands an' thousands, and keepin' 'em fro' want and hunger. I ha' fell into a pit that ha' been wi' th' fire-damp crueller than battle. I ha' read on't in the public petition, as onny one may read, fro' the men that works in pits, in which they ha' pray'n an pray'n the lawmakers for Christ's sake not to let their work be murder to 'em, but to spare 'em for th' wives and children that they loves as well as gentlefolk loves theirs. When it were in work, it killed wi'out need; when 'tis let alone, it kills wi'out need. See how we die an' no need, one way an' another—in a muddle every day!"

He faintly said it, without any anger against any one. Merely as the truth.

"Thy little sister, Rachael, thou hast not forgot her. Thou'rt not like to forget her now, and me so nigh her. Thou know'st, poor, patient, suff'rin' dear—how thou didst work for her, seet'n all day long in her little chair at thy winder, and she died, young and mis-shapen; awlung o' sickly air as had'n no need to be, an' awlung o' working people's miserable homes. A muddle! Aw a muddle!"

Louisa approached him, but he could not see her, lying with his face turned up to the night sky.

"If aw th' things that tooches us, my dear, was not so muddled, I should'n' ha' had'n need to coom heer. If we was not in a muddle among ourseln, I should'n ha' been by my own fellow weavers and workin' brothers, so mistook. If Mr. Bounderby had ever know'd me right—if he'd ever know'd me at aw—he would'n' ha' took'n offence wi' me. He would'n' ha' suspect'n me. But look up yonder, Rachael! Look aboove."

Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It ha' shined upon me," he said reverently, "in pain and trouble down below. It ha' shined into my mind. I ha' lookn an' thout o' thee, Rachael, till the muddle in my mind have cleared awa above a bit, I hope. If soom ha' been wantin in unnerstannin' me better, I, too, ha' been wantin in unnerstannin' them better. When I got thy letter, I easily believen that what the yoong lady sen an' done to me, an' what her brother sen an' done to me was one, an' that there were a wicked plot betwixt 'em. When I fell, I were in anger wi' her, an' hurryin' on t' be as onjust t' her as others was t' me. But in our judgments like as in our doins, we mun bear and forbear. In my pain an' trouble lookin' up yonder,—wi' it shinin' on me—I ha' seen more clear and ha' made it my dying prayer that aw' th' world may on'y come toogether more, an' get a better unnerstanin' o' one another, than when I were in't my own weak seln."

Louisa hearing what he said, bent over him on the opposite side to Rachael, so that he could see her.

"You ha' heard?" he said after a few moments' silence, "I ha' not forgot yo', ledy."

"Yes, Stephen, I have heard you. And your prayer is mine."

"You ha' a father. Will yo' tak a message to him?"

"He is here," said Louisa, with dread. "Shall I bring him to you?"

"If yo' please."

Louisa returned with her father. Standing hand-in-hand, they both looked down upon his solemn countenance.

"Sir, yo' will clear me an' mak' my name good wi' aw men. This I leave to yo'."

Mr. Gradgrind was troubled and asked how?

"Sir," was the reply, "yor son will tell yo how. Ask him. I mak' no charges. I leave none ahint me, not a single word. I ha' seen an' spok'n wi' yor son, one night. I ask no more o' yo' than that, to clear me—an' I trust to yo to do't."

The bearers being now ready to carry him away, and the surgeon being anxious for his removal, those who had torches or lanterns, prepared to go in front of the litter. Before it was raised, and while they were arranging how to go, he said to Rachael, looking upward at the star,—

"Often as I coom to mysein, and found it shinin' on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to Our Saviour's home, I awmust think it be the very star!"

They lifted him up, and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction whither the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachael, beloved lass! Don't let go my hand. We may walk toogether t'night, my dear!"

"I will hold thy hand, and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will soombody be pleased to coover my face?"

They carried him very gently along the fields, and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape; Rachael always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. The star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest.

IMITATION.

We copy each other more than most of us are aware; and what is further significant, a very large portion of all that we do is simply copying. A very few thinkers can cut out work for a large body of doers; an original artist with pen or pencil can supply wherewithal to many an engraver, draughtsman, and printer who is to follow him: the designer of a new pattern can set hundreds of copyists to work, who realise his idea upon metal or cloth; the patentee of a really new and efficient invention sets to work the imitative brains of a small fry of inventors, who endeavour to avail themselves of some of the advantages of the great invention by a colourable modification of some of the details.

If any one would really know what an imitative race we are, let him watch the course of the ordinary mechanical employments, and trace the action of the imitative principle. Mr. Babbage places this matter before us in a curious and instructive light, showing how largely the dexterous fingers of man are employed in producing fac-similes.

Fac-simile by printing. Here the cunning workman copies from hollow lines in one class of productions, and from raised lines in another. A laborious artist will spend a year or two in cutting lines upon a sheet of copper; or he employs a still harder metal—steel, to permit the taking of a greater number of impressions; or a humbler artist punches dots and lines in the surface of a pewter or zinc plate for the music-publisher; or the surface of a copper cylinder is cut into an ornamental device suitable for the pattern of a muslin dress; or a cylinder is cut with a device for embossing leather or cloth; or a perforated plate may so admit the action of chemical liquids as to produce the pattern of a bandanna handkerchief. In all these cases the real work done is a copy, an imitation, a fac-simile, from sunken lines; and how it is with raised lines, every one knows. The types for common printing are raised lines or surfaces: the stereotype plates obtained from such types, are copies, intended themselves to produce copies; the wood-engraving; the block used by paper-stainers; the blocks which impart pattern to oil-cloth and painted table-covers; the blocks employed in the better kind of calico-printing, all belong to a system of raised lines for printing, or the production of copies. When we copy a letter by any one of the numerous copying machines, or print from a lithographic stone or a zincographic plate, or steal a printed page by the anastatic process, or copy shells and leaves by the nature-printing process, or transfer a pattern to blue earthenware from thin printed paper—what do we, in effect, but print or copy from chemical lines?

Fac-simile by casting. A truly wide world of imitation. We make a mould in sand by means of a hand-made mould; we pour molten iron into the mould, and we obtain a cannon, a cylinder, a pipe, a fender, a flat-iron, a stove-grate, a girder, a railing, a scraper, all copies. We use steel instead of iron, and obtain an infinity of polished castings. We employ a mixed metal of copper with tin or with zinc, and we produce brass candlesticks and chandeliers, brass ornaments, brass guns, bronze statues, and bells—copies also. We call to our aid the softer metals and summon into existence armies of useful articles in tin, lead, pewter, Britannia metal, and the like. We use a cold solution instead of a hot molten mass—cold plaster of Paris instead of hot metal, and obtain by casting, plaster statues, and thousands of copied beauties from the works of the greatest geniuses. We pour melted wax into moulds, and produce those superb copies of humanity which adorn the windows of the perruquiers' shops; we pour melted stearine into moulds, and there come forth excellent candles; we pour liquid clay into moulds, and our Copelands and Mintons show us their delicate Parian statuettes and translucent table-porcelain.

Fac-simile by pressure. The handworker rolls his lump of clay into a soft shapeless mass, and dashes it into a wooden mould; a brick is the result. He uses better clay and better moulds, and produces a tesselated tile, suitable for mediæval pavements. He employs a red clay and a somewhat complex machine, and there spring forth draining-tiles. He uses white clay, and a tobacco-pipe appears. He presses porcelain-clay upon or into a shallow mould, and the product is a plate, or a dish, or a saucer. He thrusts a glaring red mass of hot glass into an iron mould, and produces a square glass bottle. He pinches a bit of hot glass between nippers which have engraved surfaces, and a glass seal is produced. He heats a metal mould, gives a loving squeeze to a bit of horn, and produces a comb, an umbrella-handle, a knife-handle, a shoe-horn, a button, and various other horns of plenty. He places his tin dish-cover on a support, and presses a swage or mould upon it in such a way as to produce a pattern. He adjusts a flat piece of Britannia metal to a lathe, and makes a teapot by pressing up the metal against a revolving mould. He engraves a device on a hard steel roller, and then presses this device upon a copper or steel plate or roller, insomuch that millions of dozens of Queen's heads can be produced by one single process of engraving. He warms a flat cake of gutta percha, and produces anything you please by pressing it in a mould—from a tea-tray to a bottle stopper. He mixes glue and treacle, and makes you a printing-ink roller. He mixes glue and whitening, and produces a dough, which, when pressed into a mould, yields ornaments for a picture-frame or for a cornice. He transforms his paper fragments into papier-mâché, and moulds them into various kinds of ornamental articles.

Fac-simile by stamping. The coiner is the chief artist of stamps. He impresses the double device in every coin by a process of powerful stamping, with dies and counter-dies, on which the patient labours of a Wyon or a Pistrucci have been bestowed. The brass ornaments for military accoutrements, for carriages, for household furniture, are made in enormous number by stamping sheets of thin brass, with dies properly engraved. The button trade depends on the stamping process more than any other for its products; for not only are metal buttons made chiefly by stamping, but the iron skeleton for a covered button. Spoons are shaped entirely in the stamping press. Many kinds of nails are indebted to the stamping press for existence. The American clocks owe their cheapness to the uniformity of the pieces, stamped as they nearly all are out of sheets of brass.

Fac-simile by punching. Punching and stamping may seem alike; but in truth they differ very much. Cutting punches are selected with especial reference to the size and form of the hole to be made. If you punch out a disc from a thin sheet of iron, to make the core of a silk button, the disc itself is the object for which you work; but if you cut out a disc from a thicker sheet, to make a rivet hole in a boiler plate, the vacuity is wanted, and not the disc; but in both cases, the disc and the hole round depend in size and shape on the punch. Colanders, wine-strainers, nutmeg-graters, borders of tinned iron tea-trays, all are perforated by punching. Zinc plates for window-blinds and larder doors and other purposes, are beautifully perforated by punching. Postage stamps have the little holes by which they are now so easily severed made by punching. Sheets of paper are cut for envelopes by punching. The glittering array of spangles and stars, with which the school-boy's theatrical characters are adorned, is produced by punching small fragments out of sheets of gilt and coloured paper. Punches are also used to impress ornaments upon steel dies, and the matrices for casting type are fac-similes of punches.

Fac-simile by drawing. If we would have a leaden pipe an inch in diameter, we cast a small length of larger pipe, very thick, but with a small bore, and we draw and draw through the holes of various sizes until the pipe has thinned and lengthened itself according to our wants. If we would have a brass tube, we lap together the two edges of a sheet of brass, and we give symmetry to the inside and the out by drawing through holes with a solid mandril kept within the tube. If we would make an iron rod or a railing bar, we draw an oblong piece of iron between two rollers, until it has acquired a contour analogous to that of the grooves cut in the rollers. If we require wire—whether thick enough to coil round a telegraphic cable, or thin enough to form the gauze for a Davy lamp—we draw an iron rod through such a series of holes in a steel plate, that it shall become thinner at each drawing, and at length assume the form of wire. If we (who are not Italians) would obtain maccaroni or vermicelli, we draw or force dough through a series of similar holes.

Fac-simile by tracing. To copy a drawing with accuracy a pentagraph is often used; and this, by a simple modification, can produce a copy which shall be the same size as the original, or larger or smaller, as may be desired. The silhouette, by which profile likenesses are frequently taken, acts on the same principle as the pentagraph. Little as the surface of an engine-turned watch may seem to resemble a profile likeness, there is really something of the same principle of copying involved; for the rosettes which are placed on the lathe oblige the cutting tool to trace out the same pattern on the watch-case; and the adjustment of the distance of the tool from the centre may render the copy either

larger or smaller than the original. The beautiful works produced in eccentric turning, such as the wonderful convolutions of lines in some of the varieties of bank-notes, are in like manner copying by tracing. The exquisite productions in relief engraving are among the most surprising works of the class now under notice. Most readers have by this time had opportunities of seeing, in one or other of numerous publications, engraved representations of medals and bassi-relievi, in which the deception is so wonderful that the mind resolutely refuses for a time to believe that the production is on a plane surface and not raised. The process is as curious as it is beautiful. A blunt point passes gently and slowly over every part of the medal or bas-relief, in straight lines, the lines being very close together, but still clear and distinct. Another and sharper point is connected with this blunt point by a system of rods and levers; and this sharp point passes over and cuts into a plate of copper or steel. The two points travel, pari passu, each doing its own particular work; and if the one travelled simply over a smooth plane surface, the other would simply cut parallel lines on the copper or steel plate uniform and equidistant. But on the bas-relief the blunt point travels over the little hills and valleys in the medallion; and this up and down movement has a singular effect on the movement of the sharp point. The more irregular the surface in the medal, the more irregular is the width of the lines in the engraving. When the blunt point is passing over a deep or sloping part of the device, the lines engraved by the sharp point are very close together, and thus produce a dark shade or tint; whereas, when the blunt point is traversing a raised or convex portion, the engraved lines become wider apart, and thus produce the high lights. The machine regulates this variation, and ensures a parallelian or ratio between the vertical deviation in the one case, and the lateral deviation in the other. The lights and shadows of the relief are indeed wonderfully preserved; and we do not know where we could look for a more delightful kind of fac-simile.

That printing is fac-simile work, we have already said; indeed it is pretty evident that such must necessarily be the case. But how prodigious are the variations in the modes of producing beautiful imitations or copies! When a stone is prepared for lithographic printing the lines of its device can hardly be said to be either raised or sunken; they are chemical lines, and yet they yield wonderful fac-similes. Then oil-colour printing and water-colour printing, and lithotint printing, and panëiconographic printing (awful names some of these), and the stylographic printing, and the anastatic printing, and the glyphograph, and the electrograph—all are merely so many means of producing copies of lines forming devices or words.

When the jury on paper and printing were preparing their report, at the time of the Great Exhibition, they had to pass judgment on various productions of this kind. M. Dupont, a French printer, exhibited specimens of litho-typography, being a reproduction on stone of old books, engravings, and writings. Mr. Harris, an English artist, displayed his extraordinary tact in producing fac-similes of ancient documents—such as imitations of block-printing, before the use of movable types; imitations of some of the old books printed by Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde; fac-simile title-pages of Coverdale's Bible and Tyndale's Pentateuch; and the like. The jury transcribe a letter which they received from Mr. Harris, giving an interesting account of his process. About forty years ago, Mr. Harris states, he was first employed by an eminent bookbinder, to whom Earl Spencer had suggested the idea of perfecting old books by the aid of fac-similes; and that many choice old works in the Spencer Library, the King's Library, the Fitzwilliam Library, and the Grenville Library, have been thus treated by his hand. The mode of working is patient and pains-taking. At first, Mr. Harris was accustomed to make an accurate tracing from the original leaf (that is, the analogous leaf in another copy of the book), and to retrace it on the new leaf by means of a paper blacked on one side; this produced an outline lettered page, which was then carefully filled in with pen and pencil, until an imitation of the original had been produced. But this process was very slow and expensive. The patient imitation of the original was even carried to so great a length, that two sets of type were made, like the large and small letters generally used by Caxton; and those types were pressed down dry upon the factitious painted letters of the new page, to give the appearance of the indentation produced by type. The process afterwards adopted was to make the tracing in a soft ink, to transfer it to thin paper, and to re-transfer it to the intended leaf. At a later period, when the photographic process became so much improved and advanced towards perfection, recourse was frequently had to this art, especially when more than one copy was wanted: the copy being transferred to stone, and there finished by hand.

Even while these various fac-similes are passing through the crucible of our thoughts, we are told by M. Baldus that his imitation will go far beyond those of ordinary metals. He declares that while photographers are causing the sun to produce fac-similes of objects on prepared surfaces; and that while galvanists are causing electricity to produce models of objects in relief, he has been setting the sun and the electric current to work together, to produce—not merely photographs of objects, but electrotypes of photographs.

Lastly, there is the Naturselbsdtrück, or nature's self-printing, whereby wonderful imitations of shells and leaves are self-engraved and self-printed in all exquisite delicacy.

Truly we are an imitative race, making fac-similes as busily as we can.

THE POETRY OF FINLAND.

Finland has her own vein of poetry; but, having for several centuries existed only as a province, she has had no chance of creating a national literature, Finland has her own mythology, totally different to that of Sweden and Denmark. Amid her woods and moorlands, wanders invisibly but yet felt, the good old Wäinämöinen the god of song, with his lyre framed from the wood of the sighing birch-tree, strung with six golden hairs of an enamoured maiden, and with its golden screws dropped from the tongue of the melodious cuckoo. Sometimes he sits on the rocks by the ocean, and lets Ahti, the god of the sea, and Wellamo, his goddess, hear its enchanting tones. Again, he wanders inland, and approaches Tapiola, the palace of Tapio the god of the woods, that ancient palace of stone, with its golden windows, built in the deepest and most remote recesses of the primeval forest. There gather round him Suvetar, the goddess of the summer; Etela fanning them gently with her soft south wind; the fair Mielikki and Tellervo, lovely nymphs of the woods; and even Ukko, the mightiest of the powers of heaven, thunders his applause from the dark purple cloud. The harp of Wäinämöinen can even penetrate with its enchanting sounds to the abode of Kalma, the monarch of death.

Still, on summer evenings, the Finland peasant believes that, stretched by the shore of some forest lake, he may be heard, though unseen, singing to the listening herdsmen and maidens how Kullervo, the son of Kaleva, the great ancestor of all the heroes of Finland, served the wicked wife of Ilmarin, the smith; how he tended her flocks and herds in the forest pastures: how she put a stone into his loaf, and how he avenged all her injustice to him. He sings how Ahti, under the name of Lemmen Käinen, pursued his wild adventures amongst the maids of the isles; and how he himself wooed and lost Wellamo, the sister of Joukahainen.

Thus sings Wäinämöinen:

> And there lives not such a hero
> Not a man so firm of purpose,
> Not a man much less a woman,
> By his fires who is unmelted.
> Weep the young and weep the aged;
> Weep the middle-aged not less so;
> Weep the men who are unmarried,
> Weep the married men as freely;
> Weep the bachelors and maidens;
> Weep the girl, half child, half woman.
> When is heard that moving sound.
> So his tears drop in the waters,
> Tears of ancient Wäinämöinen;
> To the blue sea they flow onward,
> Onward from the wild strand flowing;
> And beneath the crystal waters,
> Spreading o'er the sandy bottom,
> Undergo a strange mutation;
> Changed are they to precious jewels
> To adorn fair queenly bosoms,
> And to gladden kingly men.

Wäinämöinen does not, however, shed his tears only for the high born. He sends songs and inspirations among the simple people. They have their songs of the maidens, of the herdsmen, of their social festivities, songs of the cradle, and of the more stern and stirring passages of life.

From such a race has sprung Johan Ludwig Runeberg, the most celebrated of their living poets. Runeberg has mingled with all the wild and melancholy character of his country's traditions and mythology a deep feeling for its sufferings and its wrongs. His poetry deals with living souls, and the hard, stern realities of a real world; neither feigned joys nor sufferings furnish the material for his page; all there is real, human, unmistakeable flesh and blood, genuine bone and muscle. He sees in Finland a country abounding with bold features, solemn and impressive, and a people full of strong passions, whose souls are harrowed by deep-seated injuries.

Runeberg is a portion of the great and stern poetic element of the north, incorporated with the spirit of his country. Every page is a sigh of the patriotic heart mourning over his native land, which has been torn by brute but overwhelming force from all its old and cherished associations to become an appendage of a vast, dominant, but unamalgamated empire.

These patriotic griefs break forth more especially in "the songs of Ensign Stäl." The Ensign, an old soldier, is described by the poet as living when he was a youth in the same court with himself. He was old, and very poor, of a tall, angular, erect figure, with a large aquiline nose, and wore spectacles. He maintained himself by making nets for the fishermen, which the youth, his neighbour, then half boy and half student, found it very amusing to entangle. Indeed he seems to have been the torment of the old soldier, who often started up in a rage to drive him away, to be pacified again by a kind word, only again to be the butt of the lad's mischief. He says,

> I then was wild in life's gay spring,
> An ensign he, I more than king.

Time, however, went on, winter came, and the lad staid in doors and read. At length one day he says:

> I took such book as first I found
> To while the tedious time along;
> 'Twas written by no name renowned,
> And spoke of Finland's war and wrong.

At first I read with little heed
What little interest conveyed,
Until at length I chanced to read
Of noble Savolak's brigade.
I read a page, and word by word
My heart into its depths was stirred.

I saw a people who could hold
The loss of all, save honour, light;
A troop, mid hunger-pangs and cold,
Still, still victorious in the fight.
On, on from page to page I sped,
I could have kissed the words I read.

In danger's hour, in battle's scathe,
What courage showed this little band;
What patriot love, what matchless faith
Didst thou inspire, poor native land!
What generous, steadfast love was born
In those thou fedst on bark and corn!

Into new realms my fancy broke,
Where all a magic influence bore,
And in my heart a life awoke
Whose rapture was unknown before.
As if on wings the day careered,
And all too short the book appeared.

With close of day the book was done,
Yet was my spirit all a-glow;
Much yet remained to ponder on,
Much to inquire about and know;
Much yet in darkness wrapped the whole:
I went to seek old Ensign Stäl.

He sate, as oft he sate before,
Busily bending o'er his net,
And at the opening of the door,
A glance displeased my coming met;
It seemed as though his thought may say,
"Is there no peace by night or day?"

But mischief from my mind was far,
I came in very different mood;
"I've read of Finland's latest war—
And in my veins runs Finnish blood!
My soul still craveth for this lore;
To you, old friend, I come for more."

Thus spake I, and the aged man,
Amazed, his netting laid aside;
A flush passed o'er his features wan,
As if of ancient martial pride:
"Yes," said he, "I can witness bear,
If so you will, for I was there."

His bed of straw my seat became;
And he began with joy to tell
Of Malm and Duncker's soul of flame,
And deeds which even theirs excel.
Bright was his eye and clear his brow—
His noble look is with me now.

He many a bloody day had seen,
Had shared much peril and much woe;
In conquest, in defeat had been—
Defeat whose wounds no cure can know.
Much which the world doth quite forget
Lay in his faithful memory yet.

Listening I sate, but nought I said
And every word fell on my heart;
And half the night away had fled
Before I rose from him to part.
* * * *
Since then no better joy he had
Than when he saw me by his side;
Together mourned we or were glad,
Together smoked as friends long tried.
He was in years, I in life's spring—
A student I, he more than king.

The tales which now I tell in song,
Through many a long and silent night,
Fell from the old man's faltering tongue,
Beside the peat-fire's feeble light.
They speak what all may understand,
Receive them, thou dear native land.

The poems which follow the above, and fill one little volume, are scenes from the war of the Russian invaders, and are extremely impressive and full of a pathetic beauty. They are mostly little incidents out of the great struggle; glimpses into the afflicted heart of a whole people. The poem which we will give as a specimen is written in a style of blank verse peculiar to Scandinavia; it is remarkable for its scriptural simplicity and force of language, and the frequent repetition of the same phrase or imagery, which is invariably drawn from the aspect of nature or the features of their stern northern scenery.

THE BROTHER OF THE CLOUD.

More than life I found it, was to love him,
More than loving was to die as he did.

Far within the forest's deep recesses
Stood the homestead of a peasant-farmer,
Distant from the present scene of warfare.
Foe as yet had not the place discovered—
Hostile foot not yet had trod the pathways
Leading thither. News of blood and battle
Screamed the raven only from the storm-cloud,
Or the resting hawk amid the pine-trees
Or the wolf, which with a bloody booty,
Sought again the caverns of the forest.

In that cottage, on the eve of Sabbath,
By his table sate the thoughtful peasant,
Resting from the six days' weary labour;
On his horny palm his cheek lay heavy,
And his arm was planted on the table.
Still his keen gray eye was glancing sideways
Ever and anon with troubled meaning.
Unobserved this movement by his household—
By the only twain within the cottage—
By his foster-son or by his daughter,
They, with arms thrown fondly round each other,
Hand in hand and head to head inclining,
Sate beside the wall in blissful silence.
But at length the old man broke the silence,
And each word contained a subtle meaning,
Though he sang as merely for amusement,
As the words came and the air dictated.
Thus he sang:
"The young bear rules the forest;
Grows the pine-tree to adorn the moorland;
But if born the child of power and greatness,
Or for sloth and cowardice, knows no one!
Came the lad one dreary winter's evening,
Like a wild bird came, no one knew whither,
Strange and homeless, to a human dwelling.
Unkempt locks around his forehead clustered;
Shoeless feet across the snows had wandered:
Through the tattered jerkin peeped the shoulders.

'Whose, and wherefrom?—'Ask of whose and wherefrom
Of the wealthy who has home and parents!
Wild north winds have sung my only welcome,
And the storm-rent cloud I call my brother.
On the foot of night I am a snow-flake,
Which upon a cottage floor hath drifted.'
"On the floor it melted not that snow-flake—
Thence the winds bore not the cloud's young brother.
He remained; the youth grew out of boyhood;
Passed the first year slowly, undistinguished;
In the second he could clear the woodland:
In the fourth, his arm, when waned the summer,
Slew the bear which had attacked the sheep-fold.
Where is now the fame which all accorded,
Greater fame than had been won by others—
Where the old man's hope? The old man sitteth
Gloomy on the hearth, in vain desiring
Of the war to hear the slightest tidings,
Just to know if lost or saved his country.
He the eagle's speech can ne'er interpret,
Nor the raven's cry; nor doth the traveller
Come with tidings to the moorland desert;
And the young man who should be his helper,
Hath no thought but how to woo a maiden!"

Even as when the summer tempest waketh
'Mid the Sabbath stillness of all nature,
And unseen, unthought of, like an arrow
Cleaves the woodland lake, no green leaf quivers,
Falls no ripened berry, calm the pine-trees,
Calm the blossom bending o'er the water,
All is calm, alone the depths are seething;
Thus the song the young man's soul hath entered
Silent sate he, gave no sign of feeling,
Though each word pierced to his inmost being;
Calmly by the girl he sate all evening,
Went to rest the same time as the others,
Seemed to slumber ere the others slumbered,
But long time ere yet awoke the others,
With the earliest streak of morning's crimson,
Stole with silent footsteps from the cottage.

Morning dawned; the sun arose in heaven,
But two only rose to greet the Sabbath;
Swept the hearth, the morning meal was ready,
But two only at the board were seated.
Mid-day came, but came no third with mid-day.
Still no cloud the old man's brow o'ershadowed,
Still the eye was tearless of the daughter,
But to rest, although it was the Sabbath,
Neither went when mid-day's meal was ended.
But ere long, as long as speeds the tempest
From the horizon upwards, till it poureth
Down of hail and rain its gathered burden,
Spake the old man words intending comfort.
"To the village long the way, my daughter,
Hills to climb, to ford the bridgeless rivers,
And the autumn rains the fens have flooded.
Oft-time they who set forth in the morning
Reach not home again ere evening cometh."
Thus he spake. Without a word replying
Sate his daughter, like a folded blossom
Which at fall of night has closed its chalice;
What her thoughts were in her breast was hidden.
Yet not long she sate, that noble maiden,
Longer not than as the sun descended,
When the flower thirsts for the dews of evening,
Ere adown her cheek a tear was falling,
And with forehead on her hand, thus sang she:
"When one faithful heart hath found another,
Small becomes the once expansive circle,
Earth and heaven, country, father, mother;
One embrace far more than heaven enfoldeth,
In one eye is seen far more than heaven;
More than mother's council, father's wishes,
By a sigh scarce audible is spoken:
Where the power like love's fascination?
Where the bond which steadfast love constraineth?
Like the wild-swan lakes he swimmeth over,
Rocks he scaleth with the eagle's pinions;
Long before the noontide he returneth
Who was not expected until evening."

Scarcely had she ceased than rose her father,
And with sudden grief and sad foreboding,
Hastened forth to seek for the departed.
Yet no word he spake, and trod in silence
The small track that wound along the moorland;
But before he reached the nearest homestead,
Sank the sun into the forest's level.

Scathed and mournful, like a blasted pine-tree
Left alone when fire the land has ravaged,
Now appeared the late so prosperous homestead;
But within the house a lonely woman.
Bent above her sleeping infant's cradle.

Like a timid bird which on a sudden
Hears the shot and feels the leaden arrow,
And in terror flutters out her pinions,
So sprang from her seat the frightened mother,
When the lifted latch she heard; but terror
Changed to joy as she beheld who entered.
Forth she sprang, and his old hands engrasping,
Wept abundantly, yet spake in gladness.
"Welcome!" said she, "welcome, good old father,
Dear in sorrow, come unto our dwelling;
And thrice hail the noble youth thou fostered'st
To defend the poor, the oppressed to succour!
Sit thee down and rest thy limbs o'er-wearied,
And with gladness hear what I shall tell thee,
War has raged e'en from the close of summer,
Friend and foe alike the land have harried:
None were spared but he who bore no weapon.
And when rapine could be borne no longer,
Rose a sturdy band, men of one parish,
And pursued the foe who turned to meet them.
Fierce the fight, but victory frowned on Finland,
Few returned from death of all their numbers,
And even they like leaves strewn by the tempest.
After that rushed vengeance like a spring tide
Over the land, and none had mercy shown them,
Weaponless or armed, or man or woman.
Hither came this morn the ruthless torrent,
When the first bell rang for Sabbath service,
And one surge swept o'er us and despoiled us
On the direful tale I will not linger.
Bound upon the floor was cast my husband;
Blood was poured out; cruel power was mighty!
Sorest was our need; there was no helper.
Eight strong arms were on me; I was seized on
As its prey the savage wild beast seizes!
Then the saviour came! then help was nearest!
Rushed into the house the Cloud's young Brother,
And oppression quailed, was felled the spoiler!
Here I sit amid a ransacked dwelling,
Poorer than the sparrows on the roof-tree,
Yet more joyful than in days of plenty,
Could I see that brave youth and my husband
Without harm returning from the village,
Whither they the flying foe have followed!"
When the old man heard the last word spoken,
Up he rose as one who long hath rested,

With a troubled look of apprehension,
And pressed onward towards the populous village.
Sank the sun behind the distant forest,
When, 'twixt hope and fear his soul divided,
He approached the dwelling of the pastor.
Ravaged stood that once so prosperous homestead,
Shorn and dreary like a wasted islet
Seen mid fenland ice in depth of winter;
Yet within the house sate, pale and silent
By the wall, the aged servant, Klinga.

When he saw the door turn on its hinges,
And his old friend enter, uprose Klinga—
Rose in haste, though spent and sorely wounded.
"Still the day has light for us!" exclaimed he,
"Strength and manhood have not left our country
Whilst the young walk nobly in our footsteps!
This day hath been done such true God-worship,
That the child which hears it in the cradle
Shall unto his son's son proudly tell it!
Hark you! Like a pack of wolves bloodthirsty,
Came the land's foe hither, drunk with conquest,
Came their fierce attendants, death and rapine.
Outrage had no bounds, blood flowed like water;
And between two strong unbroken horses
Bound they the good priest, till now uninjured,
To be dragged on foot by those wild riders.
Short would be his fate; a few brief moments
Numb his fettered hands, his feet would fail him,
And his white locks in the mire be draggled.
Pale the good man stood, to heaven uplooking,
As if centred every thought on heaven,
Now that all on earth was dark and cruel.
Praise and glory unto God! That moment
Help was nighest! He, the desert's wild flower,
Brother of the Cloud, like flashing lightning,
Struck the avenging blow, hewed down the oppressors!
I too am living only by his succour,
Like a rootless pine propped by its neighbours,
Yet life's gift would be to me a treasure,
Could I see that youth return victorious
From the fight which near the church is raging."

When the old man heard the last word spoken,
Forth he went, as though from fire he hastened.
Pale the crimson glory of the sunset
As he reached the somewhat distant village.
Sad the sight! a scene of smoke and ashes
Like the midnight vault with clouds o'ershadowed,
And, upon the hill beyond the village,
Stood the church, one star amid the storm-wreck—
Stood in silence gleaming o'er the moorlands,
Like a moonbeam mid a dreary tempest.

Amid ghastly corpses, friend and foeman,
Like a shadow o'er a harvest meadow
Went he; all around him death; no living
Sound was heard, was seen nought living.
Came at length the old man to a pathway
Small and winding amid desolate homesteads,
Where a youth was seated, pale and bleeding,
Yet into the pale cheek flashed the crimson,
Yet again his dim eye was uplighted
When he saw that aged man approaching.
"Hail!" said he, "from death the sting is taken
When he dies who has been early chosen
For his land to fall, in victory's glory!
Hail to thee, the victor's foster-father!
Hail, the noble youth who led us onward,
He more powerful than all we together!
Of our little band the strength was broken,
Scattered like a flock without a shepherd,
Rushing hopeless into death's dishonour!
There was none to call the band together,
None to give us council, none to guide us,
Till he came; till, mid our direst ruin,
Came the beggar's son, with kingly bearing,
Came with voice that summoned us to battle!
Then was fire aroused in every bosom;
Doubt was at an end, new hope sprang upward,
And like tempests sweeping over sedges
Was our onslaught on their serried forces.
Look! from this, into the church wall yonder,
Lie our country foes as thick as corn-stalks
Lie before the sickle of the reaper!
That, the path hewed out by the avenger,
Followed by my glance, though here I faltered,
As in death my thoughts are his and Finland's!"
Speaking thus, his eyes were closed for ever.

Day had set; deep silence all pervaded;
And the calm white moon the heavens ascending,
Saw alone the wanderer reach the church-wall.
When beneath the sacred roof he entered,
He beheld a crowd before the altar,
Sad and silent as the dead beneath them.
None stepped forth from out the crowd to meet him;
No one greeted him with words of welcome.
Pressing through the throng, with dire foreboding,
He beheld one slain before the altar,
Easily recognized, though blood-disfigured,
Mid a heap of foes, the youthful hero,
Like a pine-tree felled within the forest.

With his hard hands clenched, and as by lightning
Struck, the old man stood, his thin cheek pallid,
And in feeble voice, with anguish quivering,
Forth his misery burst in lamentation.
"Now above my roof the storm has broken;
Now the harvest of my field is ravaged;
Now the grave is dearer than the homestead!
Woe to me that thus again I meet thee,
Thou, my age's staff, my life's bright honour;
Gift of heaven, late so fair and glorious,
Now as little as the dust that soils thee!"

Thus the old man to his woe gave language,
When a voice was heard which was his daughter's,
Speaking thus before the dead and living:
"He was dear to me as my own being;
Than aught else the earth held far more precious;
Yet now doubly dear that noble hero
Lying cold and stark on earth's cold bosom!
More than life I found it, was to love him.
More than loving is, to die as he did!"

Thus she spake without lament or weeping.
Then unto the dead youth stepping forward,
Bent her knee, and with her kerchief gently,
And in silence, wiped his bloody forehead.
Silent stood the crowd, in deep emotion,
Like a forest in the lull of tempest;
Silent stood the peasant women also,
Who had hither pressed to gaze and sorrow,
When again she spake, that noble maiden;
"Is there any here will fetch me water,
So that I may clear his face of blood stains,
So that I may smooth his locks and part them,
And in death behold him beautiful;
So that I may fitly show unto you
Him, the foundling boy, the wild Cloud's Brother,
Who rose up and was our land's deliverer?"

When the father thus had heard his daughter,
Thus beheld her by the slain youth, kneeling

Once again his broken voice he lifted:
"Woe to thee, my poor, unhappy daughter!
Sorrow's solace, joy of thy rejoicing,
Shield from suffering, father, brother, husband,
All are lost in him at once unto thee!
All are taken; nought to thee remaineth!"

At these words bursts forth the people's sorrow;
None was there but wept, or man or woman.
In the maiden's eye, too, tears were standing
As the slain youth's hand she took, thus speaking:
"More than tears thy memory must honour.
Not like those who die and are forgotten
Shalt thou be; the mourning of thy country
Shall be as the dew of summer evenings,
Poet inspiration, full of gladness;
Full of hope for the approaching morrow!"

Long as the foregoing poem is, we must give yet another sketch or two of a different character, though in the same style of versification. Here is one which presents a terrible picture of the fierce combat which the Finland peasant encounters with nature, but shows, at the same time, his indomitable and God-fearing character:

THE PEASANT PAVO.

Mid the high bleak Moors of Saarijärvis,
On a sterile farm, dwelt Peasant Pavo,
And its poor soil tilled with care untiring,
Trusting to the Lord to send the increase.
Here he lived with wife and little children,
With them of his sweat-earned bread partaking.
Dikes he dug, and ploughed his land, and sowed it.
Spring time came, and now the melting snow-drifts
Drenched the fields, and half the young crop perished:
Summer came, and the descending hail-storms
Dashed the early ears down, half destroying:
Autumn came, and frost the remnant blasted.

Pavo's wife she tore her hair exclaiming:
"Pavo, Pavo, man the most unhappy,
Take thy staff, by God we are forsaken;
Hard it is to beg, to starve is harder!"
Pavo took her hand, and thus he answered:
"God doth try his servant, not forsake him.
Bread made half of bark must now suffice us!
I will dig the dikes of twofold deepness,
But from God will I await the increase."
She made bread of corn and bark together
He dug dikes with double labour,
Sold his sheep, and purchased rye and sowed it.
Spring time came; again the melting snow-drifts
Drenched the fields, and half the young crop perished;
Summer came, and the descending hail-storms
Dashed the early ears down, half destroying:
Autumn came, and frosts the remnant blighted.
Pavo's wife, she smote her breast, exclaiming:
"Pavo, Pavo, man the most unhappy,
Let us die, for God hath us forsaken!
Hard it is to die, to live is harder!"

Pavo took her hand, and thus made answer:
"God doth try his servant, not forsake him;
Bread made half of bark must still suffice us.
I will dig the dikes of three-fold deepness,
But from Heaven will still expect the increase?"
She made bread of corn and bark together;
He dug lower dikes with three-fold labour,
Sold his cattle, purchased rye, and sowed it.
Spring time came, but now the melting snow-drifts
Left the young crops in the fields uninjured:
Summer came, but the descending hail storms
Dashed not down the rich ears, nought destroying:
Autumn came, and saw, by frost unblighted,
Wave the golden harvest for the reaper.
Then fell Pavo on his knees, thus speaking:
"God hath only tried us, not forsaken!"
On her knees his wife fell, and thus said she:
"God hath only tried us, not forsaken!"
Then exulting spake unto her husband:
"Pavo, Pavo, take with joy the sickle;
We may now make glad our hearts with plenty,
Now may cast away the bark unsavoury,
Now may bake sweet bread of rye-meal only!"
Pavo took her hand, and thus made answer:
"Woman, woman, 'tis but sent to try us;
So we may have pity on the sufferer.
Mix then bark with corn even as aforetime;
Frosts have killed the harvests of our neighbour."

The following, which shall be the last of these graphic pictures of a strong life, is singularly fresh and beautiful:

OJAN PAVO'S CHALLENGE.

Came from Tavastland tall Ojan Pavo,
Tall and vigorous 'mong the sons of Finland,
Stedfast as a mountain clothed with pinewood,
Bold and fleet and powerful as a tempest.
He could from the earth uproot the fir-tree;
Could the bear encounter single-handed;
Lift a horse above the loftiest fences,
And, as straw, compel strong men to bow down.
Now he stood, the stedfast Ojan Pavo,
Proud and vigorous at the nation's council.
In the court he stood among the people,
Like a lofty fir-tree amid brushwood,
And he raised his voice, and thus addressed them:
"If there be a man here born of woman
Who can, from the spot whereon I plant me,
Move me only for a single moment,
I to him will yield my farm so wealthy;
He shall win from me my silver treasure;
Of my numerous flocks he shall be master;
His I will become both soul and body."
To the people thus spoke Ojan Pavo.
But the country youth shrank back in terror;
To the proud man answered only silence;
None was found who would accept his challenge.

But with love and admiration gazed they,
All the maidens, on that youthful champion,
Standing there—the powerful Ojan Pavo—
Like a lofty fir-tree among brushwood,
His eyes flashing like the stars of heaven,
And his open forehead clear as daylight,
And his thick locks flowing to his shoulders,
Like a streamlet falling down in sunshine.

From the throng of women forth stepped Anna,
She the fairest of that country's maidens,
Lovely as the morning at its rising.
Forth she stepped in haste to Ojan Pavo,
Round his neck she flung her arms so tender,
Laid her throbbing heart against his bosom,
Pressed against his cheek her cheek so rosy.
Then she bade him break the bonds that held him.
But the youth stood moveless, and was vanquished.
Yielding, thus he spoke unto the maiden:
"Anna, Anna, I have lost my wager;

Thou must take from me my farm so wealthy;
Thou hast won from me my silver treasure;
Thou of all my flocks art now possessor,
I am thine! thine am I soul and body!"

THE FACULTY.

The simple Highlander who came weeping to his commander after the battle of Preston Pans, lamenting that the watch, which was his share of the plunder from the vanquished English, had "died that morning," meaning that it had stopped, was not so far wrong in his generation after all. A man resembles a watch in very many respects. It would be but a sorry pun to adduce first, in support of this position, the old Latin saw, Homo Duplex—thereby intimating that a man is like a watch with a duplex movement. Yet there are duplex men; and those who go on the horizontal and on the lever principle. Some of us are jewelled in many holes, and have ruby rollers and escapements of price, yet are contained in humble silver or pinchbeck cases; while the trashy, ill-constructed, worse-going sets of works have gorgeous envelopes, cases of embossed gold, radiant with enamel and sparkling with gems. Did you never know an engine-turned man? Men who were too fast or too slow? Men who, being frequently in the watchmaker's hands for regulation, go all the worse for it afterwards? Men who, if neglected, were apt to run down and play the deuce with their insides? Are not men as often pledged as watches, and as seldom redeemed? Are there not as many worthless men as watches appended with sham Albert chains, and showy, valueless breloques? Has not an old-fashioned watch an unmistakable likeness to an old-fashioned man? Are there not ladies' men and ladies' watches; hunting men and hunting watches; men and watches that are repeaters; watches and men that you can set tunes upon, and that will go on tinkling the same tunes with sweet and unerring monotony over and over again, as often as you like to wind them up. And is not, finally, a man in this much like a watch, that finished, capped, jewelled, engine-turned, wound up, and going (to speak familiarly) like one o'clock; in the pride of his beauty, the accuracy of his movement, the perfection of his mechanism, the flower of his age—one slight concussion, one hasty touch, one wandering crumb, one accidental drop of moisture, will silence the healthful music of his pulse, and paralyze his nervous hands, and leave him a dumb, senseless, piece of matter prone to go to rust, and fit only to be taken to pieces, to form the component parts of newer, braver watches? Yet a man will bear mending almost as often as a watch. You may take his interior almost out, and give him a new case, a new face, new hands. But when the man-spring is broken, it cannot, like the main-spring, be replaced.

If you will concede the resemblance of humanity to watchwork, you will not deny the likeness of the doctor to the skilful artisan who repairs watches. There is no such person, strictly speaking, as a watchmaker; the brightest mechanical geniuses of Cornhill, Clerkenwell, and the Palais Royal do not make watches: they merely collect their separate, already-made parts, and put them together. They also tinker and examine, clean and regulate, improve and strengthen. So with the doctor: he is the human watch-mender. He knows the component parts of the machine, and when it is going right or wrong. He mends, adjusts, strengthens, and occasionally spoils us. As some watch workmen make dial plates, some springs, some wheels, and some hands—so some doctors attend to the limbs, some to the digestive organs, some to the brain, some to the liver, and some to the skins of humanity.

I have the highest respect and reverence for that medical aggregate commonly called The Faculty, and I hope that none of its members will be offended with me for drawing a comparison between the art of healing and the art of watchmaking. For, although the two professions do seem to run parallel, there is a point where they diverge widely and for ever; where the mechanist of mere inanimate discs of metal must keep in the beaten track of his trade; but where the doctor stands forth, another Mungo Park, to explore the sources of the Niger of Life; where he journeys into unknown countries, and valleys full of shadows to make discoveries as strange as Marco Polo's, to undergo vicissitudes as wondrous as Sale's, and as perilous as Burckhardt's, and as fatal as Captain Cook's. The Faculty has had its pioneers, its explorers, its trappers, its apostles, and its martyrs. For centuries energetic and enthusiastic men have devoted the flower of their lives and the fruitful harvest of their genius to one great object. At this moment there are hundreds of men passing the hours that we squander in patient application, unwearied study, and profound meditation—applying, studying, meditating upon the site and foundations, the walls and roof, the beams and rafters, the very bricks and laths of that house of life of which so few of us have long leases, which so few of us take the commonest precautions to keep in habitable repair, which so many of us wantonly injure and dismantle, nay, sometimes burn down altogether with combustible fluids, or run away from, taking the key with us without paying the rent.

The Faculty has a literature of its own—a ghastly literature, illustrated by a ghastlier style of art—as Mr. Churchill's shop, and the library and museum of the College of Surgeons can show. The Faculty has its newspapers, its monthly and quarterly journals, its philosophers, essayists and humourists; but where are its historians? When are we to have the history of The Faculty? Not a

scientific history, not a controversial history, not even a professional history, but a history for the vulgar—a history of the doctor in all ages, in his habit as he has lived. Surely, if the different schools of philosophy, poetry, music, and painting have found their historians; if Dr. Johnson could propose, even, a biography of Eminent Scoundrels; if insects have their historiographers, and the beasts that perished and the reptiles that crawled before the Flood their annalists; if we have memoirs of celebrated printers, celebrated quakers, celebrated pirates, celebrated criminals, celebrated children, celebrated Smiths, we have surely a right to expect a popular biography of celebrated doctors. Let us have The Faculty—its curiosities, eccentricities, its lights and shadows; its virtues and faults, from Avicenna to Abernethy, from Ambrose Paré to Astley Cooper, from Cardan to Clarke, from Rondolet to Ricord, from Sir Thomas Browne the learned knight of Norwich to Sir Benjamin Brodie, the more learned baronet of Savile Row.

The history of medical quackery and imposture alone would fill a spacious library, supplementary to that of The Faculty, and be a rich boon to the reading public. From the charms and philters and dried eelskins of the old half-conjurers, half-doctors, to those more learned yet mistaken men, who as late as the days of the knight of Norwich believed in the efficacy of Misraïm for curing wounds, and sold Pharaoh for balsam; maintaining subtle controversies as to the virtues of powdered unicorn's horn, dried mermaid's scales, and the ashes of a phœnix sublimated and drunk in wine of canary thrice boiled, to later believers in the cure of the king's evil by the king's touch;—from these gropers in the labyrinth of error to the more ignorant, more pretentious, more versatile, more successful quacks of modern times, the Sangrados; the disciples of Molières Sganarelle, whose panacea for all human ailments was a lump of cheese; the Katterfeltos, with their hair on end, wondering at their own wonders; the Dulcamara's in scarlet coat, top-boots and powdered hair, going about to fairs and markets with merryandrews and big drums; the mystic Dr. Graham, with his goddess Hygeia, (in the likeness of a Royal Academy model); the famous and erudite Dr. Lettsom, whose confession of faith is said to have been

> When people's ill they comes to I;
> I purges, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
> Sometimes they live, sometimes they die;
> What's that to I?
>
> I. Lettsom.

—from the memories of these worthies, to the swarming professors, old and young doctors, Licentiates of the University of Trincomalee, Duly Qualified Surgeons, Medical Herbalists, and advertising pill and ointment impostors of the present day, who clear their thousands annually by the sale of nostrums to a besotted and credulous public, we might at least learn that whilst in all ages the average of human folly and credulity has been pretty nearly equal, still, that side by side with quackery and knavery that great edifice of science adorned with probity, and science softened by humanity, has grown up, which, though far from complete, is yet an honour and glory to this century and generation,—I mean the medical profession of to-day—in short, the Faculty.

Yes; we want a cunning hand to draw us the doctor ancient and modern, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice. We want to know all about the ancient disciples of Galen and Hippocrates; how they worshipped Esculapius, and whether the cock they sacrificed to him was a Cochin-China or a bantam. We desire acquaintance with the Arabian Hakim, with his talismans and amulets; with the despised Jew leech of the Plantaganet kings, trembling while he prescribed, and oft paying for the loss of a diseased life with his own healthy life; persecuted, reviled, yet with a mine of learning beneath his gaberdine and greasy head-dress. We crave to know more of these jovial practitioners and dispensers, the monks of old; and whether they took the same kind of physic themselves that they dispensed so liberally to the sick at the gates of their monasteries, or limited their pharmacopœia to the rich wine which they are said to have quaffed so frequently, and with so many ha-has! We seek introduction to the medieval doctor, riding gravely upon a mule, with his whole apparatus of surgical instruments hung at the crupper; his quaint skull cap, his learned spectacles, his bulky Latin folios, none of which could save him from the suspicion of dealing with the devil, or from the temptation of occasionally wasting his fees in the purchase of stuffed monsters and dried reptiles, with perhaps a neat apparatus of crucibles and alembics for purposes of alchemy. We call for the doctor of the seventeenth century, still a learned man, with square-cut cap and falling bands, but with some glimmerings of facts and science breaking through the haze of his book-laden brains—full of mummy and Misraïm, unicorn's horn and golden water of life yet, but not quite so confident about them as heretofore—meditating perchance upon the antiquated prejudices and pedantries of medicine, much as a Major General Sir Peregrine Pigtail of the present day may look upon tight stocks and bearskin caps and flint locks. Then would we be eager for a knowledge of the doctor of the Georgian era, in his square-cut coat, flapped waistcoat, huge cuffs, powdered wig, ruffles, three-cornered hat, and sapient gold-headed cane complete. So on and on till the doctor of to-day grows upon us, learned, skilful, knighted, broughamed, degreed,

honoured, caressed, or cheerfully exercising his learning and his skill in poverty and obscurity, but sowing no less than his titled, initialled brother, good seed, surely afterwards to grow up into a rich harvest of glory in the broad lands of reward.

Much do we desire cognisance of all these things; likewise when the first fee was taken, and the first consultation held; who invented the charming system of more than cuneiform hieroglyphics employed by the Faculty to express scruples, drachms, and grains; what scholist upon Priscian settled the declensions and conjugations of doctor's Latin, and when prescriptions first came into use; when doctors began to disagree, and when first "physcians was in vain." I should like the historian, too, to clear up the story of Dr. Faustus; whom I consider myself to have been a highly ingenious practitioner, considerably in advance of his age, but with a fancy for cabalistics, table-turning and spirit-rapping which eventually brought him into bad odour. I want further information about Macbeth's medical attendant:—why he wore trunk hose and roses in his shoes, while the rest of the court wore kilts and bonnets; and whether he married the gentlewoman after the discomfiture of his iniquitous master and the coronation of Malcolm at Scone. I am particularly anxious to know more of Dr. Butts, that wise physician attached to the person of Henry the Eighth, and whose duties appear to have been confined to looking out of window in the company of his royal patron. And I confess that I have an ardent longing to know all about the famous Dr. Fell, whether he was a doctor of physic, law, divinity, letters, or music; why the great lexicographer didn't like him, and why the reason thereof he could not tell. Who is to be our Doctor Dubitantium on the doctorial question? When may we expect the History of the Faculty in a cheap form for Railway Reading?

If you expect such a work from *me*, you are grievously mistaken. I don't know much about anything: I want other people to tell me; I am as ignorant about the doctors of by-gone ages as a Zulu Kaffir; though, of the Faculty of the present day (and I acknowledge it with a sort of groan) I *do* know something. Yes, the doctor and I are old friends. We know a good deal about one another.

The Faculty was aware of me, of course, prior to my appearance upon the stage of men. The Faculty was down upon me immediately afterwards. The Faculty put fetters on my legs, and fuller's earth poultices upon my eyes, blisters on my chest, worsted behind my ears. The Faculty put glass cups between my shoulders, scarified my flesh with infernal machines full of sharp steel teeth, and sucked up my young blood. The Faculty introduced to my notice sundry monsters of a slimy nature, originally from Asia Minor, I believe, which arrived in pill-boxes, and drank of me till they fell drunk into plates of salt, to dream, no doubt, about their father of the horse connection, and their three sisters who cried continually, "Give! Give!" The Faculty "put rat's-bane in my porridge and halters in my pew," in the shape of draughts and powders. The Faculty have endowed me to this day with a loathing for orange marmalade as recalling horrible traditions of ipecacuanah. It has made black current jelly abhorrent to me in connection with powdered aloes; and it has implanted a deadly and inextinguishable dread of roasted apple, lest it should be calomel in disguise, and a shuddering suspicion of flower of brimstone, when I see treacle. I have been rubbed by the Faculty, scraped, lanced, probed, plastered, and pickled by the Faculty. The Faculty sat by my side at my dinner, far more awfully present than Sancho Panza's physician. The Faculty denied me pudding twice after meat; sent me to bed when I was broad awake; kept me in-doors when my limbs yearned for exercise; forbade me to read the books I loved; tabooed open windows; banned green meats and fruits; swathed me in hot stifling clothing; kept me from church, pleading the danger of being over-heated, and from the play—the dear, delightful play, with its wax lights, gay dresses, and miraculous transformations—through unfounded apprehensions of catching cold. Oh, you little children! if you could only find some juvenile Fox to write your martyrology. Saint Catherine and her wheel, Saint Lawrence and his gridiron, Saint Denis and his sore throat, Saint Stephen and his stones; what would their tortures be in comparison with your sufferings at the instigation of the merciless Faculty?

Yet I bear the Faculty no ill-will for all the experiments they made upon me, and I dare say that in my case they did it for the best. By all accounts I must have suffered under dreadful ailments during my nonage. I know that there was always something the matter with my eyes, or my limbs, or my head. I can remember eyes that looked at me with a kind, sad pitying wonder, as I played about, an ailing child, marvelling doubtless how any of the cheerfulness and sprightliness of infancy could abide in that afflicted and feeble frame. I can dimly recall words of sorrow and commisseration that I hoarded with the child's words—avarice, when I was very young—words from those who must have seen me swathed and bandaged up among vigorous playmates, or watched me sitting apart in weird and unnatural confabulation with my elders, when I should have been gambolling among my peers. I can remember that I was taken to a great many new doctors to make me "quite well," and to a great many new spots to make me "quite

strong;" and I can call to mind that my mother had a maid once, with whom she had a "difficulty," and who, in the progress of the discussion, threw out the axiomatic insult, that I was a "hobject." It had never struck me before that I *was* an object; but I have no doubt that the lady's maid was substantially correct. Yet for all my objecttibility, it seems to me that I ate, and slept, and enjoyed myself, on the whole, pretty much as other children do—that I was seldom conscious of my imperfect and wretched state; and I can understand and appreciate now that infinite mercy which, shutting one door, opens another; which strews the road to death with lotus leaves, and masks the destroyer's battery; which gives cheerfulness to the consumptive, and the one good day among many days of pain and suffering to the condemned to disease; which gilds the lips of the dying child with a smile that is as the smile of angels.

The many doctors that I have been to! the greatest having been the famous Sir Hygey Febrifuge. He lived in Celsus Row, which is a funereal thoroughfare leading from Upper Tomb Street into Cenotaph Square, out of a little masked alley called Incremation Passage. The houses in Celsus Row are tall and gloomy. The odour of quinquina, highly-dried sarsaparilla, and bitter aloes, seems to float about in the atmosphere. The gaunt iron railings before the houses look like the staves of mutes divested of their crape. At the corner leading into Upper Tomb Street is Memento House, the town mansion of the Earl of Moriarty. Celsus Row itself is almost exclusively occupied by the Faculty. There have been but two laymen renting houses in it during the last thirty years: the Lord of Moriarty, who resides abroad, and one Colonel Platterbattel, of the Nizam's army, who, as a punishment for his intrusion into the sacred precincts of Esculapius, was signally sold up lately, and had carpets hanging out of his windows, and auctioneers' placards pasted on his walls. The brass-plates, as you advance upwards towards Incremation Passage, are as brazen pages of the Medical Directory. Sir Hygey Febrifuge, Sir Esculap Bistoury, Scalpel Carver, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.; Doctor Drugg; Doctor Pelvill; Mr. Drum (the famous aurist); Mr. Bucephalon (the world-widely known oculist); Sir Ackwer Distillat; and others, have all their lodgments here. Grave broughams, or graver carriages and pair, driven by sedate coachmen—well read, no doubt, in the London Pharmacopœia, and putting their horses through regular courses of medicine—draw up, towards visiting hours, in Celsus Row. Footmen clad in solemn black, or—even if in undress—wearing sober black and white striped jackets, open and shut the tall doors noiselessly. Visitors come and go noiselessly, and give cautious double raps. Swathed and muffled figures emerge from cabs, and totter feebly into the houses. Cabmen forbear to slang, and butcher-boys to whistle, in Celsus Row. You hear in fancy the scratching of pens writing prescriptions, the clinking of the guinea fee into the physician's hand, the beating of the pulse, the long-drawn sigh, the half-suppressed groan as the patient waits agonisingly for a verdict of life or death from the doctor's lips.

For here in Celsus Row, in the tall quiet houses, dwell the locksmiths of the gate of ivory and the gate of horn. They cannot always find a key to fit; it often happens that the lock is so inscrutably constructed as to defy all their keys and baffle all their skill. But what it is within the compass of human capacity to know, thus much know the doctors of Celsus Row. They have the bunch of keys at their girdles; the key of pain and the key of solace, the key of sleep and the key of exhilaration; the key that gives strength to weakness, soundness to disease, cheerfulness to misery. From nine to twelve daily, crowds pour through the gates, paying their guinea toll, but finding often and often that the ivory gate only admits them to a life that is false, and that through the gate of horn lies Truth and Death.

My recollections of Sir Hygey Febrifuge are of a little gray-headed man who was always in a hurry. He is still alive, I am happy to say,—little, gray-headed, and as constantly in a hurry. A man has a right to be in a hurry whose time is worth a guinea a minute. He must be immensely aged by this time, and must have earned an immense number of guineas. Well can I remember the solemn, silent dining-room in which I used to wait for audience with Sir Hygey Febrifuge. There were two large dusky pictures in it, the one representing the knight in his academical robes; the other a huge fruit and flower-piece, with a lobster, half-a-dozen oysters, a lemon with a long trailing rind, a flask of wine, and a profusion of luscious pineapples, cherries, grapes, roses, and vine-leaves. I used to look upon these two latter pictures with a sort of vengeful feeling, remembering how many delicacies had been forbidden to me through the instrumentality of the Faculty. There was a massive sideboard; beneath which there was a metallic monument, dreadfully like a sepulchral urn, which I now know to have been a wine-cooler, but which, in those days, I firmly believed to contain the ashes of dead patients. I can see now the dingy red drugget on the floor, the green-baize covered tables set out with bygone annuals, defunct court-guides, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, Lord Kaimes on Criticism, and an old volume of the Annual Register; the faded morocco chairs; the double, crimson-covered, brass-nailed door that led into the

doctor's sanctum ; the silent visitors waiting, as I was, for the arbiter of health. Here, the paralytic octogenarian ; here, the widow in mourning, with her rickety child ; here, the wounded officer from India ; here, the withered nabob, who had lost his liver, and was come hither on speculation to ask Sir Hygey if he had seen it by chance come that way ; here, the old lady from the country, afflicted with nothing save a plethora of money, and anxious to ask the doctor if it were likely that anything would ever be the matter with her ; there, the anxious father with his consumptive daughter—the gentleman of small means who had been painfully hoarding up his guineas that his child might have the benefit of the great London medical man's advice ; there, the young exquisite who had been living too fast ; the old exquisite anxious to die as slowly as possible ; the over-taxed student, who had gained his double first and lost his health ; the popular actor beginning to be nervous about his voice, and feeling a warning stiffness and weakness in his limbs. Here they all were, mournfully silent—wrapped up in their own ailments, or at best speaking in stealthy whispers. Every now and then you heard a silver bell tinkle, and saw the grave raven-hued servant flit in and out ; and then the crimson door opened noiselessly ; and, when your turn came (if you had been a duke you could not have gone out of it), you were ushered into the presence of Sir Hygey Febrifuge.

Who, as I have already said, was always in a hurry. He never sat down, but flitted about, now looking at his watch ; consulting his visiting book ; feeling your pulse ; asking you short, nervous questions ; convicting you out of your own mouth, if you attempted to deceive him ; telling you in half a dozen words much more about yourself than you could have told him in a week, and a great deal that you didn't know at all ; darting out into the hall to look (gratuitously) at a poor woman's leg, or a baby past hope ; popping his head into the dining-room to see how many persons yet remained to see him, and then scribbling a prescription ; precipitately giving you a rule of life and conduct for your future guidance ; pocketing his fee, and nodding you out, all with perfect calmness and efficiency, yet all, so it seemed, simultaneously. Visitor after visitor would be summoned, and the same process repeated. Then, when *his* visiting time arrived, the Prince of the Faculty would enter his carriage, and drive from square to square, from street to street, hearing the long tales ; judiciously cutting them short ; giving a modicum of advice, a crumb of comfort, a healing touch of life and strength, and pocketing the guineas unceasingly. When to this you add attendance in the crowded wards of an hospital ; operations ; lectures in the hospital theatre to admiring crowds of students ; and the occasional publication of an erudite work upon operative surgery or physiology, you will wonder with me where and whenever Sir Hygey Febrifuge found time to snatch a mouthful of food, to swallow a glass of wine, much less to give grand dinners, and frequent the fashionable soirées, and be the domesticated husband and father that he was, and is to this day.

How many thousand faces must have passed before the doctor's eyes ; how many pitiable tales of woe must have been poured into his ears ; what awful secrets must find a repository beneath that black satin waistcoat! We may lie to the lawyer, we may lie to the confessor, but to the doctor we cannot lie. The murder must out. The prodigal pressed for an account of his debts will keep one back ; the penitent will hide some sin from his ghostly director ; but from the doctor we can hide nothing, or we die. He is our greatest master here on earth. The successful tyrant crouches before him like a hound ; the scornful beauty bows the knee ; the stern worldly man clings desperately to him as the anchor that will hold him from drifting into the dark sea that hath no limits. The doctor knows not rank. The mutilated beggar in St. Celsus' accident ward may be a more interesting case to him than the sick duchess. He despises beauty—there may be a cancer in its bloom. He laughs at wealth ; it may be rendered intolerable by disease. He values not youth ; it may be ripe for the tomb, as hay for the sickle. He makes light of power ; it cannot cure an ache, nor avert a twinge of gout. He only knows, acknowledges, values, respects two things—Life and Death.

In my experience of the Faculty, I can reckon no less than three knights besides Sir Hygey Febrifuge ; I have had the honour of the medical attendance of Sir Squattling Squeb, the great Court Physician. Not of this present court, be it understood, but of the bygone régime of Queen Charlotte. Sir Squattling is dead now, I think ; and for the last twenty years of his life the majority of the public believed him to be already deceased, although he was quietly making some hundreds of guineas yearly by his profession. Sir Squattling did not live in Celsus Row, but in Galen Square, where he had powdered footmen, in coloured liveries—quite Court footmen. He had a sister, Miss Squeb, age uncertain ; plainness certain, who always carried a wire-work basket full of keys, which, when displeased, she rattled wrathfully. She frequently gave me cake, which I liked, and tracts, which, at that unthinking age, I am afraid I did not sufficiently appreciate. He was a very white-headed, red-faced, feeble, trembling old man, and, I think, wore powder and silk stockings. People said that he had never been clever, and that he had originally been Court apothecary, and had been promoted for drawing a youthful

prince's topth, with a gold pencil case. I liked him. The first time I went to him he patted me on the head, and showed me a mighty rolling panorama of the coronation of George the Fourth, and said I didn't want any physic just then—it was that which made me like him.

Far different were my feelings towards Mr. Gruffinboote. Gruffinboote was one of those men—a class now extinct—who achieved a reputation for great talent and practical skill, by a savage and overbearing demeanor. Griffinboote bullied the timid, frightened the ladies, and insulted the nobility. The timid people, the ladies, and the noblemen who like to be bullied, and frightened, and insulted went to Gruffinboote, read his book, and abused him continually, to the great increase of his practice and extension of his fame. It was my doleful lot to be taken to Mr. Gruffinboote; something, of course, being the matter with my eyes and limbs. It was a dark day, and we went in a yellow hackney-coach; but where Mr. Gruffinboote dwelt, or what sort of a house his was, I cannot call to mind. All I can recollect is, that Mr. Gruffinboote wanted to do something to my eyes; but whether to scoop them out, or bleed them, or scrape them, or drill holes through them, or paint them with mercury (I have suffered nearly all these processes in my time), I cannot now say. I objected to Mr. Gruffinboote, certainly with tears; probably with struggles; possibly with kicks, and it is a fact that Mr. Gruffinboote thrashed me. He was a big, rough man, like a fierce schoolmaster that had been turned out in a prairie to graze; and I say that he thrashed me—a weak ailing child, with bad eyes and limbs. I bear Gruffinboote no ill will, but I think were he yet alive, and were I to meet him, I should be sorely tempted to tell him a piece of my mind.

I should fill this sheet were I to enumerate half the members of the Faculty between whom I ran the gauntlet in search of health. There was Sir E. Mollyent, the great ladies' doctor, who wrote the most complicated prescriptions, and was fond of recommending the waters of Maninbad, or the baths of Lucca, to very poor people's children, and once prescribed chicken-broth and carriage exercise to a pauper. There was Mr. Scalpel Carver, with an awful white neckcloth and shining white teeth, of whom men said, in a whisper, that he was fond of the knife; though, thank goodness, he never operated on me. And, among a whole host of others, there was worthy, kindly, Doctor Lilliput with his morocco case full of infinitesimal bottles, his tasteless medicines, mild and gentle mode of treatment. I know that, as a boy, I looked upon him as the greatest, wisest, cleverest of Doctors; but I am afraid now that he was not one of the orthodox Faculty, but was of the Homœopathic persuasion.

I have not troubled the Faculty much, since I came to years of discretion, or indiscretion. I think I may say, as Sir Godfrey Kneller did of Doctor Radcliffe, that I can take anything of a doctor, but his physic. The last doctor I went to seemed to have some intuitive notion of this; for, when I had gravely recited to him the details of my complaint, he gave me a very fine full-flavoured Havannah cigar, and ordered his servant to bring up the liqueur-case, and the hot water. To be sure, he was only a country doctor.

HEROES AFLOAT.

There was a certain charm in Malta with its sunny days and rainy nights; but one may grow tired of hearing marches played, and, on the whole, certainly, a concentration of troops on a small island has a three-in-a-bed effect upon the spirits. I longed to get out of it and to ramble at ease in the broad world. But how? Fate had attached me to the British troops with instructions to accompany them on their march. But since these troops were, for the time at least, locked up in Malta, they could not march, and I could not accompany them. In the first place, there were no ships to take them on to Turkey; and, in the second place, news had just reached us of a fresh delay granted to the Czar, and of another appeal to the sentiments of justice and generosity which are supposed to animate the conduct of that perfect gentleman, and of which he is as full as bees are of milk, or cats of honey. An ultimatissi-issi-issimum had been dispatched, and—to say nothing of the chance of more last ultimatissimums—there was every prospect of a delay of five or six weeks before the first British soldiers set foot on Turkish ground. The question for me to consider was how could a person in my condition best employ his period of idleness. Of course, he could do nothing better than set off immediately for the seat of war, regardless of instructions or orders. So I embarked in the Liverpool and Levant Company's steamer, Meerschaum, when she touched to take up passengers at Malta.

The passengers on board the Meerschaum were so many lions, British and continental. Fezzes were the fashions of the day, and some of the passengers wielded enormous Turkish pipes, and smoked choice Latakia. A Welshman, who had at one time held a commission in the Rifles, reeled about the deck, and he, or the liquor in him, told us that when in garrison at Malta he had married one of the daughters of the emperor of Morocco, on which interesting occasion the young lady's father had made him a present of six millions of pounds sterling. Just now he was afloat at the earnest solicitation of his friend the Sultan. He was going to Circassia. What for? Why, of course to teach the Circassians how to fire a rifle. The gentlemen of his militia company

in Wales after they had had the benefit of his instructions, were dead shots. The Sultan had heard of that. Had not we? No! Well, certainly, we never could have read the papers.

There were other passengers who carried revolving and other rifles of fabulous killing powers; some had swords, daggers, and a variety of complicated instruments for the speedy and effectual extermination of their fellow-creatures. There was a Sclavonian who assumed the title of Hungarian refugee, but who had no weapons of attack except a pair of spurs which rattled mightily. This gentleman proclaimed that he was sent by the Turkish Minister in London, who had paid his passage, and had promised him a captaincy in an Ottoman regiment. It was whispered among us that he was a hero who had smuggled himself on board the Euxine, and so got a passage from Southampton to Malta; that on the same occasion part of his passage-money had been paid by a general subscription among the passengers, and that the Oriental Company's agent at Malta, seeing there was no more to be had, generously consented to be satisfied with what had been subscribed for him. I met this young warrior two days after our arrival in Constantinople, and he said he had seen the Seraskier, who had offered him a colonelcy, an outfit of one thousand piastres, and one thousand piastres a month if he would join the army in Asia, and say that there was no Allah but Allah, and that Mahomet was his prophet. He had made up his mind to accept the offer. Through the mist of his lies it was clear that some one had given him some money, or that he had wofully swindled the Turkish tradesmen, for he had richly adorned his not very wholesome-looking outward man. He had discarded the blue cap and coat worn on board ship, and dazzled all weak eyes by the magnificence of a new dress and frogged coat of black veveteen, and a bearskin rug flung over his shoulders, so that he looked like a brigand who had thrown up his engagement at the Victoria Theatre, to accept another at the theatre of war. Among the rest of the passengers there was an American worth mentioning, because he had, as he said, only come out for a spree; there was a homœopathic surgeon, who had quitted a successful practice in New York, to fight against allopathy among the Sultan's troops; there was a young French merchant going to sell muskets at Constantinople; there was a chaplain en route to join one of her Majesty's vessels in the Black Sea, and there was half a dozen ladies, two of them widows. These fair vanquishers went out, it was said, as there are heroic virgins always going forth to India, to Australia, to Lapland or Timbuctoo, through fire, or frost, or pestilence, determined to achieve matrimony or to die in the attempt.

It was on a bright afternoon that I, with these and other people, stood on the deck of the Meerschaum to take a farewell look at Malta. Flags were streaming in one of the most delightful breezes that ever refreshed human beings; the bastions were lined with redcoats, whiling away their idle hours; music came like fragrance on the wind—music from Floriana—music from the Lazaretto—music from Senglen; the sunlight danced over the waters, along with the gulls. But when we had steamed out of the atmosphere of Malta, the wind changed, the sky became clouded, and the waves rolled heavily; the vessel creaked and groaned; the weird voices of unseen stormbirds were heard high up in the air—and the ladies went down to their cabins suddenly.

Then followed a night of pelting rain above deck, and of groans and anguish in the cabins. The captain and the agents of the vessel, wishing to make much of the good fortune thrown into their way, had taken double the proper number of passengers. Beds were made upon tables and under tables, on the benches and far away in the stern cabin on piles of luggage, baskets of vegetables, sacks of coffee. I, who am short, was put into a hole exactly four feet long, over the screw propeller. Thus I had leisure and opportunity, crouching, with my knees drawn up to my chin, to ponder on the working of that beautiful invention. There was a clanking of chains, a boring motion, as if some mighty engine were forcing its way up through the bottom of my bed, and then a stunning noise as if a score of sledge hammers were suddenly brought down upon an anvil at the distance of a few inches from my ears. When at length I had become accustomed to this, and had settled down to the idea of sleep, I was roused by violent shouting close to my head. All the stewards of the ship were assembled, and in the act of dragging up from among the pile of bales and baskets which encompassed the sternberths a struggling, screeching fellow-creature. It was a passenger in a state of intoxication, who was being taken up to bed. He fought bravely and roared lustily, protesting that he was quite willing to do whatever the stewards desired, if they would only open his large trunk (which was at the bottom of the hold), and take therefrom an oil-skin shako-case, without which, he asserted, it was impossible for him to sleep that night. This gentleman lodged in his nest, lay with his head separated from mine by a thin plank of wood, shouting and singing, calling out lustily at intervals for his Moorish servant and his shako-case. Finally he left his berth and paid me a most unexpected visit, in my quarters, under the impression that it was I who withheld from him the shako-case and Moorish servant. Lights came at length, brought to the scene of war by half-dressed stewards, and the intrusive gentleman was dragged out of my berth, and deposited once more in his own. Being then satisfied,

perhaps, with the efforts he had made to conquer adverse circumstances, he resigned himself to destiny, and snored until late next afternoon.

On the second morning of our voyage, when the wind subsided, we had full leisure to observe the snow-clad hills and rocky coast of Cape Matapan. We rounded the cape at the distance of four miles; but the rocks were so grand and the air was so pure, that the distance seemed to be not more than half a mile. Later in the day, still skirting an iron-bound coast, we came to Cape San Angelo, on which a pious hermit dwells, and prays for the safety of the Greek coasters that brave the perils of these waters. We saw his chapel, a rude heap of stones, and his house, a cave in the rock; and we saw, lastly, the holy man himself, dressed in a long robe, with flowing beard of venerable grey, and with a high-plumed cap upon his crown. This hermit, I understand, is the second resident saint of the spot. His predecessor had begun life as a Greek sea-captain, and also, according to Greek fashion, pirate and assassin, as occasion served. It so happened that this worthy man had been twice shipwrecked off San Angelo. So strange a coincidence caused him to ponder on his life. Perhaps it was wrong to cut throats and to plunder merchantmen. Besides the good man—or at that period of his life, the bad man—had become famous in his generation, and fame is a fatal offering to gentlemen of his profession. Indeed, his frequent shipwrecks were dependent on the fact that there were few harbours wherein he could venture to seek shelter. Considering such things, the captain came to the conclusion that he must give up the business of the sinner, and cause his life and independence to be respected ashore by retiring as a saint. In the hermit's cassock he was safe against the importunities of the police, or the quick stroke of private vendetta. The result proved that he calculated wisely. He lived for about thirty years under the care of San Angelo, well fed by pious fishermen, traders, and pirates. When he died a successor of like fortunes was immediately found to don his cassock, and take up his rosary; perhaps, also, in troublous times, to serve the land-sharks as a signal man, and to let them know when vessels in distress were off the coast, drifting to leewards.

We had scarcely done admiring the piety of these hermits when the night set in. On the following morning we were at anchor in the harbour of Syra. The first intelligence of this fact was communicated to us by a loud screeching and stamping overhead, intermingled with the angry voices and loud curses of the captain and his mates. The vessel had to discharge and take in cargo, and a company of Syriotes had come on board to assist in the operation. They were dressed in rags, and were very dirty; all of them men of brown skins and scowling looks, whom the mates, ignorant of their language, ordered about by means of kicks and pushes. Syra is a small and rocky island, as a friend in Valetta had said, "not at all worth seeing." Nevertheless I meant to see it; and as one of the passengers—the young French merchant—had some business to transact with the Greek merchants of the place, I volunteered to join him in his expedition. As soon as we landed at the quay, which is at one end flanked by the custom-house and at the other by a café, it became apparent that this quay is the change of Syra, and that the traders and sailors crowding it were all in a high state of excitement. They walked to and fro, as if walking to and fro were the sole object of their lives; they pointed to the sea, vented their feelings in violent exclamations, and shook one another by the hand with frantic eagerness. But what astonished us especially was that our arrival in a boat—we being two travellers of private station, and quite insignificant in appearance—should produce a furious sensation. Fingers and arms were directed at us; and as our boat approached the landing stairs a dense mass of persons gathered above to see us step ashore. Murmurs loud and deep from black-bearded lips followed us as we made our way across the quay into the town. Even the Greek dandies in their morocco boots, ample trousers, embroidered jackets and frilled skirts with ivory studs, shook their gloved hands in the air as if invoking the wrath of Heaven upon the two barbarians who dared to set their feet upon the soil of Syra.

Matters became worse in the town; where many Greek children, boys and girls, followed us hooting and calling names. To be ignorant of a foreign language is a blessing now and then.

The whole mystery was explained in a few minutes, when we called on one of my friend's correspondents, an Italian, settled on the island. The news of the hostile attitude which King Otho had thought proper to take against Turkey, and on behalf of Russia, had on the previous day reached the Syriotes. The Turkish ambassador had left Athens. The Greek ambassador was about to leave Constantinople. French vessels had touched at Syra on their way to Athens where they were bent on threatening the king and nation of Hellas with the wrath of France and England. Hence the excitement. Hence their manifestations of disgust at the appearance of two strangers, landing from an English vessel. All the men of Syra were preparing to take arms. All the women were shut up in-doors, tailoring and making fustanellas, or white kilts, the distinguishing garment of the Klepht, which in modern Greek parlance stands at once for patriot and robber. There were, however, Greek

rumours flying about which heightened the excitement. The Sultan's troops, it was said, had been routed by the insurgents in Epirus; the fort of Arta had surrendered to the patriots; part of the British garrison of Corfu had sailed for Prevesa. All these rumours, though devoid of substance, were nevertheless believed. Curses were heaped upon the English, curses upon the French, because they would not suffer the Russians to come to Constantinople, there to regenerate the Greek empire. "Dangerous times these," added the gentleman who gave us the information, "most dangerous times; for whenever the Greeks turn patriots, they have an ugly habit of plundering their neighbours of their property."

After receiving so much information we went for our dinner to a Greek hotel, and there met with some other passengers of the Meerschaum, with whom we ate our dinner; amidst many insults and slights from the landlord and the waiters. Some Greek merchants too dropped in one after another, evidently for the purpose of looking at, and pumping us. They all seemed to understand English, and one of them spoke it very fluently. This gentleman desired to know how many troops there were at Malta, and in what direction they were going? To which one of our set rather incautiously replied, that some were going to the Danube, some to Constantinople, and some to Athens. At this statement all the Greeks fired up. Could any Englishman, worthy of the name, unblushingly avow that Great Britain intended to oppress the Greeks in favour of the Turks? Were Christians to fight against Christians for the benefit of the Infidels?

We were fairly in a quandary, for the Greeks screamed and gesticulated with great violence, and their rage did certainly not decrease when our incautious friend—one of your argumentative men—submitted that this was not a war of religion, but of politics; that the Greeks were perfectly aware of the position which the allied powers were taking against Russia, and that, if they chose to side against us, they must take the consequences. Dark eyes flashed as with fire; voices were raised to a discordant pitch, and hands were elevated with the whole fury of hatred. We kicked and pushed our reasonable man until he held his tongue. A few of the more important personages among the Greeks had, in the mean time, adjourned to a small room at the back of the dining-room; where they formed themselves into a committee, evidently for the purpose of deciding what was to be done with us. We anticipated the result of their conference by a prompt retreat, and, returning to the ship, took, from a safe distance, our last look at Syra.

The town, as far as we could see it, hardly deserves description. It is built in terraces like Valetta, but they are irregular, and without stairs. Narrow, ill-paved, winding streets, led up from one level to another. The houses are all of wood, and are wretched and filthy in appearance. Filth abonnds in the streets, and also on the persons of the Syriotes, whose gaudy dresses were all brown with dirt. The whole population smelt of garlick.

The upper half of the town, occupied by the Armenian population, is separated from the lower by a broad belt of land that was at one time meant to be a public garden, but which has been left a miserable waste. There was need of the separation, since Armenian and Greek Christians hate each other. Practical irreligion and religious fanaticism go hand in hand among the Christians of the east.

The Armenian part of Syra, is, however, much better built and paved, and not, by a great deal, so dirty as the Greek town. It is surmounted by a chapel, which stands on the summit of the mountain. The view down from the chapel to the sea is glorious, and so is the view from the sea up to the chapel.

When we awoke in the morning we were coasting along the shores of Asia Minor. In the afternoon we saw the plain of Troy, and the tomb of Achilles. Just before sunset we passed the Dardanelles. This was a piece of good fortune; because vessels that arrive after the evening gun has been fired lay-to during the night, that they may give an account of themselves in the morning. Now, in the confusion of war, or for some other cause, the watch at the Dardanelles is no longer kept up with any strictness.

Shortly after our arrival at Constantinople, vessels were allowed to pass unchallenged and unquestioned from the Archipelago into the sea of Marmora at every hour of the night. Among the first vessels which profited by this new license was a Russian war-steamer which had come out from Trieste, and which boldly steamed through the Dardanelles and up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea.

Early next day the Meerschaum dropped its anchor off the corner of the Serai. We had reached Constantinople.

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HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEFORE the ring formed round the Old Hell Shaft was broken, one figure had disappeared from within it. Mr. Bounderby and his shadow had not stood near Louisa, who held her father's arm, but in a retired place by themselves. When Mr. Gradgrind was summoned to the couch, Sissy, attentive to all that happened, slipped behind that wicked shadow—a sight in the horror of his face, if there had been eyes there for any sight but one—and whispered in his ear. Without turning his head, he conferred with her a few moments, and vanished. Thus the whelp had gone out of the circle before the people moved.

When the father reached home, he sent a message to Mr. Bounderby's, desiring his son to come to him directly. The reply was, that Mr. Bounderby, having missed him in the crowd, and seen nothing of him since, had supposed him to be at Stone Lodge.

"I believe, father," said Louisa, "he will not come back to town to-night." Mr. Gradgrind turned away and said no more.

In the morning, he went down to the Bank himself as soon as it was opened, and seeing his son's place empty (he had not the courage to look in at first), went back along the street to meet Mr. Bounderby on his way there. To whom he said that, for reasons he would soon explain, but entreated not then to be asked for, he had found it necessary to employ his son at a distance for a little while. Also, that he was charged with the duty of vindicating Stephen Blackpool's memory, and declaring the thief. Mr. Bounderby, quite confounded, stood stock still in the street after his father-in-law had left him, swelling like an immense soap-bubble, without its beauty.

Mr. Gradgrind went home, locked himself in his room, and kept it all that day. When Sissy and Louisa tapped at his door, he said, without opening it, "Not now, my dears; in the evening." On their return in the evening, he said, "I am not able yet—to morrow." He ate nothing all day, and had no candle after dark, and they heard him walking to and fro late at night.

But in the morning he appeared at breakfast at the usual hour, and took his usual place at the table. Aged and bent he looked, and quite bowed down; and yet he looked a wiser man, and a better man, than in the days when in this life he wanted nothing but Facts. Before he left the room, he appointed a time for them to come to him, and so, with his gray head drooping, went away.

"Dear father," said Louisa, when they kept their appointment, "you have three young children left. They will be different. *I* will be different yet, with Heaven's help."

She gave her hand to Sissy, as if she meant with her help too.

"Your wretched brother," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Do you think he had planned this robbery, when he went with you to the lodging?"

"I fear so, father. I know he had wanted money very much, and had spent a great deal."

"The poor man being about to leave the town, it came into his evil brain to cast suspicion on him?"

"I think it must have flashed upon him while he sat there father. For I asked him to go there with me. The visit did not originate with him."

"He had some conversation with the poor man. Did he take him aside?"

"He took him out of the room. I asked him afterwards, why he had done so, and he made a plausible excuse; but since last night, father, and when I remember the circumstances by its light, I am afraid I can imagine too truly what passed between them."

"Let me know," said her father, "if your thoughts present your guilty brother in the same dark view as mine do."

"I fear father," reiterated Louisa, "that he must have made some representation to Stephen Blackpool—perhaps in my name, perhaps in his own—which induced him to do in good faith and honesty, what he had never done before, and to wait about the Bank those two or three nights before he left the town."

"Too plain!" returned the father. "Too plain!"

He shaded his face, and remained silent for some moments. Recovering himself, he said:

"And now, how is he to be found? How is he

to be saved from justice? In the few hours that I can possibly allow to elapse before I publish the truth, how is he to be found by us and only by us? Ten thousand pounds could not effect it."

"Sissy has effected it, father."

He raised his eyes to where she stood, like a good fairy in his house, and said in a tone of softened gratitude and grateful kindness, "It is always you, my child."

"We had our fears," Sissy explained, glancing at Louisa, "before yesterday; and when I saw you brought to the side of the litter last night, and heard what passed (being close to Rachael all the time), I went to him when no one saw, and said to him. 'Don't look at me! See where your father is. Escape at once, for his sake and your own!' He was in a tremble before I whispered to him, and he started and trembled more then, and said, 'Where can I go? I have very little money, and I don't know who will hide me!' I thought of father's old circus. I have not forgotten where Mr. Sleary goes at this time of year, and I read of him in a paper only the other day. I told him to hurry there, and tell his name, and ask Mr. Sleary to hide him till I came. 'I'll get to him before the morning,' he said. And I saw him shrink away among the people."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed his father. "He may be got abroad yet."

It was the more hopeful, as the town to which Sissy had directed him was within three hours' journey of Liverpool, whence he could be swiftly despatched to any part of the world. But caution being necessary in communicating with him—for there was a greater danger every moment of his being suspected now, and nobody could be sure at heart but that Mr. Bounderby himself, in a bullying view of public zeal, might play a Roman part—it was consented that Sissy and Louisa should repair to the place in question, by a circuitous course, alone; and that the unhappy father, setting forth in an opposite direction, should get round to the same bourne by another and wider route. It was further agreed that he should not present himself to Mr. Sleary, lest his intentions should be mistrusted, or the intelligence of his arrival should cause his son to take flight anew; but that the communication should be left to Sissy and Louisa to open, and that they should inform the cause of so much misery and disgrace of his father's being at hand, and of the purpose for which they had come. When these arrangements had been well considered and were fully understood by all three, it was time to begin to carry them into execution. Early in the afternoon Mr. Gradgrind walked direct from his own house into the country, to be taken up on the line by which he was to travel; and at night the remaining two set forth upon their different course, encouraged by not seeing any face they knew.

The two travelled all night, except when they were left for odd numbers of minutes at branch places up illimitable flights of steps or down wells—which was the only variety of those branches—and, early in the morning, were turned out on a swamp, a mile or two from the town they sought. From this dismal spot they were rescued by a savage old postillion, who happened to be up early, kicking a horse in a fly, and so were smuggled into the town by all the back lanes where the pigs lived; which, although not a magnificent or even savory approach, was, as is usual in such cases, the legitimate highway.

The first thing they saw on entering the town was the skeleton of Sleary's Circus. The company had departed for another town more than twenty miles off, and had opened there last night. The connection between the two places was by a hilly turnpike-road, and the travelling on that road was very slow. Though they took but a hasty breakfast, and no rest (which it would have been in vain to seek under such anxious circumstances), it was noon before they began to find the bills of Sleary's Horseriding on barns and walls, and one o'clock when they stopped in the market-place.

A Grand Morning Performance by the Riders commencing at that very hour, was in course of announcement by the bellman as they set their feet upon the stones of the street. Sissy recommended that, to avoid making inquiries and attracting attention in the town, they should present themselves to pay at the door. If Mr. Sleary were taking the money, he would be sure to know her, and would proceed with discretion. If he were not, he would be sure to see them inside, and knowing what he had done with the fugitive, would proceed with discretion still.

Therefore they repaired with fluttering hearts, to the well-remembered booth. The flag with the inscription, SLEARY'S HORSE-RIDING, was there, and the Gothic niche was there, but Mr. Sleary was not there. Master Kidderminster, grown too maturely turfy to be received by the wildest credulity as Cupid any more, had yielded to the invincible force of circumstances (and his beard), and in the capacity of a man who made himself generally useful, presided on this occasion over the exchequer—having also a drum in reserve, on which to expend his leisure moments and superfluous forces. In the extreme sharpness of his look-out for base coin, Mr. Kidderminster, at present situated, never saw anything but money; so Sissy passed him unrecognised, and they went in.

The Emperor of Japan on a steady old white horse stencilled with black spots, was twirling five wash-hand basins at once, as it is the favorite recreation of that monarch to do. Sissy, though well acquainted with his Royal line, had no personal knowledge of the present Emperor, and his reign was peaceful. Miss Josephine Sleary in her celebrated

graceful Equestrian Tyrolean Flower-Act, was then announced by a new clown (who humorously said Cauliflower Act), and Mr. Sleary appeared, leading her in.

Mr. Sleary had only made one cut at the Clown with his long whip-lash, and the Clown had only said, "If you do it again, I'll throw the horse at you!" when Sissy was recognised both by father and daughter. But they got through the Act with great self-possession, and Mr. Sleary, saving for the first instant, conveyed no more expression into his locomotive eye than into his fixed one. The performance seemed a little long to Sissy and Louisa, particularly when it stopped to afford the Clown an opportunity of telling Mr. Sleary (who said "Indeed, sir?" to all his observations in the calmest way, and with his eye on the house) about two legs sitting on three legs looking at one leg, when in came four legs, and laid hold of one leg, and up got two legs, caught hold of three legs, and threw 'em at four legs, who ran away with one leg. For although an ingenious Allegory relating to a butcher, a three-legged stool, a dog, and a leg of mutton, this narrative consumed time, and they were in great suspense. At last, however, little fair-haired Josephine made her curtsey amid great applause; and the Clown, left alone in the ring, had just warmed himself, and said, "Now *I'll* have a turn!" when Sissy was touched on the shoulder and beckoned out.

She took Louisa with her, and they were received by Mr. Sleary in a very little private apartment, with canvas sides, a grass floor, and a wooden ceiling all aslant, on which the box company stamped their approbation as if they were coming through. "Thethilia," said Mr. Sleary, who had brandy and water at hand, "it doth me good to thee you. You wath alwayth a favorite with uth, and you've done uth credith thinth the old timeth I'm thure. You mutht thee our people, my dear, afore we thpeak of bithnith, or they'll break their hearth—ethpethially the women. Here'th Jothphine hath been and got married to E. W. B. Childerth, and thee hath got a boy, and though he'th only three yearth old, he stickth on to any pony you can bring againtht him. He'th named The Little Wonder Of Thcolathtic Equitation; and if you don't hear of that boy at Athley'th, you'll hear of him at Parith. And you recollect Kidderminthter, that wath thought to be rather thweet upon yourthelf? Well. He'th married too. Married a widder. Old enough to be hith mother. Thee wath Tight-rope, thee wath, and now thee'th nothing—on accounth of fat. They've got two children, tho we're thtrong in the Fairy bithnith and the Nurthery dodge. If you wath to thee our Children in the Wood, with their father and mother both a dyin' on a horthe—their uncle a rethieving of 'em ath hith wardth, upon a horthe, then the both a goin' a blackberryin' on a horthe—and the Robinth a coming in to cover 'em with leavth, upon a horthe—you'd thay it wath the completeth thing ath ever you thet your eyeth on! And you remember Emma Gordon, my dear, ath wath a'motht a mother to you? Of courthe you do; I needn't athk. Well, Emma, thee loth her huthband. He wath throw'd a heavy back-fall off a Elephant in a thort of Pagoda thing ath the Thultan of the Indieth, and he never got the better of it, and thee married a thecond time; married a Cheethemonger ath fell in love with her from the front, and he'th a Overtheer and makin' a fortun'!"

These various changes Mr. Sleary, very short of breath now, related with great heartiness, and with a wonderful kind of innocence, considering what a bleary and brandy-and-watery old veteran he was. Afterwards he brought in Josephine, and E. W. B. Childers (rather deeply-lined in the jaws by daylight) and The Little Wonder of Scholastic Equitation, and, in a word, all the company. Amazing creatures they were in Louisa's eyes, so white and pink of complexion, so scant of dress, and so demonstrative of leg; but it was very agreeable to see them crowding about Sissy, and very natural in Sissy to be unable to refrain from tears.

"There! Now Thethilia hath kitht all the children, and hugged all the women, and thaken handth all round with all the men, clear, every one of you, and ring in the band for the thecond part!" said Sleary.

As soon as they were gone, he continued in a low tone. "Now, Thethilia, I don't athk to know any thecreth, but I thuppothe I may conthider thith to be Mith Thquire."

"This is his sister. Yes."

"And t'other one'th daughter. That'h what I mean. Hope I thee you well, mith. And I hope the Thquire'th well?"

"My father will be here soon," said Louisa, anxious to bring him to the point. "Is my brother safe?"

"Thafe and thound!" he replied. "I want you jutht to take a peep at the ring, mith, through here. Thethilia, you know the dodgeth; find a thpy-hole for yourthelf."

They each looked through a chink in the boards.

"That'th Jack the Giant Killer—a piethe of comic infant bithnith," said Sleary. "There'th a property-houthe, you thee, for Jack to hide in; there'th my Clown with a thauthepan-lid and a thpit for Jack'th thervant; there'th little Jack himthelf in a thplendid thoot of armour; there'th two comic black thervanth twithe ath big ath the houthe, to thtand by it and to bring it in and clear it; and the Giant (a very expenthive bathket one), he an't on yet. Now, do you thee 'eem all?"

"Yes," they both said.

"Look at 'em again," said Sleary, "look at

'em well. You thee 'em all? Very good. Now, mith;" he put a form for them to sit on; "I have my opinionth, and the Thquire your father hath hith. I don't want to know what your brother'th been up to; ith better for me not to know. All I thay ith, the Thquire hath thtood by Thethilia, and I'll thtand by the Thquire. Your brother ith one o' them black thervanth."

Louisa uttered an exclamation, partly of distress, partly of satisfaction.

"Ith a fact," said Sleary, "and even knowin that, you couldn't put your finger on him. Let the Thquire come. I thall keep your brother here after the performanth. I thant undreth him, nor yet wath hith paint off. Let the Thquire come here after the performanth, or come here yourthelf after the performanth, and you thall find your brother, and have the whole plathe to talk to him in. Never mind the lookth of him ath long ath he'th well hid."

Louisa, with many thanks and with a lightened load, detained Mr. Sleary no longer then. She left her love for her brother, with her eyes full of tears, and she and Sissy went away until later in the afternoon.

Mr. Gradgrind arrived within an hour afterwards. He too had encountered no one whom he knew, and was now sanguine, with Sleary's assistance, of getting his disgraced son to Liverpool in the night. As neither of the three could be his companion without almost identifying him under any disguise, he prepared a letter to a correspondent whom he could trust, beseeching him to ship the bearer off at any cost, to North or South America, or any distant part of the world to which he could be the most speedily and privately dispatched. This done, they walked about, waiting for the Circus to be quite vacated: not only by the audience, but by the company and by the horses. After watching it a long time, they saw Mr. Sleary bring out a chair and sit down by the side-door, smoking, as if that were his signal that they might approach.

"Your thervant, Thquire," was his cautious salutation as they passed in. "If you want me you'll find me here. You muthn't mind your thon having a comic livery on."

They all three went in, and Mr. Gradgrind sat down, forlorn, on the Clown's performing chair in the middle of the ring. On one of the back benches, remote in the subdued light and the strangeness of the place, sat the villainous whelp, sulky to the last, whom he had the misery to call his son.

In a preposterous coat, like a beadle's, with cuffs and flaps exaggerated to an unspeakable extent, in an immense waistcoat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and a mad cocked hat, with nothing fitting him, and everything of coarse material, moth-eaten, and full of holes; with seams in his black face, where fear and heat had started through the greasy composition daubed all over it, anything so grimly, detestably, ridiculously shameful as the whelp in his comic livery Mr. Gradgrind never could by any other means have believed in, weighable and measurable fact though it was. And one of his model children had come to this!

At first the whelp would not draw any nearer, but persisted in remaining up there by himself. Yielding at length, if any concession so sullenly made can be called yielding, to the entreaties of Sissy—for Louisa he disowned altogether—he came down bench by bench until he stood in the sawdust, on the verge of the circle, as far as possible, within its limits, from where his father sat.

"How was this done?" asked the father.

"How was what done?" moodily answered the son.

"This robbery," said the father, raising his voice upon the word.

"I forced the safe myself over night, and shut it up ajar before I went away. I had had the key that was found made long before. I dropped it that morning, that it might be supposed to have been used. I didn't take the money all at once. I pretended to put my balance away every night, but I didn't. Now you know all about it."

"If a thunderbolt had fallen on me," said the father, "it would have shocked me less than this."

"I don't see why," grumbled the son. "So many people are employed in situations of trust; so many people out of so many will be dishonest. I have heard you talk, a hundred times, of its being a law. How can *I* help laws? You have comforted others with such things, father. Comfort yourself!"

The father buried his face in his hands, and the son stood in his disgraceful grotesqueness, biting straw. His hands, with the black partly worn away inside, looking like the hands of a monkey. The evening was fast closing in, and from time to time, he turned the whites of his eyes restlessly and impatiently towards his father. They were the only parts of his face that showed any life or expression: the pigment upon it was so thick.

"You must be got to Liverpool, and sent abroad."

"I suppose I must. I can't be more miserable anywhere," whimpered the whelp, "than I have been here, ever since I can remember. That's one thing."

Mr. Gradgrind went to the door, and returned with Sleary, to whom he submitted the question—How to get this deplorable object away.

"Why, I've been thinking of it, Thquire. There'th not muth time to lothe, tho you muth thay yeth or no. Ith over twenty mileth to the rail. Thereth a coath in half an hour, that gothe *to* the rail, purpothe to cath the mail train. That train will take him right to Liverpool."

"But look at him," groaned Mr. Gradgrind. "Will any coach—"

"I don't mean that he thould go in the comic livery," said Sleary. "Thay the word, and I'll make a Jothkin of him out of the wardrobe in five minutes."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"A Jothkin—a Carter. Make up your mind quick, Thquire. There'll be beer to feth. I've never met with nothing but beer ath'll ever clean a comic blackamoor."

Mr. Gradgrind rapidly assented; Mr. Sleary rapidly turned out from a box a smock frock, a felt hat, and other essentials; the whelp rapidly changed clothes behind a screen of baize; Mr. Sleary rapidly brought beer, and washed him white again.

"Now," said Sleary, "come along to the coath, and jump up behind; I'll go with you there, and they'll thuppothe you one of my people. Thay farewell to your family, and tharp'th the word!" With which he delicately retired.

"Here is your letter," said Mr. Gradgrind. "All necessary means will be provided for you. Atone by repentance and better conduct for the shocking action you have committed, and the dreadful consequences to which it has led. Give me your hand, my poor boy, and may God forgive you as I do!"

The culprit was moved to a few abject tears by these words, and their pathetic tone. But when Louisa opened her arms, he repulsed her afresh.

"Not you. I don't want to have anything to say to you!"

"O Tom, Tom, do we end so, after all my love!"

"After all your love!" he returned, obdurately. "Pretty love! Leaving old Bounderby to himself, and packing my best friend Mr. Harthouse off, and going home just when I was in the greatest danger. Pretty love that! Coming out with every word about our having gone to that place, when you saw the net was gathering round me. Pretty love that! You have regularly given me up. You never cared for me."

"Tharp'th the word!" said Sleary at the door.

They all confusedly went out, Louisa crying to him that she forgave him and loved him still, and that he would one day be sorry to have left her so, and glad to think of these her last words, far away; when some one ran against them. Mr. Gradgrind and Sissy, who were both before him while his sister yet clung to his shoulder, stopped and recoiled.

For there was Bitzer, out of breath, his thin lips parted, his thin nostrils distended, his white eyelashes quivering, his colorless face more colorless than ever, as if he ran himself into a white heat, when other people ran themselves into a glow. There he stood, panting and heaving as if he had never stopped since the night, now long ago, when he had run them down before.

"I'm sorry to interfere with your plans," said Bitzer, shaking his head, "but I can't allow myself to be done by horseriders. I must have young Mr. Tom; he musn't be got away by horseriders; here he is in a smock frock, and I must have him!"

By the collar too, it seemed. For so he took possession of him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralyzed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "couldn't be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else."

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the pursuer's.

"What motive—even what motive in Reason—can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!"

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them, and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, sir, for it will be a rise to me and will do me good."

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you——" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always

appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, sir, as you are aware."

"What sum of money," said Mr. Gradgrind, "will you set against your expected promotion?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Bitzer, "for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head would propose that alternative, I have gone over the calculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank."

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, See how miserable I am! "Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of the pains bestowed upon you there, you can persuade yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance."

"I really wonder, sir," rejoined the old pupil in an argumentative manner, "to find you taking a position so untenable. My schooling was paid for; it was a bargain; and when I came away the bargain ended."

It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy, that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything, or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the whole existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to Heaven that way, it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there.

"I don't deny," added Bitzer, "that my schooling was cheap. But that comes right sir. I was made in the cheapest market, and have to dispose of myself in the dearest."

He was a little troubled here, by Louisa and Sissy crying.

"Pray don't do that," said he, "it's of no use doing that: it only worries. You seem to think that I have some animosity against young Mr. Tom; whereas I have none at all. I am only going, on the reasonable grounds I have mentioned, to take him back to Coketown. If he was to resist, I should set up the cry of Stop Thief! But he won't resist, you may depend upon it."

Mr. Sleary, who, with his mouth open and his rolling eye as immovably jammed in his head as his fixed one, had listened to these doctrines with profound attention, here stepped forward.

"Thquire, you know perfectly well, and your daughter knowth perfectly well (better than you, becauthe I thed it to her) that I didn't know what your thon had done, and that I didn't want to know—that I thed it wath better not, though I only thought, then, it wath thome thkylarking. However, thith young man having made it known to be a robbery of a bank, why, that'th a theriouth thing; muth too theriouth a thing for me to compound, ath thith young man hath very properly called it; conthequently, Thquire, you muthn't, quarrel with me if I take thith young man'th thide, and thay he'th right and there'th no help for it. But I tell you what I'll do, Thquire; I'll drive your thon and thith young man over to the rail, and prevent expothure here. I can't conthent to do more, but I'll do that."

Fresh lamentations from Louisa, and deeper affliction on Mr. Gradgrind's part followed this desertion of them by their last friend. But Sissy glanced at him with great attention; nor did she in her own breast misunderstand him. As they were all going out again, he favored her with one slight roll of his movable eye, desiring her to linger behind. As he locked the door he said excitedly:

"The Thquire thtood by you, Thethilia, and I'll thtand by the Thquire. More than that. Thith ith a prethiouth rathcal and belongth to that bluthtering Cove that my people nearly pitht out o' winder. It'll be a dark night; I've got a horthe that'll do anything but thpeak; I've got a pony that'll go fifteen mile an hour with Childerth driving of him; I've got a dog that'll keep a man to one plathe four-and-twenty hourth. Get a word with the young Thquire. Tell him when he theeth our horthe begin to danth, not to be afraid of being thpilt, but to look out for a pony-gig coming up. Tell him when he theeth that gig clothe by, to jump down, and it'll take him off at a rattling pathe. If my dog leth thith young man thtir a peg on foot, I give him leave to go. And if my horthe ever thtirth from that thpot where he beginth a danthing, till the morning—I don't know him! —Tharp'th the word!"

The word was so sharp that in ten minutes Mr. Childers, sauntering about the market place in a pair of slippers, had his cue, and Mr. Sleary's equipage was ready. It was a fine sight, to behold the learned dog barking round it, and Mr. Sleary instructing him with his one practicable eye, that Bitzer was the object of his particular attentions. Soon after dark they all three got in and started; the learned dog (a formidable creature) already pinning Bitzer with his eye, and sticking close to the wheel on his side, that he might be ready for him in the event of his showing the slightest disposition to alight.

The other three sat up at the inn all night in great suspense; at eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Sleary and the dog re-appeared: both in high spirits.

"All right, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, "your thon may be aboard-a-thip by thith

time. Childerth took him off, an hour and a half after we left here latht night. The horthe danthed the Polka till he wath dead beat (he would have walthed if he hadn't been in harneth), and then I gave him the word and he went to thleep comfortable. When that pretthiouth young Rathcal thed he'd go for'ard afoot, the dog hung on to hith neck-hankercher with all four legth in the air and pulled him down and rolled him over. Tho he come back into the drag, and there he that 'till I turned the horthe'th head, at halfpatht thixth thith morning."

Mr. Gradgrind overwhelmed him with thanks, of course, and hinted as delicately as he could, at a handsome remuneration in money.

"I don't want money mythelf, Thquire; but Childerth ith a family man, and if you wath to like to offer him a five-pound note, it mightn't be unactheptable. Likewithe if you wath to thtand a collar for the dog, or a thet of bellth for the horthe, I thould be very glad to take 'em. Brandy and water I alwayth take." He had already called for a glass, and now called for another. "If you wouldn't think it going too far, Thquire, to make a little thpread for the company at about three and sixth ahead, not reckoning Luth, it would make 'em happy."

All these little tokens of his gratitude Mr. Gradgrind very willingly undertook to render. Though he thought them far too slight, he said, for such a service.

"Very well, Thquire; then, if you'll only give a Horthe-riding a bethpeak whenever you can, you'll more than balanthe the account. Now, Thquire, if your daughter will excuthe me, I thould like one parting word with you."

Louisa and Sissy withdrew into an adjoining room; Mr. Sleary, stirring and drinking his brandy and water as he stood, went on:

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it—and I'm bletht if I know what to call it,"—said Sleary, "it ith athtonithing. The way in whith a dog'll find you—the dithtanthe he'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I'm bletht if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head. "But I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to know a perthon of the name of Thleary, do you? Perthon of the name of Thleary, in the Horthe-Riding way—thtout man—game eye?' And whether that dog mightn't have thed, 'Well, I can't thay I know him mythelf, but I know a dog that I think would be likely to be acquainted with him.' And whether that dog mightn't have thought it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! O yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine mentioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conthequenth of my being afore the public, and going about tho muth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that I don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite confounded by this speculation.

"Any way," said Sleary, after putting his lips to his brandy and water, "ith fourteen month ago, Thquire, thinthe we wath at Chethter. We wath getting up our Children in the Wood one morning, when there cometh into our Ring, by the thtage door, a dog. He had travelled a long way, he wath in very bad condithon, he wath lame, and pretty well blind. He went round to our children, one after another, as if he wath a theeking for a child he know'd, and then he come to me, and throwd himthelf up behind, and thtood on hith two fore-legth, weak ath he wath, and then he wagged hith tail and died. Thquire, that dog wath Merrylegth."

"Sissy's father's dog!"

"Thethilia'th father'th old dog. Now, Thquire, I can take my oath, from my knowledge of that dog, that that man wath dead—and buried—afore that dog came back to me. Joth'phine and Childerth and me talked it over a long time, whether I thould write or not. But we agreed, 'No. There'th nothing comfortable to tell; why unthettle her mind, and make her unhappy?' Tho, whether her father bathely detherted her, or whether he broke hith own heart alone, rather than pull her down along with him, never will be known, now, Thquire, till—no, not till we know how the dogth findth uth out."

"She keeps the bottle that he sent her for, to this hour; and she will believe in his affection to the last moment of her life," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"It theemth to prethent two thingth to a perthon, don't it, Thquire?" said Mr. Sleary, musing as he looked down into the depths of his brandy and water: "one, that there ith a love in the world, not all Thelf-interetht after all, but thomething very different; t'other, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating or not calculating, whith thomehow or another ith at leatht ath hard to give a name to, ath the wayth of the dogth ith!"

Mr. Gradgrind looked out of window, and made no reply. Mr. Sleary emptied his glass and recalled the ladies.

"Thethilia my dear, kith me and good bye! Mith Thquire, to thee you treating of her like a thihter, and a thihter that you trutht and honor with all your heart and more, ith a very pretty thight to me. I hope your brother may live to be better detherving of you, and a greater comfort to you. Thquire, thake handth firtht and latht! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a learning,

nor yet they can't be alwayth a working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth, Thquire. Do the withe thing and the kind thing too, and make the betht of uth; not the wortht!"

"And I never thought before," said Mr. Sleary, putting his head in at the door again to say it, "that I wath tho muth of a Cackler!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a dangerous thing to see anything in the sphere of a vain blusterer, before the vain blusterer sees it himself. Mr. Bounderby felt that Mrs. Sparsit had audaciously anticipated him, and presumed to be wiser than he. Inappeasably indignant with her for her triumphant discovery of Mrs. Pegler, he turned this presumption on the part of a woman in her dependent position over and over in his mind, until it accumulated with turning like a great snowball. At last he made the discovery that to discharge this highly-connected female—to have it in his power to say, "She was a woman of family, and wanted to stick to me, but I wouldn't have it, and got rid of her"—would be to get the utmost possible amount of crowning glory out of the connection, and at the same time to punish Mrs. Sparsit according to her deserts.

Filled fuller than ever, with this great idea, Mr. Bounderby came in to lunch, and sat himself down in the dining-room of former days, where his portrait was. Mrs. Sparsit sat by the fire, with her foot in her cotton stirrup, little thinking whither she was posting.

Since the Pegler affair, this gentlewoman had covered her pity for Mr. Bounderby with a veil of quiet melancholy and contrition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look, which woful look she now bestowed upon her patron.

"What's the matter now, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a very short rough way.

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "do not bite my nose off."

"Bite your nose off, ma'am!" repeated Mr. Bounderby. "*Your* nose!" meaning, as Mrs. Sparsit conceived, that it was too developed a nose for the purpose. After which offensive implication he cut himself a crust of bread, and threw the knife down with a noise.

Mrs. Sparsit took her foot out of her stirrup, and said, "Mr. Bounderby, sir!"

"Well, ma'am?" retorted Mr. Bounderby. "What are you staring at?"

"May I ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "have you been ruffled this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"May I inquire, sir," pursued the injured woman, "whether *I* am the unfortunate cause of your having lost your temper?"

"Now, I'll tell you what, ma'am," said Bounderby, "I am not come here to be bullied. A female may be highly connected, but she can't be permitted to bother and badger a man in my position, and I am not going to put up with it." (Mr. Bounderby felt it necessary to get on, foreseeing that if he allowed of details, he would be beaten.)

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock, "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I rather think you are cramped here, do you know? It appears to me that under my humble roof there's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs."

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness, "Really, sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, ma'am," said Bounderby, "and it appears to my poor judgment——"

"Oh! Pray, sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed:

"It appears to me, ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether, would bring out a lady of *your* powers. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadgers's now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me, before, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit "but now you mention it, I should think it highly probable."

"Then suppose you try, ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope with a cheque in it, in her little basket. "You can take your own time, for going, ma'am, but perhaps in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind, to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. I really ought to apologise to you—being only Josiah Bounderby of Coketown—for having stood in your light so long."

"Pray don't name it, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, sir,—but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others,—it would testify that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the pic-

ture of a Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt."

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire, projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait—and into futurity.

Into how much of futurity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight at the points of all the weapons in the female armoury, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean little airless lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see more? Did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five-and-fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the name, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, should for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, for ever lodge in Bounderby Buildings, for ever attend a Bounderby chapel, for ever go to sleep under a Bounderby chaplain, for ever be supported out of a Bounderby estate, and for ever nauseate all healthy stomachs with a vast amount of Bounderby balderdash and bluster? Had he any prescience of that day, five years to come, when Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, was to die of a fit in the Coketown street, and this same precious will was to begin its long career of quibble, plunder, false pretences, vile example, little service and much law? Probably not. Yet the portrait was to see it all out.

Here was Mr. Gradgrind on the same day, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in his own room. How much of futurity did *he* see? Did he see himself, a white-haired, decrepid man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity,—and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio in his dusty little mills? Did he catch sight of himself therefore much despised by his late political associates? Did he see them, in the era of its being quite settled that the national dustmen have only to do with one another, and owe no duty to an abstraction called a People, "taunting the honorable gentleman" with this and with that, and with what not, five nights a-week, until the small hours of the morning? Probably he had that much fore-knowledge, knowing his men.

Here was Louisa on the night of the same day, watching the fire as in days of yore; though with a gentler and a humbler face. How much of the future might arise before *her* vision? Broadsides in the streets, signed with her father's name, exonerating the late Stephen Blackpool, weaver, from misplaced suspicion, and publishing the guilt of his own son, with such extenuation as his years and temptation (he could not bring himself to add, his education) might beseech; were of the Present. So, Stephen Blackpool's tombstone, with her father's record of his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But how much of the Future?

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness, once again appearing at the ringing of the factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown hands; a woman of a pensive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town secretly begging of her, and crying to her; a woman working, ever working, but content to do it, and preferring to do it as her natural lot, until she should be too old to labor any more? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was to be.

A lonely brother, many thousands of miles away, writing on paper blotted with tears, that her words had too soon come true, and that all the treasures in the world would be cheaply bartered for a sight of her dear face? At length, this brother coming nearer home, with hope of seeing her, and being delayed by illness; and then a letter in a strange hand, saying, he died in hospital, of fever, such a day, and died in penitence and love of you: his last word being your name? Did Louisa see these things? Such things were to be.

Herself again a wife—a mother—lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be.

But, happy Sissy's happy children loving her; all children loving her; she, grown learned in childish lore; thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised; trying hard to know her humbler fellow-creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights, without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death,

and the plainest national prosperity figures can show, will be the Writing on the Wall; she, holding this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress or fancy fair; but as a simple duty to be done—did Louisa see these things of herself? These things were to be!

Dear reader! It rests with you and me, whether, in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not. Let them be. We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold.

THE END.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS SHIP.

The compliments are over—there have been a good many of them—and the sailor sits curled up beside me on a most uncompromising little sofa in his narrow, low cabin. Twisting myself round as nearly as possible, I front him fairly, and we examine each other with much benevolence. So much, indeed, that the forehead of my friend quite shines with it. He is about fifty, a spare man, with a slight stoop. He wears a brown surtout coat, rather too long for him; and with buttons outrageously numerous. His trowsers are short. If he were to mount on a donkey with them, he would have the sort of appearance which usually occasions enthusiastic delight to a turbulent boyocracy. He wears double shoes, and the inevitable fez.

For the rest he is as unlike the idea which you have cherished of a nautical Turk as can be. He has a hale mottled face, and a cold, agreeable blue eye, He is completely shaved. His voice is pleasant; and he has an eminently practical way of speaking, which sounds more like Lincoln's Inn than the shores of the Bosphorus. Let us put him on his hobby. Two men who have never seen each other before, and have not perhaps two ideas in common upon any conceivable subject, hold but a dull conversation, unless one will consent to mount his particular hobby, and the other is content to look on with a mild and subdued interest.

To do my excellent acquaintance justice, I must admit that I have no difficulty in this respect. He is not one of those stubborn bustling gentry who require coaxing or shoving up into the saddle, and who may-be prick your fingers for your pains. Quite the contrary: he vaults into it with a bounding spring, and is off to the uttermost parts of the earth in a less time than it would have taken a slower man to pronounce the cabalistic words "Jack Robinson." He will pull up presently, and we shall take breath.

Yes, says my eminently practical friend, dashing his hobby (which is his own ship) at once into a canter, the ship is dirty, very dirty, but we have been taking in a cargo of oil for the fleet. She has twenty-four guns. She does not go fast; she is too old for that. Besides, we are not good sailors. We have been cruising about, looking for Greek pirates, and keeping watch over the safety of the Turkish islands in the Ægean. I should like to go into the Black Sea, there would be more chance of a prize. The Black Sea swarms with neutral vessels. The English Government have warned them not to go there, but they will go there. They say the nations whose flag they carry are not at war with Russia, and they have nothing to do with your quarrels; the consequence is they do go and are taken. One of your ships caught a schooner the other day. She had a cargo worth eight thousand pounds on board. She will be sold, and there will be a fine amount of prize money. I wish I had it. But we have seen nothing.

How do we act when we meet a suspected ship on the high seas? I will tell you. But it is pretty much the same whether suspected or not suspected. We signal her to hoist her colours, and send somebody on board of us with her papers. If they are all right, we say good-day, and there is an end of it. But if there is anything odd about them, we send an officer on board, and we can tell by the language and appearance of the crew what she is and what she is about. If she has deceived us, we tow her along into the nearest port. She is sold there if there is a good bid, if not she is sent to Constantinople. Sometimes our Government buys her, and we get one half her value, the Sultan gets the other. There is no mistake about that, not in the least: we are never defrauded of a para. The half we get is divided among us; but I do not know in what proportion. I never took a prize, worse luck; I wish I had; I would tell you in a moment. Turks and Britons should tell each other everything. All that I know is, that I should get the largest share if we took a prize; the rest would be divided among the crew by Government. I might have the distribution of it if it were a very small sum, and not otherwise: we do not do things in that way; we are very sharply looked after.

How is our navy recruited? Oh, there is no difficulty about that; the sailors come of themselves mostly from the islands. If they do not come they are sent. The local authorities look to that. I should like to see the man who would not go as a sailor if he were sent. They like it, however. I received fifteen volunteers the other day at Chios, and might have had fifty. Their term of service is eight years. If they have been wounded they get good pensions; about thirty shillings a month, sometimes more, and may live anywhere they please. When they first come on board they receive only four shillings a month; their pay increases ever year. A steady man is sure to do well in the navy, and to become an officer in a few years; although we do not like the officers who have been

before the mast; for they cannot read their orders from the Admiral, and are obliged to show them to somebody who can. This makes things known which ought to be kept secret. I was not made an officer in this way. I was appointed by favour. Now officers are made at the naval schools; which turn out some very good ones. They enter as midshipmen. They pass an examination, and then may or may not be made lieutenants.

Our crew live very well. Should you like to taste their dinner? It is just ready. Here comes a mess just going to be served. See! artichokes in a rich brown gravy, and with stewed bits of meat among them; also a thick white soup. Do you like it? So, that's right! Another mouthful, eh? You won't! Haidi Youssouf! (be off, Joe!)

It is impossible to do away with flogging in the navy. The sailors go on shore, and bully quiet people. There would be no keeping them in order without the lash. We do not bow-string; those times are gone by. Capital punishment is only for murder, or treason in war-time. If a man deserts we give him a hundred and twenty thumps with a double rope's end, about as thick round as your wrist. This leaves a wound on his back as big as your hand. Sometimes it mortifies, then he dies; sometimes it does not, and he lives. These, however, are extreme cases. If any of my men were to run away, I should let them go, and be at no bother about them. This is, perhaps, why they stay.

We are very fond of visiting. We have rules about it in the same way as you have. The rank of a captain is determined by the number of guns in his vessel. The captain who has the fewest guns pays the first visit. He is saluted, and when the visit is returned, there is another salute; after which both vessels salute their flags with twenty-one rounds. That is to say, silly people who like a noise do this. Some of our captains are more sensible, and spare the powder.

Yes, my uniform is very comfortable, but you are not to suppose that this old brown coat is my full uniform. Heaven forbid! I have one so distressing to wear that I could by no means pass two hours in it; I keep it for grand occasions. I used to have the nishan,—a large golden medal ornamented with diamonds. Everybody had the nishan in those days. It was a sign of rank like the epaulette with you. I have not got it now: a year or two ago the sultan called them all in. It was said to be a measure of economy: but nobody has yet known what has become of the nishans which were returned. I was much distressed at being obliged to return mine. It was a pretty ornament, and I had just laid in a large supply of the regulation ribbon. I now use that ribbon indeed for my watch, but my friends joke me about it. We sailors, however, are not rich, and cannot afford to throw away anything.

Mind you do not tumble down the ladder, It is very dark down there. That is where the men sleep. Here are the hooks for hammocks. I do not know anything about ventilation, though I am ready to learn. The small-arms, as you say, are all old, worn-out, and would, I dare say, not do much execution in battle. Our great guns, however, are newer, and very good indeed. That is an officer's cabin. He cannot lie down in it; he must go to sleep sitting, and there is no place for the light to come through. We have a surgeon on board. That is his room. He is a properly qualified man, a Greek; but when he is not here, I serve out the medicines myself. When the men first join they are always asking for medicine; but, trust me, when they have had a dose or two they leave off.

Well, I am sorry you are going; but it is better to put off before sunset, or else we shall not be able to give you a salute. We might forget that it was sunset for a little while; but the cutter anchored off the shore there, is sure to announce it with her guns. We never give salutes after sunset. I do not know why; or why we give salutes at all: except that they shake the ship a good deal. I am sorry we cannot hoist a flag for you, because we have not got one. Many thanks for your visit. I hope you have not been disappointed. My ship is not so fine or so clean as Admiral Slade's. But then Admiral Slade has done a great deal for our navy, in a very quiet and sensible manner. We ought to be very much obliged to him—and so we are. There never was an officer more able and more popular. But we cannot learn everything at once; by and by, there will be a great difference in our navy. There has already been an immense improvement—there will be a greater.

And so a good night to you, old gentleman; a more commnnicative, easy-going fellow never mounted a hobby-horse. Britons and Turks, as you say, should be on good terms. Come and smoke a pipe with me when you are next ashore; we will have some bottled porter, and a yarn of any length you please. I would say more, but the rusty rail of the companion ladder has given way in my hand; and I am precipitated into the boat with some indecorum, and presently a salute nearly blows us out of the water. Our boatmen (there are ten of them) pause upon their oars as the guns are blazing. When they cease, we take off our hats in acknowledgment, and the chatty old boy looks after us from his shaky poop as we go upon our way. He is now gossiping with one of his officers, and seems highly satisfied with the world in general.

Although the Turks have possessed a formidable navy for centuries, their sailors have almost invariably been Christians. At the great naval battle of Lepanto upwards

of six thousand Christian galley-slaves were found chained to the oar, and released by the victors. The old Sallee Rovers were navigated by renegades; and even as late as the Battle of Navarino there were Rayah boatswains, helmsmen, gunners, on board the Turkish men-of-war, compelled to fight against their friends and co-religionists under the threats of immediate death from their Moslem masters. I must not lose this opportunity of relating an anecdote once told by a Greek gentleman, illustrative of the attainments of the Turks in seamanship five and twenty years ago:—

At the conclusion of the Greek insurrection in eighteen hundred and twenty nine, the Turks turned every Greek out of their naval service. Henceforth they were determined to fight, work, and navigate their ships themselves. The first they could do indifferently well, the second and third not at all. The seamen draughted on board ship by the marine conscription did not know the use or even the name of one single spar, block, or rope; and the officers were utterly ignorant of the terms of the nautical vocabulary whereby to convey their orders to the men. Moreover the men could not have understood them if they had been as learned in nautical slang as an English boatswain or a Dutch skipper. In this dilemma, the Turkish naval instructors hit upon an ingenious plan. They symbolised and named the various parts of the vessel by anything that came nearest to hand. They tied a pear, for instance, to the mainmast, a pomegranate to the mizenmast, a bunch of grapes to the foremast. The poop was distinguished by a string of onions, the forecastle by a basket of figs, the ropes by vine leaves or boughs of trees: the different sails by pipe-sticks, mutton-bones, rice-bags, or any other convenient odds and ends.

Here was a new nautical dictionary invented at once: "Haul down the pipe-stick!" "Take two reefs in the rice-bags!" "Stand by the grapemast!" "Go forward to the onion-castle!" were as good words of command when the sailors understood them (which they soon learnt to do) as the correct ones; and men who, on their arrival on shipboard, scarcely knew a clew-line from a kedge-anchor, or stem from stern, speedily acquired a competent knowledge of at least the different parts of the ship.

MINE HOST.

Once with a landlord wondrous fine
A weary guest I tarried;
A golden pippin was his sign
Upon a green branch carried

He was a goodly Apple-tree
With whom I took my leisure;
Fine fruit and mellowed juicily,
He gave me of his treasure.

There came to that same hostel green
Full many a guest light-winging;
A merry feast they made, I ween,
And leapt, and sang their singing.

My rest to take, my couch I made
On mattress of green clover;
The landlord with his own broad shade
Carefully spread me over.

I rose;—I called to pay the score,
But, no! he grandly boweth;
Now, root and fruit, for evermore,
God bless him while he groweth!

FLYING COACHES.

Monday the third of May, sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, was a stirring morning in Oxford. As the early light dawned, gown and town were pressing with eager steps and eager looks into High-street; even the college authorities were awakened from their morning slumbers. What was the cause? Oxford, within the memory of middle-aged men, had witnessed more than one stirring scene. Along this same High street, in sixteen hundred and forty-two, Charles tho First rode from the fight at Edgehill with his two young sons, and his nephews, Maurice and fiery Rupert, and banners that had been borne away,—but not in triumph,—and his red coats following. All the bells rung out their loudest peals, and hooded dignitaries knelt humbly before his Majesty, offering not only their lives and fortunes, as the modern phrase goes, but their cherished store of college plate—soon afterwards unceremoniously taken, and melted down, with scarcely a word of thanks from the Lord's anointed. Then that fatal Midsummer day, sixteen hundred and forty-six, when the garrison of Oxford marched out, and, welcomed by no glad cheers nor sweet chimes, the gallant Parliament troopers, heralded by the peremptory blasts of the trumpet, as they passed along on their noble grey chargers,—"hell broke loose," as Antony à Wood amiably remarks,—pioneers of freedom, as our readers will rather call them.

But it was neither the triumph nor downfal of Church and King, that now summoned the early multitude into High street: it was carefully noted down in Antony's diary, as the most important event of the half year, "the first day that the flying coach went from Oxford to London in one day!" Stage coaches,—lumbering, wearying, waggon-like vehicles—had long been in vogue; and in one of these Antony à Wood himself had paid his first visit to London two years before, jogging along the road at the rate of two or three miles an hour; the wearied travellers lodging at night at Beaconsfield, and performing the journey in two days. It was no wonder that all Oxford was in a fever of excitement; a journey of two days, crowded, and cantered, and galloped

into one day! Fifty-five miles between sunrise and sunset! What incredible swiftness! Would that a picture of this wondrous machine had been preserved; although from representations of later specimens, we can make a picture of it for ourselves, as it stood at the door of the tavern over against All Souls College, on that eventful morning. A huge wooden box, covered with leather, not much unlike the Lord Mayor's state coach, minus the painting, the gilding, and the carvings; with a great length of axletree, the wheels seeming to run away from the coach, and the coach box a veritable box, filled with ropes, and spare traces, and hammer, and screw drivers, and nails—contingencies of a journey, to London with several breaks-down inevitable. It was intended to carry six, the usual number; and, as worthy Antony informs us, it had a boot on each side; an ugly projection, not unlike a small sentry box at each door, in which additional passengers were sometimes stowed, but intended, in this flying coach probably, for luggage. Master Antony à Wood, bound to London to consult the Cotton manuscripts, Mr. Halloway, a counsellor of Oxford (afterwards a judge), and four university men, took their seats; and then, according to the vice chancellor's especial order, precisely as St. Mary's chimes tolled six, off went the flying coach into High Street, with its precious freight, followed doubtless, by the anxious fears of a wondering crowd as to whether it would make its appearance in London by the appointed time—seven in the evening—without some dreadful accident.

Over Magdalen bridge, over Shotover Hill, along the pleasant road, startling the rustics as it flew. The public of High Wycombe and Beaconsfield, where the passengers, in the old time, put up for the night, came out to gaze at it. Through Uxbridge and Acton, while the sun was yet high, along by desolate Shepherd's Bush, by the lonely gravel-pits, past the gallows at Tyburn, past the Lord Mayor's banqueting house, where that honored dignitary was accustomed to take his spiced cake and cool tankard after hunting the hare in Marylebone fields, and finally down into the Haymarket, then full of inns, because of the market for hay. There, punctually and wonderfully, by seven of the clock, Master Antony informs us, "we were all set down at our inn."

Whether Oxford, although never remarkable for go-a-head ways, took the initiative in this flying coach movement, we know not; but, from the Oxford historian, we have the first account of this neck-or-nothing travelling. We find from him too, that the experiment answered well, while from other sources we learn that nearly every town within fifty or sixty miles of the metropolis soon boasted a similar conveyance. Even Chester and Exeter were brought within three days' journey of London. Such innovations could not be passed quietly over, by those who had vested interest in pack horses and pillions, in waggons, and in all the other good old ways of travelling. Justices at quarter sessions denounced these flying coaches as the ruin of the country, offering temptations to country squires and squiresses to spend their money in London. Horse-furniture makers, and carriers who, like Hobson, kept so many nags for riders, but did not possess a horse of their own, joined in the outcry. But, the public paid little heed, and went on establishing and patronising flying coaches in all directions. Rapid journeys to Reading could be had for seven shillings; to Oxford for ten shillings; to Northampton for sixteen shillings. The fares of coaches that performed their journeys in two days were from London to Bath twenty shillings; to Bristol and to Salisbury twenty-five shillings. There were, however, other expenses, in the form of fees to coachmen, which the indignant writer, from whose little pamphlet we have obtained the foregoing list of prices, carefully sets forth; it being his especial endeavour to prove that Flying Coaches are a pestilent invention, injurious alike to horses and men, to his Majesty's excise, to his liege subjects' health and comfort, indeed to the best interests of the realm by land and by water.

This little pamphlet, by one John Cresset, is probably unique. The title is "Reasons for Suppressing such Stage Coaches and Caravans as are unnecessary;" and the date is sixteen hundred and seventy-two. The reader will perceive that the very title begs the question; but, logic has no share in John Cresset's composition, which is a specimen of a kind of argumentation not unknown to country gentlemen, even in the present day. That these coaches, especially when set up within forty or fifty miles of London, are one of the greatest mischiefs that have of late years happened to the kingdom, is the introductory remark; and this is enforced by the poser, What encouragement is there for any man to breed horses, if that lazy habit of riding to save their fine clothes be indulged in; for there are not near a fourth part of the saddle-horses that used to be kept? Then, "even the largest stage coaches, the York, Chester, and Exeter, each with forty horses a-piece, carry eighteen passengers a week to or from London, which comes to eighteen hundred and seventy-two persons in the year; now, would not these passengers require many more horses if they rode? But more, his Majesty's excise suffers, for now four or five travel in a coach together, and twenty or more in a caravan, gentlemen and ladies, without servants, and consume little drink on the road; now, travelling on horseback is drouthy work; moreover, if gentlemen have their servants with them, they must drink the excised ale and beer, instead of the small drink brewed by their masters

at home that pays no excise at all. Then more clothing, capes, coats, safe-guards and boots are required for horseback, which makes it good for trade, whereas these mischievous coaches actually save people's clothes." Truly dreadful!

What will the reader think of the following outfit for a traveller by stage-coach in the reign of Charles the Second? "Now in coaches gentlemen wear a silk suit, an Indian gown with a sash, silk stockings, and beaver hats, and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt." Why gentlemen even used coaches to go to and from their country houses, and to pay visits: an unpardonable crime in the eyes of John Cresset. Then this pleasant means of escape from the wet and dirt causes country gentlemen to make journeys to London, and country ladies too, and then they must buy fine clothes there, and then they get into a perverse way of wanting everything from London, whatever it costs. Nor is the consumption of food at the inns so great, since these coaches were set up. "A coach with four horses carries six passengers; a caravan with four or five carries twenty or five-and-twenty; but when they come to an inn, they club together for a dish or two of meat, and spend not above twelvepence or sixteenpence a-piece, though they sleep there. Take the grand roads of England, York, Exeter, Chester; there are about five hundred inns on each road, and these coaches do not call at fifteen or sixteen; so the landlords must be ruined." This immense number of inns must have included every little wayside public-house, but strongly corroborates the remark of contemporary writers, as to the great consumption of beer and ale, as well as to the great traffic along the principal roads at this time. According to Cresset, there must have averaged nearly three inns to every mile.

London herself is a loser by this tremendous innovation. It is not very clearly made out; but Mr. Cresset was credibly assured that some most worthy tradesmen have very much fallen in the world. It is not impossible, however, that the plague year, and the fire of London, the extravagance of the court, and the wretched misgovernment of the country, might have accounted for some trifling part of the commercial pressure of that day. Mr. Cresset's illustration supplies a curious trait of the old London tradesman's housekeeping. "There are several handicraft tradesmen therein who kept twenty or thirty journeymen at work, and spent a quarter of beef, and a carcase of mutton a week in their houses, who since these running stages and caravans have set up, have fallen to a couple of apprentices." He tells us that lodgings in London let at five and six shillings a week, and that persons who took them during their stay in London had their meals fetched from the cook's shop, at double the price of the inns. He also mentions that in the longer stages they changed coachmen four times, and few passengers give less than twelvepence to each coachman. The fares from London to Exeter, York, or Chester, were fifty shillings in the summer, and forty-five shillings in the winter (in the old lumbering coaches the price was forty shillings); there was also the passenger's share for the coachman's drink on the road, which he calculates at about one shilling and sixpence additional each journey. Now, when all these expenses are added together, judge, says he, whether men may not hire horses all along the road cheaper?

John Cresset gathers himself up towards the end for a powerful peroration: "Thirdly, these coaches can neither prove advantageous to health, or business; for what advantage can it be to a man's health to be called out of their beds into these coaches an hour before day, to be hurried in them from place to place, till one hour, or two or three within night, insomuch that after sitting all day in the summer time, stifled with heat and choked with dust, or in winter time starving and freezing with cold, or choked with filthy fogs, they are often brought to their inns by torch-light, when it is too late to sit up to get a supper, and next morning forced into the coach so early that they can get no breakfast. Is it for a man's health to ride all day with strangers, oftentimes sick, ancient, or diseased persons, or young children crying? Is it for a man's health to travel with tired jades, to be laid fast in foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire? and sit in the cold till teams of horses can be sent to pull the coach out? or the tackle, pearch, or axletree broken, or the rudness of a surly, dogged, cursing, ill-natured coachman! No; let men and women travel on horseback again."

Travelling on horseback, however, was not altogether a primrose path in those days, as the following chapter of accidents set down by worthy Henry Newcome in his characteristic diary will show: "The weather being good this day, we set out about nine. By that time we had rid a little above two miles, my cousin Hannah fell in a dry ditch, and pulled her horse upon her, and cut her head very sadly. I was much affected at it, and would have been content to have turned again. But we turned into a little town called Newton, to Mr. Tret's, the minister's house, and got the wound dressed and balsam put into it, and the wound bound up, and she was very hearty, and concluded after two hours stay to go forward. We came next to St. Neot's, which was but ten miles, but Mrs. Katherine Robinson, one of our company, was tired, and ready to fall off her horse; then I was forced to take her [that is, on the pillion behind him] and Rose, his daughter, rode single nine miles; but then it rained, and was so cold on that plain cham-

paigne between St. Neots and Cambridge, that Rose was weary, and we were forced to change again. But Mrs. Katherine could not ride, insomuch that we were forced to go at a foot-pace, and it was late and raining." The wretched equestrians were therefore compelled to seek the nearest wayside inn, where they met with wretched lodging, and still worse company. After getting to Cambridge, where they had little pleasure from the incessant rain, they set out on their return, intending for St. Neots that night; "but in our way also were strangely prevented. Mrs. Robinson was thrown off her horse at the bridge, and dragged by the feet in the stirrup. She got up; was dirtied sadly, but yet unhurt: and after half-an-hour's stay, we essayed to march again, and at the town's end met our company coming on foot back again, which much amazed me. But we were forced to return back to our inn again, for my poor cousin Hannah was fallen into a pond, and so we got the same lodging, got her to bed, and were forced to stay at Cambridge this night also." It is not difficult to imagine (John Cresset to the contrary, notwithstanding) with what delight Mrs. Robinson, wet and weary, and cousin Hannah, with her broken head and her cold bath in the pond, would have hailed the Flying Coach.

But merciless John Cresset will give them no quarter. To the argument that sick persons find the benefit of them, he answers, "if they must ride, let them ride in the long wagon coaches, which will do no harm—if prohibited within forty miles of London." If poor people are extravagant enough to travel, "it is not fit that they should be encouraged in their pride, and suffered to ride amongst gentlemen, or like persons of honour in a coach with four or six horses." In conclusion, John Cresset, who would have made a most successful Protectionist leader at the present day, declares solemnly that Flying Coaches are a humbug; tells the public that it has been imposed upon, and mentions many worshipful justices at the quarter sessions who "have certified to His Majesty and his honourable Privy Council the great mischiefs occasioned by these coaches." He concludes with the recommendation that one coach only be allowed to each shire town, and that, to start but once a-week, "to go through with the same horses they set forth with, and not to travel above thirty miles a day. Thus regulated, they would do little or no harm, especially if all be suppressed within forty or fifty miles of London."

We do not know whether any answer to this stinging little pamphlet ever appeared; but so earnest were John Cresset and his supporters to put down the enormity of flying coaches, that the following year the same pamphlet, scarcely altered in a word, was republished under the more attractive title of "The Grand Concern of England Explained." The grand concern of travellers, however, was comfortable and comparatively swift travelling, and flying coaches multiplied, in spite of occasional accidents. During the winter the greater number seem to have been laid aside; this being rendered necessary, especially in the more distant parts of the country, by the unsafe state of the roads, and the danger of sudden floods. A sad instance of the latter is recorded in the Domestic Intelligence, of sixteen hundred and seventy-nine. A coach between Boston and Lincoln, was carried away by the violence of the October floods, when all the six passengers, together with the horses, were drowned, and the coachman narrowly escaped. Ralph Thoresby, in his Diary, sixteen hundred and seventy-eight, mentions that all the stages in Yorkshire were also taken off the road at the approach of winter. When at Hull, suffering severely from ague, his father hired one for their sole use to bring them both to York; an arrangement that well suited the sickly youth, but which as little suited the stout Yorkshire clothier, his father, who could not endure the effeminacy of that way of travelling. In summer time, the chief danger was from highwaymen, who sometimes collected in considerable numbers. Thus, in the same Domestic Intelligence, we read that "several passengers, both men and women, to the number of fifteen, going in three or four coaches toward Bath and Bristol, were set upon by some highwaymen (supposed to be soldiers), well armed, about Stokechurch, in Oxfordshire [a very desolate part at this time] who robbed them all of very considerable value." For such dangers, the state of the roads was chiefly answerable; or rather the country gentlemen, whose business it was to keep them in order; but who never did so until compelled by local Act of Parliament to have them mended now and then.

Thirty years after Antony à Wood's coach performed its eventful journey, the Vice-chancellor's regulations were just the same, and the fare, as then, ten shillings. From the lively account the Spectator gives of his journey up to London, from Sir Roger de Coverly's, with Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the officer, and the quaker, we find that he travelled at much the same speed as these stages did, so bitterly denounced by John Cresset forty years before. The boots of the Oxford flying coach would, however, have been of advantage here; for he tells us the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and the drum behind the coach; and then "our cloak bag" was fixed in the seat of the coach. Thus our great-grandfathers and their sons jolted along for more than a century, until Mr. Palmer startled the public, and aroused the indignation of every stage coachman on the road, by his daring project

of conveying the mails by post coaches, that should perform their journey at the average rate of from eight to ten miles an hour—flying coaches indeed!

Mail coaches and flying coaches are alike seen no longer, and their haps and mishaps are among the things passed away for ever. Sometimes amusing incidents occurred during these long journeys; and the very upsets, the stickings fast in the mud, and alarms of highwaymen, formed stories to amuse stay-at-home friends, or news-loving gentlemen at the evening clubs. Sometimes, these annoyances produced more important results, as about a hundred and twenty years ago, Mr. W. found.

Mr. W., for it is only by his initial letter that he has been handed down to posterity, was a London merchant, well to do, in the well-to-do days of George the First: a merchant over whom the storms of life had passed lightly. He was the eldest son of a merchant, and as his only brother had evinced more inclination for roaming than for the quiet pursuits of the counting-house, his father bought him a commission in the army, and bequeathed the prosperous business to the elder son. These boys had been strongly attached in childhood, and until the father's death; when a slight difference produced a bitter quarrel, and the brothers parted, determined to see each other no more. The younger went abroad with his regiment. It was said he went to America, and then, the elder altogether lost sight of him, while he, in the old house in Great St. Helens, passed thirty years of thrifty toil, not wholly unrelieved by holidays, but holidays which were only of a single day, and which extended no farther than Chelsea, and Hornsey, save on one memorable occasion, when he stretched as far as Epping, and actually spent three days beyond the hearing of Bow bells. At length a summons came for Mr. W. to undertake a veritable journey—a journey to Nottingham, where a cousin resided; and, as Mr. W. believed this cousin to be his nearest relation now, and was anxious to aid him in arranging his affairs, as he had a large family, the journey of one hundred and twenty-six miles was determined upon.

Mr. W. and his friends were very careful as to the particular coach to which he should commit himself, and at length they fixed upon the Wonder: a new stage and six, being a stout machine for half-a-dozen insides, newly built, with a careful driver, and strong horses. Punctually at six o'clock one fine summer morning, Mr. W. got into his place, and jolted off from the Axe Inn, Aldermanbury. On went the travellers (four precious insides) pleasantly and safely, to the village of Market Street, but here the Wonder showed signs of failure. At Dunstable the blacksmith was summoned; but his opinion could not be obtained by the passengers, it being reserved exclusively for the coachman's private ear. They entered the dreary, dingy, grey district, which marked that especial trial to the wheels and axle-trees of flying coaches, the Chalk Hills. But, if they, ascended one side of each eminence slowly they descended the other quickly enough, and Mr. W. eyed every hill that rose before them very gloomily. But, thanks to the shoeless children that ran along beside them, scotching the wheels with small stones, they got on very well going up hill; but, down hill, the coach whirled along faster and faster; and at last actually overturned. Fortunately it came down on a soft place—a bank of green turf. The passengers were soon extricated from their prison. Mr. W. found he had escaped unhurt, but two of the four insides were severely bruised. As to the Wonder, it lay with battered sides and broken axle-tree, and all chance of further conveyance by that machine was given up as impossible.

What was to be done? "Wait for the next coach that came past," said the coachman, "and, if there was room, go on in it." The two unhurt passengers resolved to avail themselves of the suggestion; and, before long a coach was seen descending the unlucky hill. It was hailed, there *was* room for two insides, Mr. W. and the other passenger took their places in the London Express, and away they went. The insides consisted of two countrymen, a lady very handsomely dressed, who displayed a gold snuff-box—most ladies took snuff then—and a young woman very plainly attired, but pleasing, and ladylike.

The chalk hills were safely surmounted, and the travellers went on pleasantly enough to Woburn. But there was danger now of being stuck fast in the Woburn Sands—indeed, if the waters were all out, of being plunged into a mud bath. The Express toiled along, and the wheels were deeply and more deeply imbedded in wet gravel. The lady casts an anxious look towards the basket behind, and yet more anxiously observed the water leaking in at the ill-closed doors. They sunk deeper and deeper into the mire, and only by the aid of a countryman's team of horses was the Express pulled out upon terra firma. The passengers alighted, wet and angry, and bemired almost to the knees; but the young woman bore the annoyance quietly; and when Mr. W., who had been struck with her gentle manners, expressed a hope that her luggage had received no injury, she smiled mournfully: "It is of no great value," she said. The traces which had been broken were quickly mended, and the coachman summoned the passengers to re-enter.

"Yes, yes," said one of the gentlemen, "we had need be quick, that we may pass the next five or six miles before the sun goes down."

"No danger of highwaymen here, I presume?" said Mr. W.

"Why, that's far more than I can warrant,"

returned the first speaker; "the folk in yonder 'Hogstye houses'—and it is a good name for them—have but a bad report hereabout; and from thence to Broughton highwaymen pick up somewhat sometimes."

A loud scream from the lady now interrupted the conversation: the arquebusade bottle and the fan were put in requisition, and she stoutly refused to go any further on any consideration whatever.

"Come, come, madam," said the coachman, "here are four gentlemen to protect you, and besides we shall do it before sunset." At length, having given her gold watch to one of the gentlemen, who promised to put it into his boot should a highwayman appear, and having stowed away the gold snuff-box under the cushion, the lady entered the coach.

"But what is the matter with *you*, my dear?" said Mr. W., surprised by the deadly paleness of the young woman; "*you* need not be afraid of the highwaymen."

The young woman shook her head. "God grant we may meet none!" said she.

The coach now set off, and the snuff-box lady in a little time recovered her spirits, and was chatting away; but it was strange to mark the anxious looks of the young woman. "Are we near Broughton, sir?" was her question, before they had proceeded much more than a mile.

"No, we want five miles yet to it," said the gentleman who had made the remark about the highwayman; "don't be afraid. Have you anything valuable?"

The young woman cast down her eyes, which were filled with tears: "Nothing valuable," said she, "but what I would not lose for a hundred pounds."

"Well, if so, my young maiden," said the gentleman, "give it to me, and it shall e'en go into my other boot. Some keepsake?"

"Oh no, sir, only a box of my father's—a snuff-box, that he would not part with, for one set of diamonds."

"It must be a valuable one indeed," said the lady scornfully; and the poor young woman burst into tears.

Mr. W. fixed his eyes kindly on her. "And your father sets great store by it?"

"Oh yes, sir; it was given him by his only brother more than thirty years ago." She drew from her under pocket a small silver snuff-box, and put it into Mr. W.'s hand.

It was well that she did not relinquish her hold of it, for the old man started, and with clasped hands exclaimed, "The very box I gave to my dear brother the day he came of age!"

The London Express rolled on to Broughton, and there the young woman alighted, and there Mr. W. alighted; and he was soon in the poor cottage to which his brother, now a disabled officer on half-pay, had retired, clasping that hand which for thirty years, had never been placed in his, and kissing his pretty niece, of whose very existence he had been unconscious.

NEAR THE PANTHEON.

The resident in Paris who does not live in the fashionable quarters thereof; whose purse compels him to exist upon the nourriture simple et fortifiante of a student's hotel, instead of paying daily visits to Vachette's, or even to the Dîner de Paris; generally chooses the neighbourhood of the Panthéon for his quarters. For, hereabout he may have the wildest kind of social liberty. He may wear the hat he pleases to adopt, without remark; he may give free vent to the exuberance of his fancy in the matter of trowsers. Nobody will interfere with him, if he have a relish for a pipe in the Palace gardens close by. Having had his two dishes for breakfast, about ten, with his half bottle of vin ordinaire, he should be off to his business—perhaps to the dissecting-room of a hospital, or to the studio of some great painter, his master. But the day is cloudless, and the Panthéon stands out against the intensely blue sky, reminding him of a sketch by Roberts.

On such a day the dissecting-room or the close atmosphere of a studio is insupportable. To stroll out, past the interminable book-stalls, crammed with yellow-covered books; to meet a friend, and then saunter into the Luxembourg gardens, to promenade while the band of one of the regiments is playing, is certainly a more pleasant proceeding. There is a laziness in the very air; it is impossible to do anything worth speaking about. And then, if the stroller be an artist, may he not, in his walk, study character? There are, unhappily, twenty different ways of reconciling the conscience to idleness. On some mornings of lassitude the artist rises with weak eyes; the medical student wakes with an unsteady hand; the writer jumps out of bed with the reflection that the brain wants relaxation and repose, like the body; the government official is disturbed from his sleep by the suggestion that a day in bed will strengthen his naturally delicate constitution, and that a medical certificate must certify to that fact; the prima donna, rising with a slight wheeziness, feels that to sing at the concert she is engaged to perform at that morning would be madness. And thus we all cheat ourselves occasionally.

These mornings of self-deceit are, I fear, a little too frequent with the gentlemen who are supposed to study near the Panthéon. On such occasions they may be generally found grouped about the Luxembourg gardens—some reading Le Mousquetaire in the shade of the trimmed chestnut trees; others watching the evolutions of the soldiers in the long walk that stretches away from the Palace to the Observatoire. Then billiard matches are got up, and appointments

made for the Closerie des Lilacs. Here may be seen excellent samples of the Paris student; from the beardless young fellow with his rough hat upon the back of his head, and his extremities cased in trowsers fitting him like gaiters; to the solemn student, with his dingy volume under his arm, spectacles on his nose, and his cravat tied carelessly about his throat. Here, too, are groups of ladies knitting; and whole squadrons of bonnes, with infinite varieties of the Paris baby, crawling, and squeaking, and tottering, and tumbling about them. All the boys are little soldiers; and those young fellows who are not aspiring drummers are mimic generals. To the serious observer, the recruits, parcelled out in detachments of six, and occupying the ground from the steps of the Palace gardens up to the gates of the Park, look sad specimens of military glory. As they make their first attempts to shoulder arms; as they receive the rough thrusts of the peppery little drill sergeants; as they undergo the minute inspection of the commanding officer (who has a push for one, an angry word for another, and a threat for the third), their set expression of feature gives to them a deadened look, that has something awful in it. Their eyes are fixed, looking forward; the head is held stiffly; the lips are motionless; all volition appears to be at an end. At the sergeant's word of command firelocks are shouldered; then lowered; then the right hand is upon the cartouche-box; then the cartouche is lifted to the mouth, and inserted in the musket; then the ramrod is applied; and the bright rods rise and fall along the line with the precision of steam machinery; then the musket is again shouldered. Those who have been in any degree slow or awkward, are savagely reproved; then the officer makes a dash with his sword at a musket dangling carelessly, or seizes a man's cap, and puts it jauntily upon his head as a soldier should wear it. All the men stand like statues, and appear so closely to resemble one another, that you wonder how they sort themselves, and recognize their companions when they are once dispersed. At a word they presently fall on one knee (that which was observed encased in a leather band to preserve the scarlet trowsers from the dust) to receive a charge of imaginary cavalry; then they rise and advance one step at a time, with their bayonets pointed at an advancing enemy; in reality at a formidable row of laughing nurses and delighted children. A drum rolls, and suddenly they stack their muskets; the rigidity of their faces is relaxed: and they skip away to join the crowd gathering about the band posted half way down the avenue. Now they are playing all kinds of practical jokes with one another. Hats are knocked off; mock fights go on; unobserved pulls of the ears are given; and jokes are played even with the swords. Pipes are produced; tobacco is freely borrowed, and as freely lent; clouds of smoke rise into the air; the officers unceremoniously light their cigarettes from the men's pipes; the corporals group together as the sergeants group together; and the lieutenants chatter apart, while a few privates hop about to the polka which the regimental band is playing. It is a gay scene of cheerful life. The officers, with their hands buried deep in their wonderfully-capacious scarlet trowsers, bulging from their remarkably small waists, laugh, and talk, and smoke and forget to look rigid and military; ladies cluster about, talking lively things; students four abreast, and arm-in-arm, stroll round the large circle; and grisettes, in their snow-white caps, and little black mantles, chatter about the last quadrille Chinoise they danced at the Closerie. These groups, with children chasing huge wash-leather footballs in every direction; and a few old men sunning themselves on the benches; make up a scene to which the fountain before the palace, and the splendid rows of trees leading to it, furnish a pretty background.

For the student who is inclined to be idle to have a scene like this within five minutes' walk of his hotel is to be powerfully tempted. When he is tired of the soldiers, he can stroll into the splendid kitchen gardens of the palace, to watch the growth of the vines, or to sniff the perfume of the fruit-blossoms. Then, there is a little café, absolutely in the palace grounds, under the shade of some magnificent trees. Thence he may lounge past the orangery, to the pretty gardens close to the palace, surrounded by statues of the queens of France. Here the children of the neighbourhood swarm; here priests, in thin black cassocks and three-cornered hats, walk leisurely about; and ladies sit to read romances or work embroidery; while dozens of little boats swim about the fountain basin, and two swans receive their daily supply of biscuits de Rheims from the paddling, screaming, delighted little ship-owners.

When the burning midday sun drives the idler from the gardens, the palace of the Luxembourg, built for Marie de Medicis—which the genius of Rubens was employed to decorate—remains to be visited. In the two hundred and thirty years during which the palace has stood, how many scenes of terrible interest have passed within its walls; upon how much ruined greatness have its iron gates turned! Here the Dowager Queen of Spain, widow of the first Louis, and daughter of the Regent, passed her widowhood and died. Here Rubens's decorations and illustrations of Marie de Medicis were exhibited; and here were first shown to the public, in seventeen hundred and fifty, a few of the best works of the old masters in the possession of the Royal Family, which became the nucleus of that splendid collection

of paintings now gathered within the walls of the Louvre. But when, in seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, Louis the Sixteenth gave the palace to his brother, the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis the Eighteenth), Ruben's pictures and the works forming the public gallery were removed, and set apart to be added to the collection in the Louvre. While the gloom of the revolution was over the capital, dark days fell upon the palace. Presently, however, it was decorated for the Directory; then for the Senat Conservateur; then again, in eighteen hundred and two, a gallery of old masters was collected within its walls, to be withdrawn finally to fill up gaps in the Louvre gallery in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was that same Count de Provence, who once held the palace as his private property, and who gave importance to the building, afterwards, occupied by his chamber of peers, by ordering that a gallery of paintings by modern French artists should be formed in one of the wings. To carry out this project some of the more remarkable examples of French art in the Louvre and the royal palaces were removed hither. This exhibition, which included some celebrated works by David Gros, and Gerard, was opened to the public for the first time in eighteen hundred and eighteen. And this collection is now free to all who have an hour to spare, and who are armed with passports.

The way to the gallery, up a narrow stone staircase, is not impressive. It is unlike a French approach to an art-gallery, although it might serve such a purpose without notice in England. A ring at a bell on the first floor summons an important person in a cocked hat, and green and red livery, who examines the applicant's passport, takes his cane (for the care of which he charges him two sous), and lets him loose in the gallery. The pictures in the collection are, generally, very well known: it is with the copyists that the idle student's interest will lie. Here he is certain to meet some friends; and, as he strolls from one easel to another, with a lively word for each acquaintance, and a criticism on each copy, the time flies onwards to his perfect satisfaction.

These copyists are a peculiar class in Paris, who supply the picture-market in all parts of the world, but mostly in Paris, with imitations of popular paintings. The visitor, entering the gallery for the first time, if he have been many weeks in Paris, knows almost every picture. Copies of them are to be seen in any quarter of the capital: they are heaped up in the shops in the Rue de Seine—they choke up the gateways on the Quai Voltaire—they dangle in the wind outside the gates of the Louvre. And here they are by dozens, lying against the walls, under the originals. Four persons, with their easels ingeniously grouped within the narrowest possible space, are painting Scheffer's Charlotte Corday: three distinct copies of Rosa Bonhem's masterly Ploughed Field are peeping from the canvas: De la Roche's Death of Queen Elizabeth is being reproduced on four or five different scales: the picture of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror, by Muller, with André Chenier as the central figure, is being either copied wholesale, or being mercilessly dissected into "studies;" some copyists taking only the head of the poet: others snatching the face of a terrified woman. The young Princes in the Tower, by De la Roche, are being as mercilessly murdered by two copyists as they were, in reality, by the hired assassins. One glance at these imitators, however, is more interesting and pleasing than two at the copies. Many are women—some young women—negligently dressed. Their cloaks and bonnets are put aside in a heap, and some black lace, or a coquettish handkerchief, is gracefully tied over the head. They have generally a sad, careworn, business look, and they proceed with their painting as listlessly as the seamstress goes on with her sewing. They are undisturbed by the stare of visiters, and hear passing criticisms without the least exhibition of pleasure or resentment. The hopes of fame have been crushed, the ardour with which they once contended for prizes is quenched. They have reached the summit of their art-destiny; and every attempt to soar higher has failed. There they sit upon their little deal stools, with shabby, dirty paint-boxes beside them, wielding huge palettes, and adding their browns and greens with mechanical industry. So do some old ladies, who wear spectacles, and a dingy costume, and who appear to have been at work in the same manner for forty or fifty years.

The male copyists are a motley race. Some are finished dandies, others are the most slovenly fellows it is possible to imagine; some have their hair beautifully brushed and pomatumed, and sport shining coats, apparently worn for the first-time: others are in greasy, threadbare garments, adopt the negligent style of coiffure, and are not sufficiently ostentatious to wash hands or face very frequently. It may be perhaps noticed that the latter are, generally, better artists than the well-pomatumed copyists. One very dandified old gentleman who attends the gallery may be remarked for the care with which he envelopes his arms up to the elbows in black satin bags, to preserve his coat from contact with paint or varnishes.

The student's idle day is spent altogether near the Panthéon. There are many cafes at hand, where, when he is tired of the pictures and the gardens of the Luxembourg, he may have his absinthe or his billiards: or there are cabinets where he can have his two sous worth of popular literature. But he is possibly not inclined even for the lightest reading, and strolls back to the nourriture

simple et fortifiante: which he enjoys at his hotel, together with his lodging, for about sixteen or eighteen shillings per week. The simplicity of the food to be had at a student's hotel, at this price, is as unquestionable, perhaps, as its fortifying qualities. Yet, at dinner, it includes two or three dishes, a dessert of course, and wine. But then a cauliflower is a course in itself, and a tea-spoonful of jelly, supports, unaided, the dignity of a dessert. Still the student is gay at his dinner; and will get up, between the courses, with one of his companions, dance a polka round the table, and resume his seat. He eats his simple and fortifying fare, laughing at it all the time. Perhaps this laughter helps his digestion. We remember the ecstasies with which a young fellow was one day received at dinner, who had returned from the Longchamps fair in the Champs Elysées, with the intelligence that there was a living skeleton exhibiting there, who, he said, had been brought up at a student's hotel, on nourriture simple et fortifiante. On another occasion the production of an omelette au rhum caused a great sensation at the same student's hotel: the wild guests skipping round the table, shouting, as they pointed to the effort of culinary genius, "Ah! quel luxe!" What a luxury!

The dinner conversation is interspersed generally with medical and legal anecdotes. One gentleman excuses his absence from a party by the intelligence that he has a subject in hand. And, considering that two medical students are entitled only to five subjects —as they delicately call them—per annum between them, it will be seen that to be in actual possession of one of these is to be in luck's way entirely. "We have two bodies and a half each," said a ghastly little student to us one day, as he handed us the biscuit de Rheims, which represented our dessert on the occasion. It was fortunate that the subject rapidly changed to one of punch. To get up a punch party, is in the estimation of the student, a highly pleasant way of finishing an idle morning; and it is amusing to watch the excitement with which the diners who drop into the table d'hote are requested to add their fifteen sous to the punch subscription. A sufficient number of contributors having been obtained, the best available rooms are selected, and the contractor for the entertainment proceeds to buy three or four pounds of lump sugar, two or three bottles of brandy, a bottle of Kirsch water, one of rum, a heap of biscuits, and a huge baba! These materials are arranged upon the mantelpiece of the room selected for the entertainment; the guests assemble, each man bringing his own tumbler from his own washing-stand; two or three walk up and down learning off songs from bits of paper, with an excited air; and the landlady sends up a message, declaring that she will not allow any singing on the part of messieurs les locataires after eleven o'clock. This message is received with shouts of derision; the young fellows skip about the ponch bol (which is the French-English for a common brown earthenware pan); examine the contents of the bottles; and stop every man who begins a song, by declaring that he is anticipating the entertainment. Then the master of the ceremonies opens the proceedings by making a kettleful of green tea over a spirit lamp. This accomplished, he half fills the bowl with sugar; then empties a bottle of brandy and a considerable quantity of rum upon it. The next proceeding is to light the spirit. This accomplished, all the candles are extinguished, and to the glare of the blue flame from the punch-bowl, which mounts a considerable height, the wild young fellows open their concert. As they gesticulate and shout about the bowl, they look like the burlesque demons, blue and tinselled, which are the delight of children in the opening of a Christmas pantomime. Their songs are chiefly laments over the degenerate days of the old Quartier Latin.

The punch having burned for about three quarters of an hour, is ladled out to the guests; pipes are lighted; and lively conversation is carried on. Suddenly it is suggested that the hour for dancing has arrived. The door of an adjoining room is thrown open, disclosing an apartment regularly cleared for a polka. A stranger instantly wonders where the ladies are coming from; but he is soon relieved from any doubt by an invitation from one of the young men to dance with him. The night is warm; the windows are thrown open; the students remove their coats; and then, to the fiddle of a fellow-student, dance a quadrille among themselves. The quadrille is followed by a polka; and then the second bowl of punch is lighted—this time a bowl of Kirsch punch. Then the great cake or baba is cut up and demolished, amid practical jokes, usually played in England by children not exceeding the age of twelve. And then follow songs; and eau-de-vie de Dantzig; and romping; and the usual consequences of punch. With a light song, however, and a steady candlestick, the gay fellows skip off to bed, pushing and playing practical jokes upon one another, as they run up the broad staircase of the hotel.

END OF VOLUME THE NINTH.